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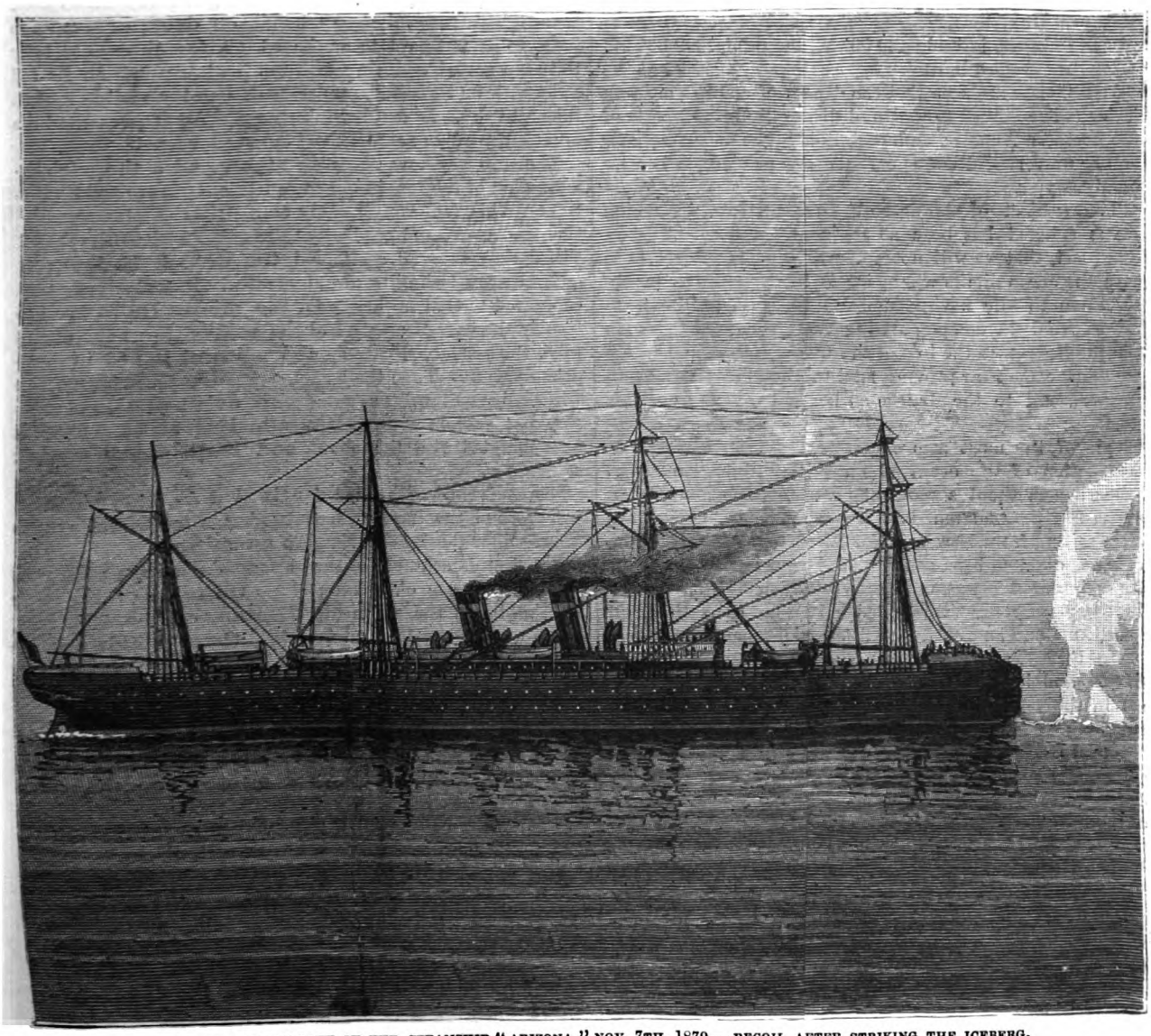
ICEBERGS, AND DANGERS ENCOUNTERED AT SEA.

BY CAPTAIN EDWARD BARRETT, U. S. N.

THERE is no greater danger which besets the course of the mariner to and from Europe and America than the proximity of the icebergs, nor none which should excite a more vigilant lookout; for the positions of the rocks and shoals on the route have been well located. The dangers of floating ice would be lessened, were it not for the fogs and mists which they produce.

Ice appears in various forms—field ice, floes, islands, etc. In the North Atlantic they drift from the Arctic regions with the polar currents, and in some frequented



REMARKABLE ESCAPE OF THE STEAMSHIP "ARIZONA," NOV. 7TH, 1879.—RECOIL AFTER STRIKING THE ICEBERG.

regions they appear almost every year. The cold currents which float them to the southward incline toward the western limits of the ocean—this is due to the diurnal rotation of the earth's surface; therefore it is about and near the Banks of Newfoundland that the ice-currents cross the track of vessels bound to Europe from America, and *vice-versa*. The quantity of floating ice varies according to the temperature and length of the seasons. Ice has been seen as early as January, and as late as November, though it is seldom seen later than September.

In September, 1859, Captain Williams passed a berg in latitude 42° 30′ N., further south than the usual latitudes in which they are met. From March to July is the common season of meeting ice-floes—that, too, between the longitudes 44° W. and 52° W.; in rare cases, bergs are seen nearer Europe and America. The following data was taken from a Berg Chart published in 1868, by the Bureau of Navigation at Washington, D. C. It indicates the greatest iceberg limits reported up to that time:

"June 18th, 1842. ship *Formosa* passed an ice-berg one hundred feet high. Latitude 37° 30′ N., longitude 47° W.—furthest south on record at that date and up to 1868.

"July 7th, 1836, H. M. packet *Express* passed an iceberg in latitude 42° 50′ N., longitude 61° 30′W.—greatest western limit.

"April 28th, 1844, ships *Isabella* and *Sylvie de Grasse* passed icebergs, latitude 42° 50′ N., longitude 39° 30′ W. —greatest eastern limit."

It will thus be seen that the danger of a ship's meeting icebergs is confined to well and distinctly defined parts of the northern Atlantic, and that it is by no means so general or universal, either as regards time or place, as is commonly supposed.

The subject of Arctic and other currents by which ice is affected has been so frequently and scientifically discussed, that we will not refer to it. Our object is to give the ocean limits where ice is likely to prove an obstruction to safe navigation, and to treat of the manner to avoid the dangers arising therefrom, and to which the public ascribe the loss of the *City of Boston*, and which we know came near proving fatal to the Guion steamship *Chicago*, and to the *Arizona* on her last voyage from this port.

One of the most marvelous escapes from a wholesale destruction of life occurred on Friday night, November 7th, when, without a moment's warning, the new Guion steamship *Arizona* ran into a huge iceberg, three days after sailing from New York for Liverpool. Including the officers, crew and passengers, the vessel had on board three hundred persons. The weather had been so fair that Captain Jones felt justified in running his ship at full speed, making an average of fifteen miles per hour.

On Friday, at dinner-time, the vessel was in latitude 47° N. and longitude 53° W. After dinner, the ladies sat in the saloon and whiled away the hours with gleeful song, while a number of the gentlemen occupied "Social Hall" (the smoking-room), and amused themselves selling pools on the run, at auction. Captain Jones quit the bridge at nine o'clock, leaving the ship in charge of the officer of the watch, John Wynn Jones. All was then safe, and as the night, though overcast, was not dark, no danger was apprehended. Ten minutes later the ship, going at topmost speed, plunged head-on into a mountain of ice. The huge ship trembled like an aspen-leaf, and recoiled, but again advanced and struck the iceberg, but fortunately with diminished force.

The first blow had stove in her bows, crushing them as though they were made of pasteboard. Tons of ice fell upon the decks or were forced through the gaping hole in the bow. Full fifteen feet of the ironwork had been broken, bent, twisted and forced inward, leaving an awful chasm, through which the waves dashed. It was as though a huge cutter had chopped off the bows, leaving the hull exposed. The shock of the collision was felt in the saloon even more severely than on deck. At the moment it occurred, Miss Goslett was playing the accompaniment to the glee, "See our Oars with Feathered Spray," which was being sung by some ladies and gentlemen. In the midst of the song, the shock threw the occupants of the saloon violently from their seats.

On deck the scene was full of terror. Groups of silent passengers were gathered, expecting every moment to be engulfed in the dark waters. Towering above the vessel's prow was the huge, shadowy mass of the monstrous iceberg. It extended some five hundred feet across the bows, and three tall pinnacles rose to the height of sixty or seventy feet. Should one of these ice-steeples topple over, the fate of the ship and passengers would be sealed. The crash of the collision, the rush of the passengers to the deck, had occupied but a minute. Captain Jones had not retired, and immediately rushed to the bridge. His first words were:

"My God, men, where were your eyes?"

He was perfectly cool, and at once gave orders to back the engines, and, calling all hands on deck, ordered the helm to be put hard to starboard. A few moments later the ship parted company with the iceberg, which floated away with its three tall pinnacles distinctly visible against the night sky. As it faded into the gloom it presented the appearance of a phantom three-masted vessel.

The ship was hove-to for the night, and a thorough examination of the fore-hold showed the *Arizona* to be water-tight. This fact considerably tranquilized the minds of the passengers, and gradually they returned to the saloon. When they were all assembled, the Rev. J. M. Ross rose, and, in a few feeling words, suggested that prayers should be offered to God in thanks for the mercy He had so graciously shown. Scarcely had the suggestion been uttered when the assembled passengers knelt and joined in appropriate prayer. Then the hymn, "Praise God from Whom all Blessings Flow," was sung with an impressive earnestness but seldom witnessed in cathedral aisles. Heartfelt sobs mingled with the chant, and tears stood in strong men's eyes.

The *Arizona* was headed for St. Johns, Newfoundland. She reached the harbor on Saturday night, and went to wharf under pilotage on Sunday morning.

The first detachment of the *Arizona's* saloon passengers embarked at five o'clock on the afternoon of November 13th, on board the steamship *Caspian*, of the Allan Line. There were thirty-four adults and three children in the party.

At the time of the collision, the *Arizona* was well on the Banks of Newfoundland, in about latitude 43° N. and longitude 53° W.

The accident to the *Arizona* will make manifest the importance of discipline. We will quote from the reports given:

"The weather was calm, the night overcast, but not dark; objects were clearly visible at a distance."

This was proved, for when the *Arizona* was backed off the berg, which extended 500 feet across her bows, and rose in pinnacles seventy feet high, "the berg was *clearly defined* against the night sky."

In addition to the exclamation, "My God, men, where were your eyes?" Captain Jones might have added, Where were the deck officers? The men admitted to Mr. Roper, and to others, that they were off their posts

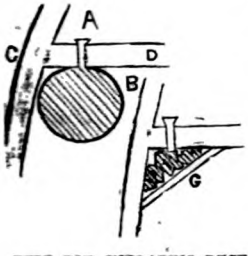
when the collision occurred. Are not the "lookouts" in sight of the officer stationed on the bridge? "The difficulty of lowering a single boat on a *mill-pond* sea," again, reflects on the management of the crack ship *Arizona*. "It was the universal conviction of the passengers that, had the *Arizona* sunk within an hour after the collision, not a soul would have escaped."

The above quotations will show the importance of strict attention to what follows:

When within the limits of ocean *ice-drifts*, note the temperature of the sea as frequently as possible. It is a *useful precaution*, and it may be *admonitory*, but if relied on entirely it will be found *deceptive*. The *only effective* safeguard is a *bright look out*, day and night, by men made aware of the signs of an iceberg, and the danger of encountering it. They should look out for fragments of bergs, which may be discerned by the roll of the sea over them, as if breaking on a small, sunken rock.

The sight of the men selected as *lookouts* should be thoroughly tested by the surgeon of the vessel. No color-blind man nor near-sighted one should be intrusted with that duty. I have frequently noticed that out of the eight night lookouts on board of men-of-war, not more than one or two would report a bright light, clearly visible, to the officer of the deck, or quartermaster; and when they did so, there would invariably arise a discussion as to its color.

Mariners are more liable to color-blindness than landsmen. I am convinced it is due to the reflection of light on the blue sea-surface. I have been told by "masthead lookouts"—the men who are stationed on the topsailyards during the day, and who constantly scan the horizon and surrounding waters—that on "coming down from aloft," the objects on deck, particularly those painted white, appear of a bluish tint. The night lookouts are frequently confused as to the color of white lights, which they represent to be bluish. I have also noticed, when reading, and occasionally glancing at the water through the port-holes, and again casting my eyes on the book, the leaves appear of a bluish white. These observations should be made matter subject of an investigation, which will prove interesting, and may be the means of lessening danger afloat and ashore.



TUBE FOR INFLATING DECK; RUBBER BALSA FOLDED.

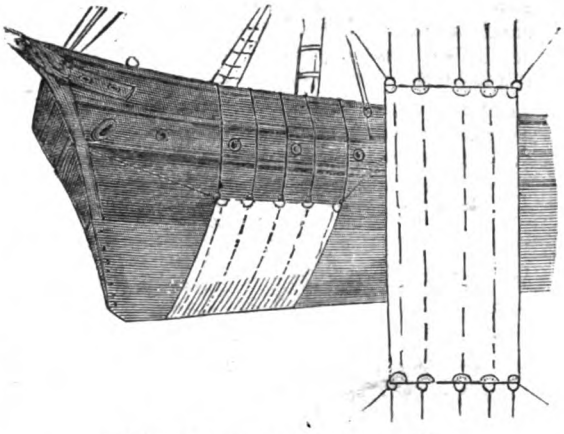
Lookout stations, to protect the men from the spray or bad weather, could be solidly erected on the bows of vessels, or so constructed as to be movable when in port. They should have tubes or telephones leading to the bridge, and thus remove the necessity of communicating *viva voce*—by yelling out. Every fifteen minutes the lookouts should repeat the *alert* or *watch hail*, such as "Starboard," or "Port bow." Mechanism must be resorted to, to insure a correct report.

But the most prudent way of avoiding ice-bergs and field-ice is to take the southern route, out of the ice regions. True, the voyage would be lengthened, but the result would be less risk of shipwreck.

The electric light can be used to great advantage on board ship. It should be frequently flashed around the horizon, and over the water surface. It can be used to show the whereabouts of a man overboard, and positions of boats, life-buoys and other appliances resorted to in life-saving. But the adoption of the light must be international and imperative, otherwise it is objectionable, as it could be used *à l'outrance*, and thus mislead vessels nearing a harbor or coast where there are light-stations. For instance, we cite the complaints made last Summer by captains of steamers and coasters, on the occasion of the display of brilliant lights on Coney Island, Manhattan and Brighton Beaches.

If the obligation to adopt the electric light was international, conventional signals to prevent confusion and to indicate the right of way could be composed.

The electric light was tested on board of two steamers of

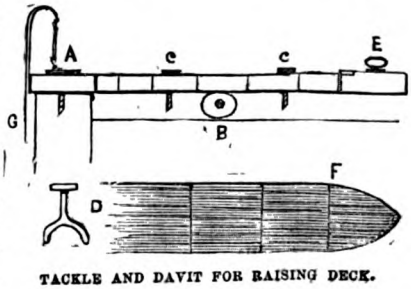

TARPAULIN SYSTEM FOR STOPPING LEAKS.

the French Transatlantic Line, but with such results as compelled the captains to dispense with them. On the banks of Newfoundland, and on our coast, when the light was flashed, vessels would make sail and hasten away, while others would steer for the steamer and cross her track. Some vessels, in fogs and mists, stood for the light, believing the steamer was on fire. Last Summer, several crafts tacked off shore, the captains believing they were within the visible circumference of lighthouses. Nevertheless, the electric light, with the improvement to revolve it, and direct its rays at will, would be an excellent and advisable help to the lookouts, particularly in the ice regions of the Atlantic. What a magnificent sight would be its reflection on an iceberg!

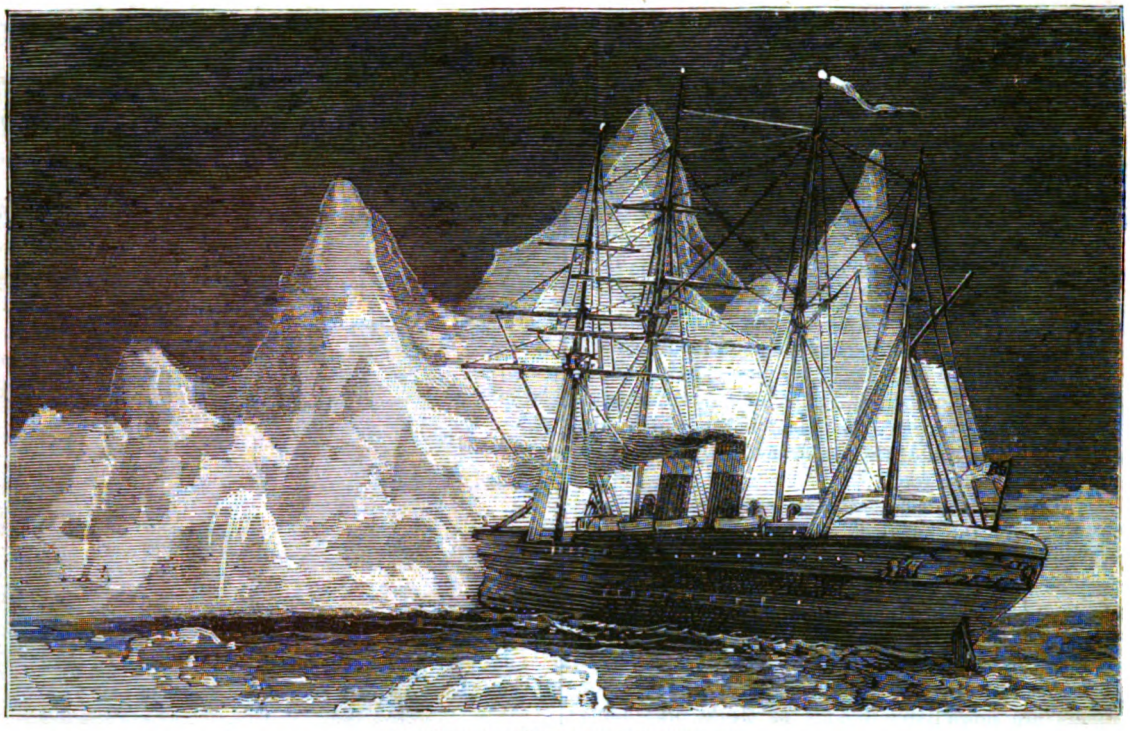
From the earliest days of iron ship-building, the value of the water-tight bulkhead compartments has been admitted, and they have been applied to vessels. That they have clearly demonstrated their utility as a safety measure, is undeniable; yet, as they are now constructed, they have not answered the expectations of the public. Indeed, they are defective as to water-tightness, and also as to capacity, as they admit too great a quantity of water when, through collision or otherwise, the plates are started.

The vessels thus far saved by compartments are few, and the exceptions to the rule of casualties. The French steamer *Amerique* sprang a leak; she was abandoned at sea; she was finally towed to port; her compartments had not filled, to which was attributed her safety. The *Chicago* and *Arizona*, of the Guion Line, both of which collided with icebergs, owed their safety to water-tight compartments.

When the wreck of the *Arizona's* bow plates was cleared away, it was ascertained that the damage sustained by the collision was a breach twenty feet broad by thirty feet deep.



TACKLE AND DAVIT FOR RAISING DECK.

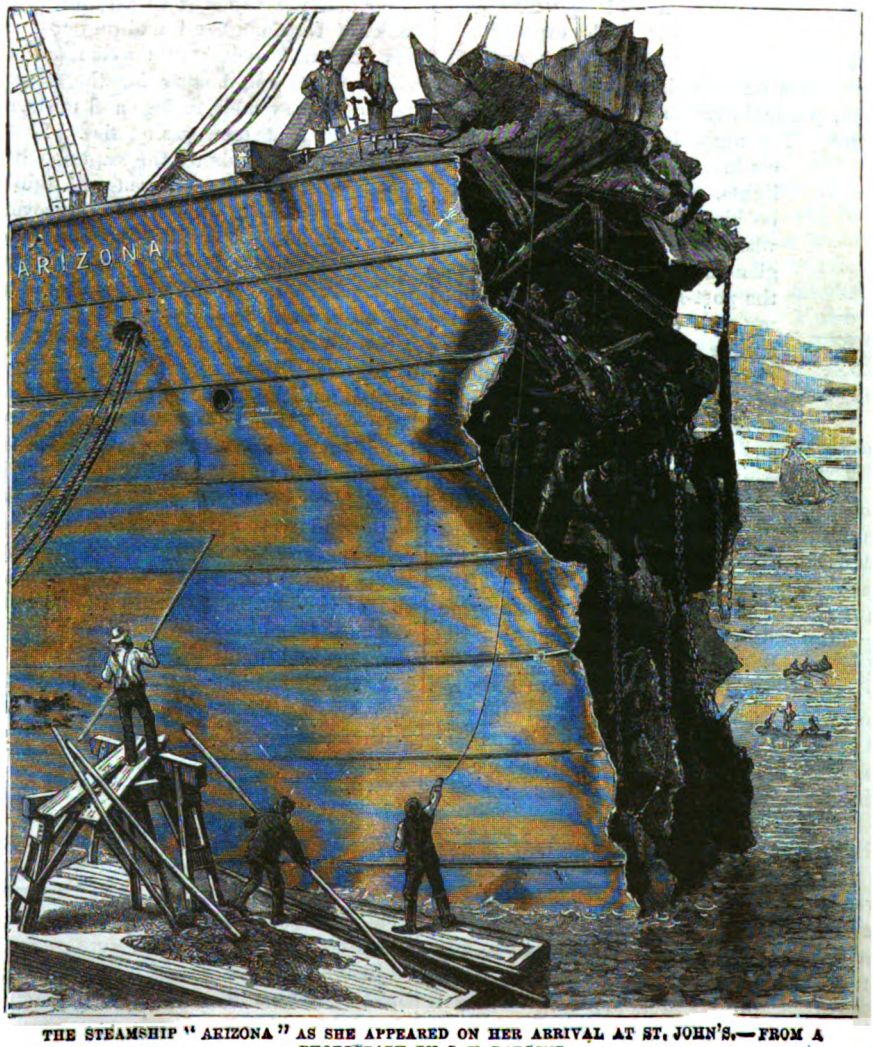


THE "ARIZONA" STRIKING THE ICEBERG.

Further att, the plates were sound, and the material stowed in the compartments underneath the forecastle was perfectly dry. "The bend in the iron bulkhead seems due to the action of the water, though it may have been caused by ice forced through the opening in her bows. It suggests the propriety of strengthening the forward partitions in ocean steamers, as in similar accidents the safety of human life must depend on the solidity of watertight bulkheads." The *Arizona* had seven watertight compartments.

As now constructed, the water-tight bulkheads are athwartships. A fore-and-aft one, which would divide the athwartship bulkheads, would add to the safety of the vessel, and not diminish her cargo space. It would strengthen the vessel, and give her a greater buoyancy, if stranded, because of less water which would be admitted in the half-compartment. The only objection to the fore-and-aft bulkhead is the stowing of the cargo, but with proper hatch construction this could be remedied.

Among the many plans proposed to lessen the dangers of foundering, is that



THE STEAMSHIP "ARIZONA" AS SHE APPEARED ON HER ARRIVAL AT ST. JOHN'S.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY S. H. PARSONS.

of air compartments above the water line. The cylinders, or chambers, according to the construction, should be of sufficient capacity to admit of the cubic feet of air necessary to float the weight of the vessel. A vessel constructed on such a plan would have less carrying capacity, and therefore would lose on the freight; but it is to be supposed that passengers would pay higher passage rates to secure greater safety against accidents to life. A sketch of a vessel constructed on this idea is here offered. The square-chamber system is the best, as it would cost less, could be easier repaired, and would require less space.

Another safety suggestion, based on the manner of raising submerged vessels by inflation of rubber balsas, and the displacement of the water in the hold, is the following: Gutta-percha cylinders secured under deck, in the wing of the vessel, and kept rolled up by means of gaskets, such as are applied to sails when furled. The cylinders should be provided with rubber tubes, which can be mechanically closed when the cylinders are inflated, by bellows such as are applied to the Monitor balsas.

A good but very ancient idea is to keep always at hand an old sail, or, better still, a tarpaulin or painted canvas, of sufficient size to cover at least sixty square feet. Have tackles at hand to hook to the cringles at the clews and head; also guy-ropes. In the event of a leak, throw the sail over the bows or stern of the vessel, draw it over the spot by guy-ropes and tackles, tauten them, and belay. The water pressure on the canvas will check the leak.

But of all ideas, that of making *rafts* of the bridge and upper decks of the vessel is the best. It will not cost much. They could be quickly detached and launched. The decks should be in sections, secured to the bulkheads by means of heavy copper screws, compressors, etc.; they must have eccentric rollers, levers and davits to raise and launch them off the carlines, which can be used as rails. (See drawings).

If the vessels are to be provided only with safety gear, independent of the construction of the craft, the following will offer such advantages as are not possessed by the system at present in vogue in our merchant service:

The best raft known, and the one which should be supplied to every vessel, is the *Monitor raft*—so named because it was first supplied to these vessels during our late unpleasantness. The raft consists of four separate gutta-percha cylinders, connected by lashings or a gutta-percha strip. In each cylinder is a small tube, closed mechanically, and to which the bellows are applied to inflate them. By such means the raft is filled and ready for launching in three minutes' time. On the top of the cylinders are secured cross and fore-and-aft pieces to walk on, and a frame to hold the row-locks for propelling or steering the raft.

THE "JOHN RUTLEDGE" WRECKED BY AN ICEBERG.

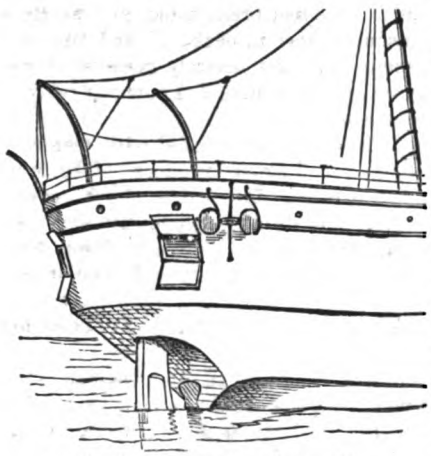
On a Christmas night, off Morris Island, a gale blowing at the time, an officer, sixteen men and a howitzer were dispatched to the island, passed through the surf, and landed with safety on the beach. The most thorough test was that of a voyage to Europe, and this was actually made. Hearing that the *Nonpareil*, a Monitor raft, was to depart for Europe, I called to wish her captain a pleasant passage. I recognized in him an advocate of a system he intended to test thoroughly. Through a stormy passage he reached England in safety. When General Sherman arrived at Savannah, he borrowed the Monitor rafts to cross the river, and found them such admirable pontoons that they were never returned to the navy.

One of the handiest life-preservers or rafts, which should be supplied to every vessel afloat, is a small, portable one,

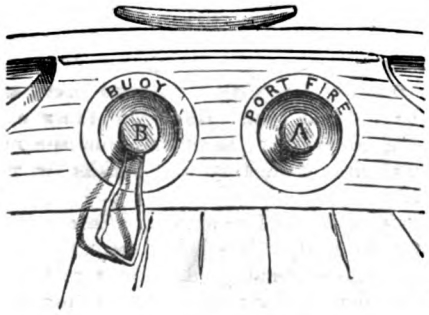
which consists of two gutta-percha cylinders connected together, and provided with a very light frame, to which the rowlocks are attached.

It is handled by one man to lower it, and another to row it when afloat. It is slung by span-ropes, with a toggle which is shipped in the splice of the lowering-line. This balsa was hung on board of the U. S. S. *Plymouth*, to the port after-davit. It was the means of saving over ten lives in two years' time. It was so quickly lowered and handled that it invariably reached the man overboard before he was a ship's length off.

Every boat supplied to vessels can be made a life-boat by applying a Monitor balsa to its sides—a balsa of greater air capacity at the centre than at the extremities. They should be attached to the boat by screws, and protected from contact with other objects by metallic bands. In port the balsas and securing gear could be removed and kept in the boat at hand, to be applied to it in the event of a heavy sea or bad weather; but at sea they should be shipped. The present system of air-chambers in the bow and stern of life-boats is a dangerous one, which tends to capsize the boat by giving too much buoyancy to the extremities, thereby diminishing the same on the midship sections. The air-chambers or apparatus should be on the sides, thereby preventing the boat's submerging when being lowered.

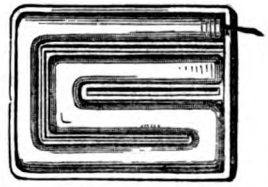


POSITION OF PORT FIRE ON VESSELS.



APPARATUS FOR IGNITING AND DETACHING PORT FIRE.

Particular attention should be given to the detaching and attaching gear of the boat's falls, so as to prevent the accident of one fall being cast off while the other is still hooked on. There should always be a bow-line belayed on board, and so secured to the bow of the boat as to be easily cast off.



PORT-FIRE PAN.

The Navy buoy, with port fire, should also form a part of the *sauvetage* of ships. It is slung over the quarter or stern, and is "lighted" and "let go" by means of triggers.

There should be grab-ropes, with turk-heads worked on them, hanging over the ship's side forward, amidships, and aft. Also life-preservers, with long lanyard, or grab-ropes attached to them. By each preserver there should be placed a "Holmes patent inextinguishable marine and storm signal," and a knife at hand. As soon as the alarm is given of "Man overboard!" if at night, throw over the preserver, cut off the sharp end of Holmes's storm-light, and dash it over the side; the water will ignite it and show the whereabouts of the preserver or buoy.

STORM-SIGNAL.

The Ammen raft, adopted by the surveyors, is, in my opinion, of doubtful value. In the Navy it is used in moderate weather by the copper-cleaners, and is called the "Catamaran." One of them got adrift, and was last seen rolling over in the surf and somersaulting across the beach at or near Chagres.

As to the cork-mattress preserver, the following anecdote will doubtless settle its value—at least, the value of those which were supplied to the Navy:

During the drills in the Bay of Florida, at the time of the *Virginius* excitement, Admiral Case ordered a Board to report on the efficacy of the cork-mattress. The Board met on board of the *Ticonderoga*. When the test was about to be made, a *soi disant* representative of the party interested suggested his idea of how it should be done. One asked him if he had full faith as to the weight the mattress was supposed to float. "Oh, yes, sir," he replied, mentioning near 300 pounds. "How many pounds do you weigh, sir?" "One hundred and forty." "Then," said the captain, addressing the members of the Board, "we will lash this gentleman in the mattress, attach a rope to it to prevent an accident, and then pitch him overboard." The gentleman disappeared. A nine-inch shot was lashed in the hammock, which was thrown overboard, and sank.

The reader whose memory dates back, will recall several accidents of the sea which have been ascribed to collisions with icebergs such as so nearly proved fatal to the *Arizona*. The lack of watchfulness and want of proper means of preserving the lives of those on board were at the time supposed to explain the loss of the fine steamer *Pacific*, of the Collins Line, which left Liverpool in February, 1856, and of which no trace was ever found. Her captain, crew and forty-five passengers were long hoped for; but at last conviction came that all had perished.

On the morning of the 20th of February, in the same year, the ship *John Rutledge* came in collision with an iceberg. Her crew and passengers, to the number of 120, took to the boats, but only one person was finally saved, whose terrible tale of exposure and danger amid the ice thrilled every one. Young Nye was rescued from a boat filled with lifeless bodies, by the *Germania*, Captain Wood.

We have hitherto spoken of the iceberg region of the northern Atlantic. But the southern Pacific has similar dangers. In 1859, the *Indian Queen*, while on her way from Melbourne to Liverpool with a cargo of wool and gold, encountered an iceberg of immense size. The ship was running eleven to twelve knots, when, on the 1st of April, all were aroused by a violent shock, succeeded by the crash of falling spars and a grinding sound along the starboard side. The *Indian Queen* was lying broadside on to an immense iceberg, which towered above her like a mountain. All the spars and sails above the lower masts were gone. The foremast, snapped off at the deck, hung by the rigging; the bowsprit hung broken alongside, and only the mizzenmast stood comparatively unhurt. Most of the crew put off in the boats, leaving the passengers to

their fate. When they found that the vessel was still whole, they endeavored to regain her, but could not.

The second mate took command, and, clearing the wreck, raised what sail he could, and, while all watched with deepest anxiety, the wind bore the good ship from the dangerous neighborhood of the berg.

Then order was established, and the brave mate turned the vessel's head to Valparaiso. After great danger, encouraged and aided by vessels that he encountered, he succeeded, in forty days, in taking her to the desired port.

Only a few years since, the *City of Boston* was added to the list of missing vessels, and her fate, too, was ascribed to those beautiful but dangerous formations which, from the days of Brendan and the Northmen, figure in the stories of peril on the waters.

MAN OVERBOARD.

By Richard B. Kimball.

Of all modes of death—of all shapes in which we meet the inevitable event, to fall overboard in mid-ocean and sink alone in the wild waste of waters conveys to me the most painful impression. I have been more than once on board ship when such an occurrence has happened.

The first time was in 1842. It was on the vessel (the *Independence*) which conveyed Washington Irving to Europe as our Minister to Spain. With two or three other young gentlemen, I accompanied him to England. It was a pleasure voyage, and we thoroughly appreciated the privilege of an intimate association with the author of the "Sketch-Book."

Mr. Irving's attention was from the first attracted to everything noticeable about the ship. He observed each individual sailor, and discovered at once any peculiarity of look, gesture or habit, and gave us youngsters the benefit of it.

The second day out, Mr. Irving called my attention to a young sailor lad who had shipped as "boy." It was evidently his first voyage. His clothes were new, his face bright and hopeful, and his bearing manly. Mr. Irving very soon found out all about him. He was fifteen years old—an only son; his mother was a widow. She had, at much sacrifice, managed to buy his outfit. His woolen stockings she had knitted herself, besides contributing many comfortable articles to his "chest." Further, she took pains to procure an introduction to the first mate, who had promised to look after the young fellow, and bring him safe back.

We were all of us on deck one squally day, the third out, when Frank received from Whitfield, the second mate, the order to go aloft for the first time. It was blowing moderately hard, and he was told to do some trifling thing in the main-top. Frank hesitated only long enough to give a glance aloft, then, springing forward, he commenced with alacrity to climb the shrouds.

We looked with keen interest to see if he would reach the main-top sailor fashion (rather a nervous affair on the first occasion), or creep through the "lubber's-hole." To our delight, he mounted in the regular way, performed his work, and came down.

The second mate was a perfect old "salt," but he did not disguise a grim satisfaction at the way Frank handled himself, which was manifested by growling at him, in a good-natured tone, about his shoes, which were too new and well-made to please him. I thought nothing of this at the time, but recalled the circumstance afterward. I can see now, after so many years, Frank's proud look as he struck the deck in safety (he knew we were watching him), and recall perfectly the gesture of the mate, made entirely for our benefit, which showed plainly that, in his opinion, the boy would *do*.

Frank, from that time, advanced rapidly in sailor-craft. In four or five days he aspired to go aloft and help reef topsails. He began to assume the bearing of a regular tar, and so far won on the crew that they stopped playing tricks on him. In fact, at the end of ten days Frank was "ship's favorite."

We had had a spanking westerly breeze ever since we left New York, with glorious weather. The morning I now speak of was remarkably fine. We were running along under full sail, ten or eleven knots an hour, with a heavy sea following so close on our stern that one moment it was engulfed, and the next raised so high in the air that it made us giddy. We had breakfasted, and nearly every one of the passengers was on deck. I had just stepped into my stateroom, but had scarcely reached it when I heard a confused sound, which, I know not why, filled me with apprehension.

There *are* sounds which are charged with terror. This was one of them. I hurried on deck. There was a gathering on the larboard side, and a hoarse order from the mate to bring the ship to struck my ears. At the same time I heard the command given to lower the boat.

"What is it?" I asked of the steward, who stood next to me.

"Poor Frank, sir," was all he could say, as he pointed astern.

I looked, and saw *something* in the distance. I could not have told what, but they said it was our brave "sailor boy." It seemed he had stepped over the ship's side to cast off a rope that was foul, and had slipped, lost his footing, and was gone.

"Lower away the boat!" shouted the chief officer.

A dozen men sprang forward to obey. At the same moment the gaunt form of Whitfield, the second mate, was seen striding from the forecastle (it was his watch below) to take command of the boat. He wore nothing but his woolen shirt and pantaloons; barefooted, his hair streaming in the wind, without looking to the right or left, he sprang into it.

"Lower away, will you?" he exclaimed, fiercely.

"Easy, now—carefully!" was heard from the captain, who had come to superintend the delicate work of launching that little shallop on that terrible sea. Could it strike the wave in safety? and if so, could it live afterward? Despite the excitement of the scene, I could not but admire the gallant conduct of those tars, who never gave a thought of the danger in their haste to save a shipmate.

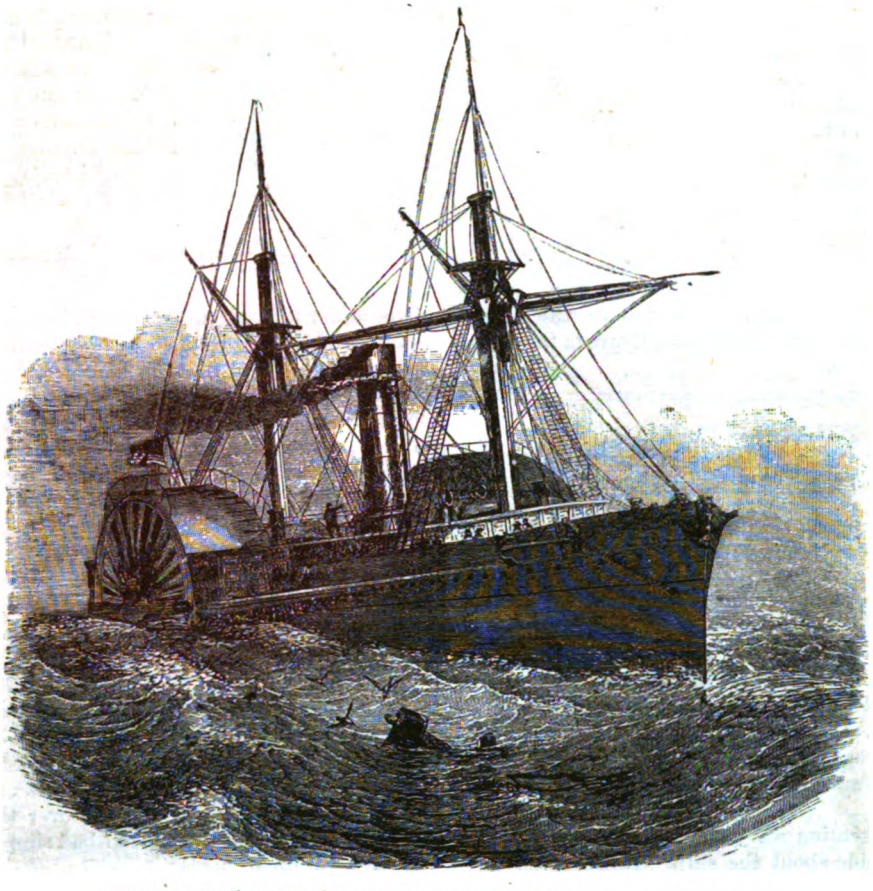
The boat was lowered, and now danced over the heavy seas. The skill of the mate was apparent in the way he handled her. All eyes were now turned on the little thing. He struck off in the direction where Frank was last seen. The excitement was intense. The seas were so large that we would lose sight of the boat as it descended into the awful gulf; again we could see it as it was tossed on the crest. But the boy?

We watched and watched, hoping to observe from the boat some sign that he was found. It was in vain. After pulling in various directions for an hour, long after any possibility remained that they could find him, the sailors came back to the ship. The watch on deck went to duty; the watch below turned in; the ship was put on her course, and that scene closed.

"How can I ever look his mother in the face?" said the chief mate. "I ordered Frank over the ship's side."

"That was not it," said Whitfield. "'Twas them new landlubber shoes the boy had on."

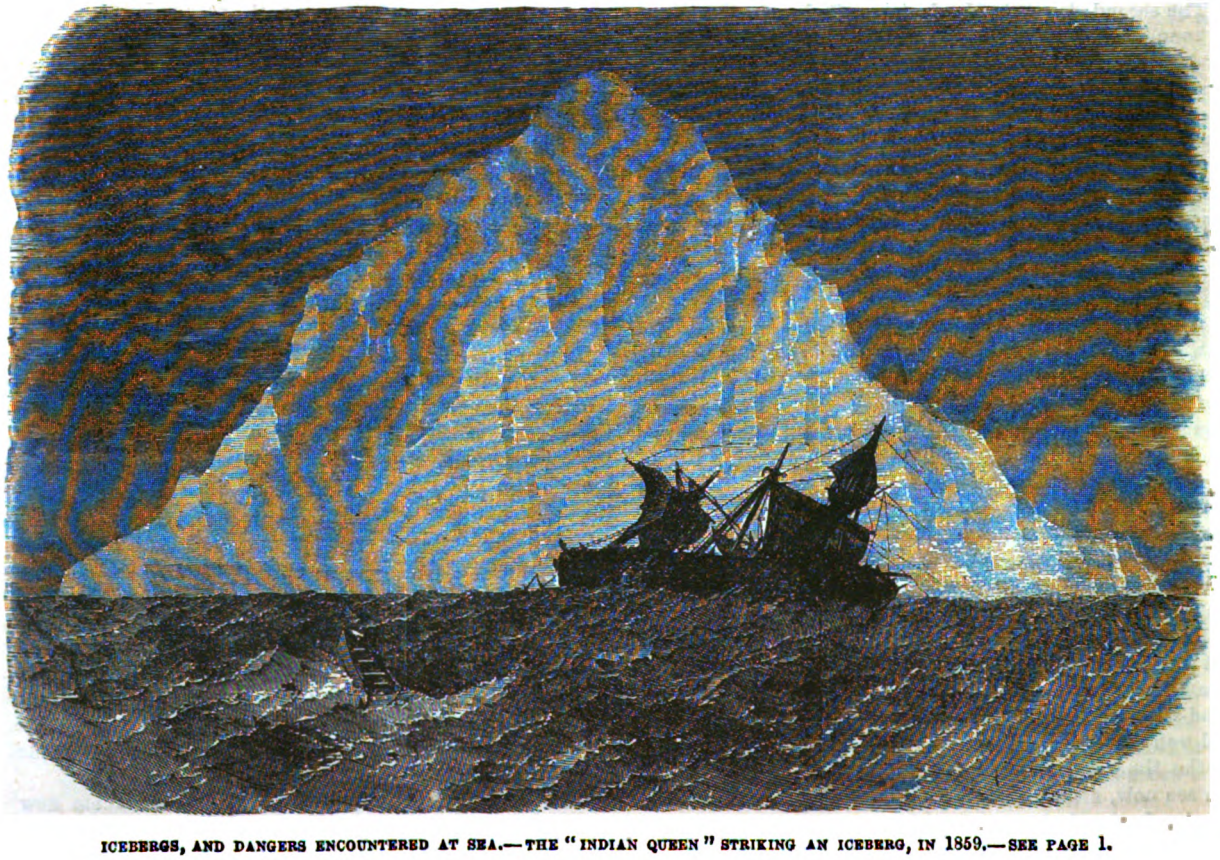
Ten years later, in 1852, I was crossing in the steamer *Pacific* to Liverpool. It was in the height of the glory of the Collins Line. The boats ran full, beating the Cunarders in every trip, proving what we could have done, had the Government continued its aid. Indeed, nearly as many foreigners as Americans could be found aboard. The trips were performed so regularly, that people counted almost on the hour of receiving their friends at the dock.



THE STEAMER "PACIFIC," SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN STRUCK BY AN ICEBERG.

On this voyage we had a mixed company of English, French, Germans and Yankees. One of these was a Liverpool merchant—a frank, genial man, who never was sea-sick, and who exhibited the hearty good nature, the confident air and ready flow of spirits which comes from a strong, robust frame and uninterrupted health.

"I wrote my wife," he said to several of us one day, "that I should be home on Saturday to dinner, and I asked her to invite a few friends to



ICEBERGS, AND DANGERS ENCOUNTERED AT SEA.—THE "INDIAN QUEEN" STRIKING AN ICEBERG, IN 1859.—SEE PAGE 1.

meet me, and have the carriage waiting for me at the Prince's Dock."

This would make a ten days' passage for the *Pacific*, her usual time when the weather was not too adverse. We naturally became interested in the result, for very trifling things occupy our attention at sea; so that when we lacked but a day of making the Irish coast, it was evident, if no ill-luck befell us, that our English acquaintance would not be late to dinner. In fact, we had everything in our favor, in the shape of a northwester blowing half a gale, which drove us "bowsing on," notwithstanding the tremendous sea it got up.

We had finished dinner, and as we all came on deck the sun was just setting. I had gone forward to see if there were any signs of land, which many were talking about. As I stood near the galley the Englishman passed me with a lighted cigar. He gave a friendly nod, and proceeded to mount to the small forecastle-deck. This was done by means of three or four steps on either side of the ship. The sea was so rough that locomotion was very difficult, especially forward and aft. I suppose he must have laid hold of one of the ropes with his left hand—such is the theory—and that a sudden lurch of the ship literally turned him overboard. I did not see it. I heard an exclamation—another terror-sound. I looked. The poor fellow had apparently had the presence of mind to attempt to strike out clear of the paddles. At any rate, he escaped them. As the steamer swept past—she was going twelve knots—standing as I was looking anxiously over the side, my eyes met his. I can never forget the agonizing look of despair which was concentrated there. The next moment he was far astern.

"Stop the engine!" was the cry, and stopped it was.

A GIGANTIC ICEBERG.

"Man the boat!" shouted the chief officer, and the men sprang forward to obey him.

"Avast!" exclaimed the calm voice of Captain Nye. "Stand by for orders."

He went deliberately up the shrouds, and stood in them, looking carefully westward. In this way ten minutes probably elapsed; it seemed to me an hour. Then the captain descended to the deck, pulled the bell for the engine to turn forward, and said one word to the quartermaster, "*Course*," and that was over.

Expressions of indignation were abundant at what was termed the indifference of Captain Nye on the occasion. "Even if there was no chance of finding the poor man, a

decent regard to a fellow-creature demanded some attempt to lower the boat, and try to save him." So many said. I, who knew Captain Nye better, was not so ready to blame him. He said to some of us afterward, "Mr. ——— was killed in three minutes after he fell overboard. I saw a 'comber' strike him. He never breathed after that. As to launching a boat, there is not one chance in ten it could have lived, if not swamped instantly, and there was no possible chance of saving him. I could not peril five lives at such a hazard."

We reached the dock at five o'clock Saturday afternoon. A neat brougham, with servant in livery, was in waiting. A lady sat in the carriage, in eager expectation, while a footman came on board to say "dinner was ready."

"I had rather be in the worst hurricane I ever encountered," said the captain, "than walk up to that carriage—but I must do it."

Once more, late in the Summer of 1867, I took the *Scotia* for the other side. Among those of both sexes who were at the table where I was seated, I observed, nearly opposite, an English gentleman, who was not disposed to converse, but who was to be remarked for the faultless style of his dress, and the scrupulous neatness which marked it—a rather unusual thing, let me say, to witness at sea. Beyond this, the gentleman did not attract my attention, till a young merchant who sat next me told me he was a person of immense wealth, who did business on a large scale in Liverpool, and who had made him a most liberal offer to join him. The terms were so extraordinary that my suspicions were excited—though I had not the remotest idea of the truth.

Regarding the man with some scrutiny, we happened to look each other full in the face. A sudden shiver shot through me, quite impossible to have resisted, for it came and went almost before I was conscious of it. The gentleman at once looked in another direction, and soon rose and left the table. What did it mean? The next day, while listening to some of the ship's gossip, an acquaintance remarked to me:

"Do you know we have a lunatic on board?"

"No," I said. "Where?"

"He is at your table—in fact, nearly your *vis-à-vis!*"

"I thought so. Has no one charge of him?"

"Oh, yes—a young physician. Many think he should be kept in his stateroom, as he sometimes becomes very violent. Besides, he frequently wanders about the ship in the night."

"Pleasant idea, that," was my reply; and on the strength of the information I made up my mind to give the unfortunate gentleman no cause of offense by looking inquisitively toward him, and to be generally on my guard.

We were nearly across the Atlantic. I came down late that day to lunch. No one was at my table but the English gentleman opposite. He was finishing a glass of sherry, and rose shortly after I sat down. I observed he was in his shore suit, and dressed elaborately.

He left the cabin and passed up the companion-way. In one half-minute I again heard what I call the "terror-sound." I rushed up. The poor man was overboard. He had come up, and though the officer on deck was observing him closely, he had sprung swiftly forward, and, darting between the iron railing at the stern, was in the water in a twinkling. We could see him distinctly making a bold swim of it. Perhaps reason returned to him as he struck the waves—who knows?

The ship was stopped, a boat lowered, and a long time spent in search; all in vain.

I was told that he had made every preparation to go ashore that morning, even to changing some money at the purser's office. He had an idea that the Queen had requested his attendance, and he went in obedience to her summons!

IN THE OLD CONFESSIONAL.

By Nellie C. Hastings.

The dusty sunshine rolls its flood
  Along the carving rare and old,
And turns, as in th' alembic's heat,
  The ancient oaken grain to gold.
The gnarled and bearded hermit-saint,
The baby-angel carven quaint,
With rounded cheeks and wind-tossed hair—
Or lily-sceptred Virgin fair,
Smile from their vine-wreathed niches there.

The latticed door swings on its hinge
  As if a-weary, creaking slow;
That tangled web of leaf and flower
  Was twined five hundred years ago.
The priest's lean fingers fixed the hasp,
Then folded in their listless clasp,
While in his ear—a drowsy song,
Dull as the Summer days were long—
Poured Life's old rhythm of Right and Wrong.

Here on this narrow bench they kneeled—
  The smooth oak polished as a glass;
The gray old burgher, shrewd and wise,
  Trim page and rosy peasant lass—
Fair Gretchens, with their pleading eyes,
And mocking Fausts in knightly guise;
The sleepy granddame droned her tale—
The high-born lady, pure and pale,
Whispered behind her folded vail;

Or, calm in stolid certainties,
  The full-fed matron rambled o'er
Her petty round of daily sins;
  These three walls and the creaking door
Shut in the muttered horror, told
Through lips from murder's curse scarce cold;
While, grim behind the latticed grate,
The listening priest sat dumb as Fate

On this worn ledge what trembling hands,
  As to Christ's rood, have clasped and clung!
What storms of passion swept these bars,
  As spray against the stern rocks flung!
Here in this narrow cell and low,
Life's tides had room to ebb and flow
And break, five hundred years ago!

If I the "Mea culpa" breathed,
  What would they learn—those saints so old
And wrinkled in the yellow oak,
  And the calm virgins, chaste and cold?
The same old mystery's tangled skein—
The same old web of bliss and bane—
The weary secret, told once more,
That, thrice a hundred years before,
Some quaint-coifed maiden faltered o'er!

And do I wonder, as I kneel,
  What prayers were said, what vows were sealed,
What shadows melted from their souls,
  By priestly benediction healed?
The solemn wardens over me,
Who hold the old confessional's key,
Give answer sure, but silently—
"The strife that ended long ago—
The secret of all human woe,
Look in thy heart, and thou shalt know!"

A loving heart and a pleasant countenance are commodities which a man should always carry home

THE MOST POWERFUL TELESCOPE IN EXISTENCE.

By E. Neison, F.R.A.S.

Which is the most powerful telescope in existence? Define the meaning which ought to be attached to the adjective "powerful" in this question. The most powerful telescope in existence is that existing telescope which can do the most work. The work of a telescope may be said to be to enable you to see and to enable you to measure. Therefore, that telescope with which you can see most and can measure best, is that which can do the most work, and is unquestionably the most powerful telescope in existence.

Which is the most powerful telescope in existence?

Every one has heard of the two giant telescopes which were constructed nearly forty years ago by the late Lord Rosse, and which were erected at his residence at Parsontown, about fifty miles from Dublin.

The first great telescope constructed by Lord Rosse was a reflecting telescope with a speculum three feet in diameter and twenty-six feet in focal length. It was carried in a ponderous tube moving in a massive iron mounting by means of ingenious machinery. When it was finished in the year 1840 it was considered the grandest instrument in existence, and from its employment in the study of the heavens enormous advantages were expected to be gained for astronomy. Scarcely, however, was this telescope out of the hands of its maker, than Lord Rosse resolved to construct a second telescope of still larger dimensions. With enormous skill, patience and ingenuity, Lord Rosse carried out this intention, and by the year 1846 had finished his second grand telescope, the instrument commonly known as "Lord Rosse's Telescope." It has a metal speculum six feet in diameter and fifty-four feet in focal length.

This enormous mirror, which weighs nearly four tons, is placed in a great tube eight feet in diameter and fifty feet in length, and this tube is carried by a massive iron mounting supported by two lofty castellated buildings, each nearly sixty feet in height. The weight of the telescope and its mountings is enormous. By ingenious methods the observer who is using the telescope is placed in a kind of cage, suspended in the air from the mounting of the telescope, and carried up and down along with the instrument.

To this day this giant telescope of Lord Rosse's retains its position as the greatest telescope in existence. In its enormous size it has still no rival, in its massiveness and weight it is long likely to retain its pre-eminence.

Which is the most powerful telescope in existence?

Lord Rosse's giant telescope, of course, will be the answer of most people; it will be the answer of the great majority of scientific men; it would be almost the unanimous answer of the British Association, of that Section A which is supposed to keep the world informed of the great achievements of astronomy and of optics.

Is this the true answer? No.

To most people, to most scientific men, this answer will come like a shock, for to them it has long been a cherished tradition, an article of faith, almost an axiom, that Lord Rosse's giant telescope was the most powerful telescope in existence.

To those astronomers who are observers—astronomers, not star-gazers—it is well known that for years this giant telescope of Lord Rosse's has been beaten in power by far smaller and more compact rivals. In fact, it is doubtful whether in real power it is much superior to its smaller companion, the three-foot telescope.

There are many who judge a telescope by its size alone, who compute its excellence by aid of a two-foot rule and a knowledge of its cost in pounds. With them a telescope with a metallic speculum weighing four tons and measuring six feet in diameter, with a tube fifty feet long, and costing a thousand pounds, ought to give so much light, have such and such separating power, and show this or that object.

It is true with small telescopes a great deal may be done in this way, but experienced observers know that the real power of a telescope can only be ascertained by a study of what it has done. Tried by this test, the giant telescope of Lord Rosse breaks down. It has not the accuracy of definition which constitutes the real power of a telescope, for it is mainly upon this that depends its capability for doing work. Compared with the metal specula which were made at the time when Lord Rosse's telescope was constructed, the great speculum of Lord Rosse's instrument might come out with credit. But great improvements have since then been introduced into the manufacture of reflecting telescopes, and the present silver-on-glass reflecting telescopes successfully rival the finest achromatic telescope in definition and in power.

In days gone by repeated reference was made to the wonderful things which could be seen upon the surface of the moon with these two giant telescopes of Lord Rosse's. Picturesque descriptions were given of the minute features which were visible, amazement was often expressed at the small objects which could be seen. Still more interesting accounts were given of what *ought* to be visible—a carpet of pronounced pattern as big as Lincoln's Inn Fields, the castle at Dublin, the courthouse at Cork, a house, or even a man, provided he were big enough. All these *ought* to be seen if they happened to be on the lower surface.

Yet when we come to consider what it really is which is described as being seen; when we calmly examine the various drawings which have been made by the aid of one or the other of these great telescopes, then we find that they show nothing which cannot be distinctly seen and drawn by the smallest astronomical telescope of high excellence. An enormous blaze of light is gathered by the telescopes, but all this light reveals nothing which cannot be seen with far greater ease in a far smaller telescope. There are in existence a number of drawings of the planets, and observations of their satellites; there are also observations of close double stars, or faint companions to bright stars, all made with one or the other of these two telescopes. Yet nothing has been seen which is beyond the power of a good astronomical telescope of comparatively moderate aperture. It is only in observing the dull, ill-defined nebulæ that Lord Rosse's great telescope has any exceptional advantage, though even in this respect it is probably much overrated. As an astronomical telescope, either of Lord Rosse's telescopes would be fairly beaten by either of the fine eighteen-inch reflectors which are now in existence.

If, then, Lord Rosse's great telescope is not the most powerful in existence, what answer is to be given to the question with which we commenced? Which *is* the most powerful telescope in existence? There are the great refractors of Pulkova and of Cambridge, U.S., each of 15 inches in diameter and 23 feet in focal length. There is the still larger refractor of Chicago, with an aperture of 18 inches and a focal length of 23 feet. All these instruments are of high excellence in defining power, the essential point where Lord Rosse's breaks down. There is the reflector of Mr. Lassells, with its metal speculum of two feet in diameter and its tube twenty feet in length. There

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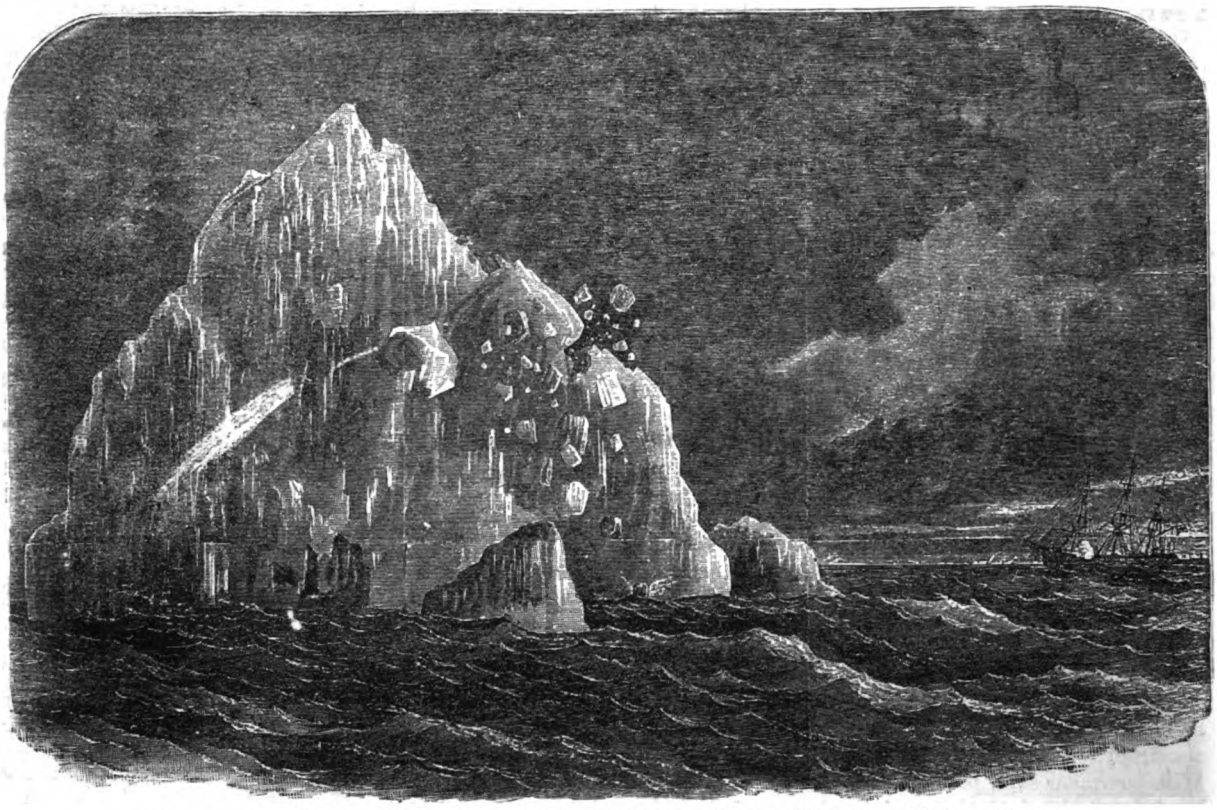


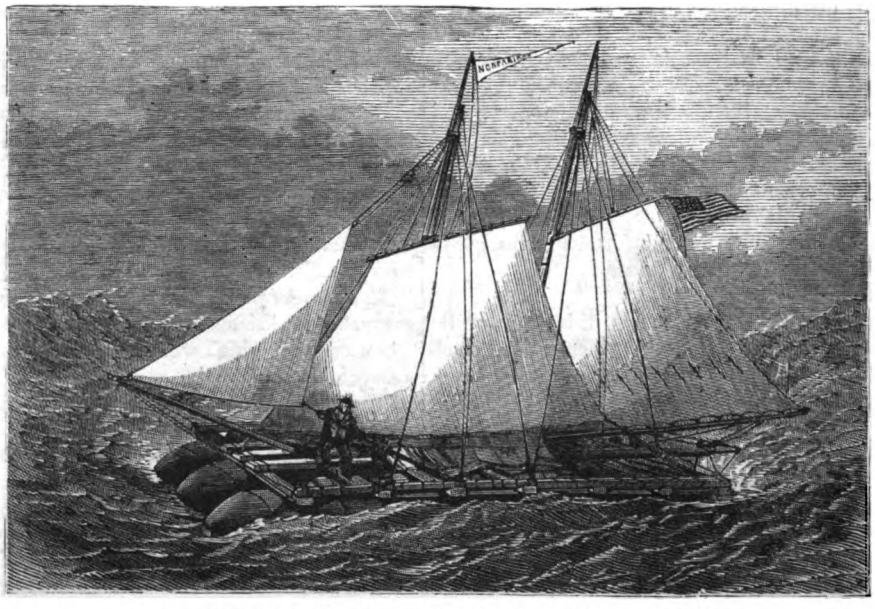
THE ENGLISH SHIP "GALATEA" FIRING AT AN IMMENSE ICEBERG OFF NEWFOUNDLAND IN 1865.—SEE PAGE 1.

is the great Melbourne reflector, with its great metal speculum of forty-eight inches in diameter, the second largest telescope in the world, but by no means so sharp in definition as might be desired, so that it failed to reveal the satellites of Mars which were seen with an instrument of not one-sixth the diameter in Europe.

There is also the great reflector of the Paris Observatory, with a silver-on-glass speculum nearly four feet in diameter—an instrument whose power is seriously injured by the imperfect definition arising from the flexure of its thin speculum. There is also the large refractor constructed for Mr. Newall, of Gateshead, with an object-glass twenty-five inches in diameter mounted in a tube nearly thirty feet in length.

But all these instruments must yield the palm to the great refractor of the United States Naval Observatory at Washington, a splendid instrument, with an object-glass 26 inches in clear aperture and 33 feet in focal length. This magnificent instrument is equatorially mounted and driven by clockwork, so that it is complete as an astronomical telescope. The Washington refractor is, however, not merely a telescope of great dimensions; like more than one of those previously mentioned, it is an instrument of high optical excellence. Its definition is crisp and sharp, and it brings every ray of the enormous amount of light which it collects to a sharp focus as a very minute point, so that none is wasted.

It was with this fine telescope that Professor Asaph Hall made his famous discovery of the satellites of Mars; that Mr. Burnham discovered a number of the most minute companions to the brighter stars, and that Professors Newcomb, Holden and Hall have observed and measured the smallest satellites of Saturn, Uranus and Neptune. It is this magnificent instrument which is supposed by most astronomers to be the most powerful telescope in existence. Then our answer to the question with which we have commenced ought to be—the great

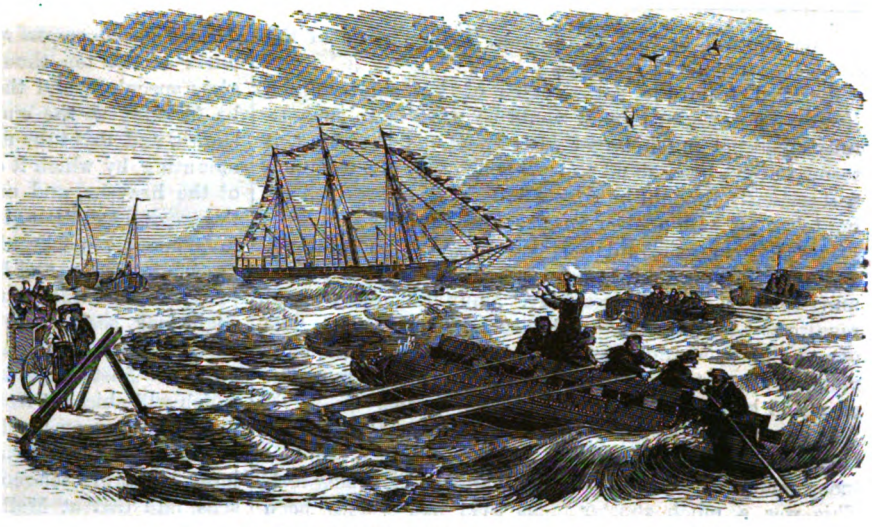


THE MONITOR RAFT "NONPAREIL" MAKING A VOYAGE TO ENGLAND.

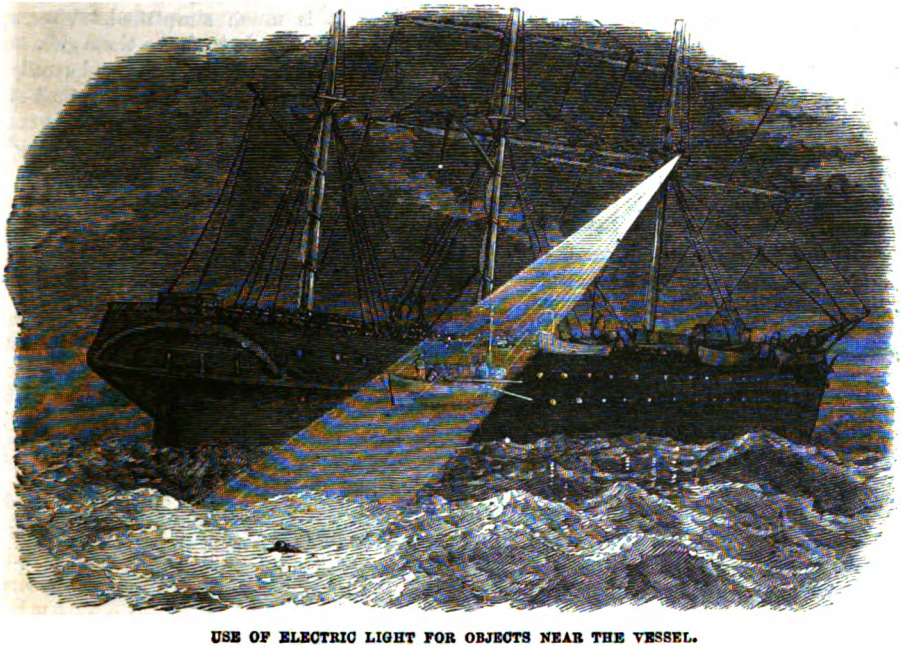
refractor of the Washington Observatory? No!

Then which is the most powerful telescope in existence?

The most powerful telescope in existence is the magnificent new reflecting telescope which has just been finished by Mr. A. Ainslie Common, and is erected at his residence at Ealing. This telescope has a silver-on-glass speculum, 37½ inches in diameter, and a focal length of just over 20 feet. It is equatorially mounted in a novel but most efficacious manner, and is driven by a powerful clock controlled in an ingenious way by a method invented by Mr. Common. This new telescope, which has only been finished about a month, has turned out a great success, and is unquestionably the finest and most powerful telescope which is in existence.

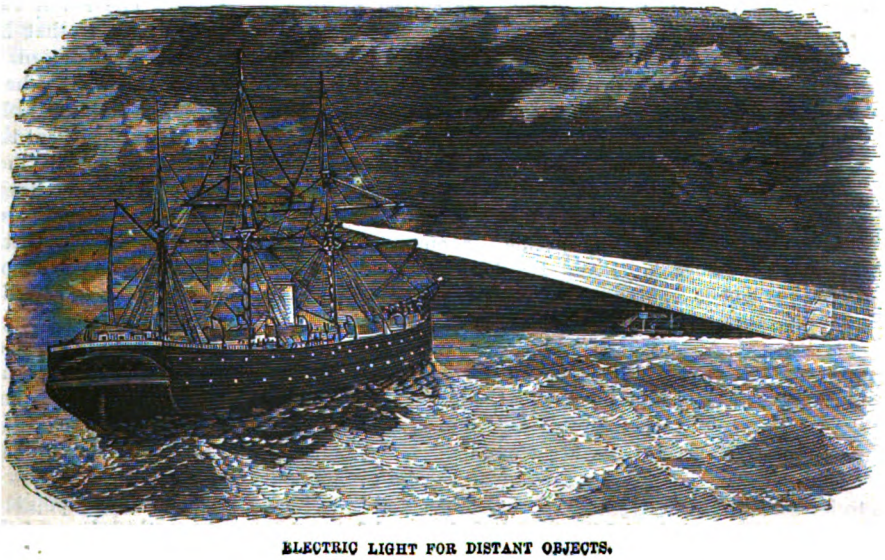


TRIAL OF PERRY'S LIFE-RAFT BEFORE THE KING OF PRUSSIA, IN 1869.



USE OF ELECTRIC LIGHT FOR OBJECTS NEAR THE VESSEL.

For the last three years Mr. Common has had in his observatory a fine silver-on-glass reflector with an aperture of eighteen inches and a focal length of nearly ten feet. This telescope was mounted by him on an equatorial stand of his own design, on what is known as the "Sissons" principle. For efficiency, power and excellence, this eighteen-inch reflector is as yet without a rival in England, and was only beaten perhaps by the great refractor of the Washington Observatory. With this instrument were made a number of observations of the faint satellites of Saturn and Uranus, which rendered the Ealing Observatory a familiar name to all astronomers. When, in 1877, the astronomical world was electrified by the announcement of Professor Asaph Hall's discovery of the two satellites of Mars, it was to Ealing that astronomers looked for systematic observations of these faint objects; and it was from Ealing Observatory that came the only systematic series of measures of these objects which has been furnished by England. Astronomers may congratulate themselves, therefore, upon this new telescope being in good hands, and in an observatory where it will



ELECTRIC LIGHT FOR DISTANT OBJECTS.

not be allowed to rust in idleness, like so many of the finest instruments in England.

Satisfied from the performance of his eighteen-inch Newtonian reflector that it would be possible to successfully construct much larger instruments of this kind, it seems to have been about two years ago that Mr. Common first seriously thought of constructing a very large reflecting telescope with a silver-on-glass speculum.

It was obvious that this would be a serious undertaking, and one which would require much thought and ingenuity to carry it out successfully. Many difficulties would require to be boldly faced and successfully overcome. The expense alone would have been sufficient to deter most men. Experience, skill, courage, perseverance, money—all would be required if success was to be won.

It was decided to first undertake the manufacture of a telescope with an aperture of thirty-seven and one-half inches and a focal length of about eighteen or twenty feet, This was a much shorter focus than had usually been thought essential for an instrument of this large aperture. Generally instruments of this kind are made with a focal length of from nine to ten times their diameter. This would correspond to about thirty feet focus for a speculum of the given size.

The fine performance of his eighteen-inch telescope had convinced Mr. Common that it was not necessary to give a greater focal length than fifteen or sixteen feet. But there were two conflicting interests to be reconciled. The shorter the instrument the easier it would be to mount, and the easier to observe with; but, on the other hand, the longer the focus the better it would be for taking photographs of the heavenly bodies, and this last was one of the main uses that the new telescope was intended for. With the view of best reconciling these two views, the instrument was designed with a focus of some twenty feet.

The very first step to be taken was to undertake the manufacture of the glass speculum, and here at the outset an enormous difficulty presented itself. To make a speculum of the required dimensions, it was necessary to have a disk of good crown glass about thirty-eight inches in diameter and from six to nine inches in thickness. Well, purchase such a disk; or rather, as it was not likely that such a thing could be bought ready-made, why, order one. This seems feasible enough. But there was not a firm in England who would undertake to make such a thing. In fact, at the time, the opinion was freely expressed that such a thing could not be made. This was a serious obstacle, for nearly all the glass used for optical purposes came from England.

Determined not to be baffled, Mr. Common applied to a French firm, and they produced the disk of glass which was essential before a single step could be taken. The first difficulty was faced and overcome.

After mature consideration, the grinding and polishing of the speculum into which this glass disk was to be turned was intrusted to Mr. G. Calver, of Widford, a well-known maker of glass specula. From its enormous size, over twice as large and ten times as heavy as any speculum which had ever been manufactured before, it was necessary to construct new and more powerful machinery, and even a new building. Nothing daunted, however, Mr. Calver agreed to do his best to turn this great mass of glass into an excellent speculum, though, of course, he could not guarantee anything, the entire risk necessarily remaining with Mr. Common.

This settled, the greater portion of the task remained to be faced. Given a speculum of the specified size, how was it to be mounted, and how was it to be used? Firstly, the glass speculum must be mounted with such care that, despite its enormous weight, it must nowhere bend by as much as one ten thousandth of an inch. Secondly, the glass speculum and the iron cell which supports it must be fastened at the end of a tube some twenty feet in length, and this tube must be supported by an elaborate mounting by which it can be pointed to any desired part of the heavens, and moved by clockwork so as to follow the apparent motion of the celestial bodies. Thirdly, arrangements must be made so that an observer can always use the telescope, and be enabled to look through the eyepiece of the telescope whatever position it may be in—no slight task, seeing that the said eyepiece must in some positions of the instrument be over twenty feet from the ground. Lastly, the telescope must have an observatory which will shield it from the weather, and yet permit any part of the heavens to be examined with the telescope.

When the instrument has a metallic speculum, like the large reflecting telescopes of Lord Rosse, and Mr. Lassells, and that at Melbourne, it is much easier to satisfy the first condition than when the speculum is made of glass; for it is possible to cast the speculum with grooves, projections and recesses in its back, by means of which the task of supporting it is much simplified. With a glass speculum it is not practicable to have these aids, so that the back of the speculum is cast quite flat, and usually rests on a flat piece of metal. By an ingenious method of balanced arms Mr. Common has contrived to support the speculum so that it is perfectly free from flexure. Thus the first point was secured.

The second point, of the method by which the telescope should be mounted, was a problem which required long and serious consideration. Mr. Common devised a new and most ingenious method which, after long consideration, he thought would furnish a means of steadily supporting the telescope. In this, steadiness is most essential, as the slightest vibration—vibrations absolutely invisible to the eye—would ruin the performance of a telescope. The weight of the moving part of the telescope amounts, probably, to four or five tons, and this has to be kept in motion by a clock, yet it must not be liable to the least tremor or vibration. The difficulty of the problem is evident.

His plan of mounting was submitted by Mr. Common, for criticism, to several well-known astronomers, who might be supposed competent to advise on this subject. As might have been expected, very diverse opinions were expressed; at most, one seemed to decidedly favor the plan, others seemed doubtful, and more than one were decidedly adverse. The result was to leave that matter much as it stood at first, so that Mr. Common decided to persevere in his original design. The success which has crowned his labors shows that he was correct in his judgment.

It would be impossible to describe the method of mounting employed without the aid of several detailed drawings, but reference may be made to one ingenious point. As in all equatorial mountings, nearly the entire weight of the moving part of the telescope (in the present telescope five tons) rests on the bottom pivot of the polar axis. This pivot, therefore, is exposed to enormous friction, and is a common cause of vibration. To obviate this, Mr. Common, by an ingenious arrangement, supports the whole polar axis in mercury, thus taking off nearly the entire friction, and the whole instrument moves as if it were floating. By this means he is enabled to drive the whole telescope by means of an ordinary train of clockwork, regulated by the governor, which he had invented for his smaller telescope.

The last two points specified above are obtained by making the observatory itself the ladder by which you approach the eye end of the telescope, and the whole

observatory revolves on iron wheels running on a circular railway. By means of a wheel on your left, you can raise or lower yourself at pleasure, and observe with the telescope in any position. The whole observatory only requires moving about once in two hours, and can be moved with ease by one hand.

Within a year of its being begun, the telescope was rapidly approaching its completion. The great speculum had been brought to the right shape, and was partially polished, and every day the announcement was expected that it was completed, or at least only required the last finishing touches. Suddenly a telegram arrived—an ominous thing. Was it to announce an imperfect figure? This would be a most annoying thing, for it would require the whole to be reground and repolished. But no; it was very brief, but it announced a terrible misfortune. It was a pressing request to come down at once. *The whole speculum had burst into a thousand pieces!*

It was a terrible blow, for it was the very misfortune which had been prognosticated by the English manufacturers and by the greater number of astronomers, including those who had had much experience in the construction and use of specula.

The explosion had been terrific. The whole workshop was covered with jagged, torn masses of glass, varying in weight from ten or twelve pounds to an impalpable dust. Mr. Calver had had a narrow escape, but he and his workmen escaped without serious injury. The monetary loss was great, and bid fair to be greater, for with the loss of the speculum the rest of the telescope became useless. It might well seem that they were right who held the view that large silver-on-glass specula were impracticable, as, from the difficulty in annealing large masses of glass, they might be expected to break at any moment.

Within an hour or two of receiving the telegram announcing this terrible mishap, Mr. Common was in the library of the Royal Astronomical Society. While there he was met by a friend, a fellow-astronomer, who, being aware that news was daily expected of the completion of the great speculum, asked him for the latest intelligence. Mr. Common calmly handed him the fateful telegram. He was thunderstruck, for it was so unexpected, and he was one of those who had looked for much gain to astronomy to accrue from the construction and subsequent employment of this grand new instrument. After expressing, no doubt imperfectly enough, his sorrow, sympathy and disappointment, he naturally put the question:

"What can you do now?"

"Do? Why, I have telegraphed over to Paris to see if I can't get two more disks of glass. It will be one to spare in case of another explosion."

Success must crown indomitable courage like this. The new disks arrived, and were duly transferred to Mr. Calver. One was selected, and, after much labor, ground, polished and finished. The remaining portion of the instrument and the observatory were pushed on as quickly as possible. On August 1st, 1879, the instrument was complete, and the grandest and most powerful telescope in existence stood finished before its maker, designer and owner.

An instrument of this large aperture will take a long time to thoroughly test, but it has stood triumphantly all the tests which have been applied hitherto. It has been tested on the moon—a most crucial test in experienced hands—on Jupiter and Saturn, and on faint companions to bright stars. In all cases satisfactory results have been obtained. This proves that the telescope must be at least of fine quality, and it bids fair to turn out of the highest excellence. It has been used to take photographs of the moon, with results very satisfactory to those who are experienced in these matters. There can be no doubt, therefore, of its claims to be a success, so that ere long it will take its place in the eyes of most astronomers as the greatest optical instrument in existence; and the credit of having manufactured and of possessing the most powerful telescope in existence has now passed from America back to England.

It may be legitimately asked, What will be the future work of this grand instrument? Will it be used to increase our knowledge of astronomy, or will it be allowed to rest in idleness, like so many other fine instruments? It is to be trusted, and it may be safely anticipated, that the former will be its fate. It will wear out, not rust out. There is much in astronomy which this grand telescope can do. It can be used for observing the faint and difficultly visible satellites of Mars, Saturn, Uranus and Neptune. All these pressingly want observing and measuring, and there are few telescopes of sufficient power and excellence to do the work wanted. It can be easily done with the new one. Then there is the important question to be settled: Are there other satellites to those planets than those known? To this telescope will fall the task of searching for a third and more distant satellite of Mars, for a fifth satellite to Jupiter, for a ninth and tenth satellite to Saturn, for a fifth and sixth satellite to Uranus, and perchance half-a-dozen new moons of Neptune. Moreover, there are the extremely interesting problems connected with the minor planets. Does Vesta, Juno or Pallas possess a satellite or satellites? If so, their discovery would be a great thing for astronomy. Astronomers suspect that away beyond Neptune there may be still another giant planet, still another member of the solar system. If so, it will be very faint, and it will require a powerful telescope to search for and discover it.

There is yet another field in which this new telescope may reap great advantages for astronomy. It is suspected that more than one of the stars—those distant suns—may be attended by opaque dull planets. Mathematical analysis has already pointed to the existence of these attendants. It remains for the telescope to discover them. If the new Ealing reflector be really of the very highest excellence, it will be with that instrument we ought to look for these attending planets—these members of a foreign solar system.

Lastly, there is the great field of photography. The new telescope takes instantaneous photographs of the moon, two and one-half inches in diameter—photographs which can be enlarged with ease to good pictures of the moon a foot in diameter—pictures which will be valuable for astronomy, not mere interesting curiosities of science. It will, moreover, take photographs of Venus, Jupiter, Mars and Saturn, showing much detail, and capable of being enlarged to half-an-inch in diameter. These planetary photographs will be of great use, as recording in unmistakable characters the true position and aspect of these planets and their satellites at different known epochs.

A BRAVE ARTIST.

It is said that Martin, the celebrated lion-tamer, while staying at Ghent, in 1825, noticed among the most constant attendants at his menagerie a young man who, by reason of the drawing materials he brought with him and freely employed, stood confessed an artist. Martin yearned toward him, and the two became "thick as thieves."

One day the enthusiastic artist, while taking the portrait of a noble lion called Nero, complained bitterly that the bars of the cage were in the way.

"Don't let them be any obstacle," said the lion-tamer, sympathizingly. "If you will come with me into Nero's 'apartment,' and allow me to introduce you, I can answer for it that he will show how flattered he is by a visit from so excellent an artist, and will give you every facility for handing down his features to posterity."

ICEBERGS, AND DANGERS ENCOUNTERED AT SEA.—BUOY LIGHT.—SEE PAGE 1.

The artist, strange to say, jumped at the offer; and Martin, who was not the man to lose an opportunity of advertising himself, sent word to the Duke of Saxe-Weimar, the Governor of Ghent, and other notabilities, that he would on a given day go into Nero's cage, and take "an amateur stranger" with him. The duke put in an appearance.

The plucky pair walked into the cage, and Nero was at first inclined to be what is called nasty; but, reassured by his master's voice, the lion went and lay down in a corner, and the painter, sitting down opposite, coolly proceeded to —cut his pencil! Having performed this little preliminary to his satisfaction, he executed a sketch of Nero which was pronounced to be very like.

The lion-king and the painter then took a polite leave of the lion; and the duke, having complimented the artist on the pluck as well as talent displayed, would fain have purchased the sketch. But it was not to be had for money; and the artist kept it himself as the converse of a *memento mori*. His name was Verboekhoven, afterward famous as a Belgian animal-painter.

GRETCHEN.—"FREDERICK SPRANG FROM MY SIDE AT ONCE, TO FOLD HER IN HIS ARMS, AND LAVISH UPON HER A THOUSAND LOVING NAMES.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

GRETCHEN.

IT is necessary, before I tell you about Gretchen, for me to speak a few words of myself. I am an old lady now, of ample means, with a pleasant home, loving relatives, and very many friends; but affected with that terrible scourge of active brain and nervous temperament—paralysis. It is four years since the first stroke rendered my left side powerless, though my mind is mercifully left clear, and I have still free use of my right hand and arm.

It will be easily understood that I am very dependent upon the services of a strong, good servant, and also that it is not easy to find one sufficiently trustworthy for the position.

It was to procure the paragon of waiting-maids—one sufficiently strong for the duty, and sufficiently well-trained to be endurable as a constant companion—that I advertised. I will not dwell upon the rejected candidates; but I was hopelessly thinking I must take some of the many whose glaring deficiencies so troubled me, when the door once more opened, to admit Gretchen.

Let me pause to describe her, as she stood modestly before me, waiting for me to speak. Her short skirt of blue woolen showed a neat but coarse boot and checked stocking. Her cloak was of vivid scarlet, and in her hand she held a woolen hood. Her face was very pretty, with delicate features and a splendid complexion, and I have never seen such a profusion of light hair as was braided and twisted round Gretchen's pretty head. Her eyes were blue as the Summer skies, and when she smiled, a row of beautifully white, even teeth was disclosed. She was tall, of a noble frame, yet, while she looked strong and healthy, she had, too, an air of refinement that seemed to raise her above the level of a servant.

In strongly-accented, yet tolerably correct, English she answered my questions. She had no references, as she had been only two days in New York, and had been sent to me by the Employment Society.

There was so much that was attractive about the young girl that I was glad to secure her services; and before evening she was at home in the room next my own, where she could hear my voice at night if I required her attendance.

My knowledge of German was limited, but I soon discovered that Gretchen's was very pure, with none of the idiomatic faults of the lower class. The girl was a complete puzzle to me. What menial service I required at her hands was performed with willingness; she was a neat seamstress; but in her leisure hours—and she had many—she would take a book from my table, and I could see her through the open door reading and studying, often in a low monotone speaking the words before her, striving to catch my own pronunciation and accent.

"Do you think," she asked me one day, "that I can ever speak English without an accent?"

"Oh, yes," I answered. "You speak with wonderful precision now, for a foreigner."

"My English teacher—I mean," and she colored deeply—"I was said to speak pretty well at home."

"Then you studied our language in Germany?"

"Yes."

"Intending to come to America?"

She again colored deeply, as she replied:

"I hoped to come. And now I want to learn English—to be an American, to be lost in New York. Let me forget Germany, if I can."

"Forget your fatherland! That is strange for a German."

"Ah, you do not know—you do not know!" she moaned; and then she ran away, and shut herself in her own room, where for an hour I could hear her sobbing.

I did not call her. I felt very sorry for the poor child; for, to my seventy years, her twenty Summers seemed like childhood, and I was more than ever convinced that there was some mystery about her life.

I think it was six months after Gretchen first came to me, that I sent her one morning to a store near my house to make some trifling purchase.

She had been gone but a moment, when she came into my room again, white as death, her great blue eyes dilated with fear. She ran to me at once.

"Save me!—hide me!" she said, crouching at my side, and taking my hand between hers, which were cold as death: "He has followed me! He is here—here in New York! He will drag me back to Germany and kill me!"

"My dear child, nobody can hurt you here."

"Ah, you do not know him. He is so cruel! He has beaten me before now, and that is why I ran away."

It was a long time before I could calm her, and I readily yielded to her entreaty not to send her out again. As her enemy had not followed her, she had apparently escaped unseen, and for many days I sent the housemaid upon all my personal as well as household errands.

As the days wore on, Gretchen regained her usual calmness, and as she offered no explanation of her terror, I asked for none.

My want of curiosity, just at that time, was partially accounted for by the arrival of my favorite grandnephew, and probable heir. He was an orphan, and had been my charge from infancy.

I had given him an education as thorough as Harvard College afforded, and sent him to Europe to acquire the finish of foreign travel. The will that made him my heir was in my lawyer's office, and he had given me, in return for my love, the affection and duty of a son.

He had left me, a boy yet in heart and manner, although twenty-one years of age, and I looked for the sunny smile, the frank, joyous face of three years before. Just before his return, I opened my jewel-case, and took out his last gift to me—an ivory-type, taken a few days before he left me.

It was a good likeness, portraying faithfully his noble, frank and good, if not strictly handsome, face. Gretchen was standing beside me as I opened the case.

"This is my nephew, Frederick Manly, who is coming home to-day," I said; but, looking up, I found I was alone, and, a moment later, heard Gretchen moving about in her own room.

When Fred arrived, and came at once to me, the door between the rooms was softly closed, as if to allow us to converse freely, unheard.

Some change I was prepared for in the appearance of my traveler, but not to find my boy a grave man. His heavy beard seemed to add ten years to his age, and his manner, so quiet as to be almost sad, was even more changed than his face.

We chatted freely for a long time, touching only surface subjects, his health, his travels, incidents of his homeward voyage—little points of interest not fully dwelt upon in his letters or my own.

It made me so happy to see him, to hear his voice, to feel his strong hand clasping mine, that I was content to let him keep up this desultory chat for a long time before I asked him more particularly of his foreign experience.

"You should have brought me home a niece," I said,

half-jestingly—"some French countess, or English milady, to grace our home."

To my surprise, no jesting reply followed my speech.

"A wife!" he answered, sadly. "Do you remember telling me once that my heart alone must be the judge of the suitability of a wife?"

"Certainly. It is not the privilege of age or near relationship to dictate in a matter in which the happiness of two lives is involved. I told you that where you loved you should marry, without one word of influence from me, were your choice a servant in my own house. To be frank, Fred, I was very sure your choice would be a lady; for you could never love coarseness or vulgarity, nor could money ever influence you."

"Not a year ago, trusting to your love and kindness, I intended to bring you home a niece," replied my nephew. "But I have lost her!"

"Dead?" I asked, shocked at his pale face.

"I do not know. In her desperation she may have committed suicide. Shall I tell you the story?"

I assented at once.

"I was, as you know by my letters, in Berlin eighteen months ago, and had letters of introduction that gave me entrance to society there. It was in the gay season, when the Court circle was in the city, and my time was soon filled with pleasant engagements.

"One friend, Karl von Stiner, was my constant companion. Together we visited opera, concert and ballroom, and by him I was introduced into many family circles. One of these was that of his aunt, Madame von Graff, who gave me always a cordial welcome to her home, and allowed me to pass many evenings pleasantly with herself and her daughter, Bertha Welshau.

"I cannot talk much of Bertha. I loved her, and she loved me. Her mother smiled upon our love; but her stepfather gave me but scanty courtesy, and his son treated me as rudely as he dared.

"It was not long before I learned from Karl the reason for the difference in the treatment I received from the gentlemen and the ladies of the family.

"Madame von Graff was the widow of a wealthy merchant, and Bertha would be heiress to half of her father's wealth, even if her mother left her own fortune to her second husband. Herr von Graff was most anxious to secure the entire amount of Herr Welshau's money in his own family, by the marriage of his son Herman to Bertha. Herman was a man when his father married, and Bertha only a girl of fourteen; but, even at that early age, her dislike to him was marked—amounting at times to a positive fear. He was a dark-browed, saturnine man, and I think his stepmother was half afraid of him in some of his savage moods.

"The more I loved Bertha, and the more I saw of her home, the more anxious I became for a speedy marriage, and I finally prevailed upon Madame von Graff to name a day for our betrothal. Karl told me there was a desperate opposition made by father and son to this proposal; but Bertha's happiness was concerned, and her mother was resolute in countenancing my suit. My letters had proved to her that I was no fortune-hunter, and that her child would occupy the position of a lady in her new home. Bertha was studying English, and the only drawback to her complete happiness was the prospect of separation from a mother she worshiped. Does my long story weary you?"

"No, indeed; I am anxiously waiting to hear what prevented your marriage."

"The evening for the celebration of our betrothal was fixed, and I had purchased a set of pearls as my gift to adorn Bertha's blonde beauty. I was sitting in my room, impatiently waiting the hour when I might present myself at Madame von Graff's, when Karl came in to me, sad and pale. His aunt had been taken suddenly and dangerously ill, and our betrothal must be postponed.

"Days of torturing anxiety followed. My kind old friend grew rapidly worse. Bertha, in her devoted care for her mother, could only snatch a moment now and then to speak to me; and Herr von Graff and his son threw every obstacle possible in the way of our meeting. Karl was my friend, and carried little notes to and from Bertha, or I could not have endured those long days of suspense.

"The blow we were all dreading fell at last. Madame von Graff died, and Bertha was taken ill with over-fatigue and anxiety. I was not allowed to see her; and, to add to my troubles, the physicians advised that she should be taken from the city; and she was removed to a country-seat owned by her mother, thirty miles from Berlin.

"I had but one comfort. Karl's mother, my fast friend, went to nurse her niece. Through her kindness I had daily bulletins of my darling's progress, and I knew that she was recovering slowly.

"Two long, weary months had elapsed since I had seen her sweet face, when one day Karl rushed into my room in a state of great agitation, to tell me that Bertha was missing."

"Missing!"

"Her aunt had come to Berlin to seek for her among her many friends, and she told us a tale that made my blood boil. From the hour that Madame von Graff died, the resolve to force Bertha to marry Herman became a fixed idea in her stepfather's mind, deepened and strengthened by the fact that one-half only of her fortune was left to her husband, and the remainder to her daughter. To accomplish his desire, Herr von Graff had resorted to every form of persuasion and threat, but Bertha would not listen to either. Finally he showed her a forged letter, in which a friend wrote to him that I had left Berlin to return to New York.

"Karl had not been able to leave Berlin for a week, and his letters to his mother, inclosing mine to Bertha, were intercepted, so that even her aunt had no proof of my constancy. Still, Bertha would not yield, and at last threats were employed.

"Her stepfather told her she was in his power, in a lonely place, and if she would not at once wed his son, he would take her life. Her aunt tried in vain to quiet her fears, and, when she last saw her preparing to retire for the night, she had fully resolved to send for Karl the next day, and have her taken to her own home by strategy or force.

"In the morning she was gone—fled from home in the night; and, what was more strange, her clothing was found in her room just as she had taken it off!

"This was what terrified her aunt more than all the rest. Where, but to throw herself into the nearest body of water, could the young girl have gone in her night-dress?

"Accompanied by Karl, I went at once to the nearest magistrate's, and before night inquiries were flying in all directions in and around Berlin. Herr von Graff and his son came to the city, and joined in the search. The house they left was searched by the law officers, and for miles around the country was scoured.

"During the excitement, the question of the missing girl's property was taken up by the law, and all control of it taken from the hands that had so violated their trust, and the amount placed in the care of guardians legally appointed by the city.

A LITTLE ENEMY.

"It was satisfactorily proved by many and competent witnesses that the mother had approved of her marriage to me, and even prepared herself for our betrothal. Had she but come to me, all would still have been well; but, convinced that I had left Berlin, terrified, still weak from recent illness, and believing fully in her stepfather's power to force her to marry Herman, she probably took her own life. All search for her has been in vain. Bertha! Beatha!"

The cry was not a wail, but a shout of such wild, strange joy, that I thought my nephew was mad! Only for a moment. Looking up, I saw Gretchen standing in the doorway, very pale, but with a look of startled happiness I had never seen before in her great blue eyes.

Frederick sprang from my side at once, to fold her in his arms, and lavish upon her a thousand loving and endearing names.

It was some minutes before they were calm enough to sit down by me and answer my inquiries.

"How came you here?" Frederick asked, at last, to my great satisfaction.

"THE RATS HAVE BEGUN ON THE NEW-LAID EGGS."

"I came over in Gretchen's place."

"And who is Gretchen?"

"Gretchen was one of my uncle's house-maids, who wanted to come to New York. Her passport was procured, her trunk already sent to the railway station, and she herself passing her last night with her fellow-servants, when I resolved to leave my home, and follow Fritz to New York."

"Who is Fritz?" I asked.

"Myself," said Fred. "Tell us the rest, Bertha."

"I easily bribed Gretchen to give me her passport, and sell me her trunk for double its value; and, with more money than she ever had before in her life, she went to Berlin at the same hour when the train going in an opposite direction took me to join the band of emigrants with whom she would have journeyed. She had friends in Berlin, and probably long before this has procured another outfit, and come to America."

"But how did you reach the station without discovery?"

"We walked there, to meet a day-dawn train."

"Seven miles!" cried Frederick.

"CAREFULLY TRIMMING HIS FUR."

"Seven miles. My voyage across the Atlantic was not of interest. Having ready money, I did not keep with my party after we reached the city where we embarked, but came over on a steamer, while they engaged passage on the cheaper sailing-vessel. On my arrival in New York, I was directed to an employment office, and there I learned that a lady with the same name as my Fritz wanted a servant. I came here, and I have been safe and happy. But, oh!" and a sudden pallor crept over her face, "my stepfather is here! I have seen him on the street!"

"Indeed!" said Frederick, coolly. "Berlin was too hot to hold him. There were not wanting accusations of murder, and he was only too glad to escape. Here, is he? He had better not cross my path. Well, Bertha, are you ready to take a wedding-trip to Berlin?"

"To Berlin!" she said, turning very pale.

"You are not afraid to go as my wife?"

"No. I will go anywhere with you."

"We will settle your property so that you can return here. It will be only for a few weeks, and then we will return to auntie, here—if she will give us house-room."

"Auntie" was only too glad to give assent. Gretchen

"HE MAKES HIS WAY IN BY THE EAVES."

had become very dear to me, and it was a great triumph to my powers of penetration to have found out from the first how far above her station was my fair German handmaiden.

We had a quiet wedding, and very lovely was the bride in her soft white lace and muslin; then over the ocean, as Frederick proposed, to convince Berlin friends the fair runaway still lived to claim her mother's wealth.

But they are at home now, my dear boy and his fair young wife, who smiles saucily and drops me a deferential courtesy whenever I, from old habit, call her GRETCHEN.

"NOT A RAT WILL GO IN."

A LITTLE ENEMY.

BY GEO. MANVILLE FENN.

THIS world is so large, and affords such ample space for all created things, that one always feels disposed to look with indignation on those who persecute animal life in any of its forms. Every creature is so beautiful in its way, and displays such wondrous instinct, that its destruction, setting aside the cruelty, seems like a crime. Make this a rule, however, and in come the exceptions. The world is wide enough for animated nature, but all the same we find ourselves compelled to kill and slay, as the legal documents term it, and though one would not shed blood, it becomes a necessity—when we are attacked.

"HIS INQUISITIVE NATURE WILL LEAD HIM TO CREEP THROUGH."

That is the point. There are many creatures on this earth which will not be content with their own share of the world's surface, but continually invade that of their superiors, and that, too, in spite of the risks they run. The consequence is, that we are forced to open a campaign against them, either to slay or drive them back.

Now, perhaps the greatest nuisance in the country, for it is comparatively little seen in the greater towns, is that sleek, clean, clever and smart-looking animal which is called at the head of this paper "A Little Enemy"—that is, the rat. Some people will be doubtless disposed to shudder and call it horrible, ugly, and the like; but, all the same, if examined without prejudice, the rat is a well-formed and far from ill-looking animal; while, though at times he may be an unclean feeder, in his personal appearance he is the pink of neatness, and I have seen a rat sit up like a cat and carefully trim his fur till dry and clean and quite satisfactory to his feelings.

In the warm weather rats are so little seen that the occupant of a country house, while finding occasional old runs and marks of teeth, probably congratulates himself on their departure; but "bide a wee." Let the leaves fall, the heavy rains set in, and the cold blast sweep over the hills, and the rats that have been out in the fields and hedgerows, fattening on corn and fruits, nuts and pleasant succulent roots, come back to the houses for shelter—and get it.

You say that you will not have him, and take precautions which the rat laughs to scorn. You stop up his runs which led into the cellar, and he makes his way up the side of the house and in by the eaves. You secure them, and he comes up the drain. You place gratings to your drains, and he will come in at the open door or window. Come he will, somehow or another, and before long you are aware of his presence, as he hunts his companions through the narrow passages behind the wainscot, races between the joists in the ceiling, gnaws away at the boards, and sets himself to work mischief incalculable. In one night a strong rat will gnaw off chips and wood-dust enough to fill a half-peck measure, and he is so indefatigable that sooner or later he makes his way through into the house, though perhaps for months all he asks of the place

"A BARREL OF INDIAN MEAL, OF WHICH THE RATS WERE ENORMOUSLY FOND."

is its shelter; and he makes his runs, with here and there snug nests of soft hay, wood and paper for bachelor bedrooms, or the nurseries of the married lady rats with their progenies already arrived or to come. These nests, or sleeping-places, are very curious and remarkably snug. Some that have been turned out of rat-holes will consist of several handfuls of nice dry material; and these dormitories are of course used by day, for it is by night that the business of the rat begins.

As a rule, beyond gnawing a hole or two, or making his way into the cellar, the rat leaves the contents of the house alone. It is only when provisions fail outside that he makes an onslaught upon the flour in sack or barrel, takes toll of the lard, tries the bacon, and bodily carries off anything portable—for instance, such things as potatoes, about a couple of dozen of which have been known to be carried off from the larder in one night, and found two days afterward tucked out of sight behind the woodwork of the scullery pump, evidently being intended as a store for the Winter. It is in the outbuildings that the rat forages, however, for his sustenance. The corn-bin in the stable is a glorious institution for him, and a sack of maize a treasure that he will soon spill through the great hole he makes in the strong sacking. Woe to the half-bushel of walnuts, the peck or so of filberts, and that basket of cob-nuts placed for safety in the upper loft!

The gnawing of wooden partition, door or shutter has been touched upon; now follow further acts of mischief. Let him but gain a footing in the greenhouse, and he will diligently dig up and taste your hyacinth, amaryllis, narcissus and crocus bulbs. If he likes the flavor, away they go to his hole; if he does not approve of them, they are left—dug up, spoiled.

Apples in the store-loft are great favorites, but one evil of the rat is that he is so dainty. He does not take an apple and finish it, but neatly scoops out a hole in the side of one with his wedge-shaped, well-enameled teeth, and then goes to another and another, till perhaps a dozen are spoiled.

Being a country resident, you very probably have what are technically termed pits and frames, in which you tried to strike some cuttings of the succulent geranium, the pendent fuchsia, and various choice flowers, for the Summer to come. Night falls. Enter rat. One night suffices for him to tear up, gnaw and destroy a hundred well-rooted little plants, and, as if in derision of the worker who prepared the warm bed of dead leaves upon which the cuttings were placed, he burrows into them, makes himself a snuggery and goes to sleep—but catch him if you can! Another night, and he has a turn at the sets of new potatoes—choice Ashleaf—planted for forcing an early supply. Some he digs up and carries off, some he gnaws, and some he spoils by cutting off the growing shoots. What he leaves are not worth much. And so the game goes on till two of the pigeons are gnawed to death, and then, in despair, the pursuit is fiercely commenced, and the owner vows this day a rat must die.

But how? What is to be his fate? We have to deal with a little beast that is cunning and suspicious to a degree, though at the same time terribly stupid, and when you know his weak points his capture is not so hard. But all this you have to learn. Say, however, that the pursuit of the rat is determined upon, and the first idea is, buy a trap. Yes, but what sort? Oh, something humane, of course; so a wire trap is bought, with nice little holes for the rat to go in, to feast upon the bait placed ready—holes so constructed that he can enter, but not return. Bait it and set it. Bait and set a dozen of them, and examine them in the morning. Not a rat will go in.

Next the box-traps, made on the mouse-trap principle, half cage, half swing-door, are tried; but, no: thanks! rats don't like box-traps, and, smiling a radiant smile, they pass them by, and more pigeons are brutally murdered, and, would you believe it? the rats have certainly begun upon the new-laid eggs in the hen-house; so what is to be the fate of the Spring chicks?

Those steel-tooth jaw-traps are hideous things; but there is no mercy now for the little enemy, who has become a murderer, and if the steel-trap will guillotine him, that's to be his fate. So these are bought and set, here, there and everywhere, nice and handy to the runs of the rats, and morning after morning they are examined. But the result is that you ask yourself how you could be so foolish as to imagine that a rat would go and put his foot in a trap that should spring up and destroy his busy life? No, the little enemy knows better; and at last, in a weak moment of despair, poison is bought—the deadly arsenic or fatal strychnine—and, being artfully mixed with meal and sugar, placed ready for rats, with water close at hand for them to drink and die, so that they shall not expire and prove noisome in their holes.

From that moment you have no peace. You fidget about your hands, and wonder whether any of the poison has been scattered on your clothes. You feel sure that some one may meddle with the deadly dose, portions of which you have wrapped up in paper, and so you go on, fearful lest the children should go near early next morning, or the cat or dog eat a poisoned rat; a hundred similar fancies haunt you, till you vow that you will destroy what poison is left, and never use it more.

Next morning you hurry away early to the out-buildings, to find, most likely, that the poisoned meal has been untouched; the rat is evidently of opinion that a mineral poison may disagree with him, and the vegetable one prove unpleasantly strong. Maybe, however, the poison has been touched, and a little screwed-up packet or two carried away before the rat tasted and found it not to his liking.

And now, where are those deadly packets gone? Who can say? Suffice it that their disappearance has made you terribly uncomfortable. Worse still, you want some apples for the house, and, going to the apple-loft, find several with slight fresh gnawings through the skin. So slight are the gnawings that they can easily be cut out, you conclude, and placing them in the basket, are on your way back, when, like lightning, the thought flashes through your brain—suppose those apples have been gnawed by teeth that tasted strychnine?

What, then, is to be done? How is the cunning little creature to be caught?

The answer is simple: A man's brain is bigger than a rat's; set your cunning against his, and you will win. Here is one plan adopted by a gentleman I know, who had tried the usual traps in vain: In a storeroom was a barrel of Indian meal, of which the rats were enormously fond, and their habit was to climb up to a shelf, run along it, leap down on the meal, and feast.

Good. My friend took another barrel, and of the head he made the trap. He took it out, and treating it as a globe, he made a wire north and south pole, which, when placed in corresponding holes in the cask, allowed the lid to spin round easily on its pivots, and return directly to its natural horizontal position. When ready, this cask was placed in the stead of the flour-cask, its head fixed firmly, and covered thickly with the sweet Indian meal. The rats came, leaped down as usual, feasted, and went away. This was kept up for a couple of nights, fresh meal being placed on the head, and duly eaten. Then came the Nemesis.

The next night that barrel was half-filled with water, the head glued and thickly sprinkled with flour, and then left loose, swinging so easily that on the first rat leaping down there was a slip and a scramble, followed by a hollow splash; but the lid resumed its position, covering the drowning enemy, and placing itself ready to entrap the next.

For months that trick succeeded well, four and five rats being taken of a night, and the place was at last well cleared.

Good traps of the ordinary kind are, of course, useful; but they must be set with brains, as the painter's colors were mixed. Rats will not directly walk into them if placed ready; but, as a rule, if you, as it were, say mentally to those noxious, mischievous vermin, "I have a trap, and you shall not get caught," they will probably go and get in. Set the trap however cunningly, and with whatever concealment you please, and they will not be caught; but hide that trap somewhere at the back of a shelf, half-covered with a board; place it by the wainscot of a room, and lay a slate slanting over it; make a loop of the mat and place it beneath; a tube of a roll of oilcloth—anything, in short, that suggests a narrow hiding-place, through which a rat can run, and the chances are that his secretive and inquisitive nature will lead him to creep through them; and if there be a trap set, he will be caught.

No better plan could be adopted than to place food of some kind, shut up closely in a basket or hamper, near the rat-runs, and let them work their way in. The next night repair the hamper, to keep the rat out, but this time place the trap within. Many hours will not elapse before your wicker repairs shall have been destroyed, and the rat have received his reward.

Of one thing the reader may rest assured, and that is—rats are to be caught, but it requires some subtlety. The above are suggestions that might be, and can be, largely supplemented by those who take the trouble to think, and have the misfortune to be troubled by the little enemy.

GERTRUDE.

THE day before, he had been gliding down the Losser, under the flickering shadow of the elms, and with Cora by his side. Now he was lounging in the great window, listlessly watching the throngs passing through the Square of the Acacias.

The house was a fine one, facing the square; and it had been finely kept, too, in the palmy days of its owner, Professor Van Hoeck; but that was long and long ago. The professor was in his dotage now, and Gertrude, his only child, had found it expedient to let the best chambers go to three young students from Mayence, who had come to Munich to study.

It was one of these students, a fair, handsome fellow, who was lounging in the great window. Presently he started up, uttering an exclamation of surprise.

"Gertrude, come here! Come quickly!" he called.

A woman approached.

"See!" he continued, pointing to two persons who were just entering the square. "There is Cora and her father. Is she not beautiful? Ah, she sees us! Look, Gertrude! The angel!" wafting a kiss to the little coquette, who, loitering behind the stern old ax-collector, Rysbrack, nodded up at them, her pretty face flushing.

"Gertrude!" cried the student again, after a pause.

"Yes, I see," said the woman, softly. "It is Leopold."

"The traitor!"

"Be quiet, Everard."

"The traitor!" he repeated, bitterly. "Ay, a million times traitor! He knows that old Rysbrack hates me, but he knows, too, that Cora loves me, and me only. Why, then, does he torment her? See my poor little lamb led to the slaughter between them! Ah, I have no patience! I shall go!"

"Where?"

"To meet them. Do you think that I can remain here whilst he——"

"You must not," said Gertrude, gently, but firmly, rising and standing before him. "You must not. What good would arise from such a proceeding? Herr Rysbrack would insult you; Cora would laugh at you; whilst Leopold—ah, no, my friend, remain here."

This woman's voice was singularly sweet and penetrating. Listening to its pleading was like listening to a strain of half-forgotten music, and, almost without knowing why, her companion answered, softly:

"You are right. You are always right, Gertrude. *He* will be here presently, so I can wait. Gertrude, why did you say that Cora would laugh at me?"

Before the answer could be given, some one knocked loudly at the door, opening it at the same time, and announcing himself good-humoredly.

"It is no less important a personage than I, Emil Von Barnhelm. Fraulein, I salute you. Wallenstein, my comrade, permit me to inquire why you are at home when I and all the rest of the world are abroad?"

"I am waiting," was the significant response.

"For me?"

"No—for supper," said Gertrude, cheerily; and with an anxious glance at Everard, she left the room.

After a silence, Emil, whose honest face wore the most puzzled expression imaginable, spoke again.

"Friend Everard, what is the matter?"

"Nothing," answered the other, briefly.

"Very well. In that case, I will thank you to be more entertaining. I dare not risk an attack of indigestion by sitting down to table with a fellow who looks for all the world as though prison-doors were opening before him. Come, now, we are only four people, who are thrown constantly together—Gertrude, Leopold, you and I. Is it worth while to be miserable, and we only four? Everard, you are not making love to this professor's daughter, are you?"

"No."

"Let us thank heaven for that. Decidedly, she is the ugliest woman I have ever chanced to see."

"She is good."

"True; but the goodness of an angel would not atone for that abominable ugliness. Did ever any one see such a pale face and such hair? Why, it is as red as blood; and her manner of wearing it reminds me of a fiery crown upon a corpse. But she has wonderful eyes, though. Father in heaven, I have never seen such glorious eyes! And such a voice! Hark! there goes the bell. Come, comrade, to supper. We need not wait for Leopold. He is at the tax-collector's, Herr Rysbrack."

"How do you know?" asked Everard, calmly enough.

"Oh, he told me that he was going there. Besides, I met them just now, he looking as proud as Lucifer, and little Cora clinging to his arm, apparently as happy as—as—well, as I was when my old aunt from Dresden paid off

THE COTTAGE BY THE LAKE.— SEE POEM ON PAGE 31.

all my debts, and gave me a purse of golden pieces to commence the world afresh with. They did not see me, the turtle-doves! But that old Rysbrack did, and he snarled at me like a tiger-cat. Come; there's the bell again!"

And the light-hearted fellow tripped down the stairs, Wallenstein following slowly.

THE meal passed in comparative silence. When it was over, Everard withdrew without a word. Then Emil drew near the girl whose "abominable ugliness" had so offended him.

In sober truth, he had not exaggerated. Gertrude Van Hoeck was tall and well-formed, but her features were strikingly irregular, and her face colorless as marble, whilst her thick and glossy hair was unmistakably red. Her mouth was large, the crimson lips parting to reveal white, even teeth. But her eyes—ah, they were beautiful! Perfect wells of unfathomable depths. A goddess might have had such eyes—dark-blue, fringed with long, black lashes.

"Fraulein," commenced Emil, in a tone of mystery, "is the old tax-collector's daughter anything to Everard?"

"He loves her," answered Gertrude, simply.

"*Gott in Himmel!* And I have been telling him of Leopold! I never had a suspicion until just now. Well, it cannot be helped; but that Cora is a shameless little coquette! I know her. Are you coming up-stairs, Fraulein?"

"Presently."

When Gertrude entered the parlor, fully an hour later, she found there Everard, Emil and the swarthy, black-browed Viennese, Leopold Tegner. The latter was speaking.

"Yes, Cora is promised to me, and her father sanctions it, for I would woo no woman clandestinely, as I pray you to believe, gentlemen. As for that little flirtation——"

"Ha! ha!" laughed Everard, bitterly. "Does she call it a little flirtation? What? After our stolen interviews—our letters—our——"

"Bah!" interrupted the other. "I snap my fingers at your interviews, and as for the letters, Cora denies ever having written to you."

"Does she? Then her tongue is as false as her heart. Wait; I will prove it."

He rushed from the room, Gertrude calling after him: "Everard! Everard, be wise!"

But he was deaf to all advice, and presently returned with a small sealed package, which he delivered to Leopold Tegner.

"Give her these," said he; "and tell her that I will read the rest to my comrades in the college-hall to-morrow."

"Everard!" exclaimed the girl, "you must be mad!"

"He has been drinking too much. Don't take them, Tegner. Don't, for God's sake! Can you not see that his head is not clear?" pleaded Emil. But the Viennese only smiled, and put the package in his pocket.

"I shall execute your commission, Herr Wallenstein," said he, very courteously. "And now, gentlemen, good-night."

He had not descended the stairs before Emil broke forth in reproaches.

"A woman's letters! Great heaven, how unmanly! You are not to be trusted. I would not have believed you capable of such an action."

"Everard," said Gertrude, going to him and taking his cold hand in hers, "dear Everard, destroy the rest. Surely you will not do as you threatened."

"I will!" he answered, through his set teeth. "I will! I shall publish them, and then kill her!"

The poor girl sighed heavily and turned away. During the long silence that followed, Gertrude and Emil made a pretense of reading, but Everard still sat by the open window, his face hidden in his hands.

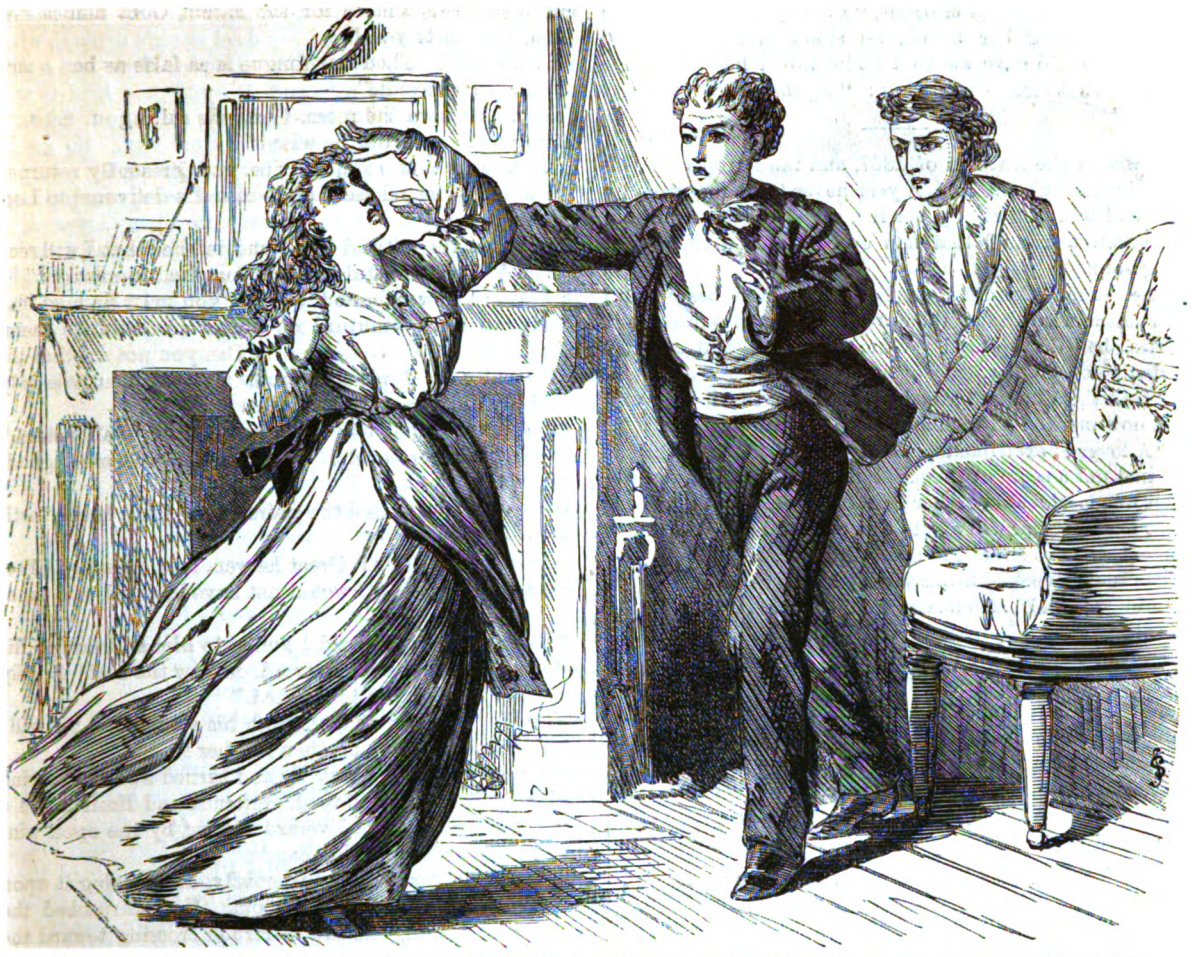
At last Emil closed his book noisily, and tossing it upon the table, arose to leave the room. He had reached the door, when, turning, he saw Gertrude crossing toward the fireplace. Then, just as she passed Everard, she uttered a sharp cry, staggered back, and fell at his feet.

The two men rushed forward. Everard raised the prostrate form in his strong arms, and bore it to a sofa.

"It is nothing," whispered the girl; "nothing."

Was it nothing? There were ugly blood-stains upon the simple gray dress. There was an ugly wound in the slender white throat, and the radiance of those glorious eyes was dimmed.

TAKING A PRISONER.—"HE TURNED AND LEAPED OVER THE BLUFFS."— SEE PAGE 30.



GERTRUDE.—"JUST AS SHE PASSED EVERARD, SHE UTTERED A SHARP CRY, STAGGERED BACK, AND FELL PRONE AT HIS FEET."

"Gertrude!" cried Everard. "Ah, my God, that accursed ball was intended for me! Child! child! you have given your life for mine!"

"I know it," she murmured, "and I am thankful. Next to being loved by you, it is sweet to die for you. And I have loved you so! Ah, death has no terrors. It cannot appall me here, in your arms. Do not be afraid of me, Everard. Do not be angry. I am so ugly—I know—but—I love you—I love—love—ah!"

Then the sweet voice died away; the white lids fell over the glorious eyes, and—*all was ended!*

THE crime remains to this day a wonder and a mystery. Upon an examination of all concerned, public suspicion was chiefly directed to Leopold Tegner; but he showed clean hands by proving that he was elsewhere at the time.

After a decent delay, then, he married the tax-collector's daughter. The day following his wedding he received a doubtful gift—namely, a package of old letters.

"They are," explained the accompanying note, "all that I have ever been favored with by the woman who is now your wife. I had been drinking when I threatened to publish them—a threat which, in saner moments, I never would have made, much less put into execution. That you feared and hated me, was only natural; that you sought to kill me, I firmly believe. Although the law acquits you, I do not; and I take the only revenge in my power—I convince you of what your wife has been to me. If you desire satisfaction, I am at your service. A duel, however, would be unwise, for it would attract attention to the very fact which you, above all others, should seek to conceal, and which I have no desire to make public. Dishonorable as my present action may appear, it is the only one that could possibly content me, for it punishes a creature who is false to her heart's core, and it adds to the self-torture of an assassin."

"You know that I am not a coward," wrote Tegner, in reply, "therefore I do not hesitate to decline a meeting. As a wise man, I desire to avoid scandal; as an innocent man, I laugh at your accusations; and, as an honorable man, I openly avow my fixed intention to deal with impostors according to their deserts."

So matters remained. The old professor died soon after. Then, when his studies were over, Everard quitted Munich. And, in time, Emil became a physician, and Leopold Tegner an official of note. Cora, however, after a few wretchedly unhappy years—how wretchedly unhappy it is not difficult to imagine—died, and was buried, and was mourned as only such pure, good women are.

TWENTY years! A lapse in a lifetime, certainly; yet those years must necessarily pass before we again meet Everard Wallenstein.

A statesman now—grave, as became his three-and-forty years, reserved and haughty, as well befitted the proud position that he had attained. You see, he had not buried his future and its possibilities in Gertrude's untimely grave. When the first great agony of grief was over, he had boldly faced a new life; he had chosen thorny paths wherein to walk, but that sad memory had been to him a moral safeguard ever. When Death laid his icy fingers upon Gertrude's lips, the man who had always passed her

by unnoticed would have given his hopes of heaven to have heard again that murmur, "I love you!" When, the night preceding her burial, he stood alone beside her coffin, he could have sworn that he heard her voice—the dead girl's voice—whispering: "*Again! We will meet again!*"

It was in the Autumn of 1867, and the Baron von Wallenstein was at Dresden. A year never to be forgotten by the good folk of that city, for it marked the occurrence of the greatest scandal that had ever furnished them food for gossip.

The young Countess de Breczin, whose beauty and heartlessness furnished themes for the most extravagant stories, had disappeared. Where, heaven—and a lover, perhaps—only knew.

"Had she a lover?" asked Everard, in the listless way that now marked all his inquiries concerning women.

"A lover!" exclaimed his informant. "Ask, rather, if she had not a score of them. I tell you that she was the most unconscionable of her sex. Ah, well, we shall hear what her husband will say to this proceeding. He is not one patiently to submit to open dishonor."

The next week business called Von Wallenstein to Homburg; and, as chance would have it, one bright morning, soon after his arrival at that place, he found himself in the Rue du Plat d'Etain.

It was scarcely chance, either, for he was on his way to see David Kaufmann, the armorer, whose quaint, many-gabled little house still stands at not a stone's throw from the famous Stag Brewery.

The chirping sparrows in the eaves were recommencing their interminable battles, and the good wives were chatting over their brooms, as Von Wallenstein crossed the armorer's threshold.

A man who had been busy at the other end of the shop now came shuffling forward. It needed but one glance to see that it was David himself, with his long, yellow face, his threadbare hat perched on the back of his gray head, his brown coat, his thin, black-stockinged legs, and his round-toed shoes, fastened with great copper buckles.

The baron was no stranger. He never passed through Homburg without having a word with the old Israelite. So purchases were made, and orders were given, and the buyer was on the point of leaving the place, when, turning once again to speak to David, he beheld something that set his heart throbbing wildly, and sent the blood coursing through his veins with new life.

It was simply a girl leaning over the balustrade of the winding stairs that led into the shop.

A girl with a pale face and crimson lips, and a thick crown of auburn hair.

"Gertrude!" he cried, starting forward.

"Unhappy creature!" exclaimed Kaufmann, at the same moment; then, excitedly, "Go to your chamber. I command you!"

But the girl only smiled, and, tripping lightly down the stairs, approached them. Verily, her presence in that musty den was like a ray of sunshine breaking through the mists of Winter.

"Have no fear," said she; "I will go away, immediately, good uncle."

At the sound of that voice, so low, clear, and singularly sweet, the tears came to Von Wallenstein's eyes.

"Gertrude! Gertrude!" he murmured. "Oh, my God! it cannot be! So long ago—so long! Fraulein!"

"Herr Baron, I listen."

"Oh, Fraulein, I beg your pardon—I——"

"Ask her pardon, indeed!" broke in Kaufmann. "I will not permit it. And her name is not Gertrude, as you mistakenly called her just now, Herr Baron. Her name is Lina, and she is my niece—my dead sister's orphan, whom I have taken as my own child. Indeed, if we had a child of our own, my old wife and I could not love it more dearly. But we ruin her—yes, we ruin you, Lina, by letting you have too much your own way. So go immediately; you are annoying the gentleman."

The girl—she was little else—raised her eyes appealingly to the baron; then, turning away in silence, passed behind the stairs, and disappeared through a small door.

Von Wallenstein still stood like one in a dream. Father in heaven! how like, and yet how unlike! Had he been looking upon a beautiful picture of poor Gertrude van Hoeck?

Presently the Jew's sharp voice aroused his companion.

"Why did you call her Gertrude?"

"Because at first I thought—I thought I saw some one—a Gertrude—who died long ago. I was foolish."

"Who died, eh? Ah, ha! that alters the case. This one is veritable flesh and blood, as I beg you to believe. Pray, how long is it since that lady died?"

"Three-and-twenty years to-day," replied the baron, always in that dreary tone.

"And my Lina is three-and-twenty to-day! Evidently neither one is the other. Come, now, Herr Baron, cheer up! I could box the little fool's ears for having made you doubly unhappy upon this sad anniversary."

"Nay," answered Von Wallenstein, "she has made me very happy."

It was even so. A happiness, as strange as it was new, seemed suddenly to overflow his heart—a happiness that grew with the days, for he could see Lina now; in fact, he saw her always after this. It is true that when his frequent visits to the Rue du Plat d'Etain explained themselves, they were violently opposed by David Kaufmann.

"Why do you come here so often, Herr Baron?" he asked, some months after the first meeting between his niece and the nobleman. "You are always at Homburg now—every few days, at least. Is it for Lina? Well, I can tell you this: you are losing your time. Lina is poor, but she is pure. She remembers her mother's dying counsel; and her mother was like a Hebrew woman of old—she would have stabbed this girl to the heart sooner than have permitted her to live and become a disgrace to her people."

"Nor will she become a disgrace, through me," the baron had answered. "I swear to you, Herr Kaufmann, that I seek to make her my wife!"

"Lord of Israel!" cried David, "my Lina will never marry."

"I doubt that. At all events, I shall ask her now."

Lina was alone in the little parlor, and expecting her visitor. That was evident, for when he appeared upon the threshold, a faint color tinged her white cheeks, and her eyes grew luminous.

"I have been waiting for you!" she cried. "Come!"

Just then the door opened, and David Kaufmann's shaggy head was thrust in.

"Tell the story, Lina," said the intruder. "Tell it before you answer a single question. Mind, I command you to do so."

Then he withdrew, closing the door noiselessly.

"What does he mean?" asked the baron.

"You shall learn. Sit here beside me. No, not one kiss—not one—until afterward. Now listen patiently. I am about to tell you a simple story only—the story of a castaway—a waif brought from a band of gypsies by a great and good lady, who reared the little creature as her

own. And then the child became a woman and a wife—an unwilling wife, believe me; but she was driven to that sin. So she grew heart-sick and reckless. Can you divine what followed?"

"Almost; she was driven to other sins?"

"She was not!" cried his companion. "She remained pure and true; but he, the wretch whose slave she was, wearied of her, and sought to add murder to the long list of his crimes."

"What did he do?"

"What? Why, this: They were alone together once—his cunning had made the opportunity. Night creeping on, and they alone together upon a jutting cliff, the river running far below. It was so little for him to do—merciful Father! so little! he a strong man, and she a weak, frightened girl. Ah, well, it came—the blow—the fall—down, down into the river—the cold, black water—and then——"

"Not death?" cried her listener.

"No, not death," she answered, wearily. "Through the mercy of God, not death. How it came about she could never tell; it may have been that her very passiveness was her salvation. At all events, when she returned to consciousness, she was lying, drenched and helpless, upon the river-bank. It was night now—a murky, starless night; but this poor outcast, to whom even the waters had refused a resting-place, made her way to a little hut niched in the rocks, not a mile further down the stream. It was old Leah's home; and Leah, widowed, childless, and utterly alone, received the wretched creature with a heavenly charity. They had known each other, you see, and the old Jewess fancied that she had had some cause for gratitude. And so, throughout the weary illness that followed, Leah watched, Leah tended, and Leah brought the sufferer back to life and health again. Then, when all danger was over, they came together to Homburg, the good Samaritan telling the same story on the way that she had told to the few old crones who came to gossip with her in her lonely hut.

"'That is David Kaufmann's niece,' she would say—'David Kaufmann, the armorer of Homburg. She has been staying with me, and she is ill; so I am about taking her back to my old friend and his good wife.'

"And they went to the armorer—it was the girl's wish. David's wife had been her foster-mother. David and his wife were father and mother to her now. They were only Jews, you see, but their charity was God-like."

"Where was the great lady who had given her that good husband?"

"Dead."

"And the good husband?"

"He lives. People pitied him. What could they do but pity an honest man whom a dishonest woman had brought to shame? It was thus he told it—she had gone from him and to another. So he declared, and so the world believed."

"She was dishonest, then?"

"As she hopes for mercy, *no!*"

A silence; then Von Wallenstein spoke:

"That is all; and you are the Countess de Breczin?"

"I am the Countess de Breczin."

"Beautiful—heartless—lovers by the score," he murmured.

She caught the words, and understood them, for a vivid flush stained her cheeks; but she said nothing, just raised her eyes to his, and her gaze was fearless.

"Lovers by the score," he repeated. "Some one told me that of you. Well, it is false! They did not know you as I do, those infamous scandal-mongers who repeated such vile accusations. It is false, I repeat; and Lina—Lina, *I love you!* Come to me, *I love you!*"

"I knew it!" she whispered—"I knew it!"

She was in his arms now, her head upon his breast.

"Ay, but you do not know why, my child."

"Tell me."

"Yes, it is only right. Lina, you are like one who was dear to me, and who died years ago."

"And I am like her?"

"Yes, and no. You are beautiful; she was not."

"And she died for you?"

"I did not say that."

"There was no need—*I knew it!* Wait!" she cried, drawing away from him, her tones sharp with a terrible agony, her face deathly. "Wait! I can tell you all. A weary life—a hopeless love—a breaking heart—and then death, death—*death for you!*"

There was something positively appalling in the slow and solemn utterance of the last words. As they passed her lips, she staggered back to the window, supporting herself against the projecting sill.

"See!" she gasped, tearing the muslin kerchief from her neck. "It was like this—in the night—standing as I stand now—and then—a bullet cutting through the darkness. Ah, I feel it now! I feel it now! Everard! for the love of heaven!"

With a cry of horror the frightened man caught her in his arms—with a cry of horror, *for his fascinated gaze was riveted upon a crimson mark that marred the beauty of her slender throat.*

The terror of that moment was awful. Von Wallenstein's heart beat hard and fast, but the chill of death seemed to creep into his veins.

"Lina!" he cried, "in God's name, tell me, what does this mean?"

"I cannot tell you. I only know that I have lived through it all. I only know that with my womanhood came dreams. Will you call them dreams? A past that had, and yet had not, been *my* past, unfolded itself to me. I was young—I seemed old. No man had ever spoken to me of love, and yet I loved a man whom I had never seen. I waited, and he is here. Ah, hope of my heart, I knew that you would come! I knew it, for God is good if we be but patient!"

"Lina!"

"Call me Gertrude; it is my name."

"It is yours, and it was hers."

"Nay," she said, very gravely, "it was mine then, and it is mine now!"

"And the soul that was hers then is yours now?"

"Everard, dear Everard! you are wiser than I, yet you do not mock me."

"I dare not," he answered, solemnly. "There is in this the hand of a Wiser than you or I."

"And you love *me* now?"

"I love *you*, Gertrude."

It was only two years ago that the most excellent the Count de Breczin met with a horrible fate. He was thrown from his horse whilst hunting, and his mangled corpse was found amid the rocks on the banks of the same turbid stream that had closed above his victim.

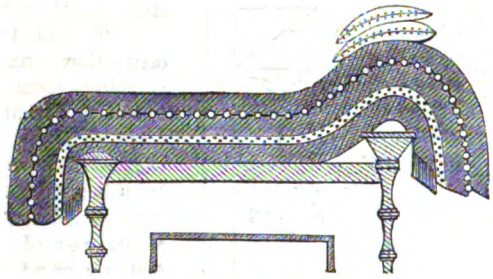
The old house at Munich—the house in the Square of the Acacias—has been torn down and rebuilt—a caprice of the Baron Von Wallenstein, who bought it soon after his marriage with the adopted daughter of David Kaufmann, the armorer of Homburg.

GOING TO BED.

Going to bed seems simple enough. Every nation on earth tries to make itself comfortable in bed, but it is curious to see in how many different ways they do it. We take our comfort in loose wrappers, soft beds, fresh sheets and blankets, while an Oriental lies down in his clothes wherever he happens to be when he feels sleepy. He would think our way tiresome and fussy, while we think his way extremely uncomfortable, even with the advantage of loose garments.

A BEDROOM PARTY IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

The Esquimaux, who sleeps on the snow, and the Hindoo, who lies on the bare ground before his door, would equally dislike each other's way of going to bed. Yet, after all, it is very much a matter of climate. A closely curtained bed would be an oven in India, and a bed on the damp ground one's death-warrant in England.



ANCIENT EGYPTIAN BED.

Let us see how different people make themselves comfortable in bed. The French sleep in beds wide enough for two, and open to the air like ours, though in old times they were built down to the floor, and had drawers, presses, and other safe places under the sleeper.

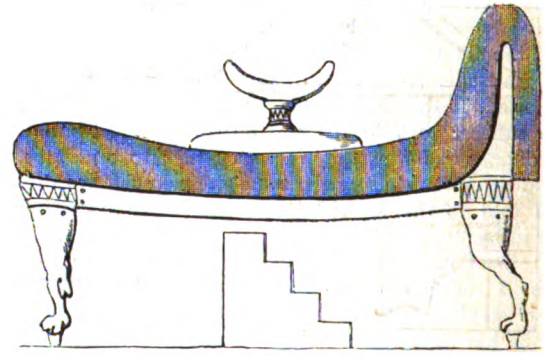
The Germans have only single beds, with feathers to lie on and feathers to cover them, sleeping between two beds, in fact.

The Laplander sleeps in all his fur clothes, cap, boots, mittens and all. For a bed he has either layers of reindeer-moss, which he crawls between, or a bag of hay, which he gets into, thus making it do for covering as well as bed. A tent full of big bags with fur-clad heads must be a curious sight.

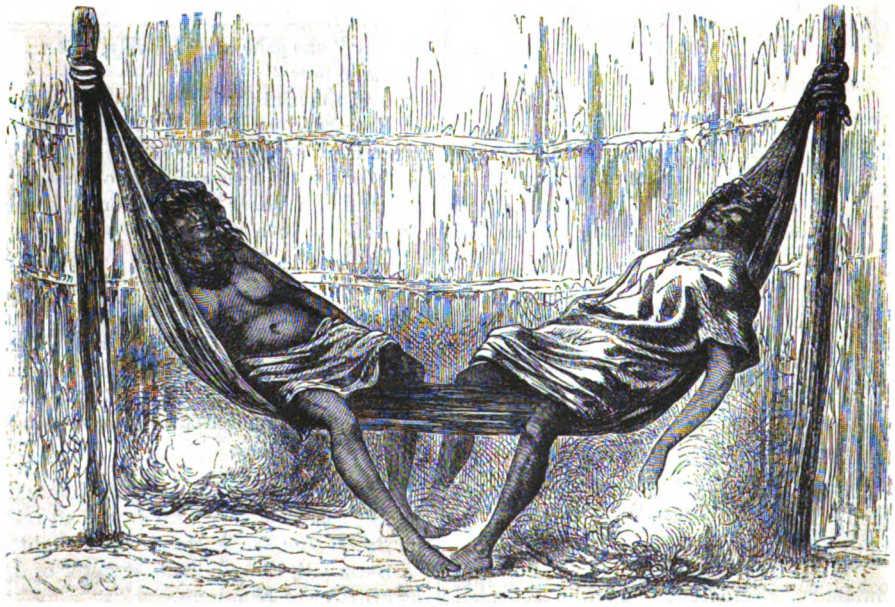
The Norwegian, and also the Scotch peasant, open sliding-doors in the sides of their houses and disclose a set of shelves, on which the family sleep.

The Russian contents himself on a sofa or lounge, shut off from his parlor by a screen, where, wrapped in his pelisse, with all his clothes on, he sleeps the night away.

Years ago the rich people in England slept in high, broad bedsteads, entirely surrounded by heavy curtains of silk or damask, which made each bed a room by itself.



AN EGYPTIAN COUCH AND PILLOW.



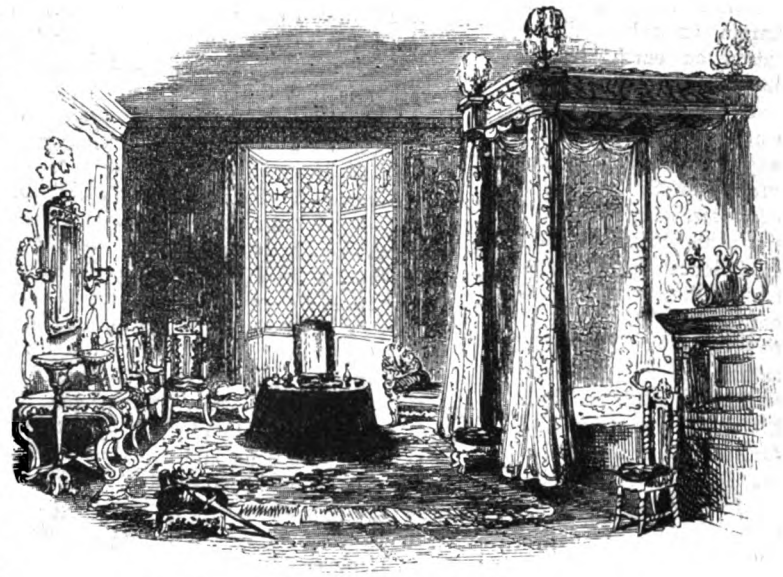
THE BED OF THE CHONTAQUIROS INDIANS.

Properly furnished, these much-prized pieces of furniture cost large sums of money. In the time of Queen Elizabeth, it is said, there were in use immense bedsteads ten or twelve feet square, large enough to hold a whole family, though we do not know that they were intended for that. The famous great bed of Ware is a

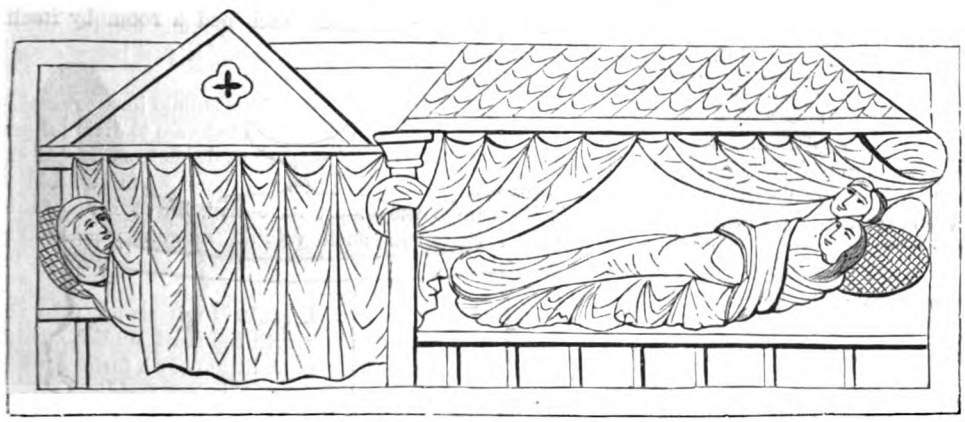
relic of these. They were so expensive that they were bequeathed by will. They were covered with velvet, embroidery and carving; but the servants of the Queen's household slept in the kitchen on bundles of straw; and none, from the highest to the lowest, possessed the luxury of a night-dress.

Cradles, or baby-bedsteads, have had many fashions in England. The first we read of were shaped like a boat or a shield, possibly because the convenience of either of these articles to lay baby in first suggested the idea of a rocking-bed for the little ones. There are two old cradles still preserved in England: that of Henry V., a low box suspended on carved ends, which had carved doves at the top; and that of Queen Bess, which is a very fine affair, made of oak, carved and inlaid and adorned with silver and gold.

Turn now to Asia. The Syrian sleeps on the roof of his house, which is the one comfortable place in a warm night, or in any room he fancies. He needs only a thin mattress, a pillow and blanket, which bedding is shut up in a closet all day.



AN ENGLISH BEDROOM IN THE TIME OF JAMES I.



AN ANGLO-SAXON BED.

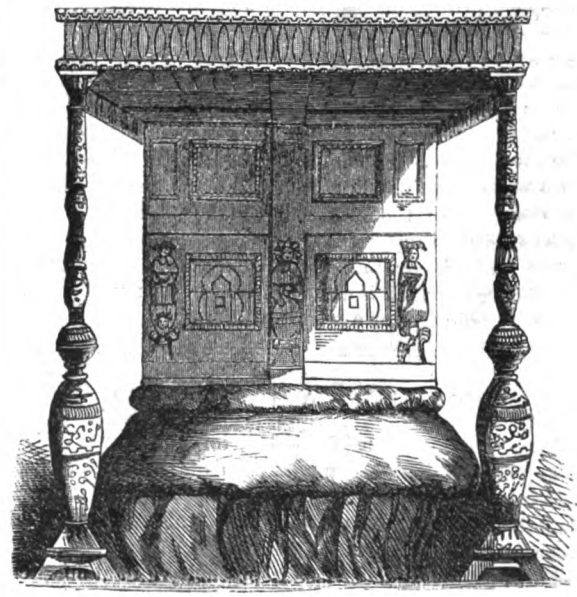
The traveling Turk, when fatigued with his journey, buries himself up to the chin in soft earth, and sleeps in peace without turning over.

The rich East Indian rests on a cool bed of bamboo, fanned all night by a wooden fan suspended over his bed and worked by servants outside, while his poor neighbor lies on the ground in front of his own door, without bedding or pillow, and without removing his clothes.

The Japanese sleeps on a straw mat on the floor, with a wooden rocker for a pillow, on which he rocks himself to sleep.

The Chinese traveler sleeps on a shelf of brick, warmed by a fire under it. This shelf is as long as the room, and wide enough for persons to lie side by side, heads or feet to the wall. Each traveler wraps himself in his own blanket and stretches himself on the common bed, and one after another, they fill in, till often a hotel bed is packed from one end to the other.

There are other kinds of beds in China. The poor man, who lives in a boat on the river, pulls out a sort of drawer from the side of the boat, in which he sleeps. The poor of the cities go in crowds to a house called "The House of Hen's Feathers," where, for a very small piece of money—much less than a cent—they can hire sleeping-room in a feather-bed with a warm cover over them. The way of it is this: The whole floor of a large room is covered with feathers, on which the people lie down, when a large cover the size of the room is let down from the wall



AN ENGLISH BEDSTEAD, IN THE TIME OF HENRY III.

to cover them all. At intervals in the cover are holes, and each man puts his head through one of them so as not to smother. In the morning the cover is drawn up to the wall by pulleys, and the lodgers start out to get their breakfast.

The reason for this strange covering is that the proprietor of the house found it impossible to prevent his guests from carrying off their quilts when they were of ordinary size.

In America the Esquimaux makes his bed on a bank of snow in his snow-hut, and, wrapped in his furs, sleeps soundly; while the native of the tropics swings luxuriously in a hammock hung between two trees, or, if mosquitoes are thick, he buries himself under several inches of sand, covering his face with a handkerchief.

In our own country we have several kinds of beds besides, the ordinary French bedstead, with its spring-bed and hair-mattress. We have iron-bedsteads for tents and hospitals, cot-bedsteads for a rush of guests at a hotel, trundle-beds for little folks in houses of small rooms, and air and water beds for illness, besides sofa-beds and shut-up-beds in general.

We need not look in Africa for beds. I suppose there is scarcely a bedstead from Cairo to Cape Town. Those Africans who wear clothes and are civilized sleep on mats and couches, and the wild African of the interior sleeps in the dust or ashes to protect himself from insects, or on the bare ground beside his dogs or pigs.

The ancients lavished more expense upon their beds than their descendants. The Jews of old slept upon beds of carved ivory (when they were rich enough), with hangings of fine linen, and the king had gold and silver, with hangings of purple.

The ancient Greeks had elegant open couches, shaped like our modern lounges, with one end curved over. They were made of precious woods, carved, and richly adorned with silver, gold and amber, and covered with furs and woolen blankets. They had also footstools before them, but no footboards. Their cradles were at first made of basket-work, shaped like a shoe, with handles on each side, but later they became much like ours.

The ancient Romans, in addition to these luxuries, had valances hanging to the floor, and ivory or metal feet to the bedsteads. They had also canopies to protect them from dust, and mattresses stuffed with fragrant herbs, or, later, with wool or feathers. Their counterpanes were often embroidered with gold, and the back side and the foot of the bedstead had a board or low back, leaving only the front open. A picture of a bedstead found in Pompeii, however, is almost exactly like a common French bedstead of to-day.

Ancient Egyptian couches were shaped like those of Greece, but had the head and tail of some animal carved on the ends of the headboard, and legs and feet of the same animal to support it.

Let us end our talk about going to bed with an old English rule, which is as good now as ever: "Never go to bed with cold feet or a cold heart."

TAKING A PRISONER.

Previous to the celebrated victory of General Wayne over the formidable confederation of Indians, and while the two forces were within a few miles of each other, the American commander sent out two of his scouts, with instructions to bring in a prisoner.

Now, as the Indians also kept their vigilant spies constantly hovering on the outskirts of the army, it will be seen that this was an undertaking which, besides the great danger attending it, required on the part of those attempting the feat an unusual amount of skill, daring and coolness in the hour of peril.

Hugh and George Ferrington, two brothers, were the rangers selected for this exciting duty; and, not forgetting the other forest heroes whose connection with this campaign has rendered their names historical, two better spirits could not have been chosen. Both were experienced hunters, who had been engaged in affrays with the Indians on the frontier for over a score of years, and each was in the prime of life, lithe and muscular, of unquestioned bravery, and with a fleetness of foot seldom equaled.

It was early in the day that they set out, so that they had plenty of time for the performance of their duty. For several hours they sped as noiselessly as shadows through the forest, when they reached the banks of a comparatively small river. It was upon the opposite side of this that they expected to secure their prisoner.

After consulting for a few moments, it was agreed that Hugh should cross the stream and reconnoitre the opposite side, and, in case matters looked favorable, return to the bank and signal for his brother to join him. If he deemed it advisable to return, he was to do so, and continue the hunt upon the other side.

This much agreed upon, Hugh strapped his rifle to his back, first protecting it in such a manner that the water could not injure the charge, when, striking boldly out, he swam to the opposite shore, striking it just below a high and precipitous bluff.

It seems singular that the brothers should have separated in this manner, and allowed a broad stream to divide them, when each knew he was in the most dangerous part of the country. What causes influenced them, we are unable to tell; but causes they must have had, for it is not to be supposed that two such veteran rangers would have taken such a step unless they possessed good reasons for doing so.

After ascending the river-bank, Hugh struck into the woods, and pursued his way with the most studied stealth and caution. He had gone but little over a furlong when he came upon a solitary Indian, who sat nodding over a small fire. The ranger's heart beat high as his eyes rested upon the savage, and instead of returning for his comrade, he determined to secure him alone.

To assure himself that there was no trap into which he could fall, he made a complete circuit around the fire, the result of which was the certainty that the drowsy Indian was indeed alone. Hugh could have easily shot him, as he sat with his head nodding forward, but his instructions were to bring in a prisoner, and he made his preparations accordingly.

He had shifted his position so as to get behind the savage, and he now commenced approaching him as carefully and stealthily as the panther steals upon his prey. When within a few rods he sank to the earth as the Indian brought his head up with a jerk, and made a spasmodic effort to cast off his drowsiness; but the hand of sleep was too heavy, and he succumbed to it and commenced nodding as before.

The ranger arose and resumed his approach as before. He was within fifty feet, when, to his extreme chagrin, he pressed upon a rotten twig, which snapped in two. The Indian instantly became bolt upright, and turned his alarmed gaze behind him. As he saw the crouching form of the ranger, he sprang to his feet with a yell, and darted off as fast as his legs could carry him. He ran with such fleetness, and dodged hither and thither behind the trees with such dexterity, that, had the hunter desired to do so,

he could not have brought him down with his gun. He therefore made no attempt, but concentrated all his strength in the one effort to overtake and capture him.

The occurrences that now took place were certainly curious and unaccountable. The Indian had run but a short distance when, to the surprise of his pursuer, a second one sprang from behind a tree and joined him. A few rods further, a third did the same; and, finally, a fourth one seemed to rise from the ground, and the whole four sped away as if running from a legion of their foes. Four armed Indians fleeing before one white man! It was the easiest thing in the world for them to stop, and, taking their position behind the trees, cut him off in a few minutes.

What, therefore, meant this strange condition of affairs? It certainly could not be fear that caused the savages to run.

"Shoot me, that's a little too much," thought Hugh. "If I keep on, I'll have the whole tribe running before me, and will follow 'em to destruction!"

He halted, turned, and fled himself. Almost at the same moment the Indians became aware of it, and commenced the pursuit, spreading out so as to compel him to run in a straight line. By doing this they hoped to drive him to the river, where they felt sure of capturing him.

Great as was the fleetness of the ranger, it was the most he could do to hold his own with his pursuers. It was not until he came within sight of the river that he realized the strait in which he had placed himself. But it was too late to hesitate. He was "outflanked," and could only run directly forward, without turning to the right or left.

On he went, straight toward the river. As he reached it he stopped and waited for his pursuers. In a moment they appeared, when he raised his rifle, shot the foremost, and then, throwing the weapon from him, turned and leaped over the bluffs!

The latter were about thirty feet in height, so that he ran little risk of injury from the leap itself. Fortunately, the water was quite deep, and when he touched bottom with his feet, it was so lightly that it only served to help him to the surface again. He immediately swam for the opposite shore, and had taken but a stroke or two when the three Indians appeared on the bluff; but they, probably in the expectation of "taking a prisoner," refrained from firing, and, running a short distance down the bank of the stream, plunged in and struck out toward him.

The ranger's struggles were desperate, but the Indians gained rapidly upon him, and, finding that he would be surely overtaken, he seized a floating log, and, getting astride of it, drew his knife, prepared to defend himself against them all.

Hugh held the weapon so that it could not be seen, and the foremost savage approached him without hesitation, evidently believing him entirely unarmed. As he came up he placed his hand on the log, and, rising half his length out of the water, he made a grasp at the throat of Ferrington. As quick as lightning the knife of the latter was plunged into his throat, and he fell backward and sank out of sight.

By this time the other two had come up, but, seeing the fate of their comrade, held back until they could take him at disadvantage.

At this juncture the ranger heard the halloo of his brother on the shore, and called out to him to fire at the head of one of the Indians in the water. He did so, but instead of hitting him, struck and badly wounded the left hand of Hugh himself. Nothing discouraged, the latter called out to him to reload, and to take better aim next time, while he, by menacing his enemies, kept them off from him. The aim this time was careful and deliberate, and was fatal to one of the savages. The remaining one, at this, turned and swam for the shore, while the scout, from his disabled hand, was prevented from following him. There being no further danger, he made his way to land and joined his brother.

THE COTTAGE BY THE LAKE.

In my dainty little cottage,
With my darling little wife,
How sweetly pass the happy days,
The golden hours of life!
How sunrise, noon and evening,
Enchanted come and go!
How Time's serene, soft wavelets
In happy murmurs flow!

The sparkling lake's blue waters
Float past the cottage door,
And o'er its moss-grown roof-tree
The blithe, swift song-birds soar!
The trees around us swaying,
Harmonious numbers make;
Peace dwells with love united
In my cottage by the lake.

FAIR ROSAMOND.

MRS. ROCHESTER was not a reasonable person: she was capricious, and a coquette; besides, since the truth must be told, she was romantic. Her eight years of married life had been eight years of wretchedness unutterable.

John Rochester—a man old enough to have been her grandfather—had been cruel and exacting—a master, not a husband. Jealous, too—that, of course.

"A pretty life you lead me!" he would snarl. "I am sick of my bargain! You move about like a ghost—an ugly, bad-tempered ghost! You were fresh and good-looking when I picked you up. Where are your good looks and your freshness gone, I ask? You are as white as the dead, and dumb as the dead, too. If you didn't intend to be happy, why did you marry me? Will you tell me that, madame?"

"I married you because you had wealth. I was poor, and—a coward."

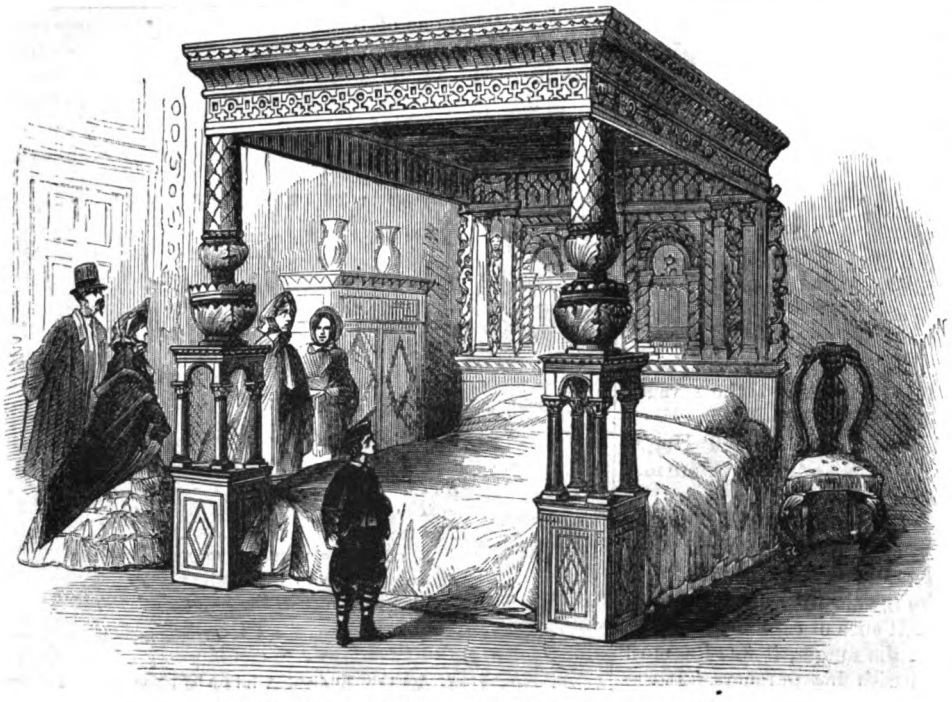
"My God!" he cried, in well-affected horror. "What! is it possible that I have been trusting myself all these years to the mercy of a wretch who only married me for my money? Put faith in a woman after that! Where are you going? Come back, Rose!—Mrs. Rosamond Rochester, I say!"

But Mrs. Rosamond Rochester was gone.

"Ah, it has come to this, then, has it?" the husband shrieked after her. "Open defiance, eh? And you married me because poverty and cowardice drove you to it, eh? We'll see where they may drive you yet. I swear that no penny of mine shall find its way into your purse. You fancy yourself secure. Well, I'll die a beggar! I'll give, and I'll squander—I'll burn and I'll kill, before you should have the wherewithal to buy a crust when I am gone—curse you!"

And he meant all that he said.

"Do you ride over and fetch Lawyer Fields to me as soon as your sleepy eyes are open in the morning. Do you



GOING TO BED.—THE GREAT BED OF WARE.—SEE PAGE 28.

hear, you scoundrel ?" had been his good-night roar to that much-enduring creature, his own servant.

But when morning came, Lawyer Fields was not fetched ; he was not needed. Age, and infirmities, and ungovernable rage had done their work. John Rochester was found dead in his bed.

Before the first year of mourning was well over, there came a suitor to madame's door ; but the beauty in black was inexorable.

"I really have no desire to marry ; least of all——"

Here she paused, confusedly ; but the gentleman calmly finished the sentence for her.

"Least of all to marry me. That is what you mean, eh ?"

"Oh, Mr. Wyvern, I am sure not !" she cried.

"Yes, you do. I understand it all. You fancy that I have forgotten that I am old and little and hideously ugly. If you were truthful, now, you would acknowledge that in your soul you are wondering at my temerity in daring to aspire to one so young and charming as yourself. But remember, my dear, that my love is not of yesterday. Even as John Rochester's wife did I adore you. He is gone—let me be all to you, *Rosamond!*"

Now, having finally buried her Blue Beard, this fortunate Fatima was in no haste to enthrone his successor.

"I could not think of it," she protested—"really and truly, I could not."

Mr. Wyvern's sharp black eyes detected the shudder which accompanied this response, and he understood it.

"If I was only young and handsome !" he sighed.

"Not if you were as handsome as the prince in a fairy-tale. So, there, now !"

"But I am rich, sweet Rosamond. I could gratify——"

Just here she interrupted him, with hands uplifted, and a wild horror in her voice.

"Great heaven !" she cried ; "not all the wealth of the wide world could tempt me to sell myself again !"

The following Winter Mrs. Rochester went abroad. Acting with all the independence of a woman of wealth and position, she resolved to enjoy her new-found liberty and travel alone ; therefore, she adroitly declined all offers of companionship.

"Those stupid people might be the death of me," she said to herself. "I would go mad if I were forced to chain my will to their caprices; I, who am free—free—free—thank heaven !"

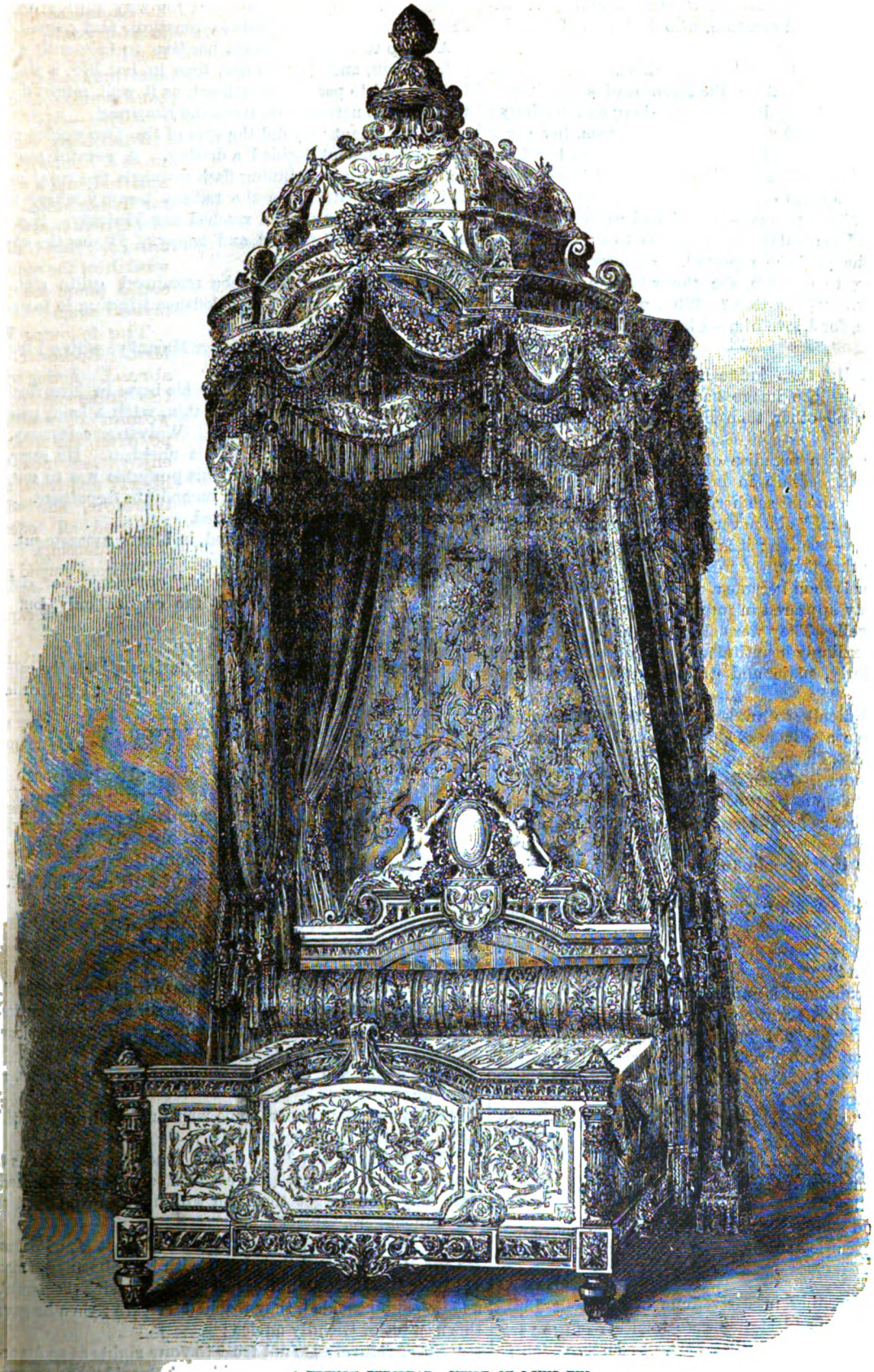
So, with a maid and courier, she took her departure.

Utterly disregarding all letters and friendly invitations, our widow lived very quietly at Vienna—not too retired, however. She might have been seen at times, either at the theatre or else riding ; but never with any one except her maid, Hester.

Said this Hester to her one evening :

"Their Vienna is a wonderful fine city, that I must confess. Still, I'm bound to say that I prefer Paris. Nothing is tedious there, not even religion. I was fairly tired out in church to-day. Such falling upon one's knees before an

BRICK BEDSTEAD IN A CHINESE INN.



A FRENCH BEDSTEAD—STYLE OF LOUIS XVI.

Emperor I never heard tell of. He is handsome, though. Did you notice that, madame?"

"Yes," answered madame, very softly, and without looking up.

"As for the Empress," continued critical Hester, "I do not admire her. She may be good, and all that, but—well, I was disappointed in her. You are far more beautiful, my dear."

This assurance was received as it was uttered—for the truth. Mrs. Rochester was a good mistress, and this hard-featured, warm-hearted creature, who had served her for years, fairly adored her.

That night, when the widow was alone, she took from her bosom a small miniature, the likeness of a handsome, fair-haired man. Long did she gaze—long and tenderly; then, as if impelled by some subtle magnetism, her eager eyes never quitting the blue eyes of the picture, her head sank slowly until her lips touched the painted ivory. She started up with a great cry.

"I am mad!" she moaned—"mad and wicked—beyond redemption! I am walking deliberately to sin and shame—to sin and shame!" she repeated. Then pausing in her restless pacing to and fro, she threw back her beautiful head defiantly. "Only that? Why, were it to *death* I would not care, for I love him—I love him!"

Learn her folly, then judge her. The man whom she loved, the man whose image had rested for months next her heart, was no other than Franz Joseph, Emperor of Austria!

She had created a paradise of romance, and *he* was the god. She would worship in her own way. Her reward must come. He should see her, smile upon her, and——

"But that is all," she never failed to repeat to herself. "I ask no more—a smile; it is so little!"

Seeking for that little, the infatuated creature periled a great deal; for it soon became a notorious fact that whenever his Majesty appeared in public, two women might be remarked as well. They were always alone together—the one, young, dazzlingly beautiful and magnificently attired; the other, elderly, plain and quiet—Mrs. Rochester and Hester.

It is not difficult to understand that this devotion speedily became a matter of comment, and at last a subject of scandal. There were, too, certain whisperings—court gossip, indeed. Then it became a certainty that the American had taken a pretty little place just beyond the city, and that her sole visitor was his Imperial Majesty of Austria.

Once Hester came home to her mistress, looking very pale and frightened.

"Madame," she cried, "who do you suppose I have just seen?"

"Who?"

"Mr. Wyvern!"

"Hestér!" exclaimed Mrs. Rochester, blanching visibly.

"As true as I live, I was coming from the town, when a carriage passed me, not far from here. I looked up thoughtlessly, and who should my two eyes fall upon but that piece of a man! He drew back, but, fast as they were going, I saw him."

"Nonsense!" laughed her mistress. "What would the little wretch be doing here? Don't be imaginative, Hester."

"I'm not imaginative; I saw him," persisted Hester. "Still, time will show."

And time did show—her mistake. Nothing more was heard of the discarded suitor.

It was one morning in early June of the year 18—, that Mrs. Rochester and Hester were together in the park of the Summer Palace—in that part, of course, which is always open to the public. They were not there for the first time. The beauty of the spot had often charmed the widow. She might enjoy that, yet still, in the vast domain, be as solitary as she pleased.

They had been wandering listlessly, never speaking. Presently madame, who had led the way into a densely shaded path, uttered a little exclamation, and paused.

A sharp turn had brought her face to face with a tall, pale woman, and, for the first time in her life, a singular fear seemed to paralyze her heart, as it well might do, for there, in the narrow way, stood the Empress.

For a moment only did the eyes of the two women meet, but that moment decided a destiny. A painful souvenir had passed like a lightning flash through the royal mind. This pallid creature was the radiant beauty whose name and fame had long since reached her Majesty. She had seen this thing all flushed and happy. It was the adventuress—her rival!

As for Mrs. Rochester, she remained quite still, her hand upon her heart, a dumb defiance blazing in her great blue eyes.

Only for a moment—then her Majesty, with a haughty indifference, passed her enemy.

That evening a stranger made his bow in Mrs. Rochester's presence. He was tall and thin, with a long, pointed mustache and keen gray eyes. Waiving ceremony, he briefly and clearly announced his mission. He came, he said, from those in power, and his purpose was to suggest to madame the propriety of an immediate departure. But, very naturally, madame protested.

"Do I hear aright?" she cried, in blank amazement. "I must quit Vienna?"

"Madame does not hear aright," corrected her visitor. "She is not requested to quit the capital only, but the empire."

"Will you be good enough to explain?"

"I have nothing to do with explanations," was the candid avowal. "I receive orders, and I obey them; I give orders, and I exact obedience."

"At least, name my accuser—my wrong-doing?"

"I cannot."

"Then," said the widow, speaking slowly through her set teeth, "take back this answer to your masters: I am an American. I am free. I act as I please. I shall quit your hospitable land when it suits me to do so, and not before. In the meantime, I shall complain."

A half-smile curved the thin lips of the man in black.

"To whom, pray?" he asked.

"To the Emperor!" cried madame, boldly.

"You forget; his Majesty is absent."

"To my minister, then."

"This affair does not concern the minister; besides"—consulting his watch—"you will scarcely have the time. In fact, we have but a half-hour before us, so, if you please, prepare for your journey."

What could she do? Remonstrances, anger, tears, all were unavailing.

"Show me some paper, some written authority for this tyranny," she pleaded.

"Written authority? Nay, that is not necessary. As to your complaints"—with an expressive shrug—"indeed, dear lady, you forget that you will never be allowed to make them here."

A stormy scene ensued; yet at the end of it Mrs. Rochester and Hester quitted their home with the sharp-eyed man in black; and this watchful escort remained with them until, a tedious flight ended, they reached Trieste; then he gave this as a bit of friendly advice:

"Never return. Do not trust to your rights as an American—that is madness. Go, and tempt Providence no more. Another offense might end awkwardly. As it is, you have cause to be thankful; you have made a fortunate escape. Adieu, dear lady."

In such a simple, yet effective, manner, was that little matter managed.

"I'm sure I always hated the place, so they've done me a great kindness, if they only knew it," thought Hester; but the careful creature deemed it prudent to look frightened and utterly woe-begone.

"Never mind," was the widow's mental comment, "I shall out-manœuvre them yet. They do not rule in Egypt."

* * * * * *

The sudden sunrise had burst upon her there; the quick twilight had found her there, silent and thoughtful, listlessly watching the silver stream as it glided under the low lateen-winged sail.

Hester sat near her upon the low divan, yet for hours neither had broken the silence, until at last the woman spoke.

"When we reach Cairo, ma'am, I suppose that we'll rest for a while?"

"To-morrow will decide," the mistress answered, dreamily. "To-morrow will decide—ah, so much!" This in a low murmur, and with a yearning pathos threading the tones.

They had been passing between stupendous banks of high-piled rocks. Now an abrupt curve in their course gave them flat, far-reaching stretches of yellow sand, with only here and there a patch of living green.

"Great heaven!" moaned Hester, "what utter loneliness! To think that we should have come so far for the sake of such a sight as this!"

Mrs. Rochester smiled serenely.

"Wait," she said, "wait until to-morrow. Have patience until then, my poor girl."

A few moments later, Hester, who had gone below, came running back, all in a flutter of excitement.

"Mrs. Rochester," she whispered, "who do you suppose I've seen?"

"I have no idea."

"Why, Mr. Wyvern!"

Mrs. Rochester looked up quickly, her face white and scared.

"You are dreaming again," she laughed, uneasily.

"Not I," protested the other. "I am awake, be sure. I came upon him unexpectedly. The little wretch was leaning over the side, smoking. When he saw me he only grinned hideously, but never spoke. As for me, you might have knocked me down with a straw. How I got away is a blessed mystery; but this I know, I didn't wait, I ran."

"It must be a mistake, Hester."

No mistake now, for as she spoke Mr. Archibald Wyvern's clumsy form presented itself not fifteen paces from them.

Mrs. Rochester shuddered and turned away. As her head sank upon her hand, some one approached. It was a man who had been sitting near her. Quite an ordinary-looking person, with no peculiarities of manner or appearance to distinguish him from the hundred other traveling companions. His English was excellent, too, and his address that of a man of the world.

"Pardon me. Are you ill, madame? Can I be of service?"

No, madame was not ill, she thanked him, only fatigued.

Fatigued! And no wonder, for her humble servant, Captain Paul Braunsberg, had remarked that madame and her maid were quite alone, consequently they were annoyed by the many little cares of the voyage, and if madame would condescend to trust herself to Captain Paul, senior officer in the service of his Most Gracious Majesty Franz Joseph of Austria, that lowly person would exert himself to render any assistance in his poor power.

The widow smiled graciously.

"This journeying alone is an act of imprudence," she confessed; "but I was unavoidably detained at Suez. My friends have only preceded me. I will meet them at Cairo. Still, the honored captain's kindly proposition would be gratefully accepted; madame would place herself under his protection until they reached their destination."

During this interchange of civilities, Hester was in a state of amazed delight. And Mr. Archibald Wyvern's graceful figure still barricaded the cabin doorway; but he was smoking vigorously, never deigning even a glance to the pleasant party opposite.

Kasr-el-Nil, the palace of the Viceroy of Egypt, was ablaze with light and beauty. Carriage after carriage rolled up to the illuminated entrance; and women, dazzling in their loveliness and Oriental display of luxury, proved to admiring sons of the Prophet the boundless generosity of the unbeliever.

In that grove of flowers—the ballroom—was the Austrian Emperor; and there, too, amid the throng were the American and Captain Paul.

Of course, that account of friends to be met at Cairo had been a pleasant fiction invented for the occasion. Before the journey was ended, Mrs. Rochester had acknowledged this to her new companion.

"I always travel alone," she said; "I prefer it; I have friends when I wish them; and letters to our ministers, whenever it may suit me to use them. Yet, I need none of those things. I am a woman, and capricious: an American, and independent."

Captain Paul and a lady were strolling leisurely through those fairy gardens where myriads of lamps lent a radiance which might have rivaled the light of day.

The officer was speaking loudly and rapidly. His companion listened in silence, but her pale face wore a look of stern determination, and her black eyes were cold and cruel.

"Countess," the captain was saying, in German, "be advised. It is not too late. For God's sake, reflect!"

The Countess Dahl—it was that royal ex-favorite—answered, slowly and unwaveringly:

"I have reflected—now I *act*. Still, it is not too late for you to desert me, if that is what you would imply. Are you really afraid?"

"Do not say that word!" cried the man. "At your bidding, I am fearless; for you I would gladly die. I am your slave, and you know it. So be it, then. Your will is my law. I obey—oh, beautiful queen!—hope of my heart!"

"You will not falter?"

"Falter? Who? I falter? Why, I swear to you that nothing of heaven or earth, save your frown, could work that miracle!"

"Nor interfere?"

"Nay," said he, gravely, "be sure of that—I shall not interfere. I may be reckless; still, I am not altogether irreligious. And this righting of wrongs is my creed—the pith and marrow of my faith."

"Very good!" exclaimed the countess, approvingly; "I like your faith—it is so simple, yet so grand! Be devout, then, my friend, and your reward will surely come."

"In your love, Caroline?"

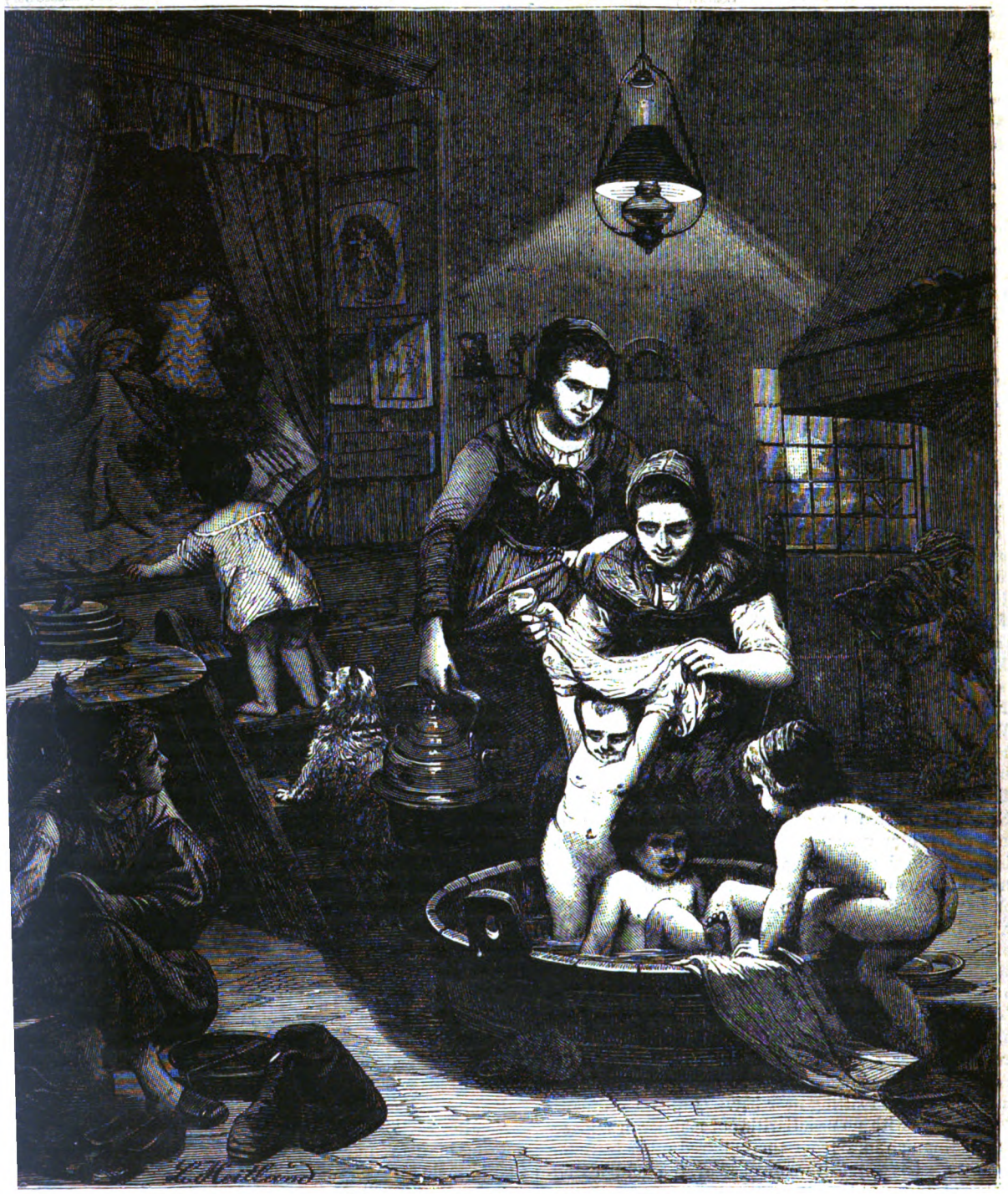
In my love. Wait! is not this the window?"

No—this. See! Tell me yet again that you do not for the Emperor."

Care for him? Ah, man, look in my face. Say, now, at do you see there?"

"I watched them," was the short and significant response. "Now, be careful. There is no danger—the balcony is low. See!"

Springing upon the pedestal of a moss-covered statue near them, Braunsberg placed his hand upon the iron



GOING TO BED.—BEDSTEAD IN THE WALL IN A NORWEGIAN HOUSE.—SEE PAGE 28.

Not love," answered the captain, slowly, and with ething like a shudder, as he caught the gleam of those , bad eyes. "No, my God! not love!"

Truly, no; so let us lose no time."

Stand here in the shade of the vines. How lonely this seems!"

You are certain that they are there?"

railing, and vaulted lightly over it; then, reaching down, he whispered:

"Give me your hand. So! Now step upon the marble. Good again! And now——" leaning forward, he grasped the countess in his strong arms, and, lifting her like a child, stood her beside him—"and now, it is done! Remember, be silent!"

"Where are they?" she murmured.

"Look!"

The captain had drawn her to the furthest of the three windows opening upon the balcony. This was raised, and through the half-parted lace curtains they discerned a small room, evidently one of the few which had not been thrown open to the guests.

The Persian carpet was of the richest. Curiously wrought couches filled the recesses. A mild glow, stealing through the painted shades of white satin, toned the bright glitter of the cloth-of-gold which draped the walls and lined the tent-formed canopy. A tiny fountain tinkled musically, and the perfumed water, overflowing its marble vase, pattered and dripped upon a bed of rare exotics.

Near the low divan stood a man and a woman. He was tall and handsome, and wore the uniform of an Austrian general. She was small and delicately fair—almost as fair as the billowy lace which draped her perfect form; seemingly as pure as the priceless pearls which clasped her throat and twined among the loose tresses of her gold-brown hair.

"I may go with you? Ah, surely, I need never qui you again!"

She spoke in French, and every word came distinctly t the eager listeners.

"Never again!" was the answer. "You are mine fo ever and for ever! I love but you. Before men, I ma not claim you; before heaven, I call you *wife!*"

At this he kissed her tenderly, she clinging to hin always in a piteous, pleading way.

"I have been so wretched!" she half sobbed.

"Yes, but that may never be again, poor loving heart Only be brave, and trust me. And now, dear one, retur to the *salon*. Seek your conductor, that gallant captain Have faith, and remember, *you go hence with me.*"

"Dare I return to Vienna?"

"Had I been there, you should never have quitted it I assure you."

"Think of what was done!"

"And of who did it," he added, with a smile. "Bu all that is ended now."

"All?" and her great eyes were lifted in tender re proach.

FAIR ROSAMOND.—"BUT THE DARK WOMAN CAUGHT HER ARM. 'ANOTHER STEP WILL BE YOUR LAST,' SHE HISSED. 'NOW, LOOK AT ME AND ANSWER ME BOLDLY. WHO AM I?' 'THE COUNTESS DAHL!'"—SEE PAGE 31.

"*All!*" he answered, emphatically. "There, at Vienna, as in my heart, you shall reign sole empress!"

"And the countess?"

"Why will you speak of her?" he asked. "You should not—it is not kind."

"She is here?"

"Yes, I believe so—I heard some one say it."

"Are you not convinced that she instigated that visit of the police?"

"My dear child, I have already assured you that the police had nothing whatever to do with that villainous affair."

"Still, some one——"

"Yes, and that *some one* may have been, not the countess, but her Majesty, or perhaps both; for you women are terrible creatures! There, now, one kiss—another—another. Ah, until to-morrow, my peerless American! my beautiful white rose!"

When the peerless American turned from the closed door, she started in sore affright, for two figures stood in the open window. One was her late traveling companion, Captain Paul Braunsberg; the other—ah! why did her courage fail the miserable creature?

The other quickly slipped the little bronze bolt of the door, then approached Mrs. Rochester.

"Do you know me?" she asked. "Speak!"

"I know you—yes. Ah, madame——"

She lifted her clasped hands, but the dark woman struck them down.

"Spare your prayers!" she cried, with a short, scornful laugh; "we have no time for them."

"Wait," interposed Captain Paul—"wait, dear lady. Do nothing rashly. We may be in error. Give her the benefit of that possibility. Put another question to her."

At the sound of the man's voice, Mrs. Rochester turned with an appealing gesture.

But the dark woman caught her arm.

"Another step will be your last!" she hissed. "Now, look at me, and answer boldly. Who am I?"

"The Countess Dahl."

"Good! Now, what am I? Go on!"

"I dare not!"

"Speak, coward that you are!"

"Nay, no coward!" said the American, firmly. "What you *are*, I know not. What you *have been*, the wide world knows—the mistress of Franz Joseph of Austria!"

"You are right! And this man, Franz Joseph—this great Emperor, has just quitted you. You are to see him to-morrow. What happiness! You are beautiful, too, very beautiful, and he worships you. Father in heaven! but he worships you! That is no secret now; nor is it a secret how he cast me off—*for you!* He is yours! Tell me, madame, is not life inexpressibly sweet to you?"

Was it simply a mad defiance which prompted the answer, or was the creature doomed?

"Ah!" she murmured, life is very dear to me, for *I love!*"

Here Captain Paul, who had been looking away from them, heard a low, frightened cry, a stifled gasp, a long, sobbing sigh, and then a heavy fall.

He did not turn, however, until some one touched his shoulder. It was the countess.

"Come!" she whispered. "Be quick!"

Then the brave soldier saw that the peerless American was lying upon the floor, and that the soft radiance filtering through the painted shades stole over a ghastly face and wide-open, staring eyes. It glittered, too, upon a small gold cross which rose above the pulseless breast of beautiful Rosamond Rochester. This was the hilt of a dagger—the blade was sheathed in her heart.

The Countess Dahl did not return to Vienna; neither did she enter a convent; but, much to the satisfaction of her royal mistress, she resigned her office at the Court. Then she betook herself to that paradise of women—Paris.

Only once did she see the man for whom she had so fearfully sinned. The interview was brief. There was no accusation, no reproach. He simply said:

"Quit the empire. Go where you will. You are free. Anywhere but here. Go!"

"Ah, my God!" she cried. "It is banishment that you propose!"

"Does it not content you?" he asked, sternly. "I offer you a choice, then—*death!*"

Not another word passed between them. She tottered from his presence, stung with rage and shame. In the transport of her fury, she dared brave her accomplice.

"Do you speak to me of love? Fool that you have been to trust me! Learn this—you were my tool, and I hate you! Yes, I hate, I defy you! Do your worst!"

But Captain Paul did not do his worst; such affection as his apathetic nature permitted he had bestowed upon the countess. What remained to be done? Very little; so he did his best—went to Italy, and, as a soldier of fortune, enlisted in the Papal army.

It is quite certain that the gallant fellow neglected a few little formalities, hitherto deemed necessary, in order to retire with honor from his country's service. But then, those were trifles. So, under a new name, our captain plods along quite cheerfully, shrugging his broad shoulders at the past, and cursing but one woman particularly.

The Countess Dahl may be met, any fine day, at the Bois. She is beautiful, witty and rich. Moral, too; so much so, in fact, that some people are beginning to regard her rather in the light of a royal widow.

Mr. Archibald Wyvern, who evidently takes a cheerful view of life and its little misfortunes, keeps a diary wherein certain occurrences are noted with graphic easiness. A few extracts may serve to explain a great deal.

Under date of June 17th, 18—, we read:

"Proposed to R. R. Offer declined. Can wait."

"*July 3d.*—R. has gone to Europe. I follow next week."

"*August 20th.*—My detective system works well. I am her shadow, and she has no suspicion."

"*January 9th.*—I know it. She quitted her home to become an adventuress; she has succeeded finely. She is now the favorite of the Emperor—that is not bad for an American."

"*February 11th.*—I have seen the ex-favorite, the Countess D. I fancy that the dear soul's patience is exhausted."

"*May 27th.*—The countess has been busy with her mistress. My poor little R. is banished."

"*August 14th.*—It is decided. The countess and I are sworn friends. She is a very amiable person, and reasons like a chancellor."

"*November 7th.*—On the canal-boat. My angel is on deck. I have an idea that I frightened her just now. If it had been permitted, I would have enjoyed pitching that old Hester to the crocodiles. Nothing could have been better arranged than my sudden appearance. It gave the brave captain an opportunity to make her acquaintance."

"*November 29th.*—I see that I have made no mention yet of the murdered woman discovered in the Viceroy's palace. Strange to say, there are no suspicions. Poor creature!

"I may as well finish my entries here. I can find nothing more of interest to relate. I shall keep my journal. There are lessons of profit and pleasure to be gleaned from its tiny pages. Poor Rosamond! I sincerely trust that her assassins had the grace to grant her the time for one short prayer!"

THE NEGRO EXODUS FROM THE GULF STATES.

By Frederick Douglas.

The negro, long deemed too indolent and stupid to discover and adopt any rational measure to secure and defend his rights as a man, may now be congratulated upon the telling contradiction which he has recently and strikingly given to this withering disparagement and reproach. He has discovered and adopted a measure which may assist very materially in the solution of some of the vital problems involved in his sudden elevation from slavery to freedom. He has shown that Mississippi can originate more than one plan, and that there is a possible plan for the oppressed as well as for the oppressor. He has not chosen to copy the example of his would-be enslavers. It is to his credit that he has steadily refused to resort to those extreme measures of repression and retaliation to which the cruel wrongs he has suffered might have tempted a less docile and forgiving race. He has not imitated the plan of the oppressed tenant, who sneaks in ambush and shoots his landlord, as in Ireland; nor the example of the Indian, who meets the invader of his hunting-ground with scalping-knife and tomahawk; he has not learned his lesson from the freed serfs of Russia, and organized assassination against tyrant princes and nobles; nor has he copied the example of his own race in Santa Domingo, who taught their French oppressors by fire and sword the danger of goading too far "the energy that slumbers in the black man's arm." On the contrary, he has adopted a simple, lawful and peaceable measure. It is emigration —the quiet withdrawal of his valuable bones and muscles from a condition of things which he considers no longer tolerable. Innocent as this remedy is for the manifold ills which he has thus far borne with marvelous patience, it is none the less significant and effective.

Nothing has occurred since the abolition of slavery which has excited a deeper interest among thoughtful men in all sections of the country than has this "exodus." In the simple fact that a few thousand freedmen have deliberately laid down the shovel and the hoe, quitted the sugar and cotton-fields of Mississippi and Louisiana, and sought homes in Kansas, and that thousands more are seriously meditating upon following their example, the sober thinking minds of the South have discovered a new and startling peril to the welfare of that section of our country. Already apprehension and alarm have led to noisy and frantic efforts on the part of the South to arrest and put an end to what it considers a depleting and ruinous evil.

It cannot be denied that there is much reason for this apprehension and alarm. This exodus has revealed to Southern men the humiliating fact that the prosperity and civilization of the South are at the mercy of the despised and hated negro—that it is for him more than for any other to say what shall be the future of the late Confederate States; that within their ample borders he alone can stand between the contending powers of savage and civilized life; that the giving or withholding of his labor will bless or blast their beautiful country.

Important as manual labor is everywhere, it is nowhere more important and absolutely indispensable to the existence of society than in the more southern of the United States. Machinery may continue to do—as it has done—much of the work of the North; but the work of the South requires bone, sinew and muscle of the strongest and most enduring kind for its performance. Labor in that section must know no pause. Her soil is pregnant and prolific with life and energy. All the forces of nature within her borders are wonderfully vigorous, persistent and active. Aided by an almost perpetual Summer, abundantly supplied with heat and moisture, her soil readily and rapidly covers itself with noxious weeds, dense forests and impenetrable jungles. Only a few years of non-tillage would be required to give the sunny and fruitful South to the bats and owls of a desolate wilderness. From this condition, shocking for a Southern man to contemplate, it is now seen that nothing less powerful than the naked iron arm of the negro can save her. For him, as a Southern laborer, there is no competitor or substitute. The thought of filling his place by any other variety of the human family, will be found delusive and utterly impracticable. Neither Chinaman, German, Norwegian nor Swede can drive him from the sugar and cotton-fields of Louisiana and Mississippi. They would certainly perish in the black bottoms of these States if they could be induced, which they cannot, to try the experiment.

Nature itself, in those States, comes to the rescue of the negro, fights his battles and enables him to exact conditions from those who would unfairly treat and oppress him. Besides being dependent upon the roughest and flintiest kind of labor, the climate of the South makes such labor uninviting and harshly repulsive to the white man. He dreads it, shrinks from it, and refuses it. He shuns the burning sun of the fields, and seeks the shade of the verandas. On the contrary, the negro walks, labors and sleeps in the sunlight unharmed. The standing apology for slavery was based upon a knowledge of this fact. It was said that the world must have cotton and sugar, and that only the negro could supply this want; and that he could be induced to do it only under the "beneficent whip" of some bloodthirsty *Legree*. The last part of this argument has been happily disproved by the large crops of these productions since Emancipation; but the first part of it stands firm, unassailed and unassailable.

Even if climatic and other natural causes did not protect the negro from all competition in the labor-market of the South, inevitable social causes would probably effect the same result. The slave system of that section has left behind it—as in the nature of the case it must—manners, customs and conditions to which free white laboring men will be in no haste to submit themselves and their families. They do not emigrate from the free North, where labor is respected, to a lately enslaved South, where labor has been whipped, chained and degraded for centuries. Naturally enough, such emigration follows the lines of latitude in which they who compose it were born. Not from South to North, but from East to West, "the Star of Empire takes its way."

Hence it is seen that the dependence of the planters, landowners and old master-class of the South upon the negro, however galling and humiliating to Southern pride and power, is nearly complete and perfect. There is only one mode of escape for them, and that mode they will certainly not adopt. It is to take off their own coats, cease to whittle sticks and talk politics at the cross-roads, and go themselves to work in their broad and sunny fields of cotton and sugar. An invitation to do this is about as harsh and distasteful to all their inclinations as would be an invitation to step down into their graves. With the negro, all this is different. Neither natural, artificial nor traditional causes stand in the way of the freedman to such labor in the South. Neither the heat nor the fever-demon which lurks in her tangled and cozy swamps affright him, and he stands to-day the admitted author of whatever of prosperity, beauty and civilization are now

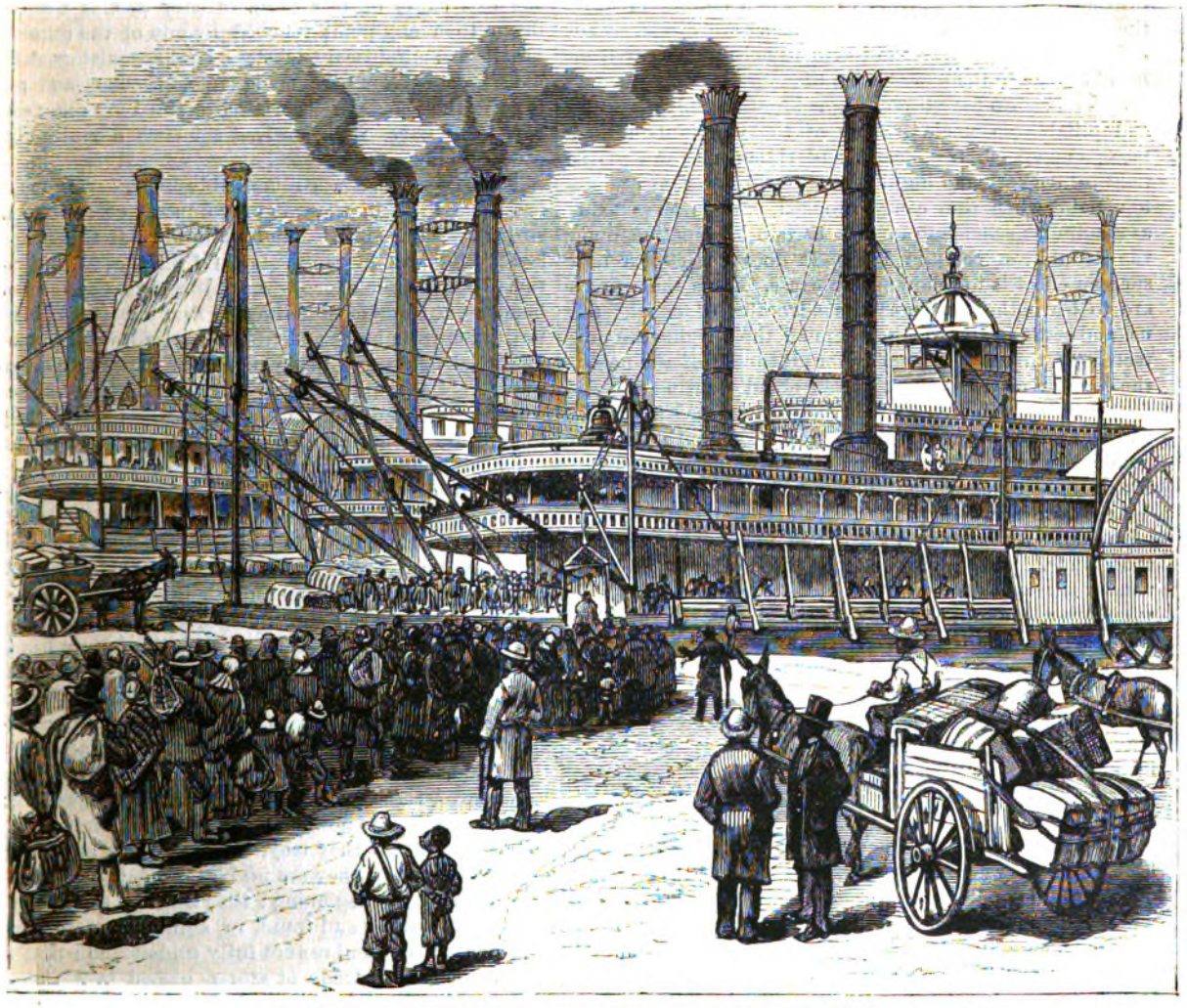
THE NEGRO EXODUS FROM THE GULF STATES.—AN EXAMPLE OF SOUTHERN CONTENT.

possessed by the South, and the admitted arbiter of her destiny.

This, then, is the high vantage-ground of the negro: he has labor, the South wants it, and must have it or perish. Since he is free he can now give it or withhold it, use it where he is, or take it elsewhere, as he pleases. His labor made him a slave, and his labor can, if he will, make him free, comfortable and independent. It is more to him than fire, swords, ballot-boxes or bayonets. It touches the heart of the South through its pocket. This power served him well years ago, when in the bitterest extremity of his destitution. But for it he would have perished when he dropped out of slavery. It saved him then, and it will save him again. Emancipation came to him, surrounded by exceedingly unfriendly circumstances. It was not the choice or consent of the people among whom he lived, but against their will and a death-struggle on their part to prevent it. His chains were broken in the tempest and whirlwind of civil war. Without food, without shelter, without land, without money, and without friends, he, with his children, his sick, his aged and helpless ones, were turned loose and naked to the open sky. The announcement of his freedom was instantly followed by an order from his master to quit his old quarters and to seek bread thereafter from the hands of those who had given him his freedom. A desperate extremity was thus forced upon him at the outset of his freedom, and the world watched, with humane anxiety, to see what would become of him. His peril was imminent. Starvation and death stared him in the face, and marked him for their victim.

It will not be soon forgotten that, at the close of a five-hours' speech by the late Senator Sumner, in which he advocated with unequaled learning and eloquence the enfranchisement of the freedmen, the best argument with which he was met, in the Senate, was that legislation at that point would be utterly superfluous; that the negro was rapidly dying out, and must inevitably and speedily disappear and become extinct.

Inhuman and shocking as was this consignment of millions of human beings to extinction, the extremity of the negro, at that date, did not contradict, but favored, the prophecy. The policy of the old master class, dictated by passion, pride and revenge, was then to make the freedom of the negro a greater calamity to him, if possible, than had been his slavery. But, happily, both for the old master class and for the recently emancipated, there came then, as there will come now, the sober second thought. The old master class then found that it had made a great mistake. It had driven away the means of its own support. It had destroyed the hands and left the mouths. It had starved the negro, and starved itself. Not even to gratify its own anger and resentment could it afford to allow its fields to go uncultivated, and its tables to go unsupplied with food. Hence the freedman, less from



THE NEGRO EXODUS FROM THE GULF STATES.—EMBARKING FOR THE NORTH.

humanity than cupidity, less from choice than necessity, was speedily called back to labor and life.

But now, after fourteen years of service, and fourteen years of separation from the visible presence of slavery, during which he has shown both disposition and ability to supply the labor-market of the South, and that he could do so far better as a freedman than he ever did as a slave; that more cotton and sugar can be raised by the same hands, under the inspiration of liberty and hope, than can be raised under the influence of bondage and the whip, he is again, alas! in the deepest trouble—again without a home, out under the open sky, with his wife and his little ones. He lines the sunny banks of the Mississippi, fluttering in rags and wretchedness, mournfully imploring hard-hearted steamboat captains to take him on board; while the friends of the emigration movement are diligently soliciting funds all over the North to help him away from his old home to the new Canaan of Kansas.

Several causes have been assigned for this truly desperate and pitiable spectacle. Many of these are, upon their faces, superficial, insufficient and ridiculous. Adepts in political trickery and duplicity, who will never go straight to a point when they can go crooked, explain the exodus as a cunning scheme to force a certain nomination upon the Republican party in 1880. It does not appear how such an effect is to follow such a cause. For if the negroes are to leave the South, as the advocates of exodus tell us, and settle in the North, where all their rights are protected—if this is the remedy for all the ills of the negro, the country need not trouble itself about securing a President whose chief recommendation is supposed to be his will and power to protect the negro in the South, and the nomination is thus rendered unnecessary by the success of the measure which made it necessary.

Again, we are told that greedy speculators in Kansas have adopted this plan to sell and increase the value of their lands. This cannot be true. Men of that class are usually shrewd. They do not seek to sell land to those who have no money, and they are too sharp to believe that they can increase the value of their property by inviting to its neighborhood a class of people against whom there is an intense and bitter popular prejudice. So far from speculating in the negro, and attempting to increase their wealth by promoting this stampede, the negro has been a heavy charge upon Kansas. Her benevolence and welcome to these homeless emigrants has been large, beautiful and touching.

Malignant emissaries from the North, it is said, have been circulating among the freedmen, talking to them and deluding them with promises of the great things which will be done for them if they will only go to Kansas. Plainly enough this theory fails for the want of even the show of probable motive. The North can have no motive to cripple industry at the South, or elsewhere in this country. If she were malignant enough, which she is not, she is not blind enough to her own interests to do any such thing. She sees and feels that an injury to any part of this country is an injury to the whole of it.

Again, it is said that this exodus is all the work of the defeated and disappointed demagogues, white and black, who have been hurled from place and power by the men of property and intelligence in the South. There may be some truth in this theory. Human nature is capable of resentment. It would not be strange if people who have been degraded and driven from place and power by brute force and by fraud, were to resent the outrage in this and in any way open to them.

But it is still further said that the exodus is peculiarly the work of Senator Windom. His resolution and speech in the Senate last Winter, it is said, has set this black ball in motion, and much wrath has been poured out upon that able and humane gentleman for his part in the movement. It need not be denied that there is truth in this allegation. Senator Windom's speech and resolution certainly did serve as a powerful stimulus to this emigration. Until he spoke, there was no general stampede from the cotton and sugar plantations of Mississippi and Louisiana. There can be no doubt, either, that the freedmen received erroneous notions, from some quarter, of what the Government was likely to do for them in the new country to which they were now going. They may have been told the story of "forty acres and a mule," and some of them may have believed and acted upon that story. But it is manifest that the real cause of this extraordinary exodus lies deeper down than any point touched by any of the causes thus far alleged. Political tricksters, land speculators, defeated office-seekers, Northern malignants, speeches and resolutions in the Senate or elsewhere, unaided by other causes, could not have, of themselves, set such a multitudinous exodus in motion.

The colored race is a remarkably home-loving race. It has done little in the way of voluntary colonization. It shrinks from the untried and unknown. It thinks its own locality the best in the world. Of all the galling conditions to which the negro was subjected in the days of his bondage, the one most galling to him was the liability of separation from home and friends. His love of home and his dread of change made him even partially content in slavery. He could endure the smart of the lash, could work to the utmost of his power, and be content, till the thought of being sent away from the scenes of his childhood and youth was thrust upon his heart. This was ever too much for him.

But argument is less needed upon this point than testimony. We have the story of the emigrants themselves, and if any can reveal the true cause of this exodus, they can. They have spoken, and their story is before the country. It is a sad story, disgraceful and scandalous to our age and country. Much of their testimony has been given under the solemnity of an oath.

They tell us, with great unanimity, that they are very badly treated at the South. The landowners, planters, and the old master class generally, deal unfairly with them; that having had their labor for nothing when they were slaves, these men now endeavor, by various devices, to get it for next to nothing; that, work as hard, faithfully and constantly as they may, live as plainly and as sparingly as they may, they are no better off at the end of the year than at the beginning; that they are the dupes and victims of cunning and fraud, in signing contracts which they cannot read and cannot fully understand; that they are compelled to trade at stores owned in whole or in part by their employers, and that they are paid with orders, and not with money.

They say they have to pay double the value of nearly everything they buy; that they are compelled to pay a rental of ten dollars a year for an acre of ground that will not bring thirty dollars under the hammer; that landowners are in league to prevent land-owning by negroes; that when they work the land on shares, they barely make a living; that outside the towns and cities no provision is made for their education; and, ground down as they are, they cannot themselves employ teachers to teach their children; that they are not only the victims of fraud and cunning, but of violence and intimidation; that from their very poverty the temples of justice are not open to them; that the jury-box is virtually closed to them; that the murder of a black man by a white man is followed by no

conviction or punishment. That for a crime for which a white man goes free, a black man is severely punished; that impunity and encouragement are given by the wealthy and respectable classes to men of the "baser sort," who delight in midnight raids upon the defenseless; that their ignorance of letters has put them at the mercy of men bent upon making ther freedom a greater evil to them than was their slavery; that the law is the refuge of crime rather than of innocence; that even the old slave-driver's whip has reappeared in the South, and the inhuman and disgusting spectacle of the chain-gang is beginning to be seen there; that the government of every Southern State is now in the hands of the old slave oligarchy, and that both departments of the National Government soon will be in the same hands; that they believe that when the Government, State and National, shall be in the control of the old masters of the South, they will find means for reducing the freedman to a condition analagous to slavery; that they despair of any change for the better; that everything is waxing worse for the negro in the South; and that the only means of safety is to leave the South.

It must be admitted, if this brief statement of complaints be only half true, that the explanation of the exodus and the justification of the persons composing it are full and ample. The complaints they make against Southern society are such as every man of common honesty and humanity must wish ill-founded; unhappily, however, there is nothing in the nature of these complaints to make them doubtful or surprising. The unjust conduct charged against the late slaveholders is eminently probable. It is an inheritance from the long exercise of irresponsible power by man over man. It is not the natural inferiority of the negro, or the color of his skin. Tyranny is the same proud and selfish thing everywhere, and with all races and colors.

What the negro is now suffering at the hands of his former masters, the white emancipated serfs of Russia are now suffering from the lords and nobles by whom they were formerly held as slaves. In form and appearance the emancipation of the latter was upon better terms than in the case of the negro. The Empire, unlike the Republic, gave her free serfs, or pretended to give them, three acres of land—a start in the world. But the selection and bestowment of this land was unhappily confided to the care of the nobles, their former lords and masters. Thus the lamb was committed to the care of the wolf, and hence the organized assassination now going on in that country; and it will be well for our Southern States if they escape a like fate. The world is slow to learn that no man can wrong his brother without doing a greater wrong to himself. Something may, however, be learned from the lessons of alarm and consternation which are now written all over Russia.

But in contemplating this exodus, it should be kept in mind that the way of an oppressed people from bondage to freedom is never smooth. There is ever in such transition much to overcome on both sides. Neither the master nor the emancipated slave can at once shake off the habits and manners of a long-established past condition. The form may be abolished, but the sprit survives and lingers about the scenes of its former life. The slave brings into the new relation much of the dependence, improvidence and servility of slavery, and the master brings much of his pride, selfishness and love of power. The influence of feudalism has not yet disappeared from Europe. Norman pride is still visible even in England, though centuries have passed since the Saxon was the slave of the Norman; and long years must elapse before all traces of slavery shall disappear from our country. Suffering and hardship made the Saxon strong; and suffering and hardship will make the Anglo-African strong and ultimately successful on the soil of his birth and in the climate to which his color and origin as well as his labor adapt him.

Very evidently there are to be asked and answered many important questions before the friends of humanity can be properly called upon to give their support to this emigration movement. A natural and primary inquiry is: What does it mean? How much ground is it meant to cover? Is the total removal of the whole five millions of colored people from the South contemplated? Or is it proposed to remove only a part? And, if only a part, why a part and not the whole? Is the protection of the rights of the many less important than the same of the few? If the few are to be removed because of the intolerable oppression which prevails in the South, why not the many also? If exodus is good for any, must it not be equally good for all? Then, if the whole five millions are to leave the South, as a doomed country—leave it as Lot left Sodom, or driven out as the Moors were driven out of Spain—then there is a question of ways and means to be considered. Has any definite estimate of the cost of this removal been made? How shall the one or two hundred millions of dollars, which such removal would require, be obtained? Shall it be appropriated by Congress, or voluntarily contributed by the public? Manifestly, with such a debt upon the nation as the war for the Union has created, Congress is not likely to be in a hurry to make any such appropriation. It would much more willingly and readily enact the necessary legislation to protect the freedmen where they are, than appropriate two hundred millions of dollars to help them away to Kansas or elsewhere in the North. The same amount of money and labor required to promote emigration, would, if applied to that end, protect the negro where he is. But suppose, as already suggested, the matter shall not be left at all to Congress, but remitted to the voluntary contributions from the people. Then a swarm of agents must be employed to circulate over the country, hat in hand, soliciting and collecting these contributions, representing to the people everywhere that the cause of the negro is lost in the South, that his only hope and deliverance from a condition of things worse than slavery is removal to Kansas, or to some country outside the Southern States. Then would such an arrangement, such an apostleship of despair be beneficial, or would it be prejudicial to the cause of the freedman? Precisely and plainly, this is a feature of the emigration movement which is open to serious objection.

Voluntary, spontaneous, self-sustained emigration on the part of the freedmen may or may not be commendable. It is a matter with which they alone have to do. The public is not called upon to say or do anything for or against it; but when the public is called upon to take sides, to declare its views, to organize emigration societies, appoint and send out agents to make speeches and collect money to help the freedmen from the South, the public may very properly hesitate. It may not wish to be responsible for the measure, or for the disheartening doctrines by which the measure is supported.

Objection may properly be made upon many grounds. It may well enough be said that the negro question is not so desperate as the advocates of exodus would have the public believe; that there is still reasonable ground of hope that the negro will ultimately have his rights as a man, and be fully protected in the South; that in several of the old slave States his citizenship and his right to vote are already respected and protected; that the same, in time, will be secured for the negro in the other States

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that the world was not the work of a day; that even in free New England all the evils generated by slavery did not disappear in a century after the abolition of the system, if, indeed, they have yet entirely disappeared.

Within the last forty years, a dark and shocking picture might be given of the persecution of the negro and his friends, even in the now pre-eminently free State of Massachusetts. It is not more than twenty years ago that Boston supplied a pistol club, if not a rifle club, to break up an abolition meeting, and that one of her most eminent citizens had to be guarded to and from his house, to escape the hand of mobocratic assassins, armed in the interest of slavery. The negro on the Sound, between New York and Boston, though a respectable, educated gentleman, was not allowed abaft the wheel, and must sleep, if he slept at all, upon the naked deck, in the open air. Upon no condition, except that of a servant or slave, could he be permitted to go into a cabin. All the handicrafts of New England, too, were closed to him. The appearance of a black man in any workshop or shipyard, as a mechanic, there would have scattered the whole gang of white hands at once. The poor negro was not admitted into the factories to work, or as an apprentice to any trade. He was barber, waiter, whitewasher and wood-sawyer. All of what were considered respectable employments, by a power superior to legal enactments were denied him. But none of these things have moved the negro from New England, and it is well for him that he has remained ther In some respects, Massachusetts was then what the Sout is now, good missionary ground for anti-slavery write and speakers. What has been accomplished there, ma be accomplished elsewhere.

Bad as is the condition of the negro to-day at the Sout there was a time when it was flagrantly and incomparabl worse. A few years ago he had nothing—he had not eve himself. He belonged to somebody else, who could dispo of his person and his labor as he pleased. Now he h himself, his labor, and his right to dispose of one and t other, as shall best suit his own happiness. He has mor He has a standing in the supreme law of the land, in t Constitution of the United States—not to be changed affected by any conjunction of circumstances likely occur in the immediate or remote future. The Fourteen Amendment makes him a citizen, and the Fifteenth mak him a voter. With power behind him, at work for hi and which cannot be taken from him, the negro of t South may wisely bide his time. The situation at t moment is exceptional and transient. The permane powers of the Government are all on his side. Wh though, for the moment, the hand of violence strikes do the negro's rights in the South, those rights will reviv survive and flourish again. They are not the only peop who have been in a moment of popular passion maltreat and driven from the polls. The Irish and Dutch ha

requently been so treated—Boston, Baltimore and New York have been the scenes of this lawless violence; but those scenes have now disappeared. A Hebrew may even now be rudely repulsed from the door of a hotel; but he will not on that account get up another exodus, as he did three thousand years ago, but will quietly "put money in his purse" and bide his time, knowing that the rising tide of civilization will eventually float him, as it floats all other varieties of the human family to whom floating in any condition is possible.

Of one thing we may be certain, and it is a thing which is destined to be made very prominent not long hence—the negro will either be counted at the polls or not counted in the basis of representation. The South must let the negro vote, or surrender its power in Congress. The chosen horn of this dilemma will finally be to let the negro vote, and vote unmolested. Let us have all the indignant and fiery declamation which the warm hearts of our youthful orators can pour out against Southern meanness, "White Leagues," "Bulldozers," and other "Dark Lantern" organizations; but let us have a little calm, clear reason as well. The latter is a safer guide than the former. In this great question we want light rather than heat, thought rather than feeling, a comprehensive view and appreciation of what the negro has already on his side, as well as of the disadvantages against which he has thus far been compelled to struggle, and still has to struggle.

Without abating one jot of our horror and indignation at the outrages committed in some parts of the Southern States against the negro, we cannot but regard the present agitation of an African exodus from the South as ill-timed, and, in some respects, hurtful. We stand to-day at the beginning of a grand and beneficent reaction. There is a growing recognition of the duty and obligation of the American people to guard, protect and defend the personal and political rights of all the people of all the States; to uphold the principles upon which rebellion was suppressed, slavery abolished, and the country saved from dismemberment and ruin.

We see and feel to-day, as we have not seen and felt before, that the time for conciliation and trusting to the honor of the late rebels and slave-holders has passed. The President of the United States himself, while still liberal, just and generous toward the South, has yet sounded a halt in that direction, and has bravely, firmly and ably asserted the constitutional authority to maintain the public peace in every State in the Union, and upon every day in the year, and has maintained this ground against all the powers of House and Senate.

We stand at the gateway of a marked and decided change in the statesmanship of our rulers. Every day brings fresh and increasing evidence that we are, and of right ought to be, a Nation; that Confederate notions of the nature and powers of our Government ought to have

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perished in the rebellion which they supported; that they are anachronisms and superstitions, and no longer fit to be above ground.

National ideas are springing up all around us—the oppressor of the negro is seen to be the enemy of the peace, prosperity and honor of the country.

The attempt to nullify the national Election Laws, to starve the officers where they could not destroy the offices, to attack the national credit when they could not prevent successful resumption, to paralyze the Constitution where they could neither pervert nor set it aside, has all worked against the old slave-holding element, and in the interest of the negro. They have made it evident that the sceptre of political power must soon pass from the party of reaction, revolution, rebellion and slavery to the party of Constitution, liberty and progress. At a time like this, so full of hope and courage, it is unfortunate that a cry of despair should be raised in behalf of the colored people of the South; unfortunate that men are going over the country begging in the name of the poor colored man of the South, and telling the people that the Government has no power to enforce the Constitution and laws in that section, and that there is no hope for the poor negro, but to plant him in the new soil of Kansas and Nebraska.

These men do the colored people of the South a real damage. They give their enemies an advantage in the argument for their manhood and freedom. They assume the inability of the colored people of the South to take care of themselves—the country will be told of the hundreds who go to Kansas, but not of the thousands who stay in Mississippi and Louisiana.

They will be told of the destitute who require material aid, but not of the multitude who are bravely sustaining themselves where they are.

In Georgia the negroes are paying taxes upon six millions of dollars; in Louisiana upon forty or fifty millions; and upon unascertained sums elsewhere in the Southern States.

Why should a people who have made such progress in the course of a few years, now be humiliated and scandalized by exodus agents, begging money to remove them from their homes? especially at a time when every indication favors the position that the wrongs and hardships which they suffer are soon to be redressed.

Besides the objection thus stated, it is manifest that the public and noisy advocacy of a general stampede of the colored people from the South to the North is necessarily an abandonment of the great and paramount principle of protection to person and property in every State of the Union. It is an evasion of a solemn obligation and duty. The business of this nation is to protect its citizens where they are, not to transport them where they will not need protection. The best that can be said of this exodus in this respect is, that it is an attempt to climb up some other than the right way; it is an expedient, a half-way measure, and tends to weaken in the public mind a sense of the absolute right, power and duty of the Government, inasmuch as it concedes, by implication at least, that on the soil of the South the law of the land cannot command obedience, the ballot-box cannot be kept pure, peaceable elections cannot be held, the Constitution cannot be enforced, and the lives and liberties of loyal and peaceable citizens cannot be protected. It is a surrender, a premature, disheartening surrender, since it would secure freedom and free institutions by migration rather than by protection; by flight, rather than by right; by going into a strange land, rather than by staying in one's own. It leaves the whole question of equal rights on the soil of the South open, and still to be settled, with the moral influence of exodus against us, since it is a confession of the utter impracticability of equal rights and equal protection in any State where those rights may be struck down by violence.

It does not appear that the friends of freedom should spend either time or talent in furtherance of this exodus, as a desirable measure, either for the North or the South, for the blacks of the South or the whites of the North. If the people of this country cannot be protected in every State of this Union, the Government of the United States is shorn of its rightful dignity and power, the late rebellion has triumphed, the sovereignty of the nation is an empty name, and the power and authority in individual States is greater than the power and authority of the United States.

Necessity often compels men to migrate, to leave their old homes and seek new ones, to sever old ties and create new ones; but to do this the necessity should be obvious and imperative. It should be a last resort, and only adopted after carefully considering what is against the measure, as well as what is in favor of it. There are prodigal sons everywhere, who are ready to demand the portion of goods that would fall to them, and betake themselves to a strange country. Something is ever lost in the process of migration, and much is sacrificed at home for what is gained abroad. A world of wisdom is in the saying of Mr. Emerson, that "those who made Rome worth going to see, stayed there." Five moves from house to house are said to be worse than a fire. That a rolling stone gathers no moss, has passed into the world's wisdom.

The colored people of the South, just beginning to accumulate a little property, and to lay the foundation of family, should not be in haste to sell that little and be off to the banks of the Mississippi. The habit of roaming from place to place in pursuit of better conditions of existence is by no means a good one. A man should never leave his home for a new one till he has earnestly endeavored to make his immediate surroundings accord with his wishes. The time and energy expended in wandering about from place to place, if employed in making him a comfortable home where he is, will, in nine cases out of ten, prove the best investment. No people ever did much for themselves or for the world without the sense and inspiration of native land, of a fixed home, of familiar neighborhood and common associations. The fact of being to the manor born has an elevating power upon the mind and heart of a man. It is a more cheerful thing to be able to say: I was born here, and know all the people, than to say: I am a stranger here, and know none of the people.

It cannot be doubted that in so far as this exodus tends to promote restlessness in the colored people of the South, to unsettle their feeling of home and to sacrifice positive advantages where they are for fancied ones in Kansas or elsewhere, it is an evil. Some have sold their little homes their chickens, mules and pigs, at a sacrifice, to follow the exodus. Let it be understood that you are going, and you advertise the fact that your mule has lost half his value—for your staying with him makes half his value. Let the colored people of Georgia offer their six millions' worth of property for sale, with the purpose to leave Georgia, and they will not realize half its value. Land is not worth much where there are no people to occupy it, and a mule is not worth much where there is no one to drive him.

It may safely be asserted that, whether advocated and commended to favor on the ground that it will increase the political power of the Republican party, and thus help to make a solid North against a solid South; or upon the ground that it will increase the power and influence of the colored people as a political element, and enable them the

better to project their rights, and insure their moral and social elevation, the exodus will prove a disappointment, a mistake and a failure; because, as to strengthening the Republican party, the emigrants will go only to those States where the Republican party is strong and solid enough already without their votes; and in respect to the other part of the argument, it will fail because it takes colored voters from a section of the country where they are sufficiently numerous to elect some of their number to places of honor and profit, and places them in a country where their proportion to other classes will be so small as not to be recognized as a political element, or entitled to be represented by one of themselves. And, further, because, go where they will, they must for a time inevitably carry with them poverty, ignorance and other repulsive incidents, inherited from their former condition as slaves—a circumstance which is about as likely to make votes for Democrats as for Republicans, and to raise up bitter prejudices against them as to raise up friends for them.

No people can be much respected in this country, where all are eligible to office, that cannot point to any one of their class in an honorable, responsible position. In sending a few men to Congress, the negroes of the South have done much to dispel prejudice and raise themselves in the estimation of the country and the world. By staying where they are, they may be able to send abler, better and more effective representatives of their race to Congress than it was possible for them to send at first, because of their want of education and their recent liberation from bondage. In the South the negro has at least the possibility of power, in the North he has no such possibility; and it is for him to say how well he can afford to part with this possible power.

But another argument in favor of this emigration is, that having a numerical superiority in Mississippi, Louisiana and South Carolina, and thereby possessing the ability to choose some of their own number to represent them in the State and Nation, they are necessarily brought into antagonism with the white race, and invite the very political persecution of which they complain. So they are told that the best remedy for this persecution is to surrender the right and advantage given them by the Constitution and the Government of electing men of color to office. They are not to overcome prejudice and persecution where it is, but to go where it is not; not to stand where they are, and demand the full Constitutional protection which the Government is solemnly bound to give, but to go where the protection of the Government is not needed. Plainly enough, this is an evasion of a solemn obligation and duty; an attempt to climb up some other way, a half-way measure, a makeshift, a miserable substitution of expediency for right. For an egg, it gives the negro a stone.

The dissemination of this doctrine by the agents of emigration cannot but do the cause of equal rights much harm. It lets the public mind down from the high ground of a great national duty to a miserable compromise, in which wrong surrenders nothing, and right everything. The South is not to repent its crimes and submit to the Constitution, in common with all other parts of the country, but such repentance and submission is to be conveniently made unnecessary by removing the temptation to commit violations of the law and the Constitution. Men may be pardoned for refusing their assent to a measure supported upon a principle so unsound, subversive and pernicious. The Nation should be held steadily to the high and paramount principle that allegiance and protection are inseparable, that this Government is solemnly bound to protect and defend the lives and liberties of all its citizens, of whatever race or color, or of whatever political or religious opinion, and to do this in every State and Territory within the American Union.

Then, again, is there to be no stopping-place for the negro? Suppose that, by-and-by, some "Sand-lot orator" shall arise in Kansas, as in California, and take it into his head to stir up the mob against the negro, as he stirred up the mob against the Chinese? What then? Must the negro have another exodus? Does not one exodus invite another? and in advocating one, do we not sustain the demand for another?

Plainly enough, the exodus is less harmful as a measure, than are the arguments by which it is supported. The one is the result of a feeling of outrage and despair; but the other comes of cool, selfish calculation. One is the result of honest despair, and appeals powerfully to the sympathies of men; the other is an appeal to our selfishness, which shrinks from doing right because the way is difficult.

Not only is the South the best locality for the negro, on the ground of his political powers and possibilities, but it is best for him as a field of labor. He is there, as he is nowhere else, an absolute necessity. He has a monopoly of the labor market. His labor is the only labor which can successfully offer itself for sale in that market. This fact, with a little wisdom and firmness, will enable him to sell his labor there, on terms more favorable to himself than he can elsewhere. As there are no competitors or substitutes, he can demand living prices with the certainty that the demand will be complied with. Exodus would deprive him of this advantage. It would take him from a country where the landowners and planters must have his labor, or allow their fields to go untilled and their purses unsupplied with cash, to a country where the landowners are able and proud to do their own work, and do not need to hire hands, except for limited periods, at certain seasons of the year. The effect of this will be to send the negro to the towns and cities to compete with white labor. With what result, let the past tell. They will be crowded into lanes and alleys, cellars and garrets, poorly provided with the necessaries of life, and will gradually die out.

The negro, as already intimated, is pre-eminently a Southern man. He is so both in constitution and habits, in body as well as mind. He will not only take with him to the North Southern modes of labor, but Southern modes of life. The careless and improvident habits of the South cannot be set aside in a generation. If they are adhered to in the North, in the fierce winds and snows of Kansas and Nebraska, the emigration must be large to keep up their numbers.

It would appear, therefore, that neither the laws of politics, labor nor climate favor this exodus. It does not conform to the laws of healthy emigration, which proceeds not from south to north, not from heat to cold, but from east to west, and in climates to which the emigrants are more or less adapted and accustomed.

As an assertion of power by a people hitherto held in bitter contempt; as an emphatic and stinging protest against highhanded, greedy and shameless injustice to the weak and defenseless; as a means of opening the blind eyes of oppressors to their folly and peril, the exodus has done valuable service. Whether it has accomplished all of which it is capable in this particular direction, for the present, is a question which may well be considered. With a moderate degree of intelligent leadership among the laboring class at the South, properly handling the justice of their cause, and wisely using the exodus example, they can easily exact better terms for their labor than ever before. Exodus is medicine, not food; it is for disease, not health—it is not to be taken from choice, but necessity. In

anything like a normal condition of things, the South is the best place for the negro. Nowhere else is there for him a promise of a happier future. Let him stay there if he can, and save both the South and himself to civilization. While, however, it may be the highest wisdom in the circumstances for the freedmen to stay where they are, no encouragement should be given to any measures of coercion to keep them there. The American people are bound, if they are or can be bound to anything, to keep the North gate of the South open to black and white, and to all the people. The time to assert a right, Webster says, is, when it is called in question. If it is attempted by force or fraud to compel the colored people to stay there, they should by all means go—go quickly, and die, if need be, in the attempt.

Thus far, and to this extent, any man may be an emigrationist; and thus far, and to this extent, I certainly am an emigrationist. In no case must the negro be "bottled up" or "caged up." He must be left free, like every other American citizen, to choose his own local habitation, and to go where he shall like. Though it may not be for his interest to leave the South, his right and power to leave it may be the best means of making it possible for him to stay there in peace.

Woe to the oppressed and destitute of all countries and races, if the rich and powerful are to decide when and where they shall go or stay! The deserving hired man gets his wages increased when he can tell his employer that he can get better wages elsewhere. And when all hope is gone from the hearts of the laboring classes of the Old World, they can come across the sea to the New. If they could not do that, their crushed hearts would break under increasing burdens. The right to emigrate is one of the most useful and precious of all rights.

But not only to the oppressed, but to the oppressor, is the free use of this right necessary. To attempt to keep the freedmen in the South—those who are spirited enough to undertake the risks and hardships of emigration—would involve great possible danger to all concerned. Ignorant and cowardly as the negro may be, he has been known to fight bravely for his liberty. He went down to Harper's Ferry with John Brown, and fought as bravely and died as nobly as any. There have been Nathaniel Turners and Denmark Veseys among them in the United States; Joseph Cinquees, Madison Washingtons and Tillmons on the sea, and Toussaint l'Ouvertures on land. Even his enemies, during the late war, had to confess that the negro is a good fighter, when once in a fight. If he runs, it is only as all men will run when they are whipped. This is no time to trifle with the rights of men. All Europe to-day is studded with the material for a wild conflagration. Every day brings us news of plots and conspiracies against oppressive power.

An able writer in the *North American Review* for July, himself a Nihilist, in a powerful article defends the extremest measures of his party, and shows that the treatment of the emancipated peasants by the Government and landed aristocracy of Russia is very similar to that now practiced toward the freedmen by the landed aristocracy of the South. Like causes will produce like effects the world over. It will not be wise for the Southern slaveholders and their successors to shape their policy upon the presumption that the negro's cowardice or forbearance has no limit. The fever of freedom is already in the negro's blood. He is not just what he was fourteen years ago. To forcibly dam up the stream of emigration would be a measure of extreme madness, as well as oppression. It would be exposing the heart of the oppressor to the pistol and dagger, and his home to fire and pillage. The cry of "Land and Liberty," the watchword of the Nihilistic party in Russia, has a music in it sweet to the ear of all oppressed peoples; and well shall it be for the landholders of the South if they shall learn wisdom in time, and adopt such a course of just treatment toward the landless laborers of the South in the future as shall make this popular watchword uncontagious and unknown among them, and further stampedes to the North wholly unknown, undesirable and impossible.

THE NEGRO EXODUS FROM THE GULF STATES.—EMIGRANTS LANDING AT ST. LOUIS.

THE despised of some people are the looked-up-to of others. Were it not so, the little ones of the earth would not be able to hold up their heads under the contumely of the great ones.

FOR HER AND FOR HIM.—"NOW, AS THEY SAT TOGETHER ON THE LITTLE KNOLL, MARGIE'S EYES SWEPT THE LANDSCAPE THAT SHE MIGHT REPRODUCE ITS GOLDEN GLORY AND WAVING GREEN FOR HER MOTHER."

FOR HER AND FOR HIM.

THE Summer breeze came softly through the uncurtained window of an old farmhouse in Western Virginia, just stirring the silver locks which shaded the forehead of an old lady who sat by it in a high-backed arm-chair. Her faded and shabby attire bespoke poverty, but its exquisite neatness, and the snowy folds of her simple cap and kerchief, indicated that she had not forgotten the respect due to herself and others.

Her shrunken hands were folded idly on her lap, though some coarse knitting-work which lay beside them showed her recent occupation. Her eyes, which wore the earnest, seeking look which blind eyes often wear, were turned eagerly toward a young girl who, with a letter in her hand, sat upon a low stool at a little distance.

She was reading aloud, in a low, hesitating voice, like one who looks beyond the word she utters, and finds there some painful news which she would gladly pass over in silence.

"The letter ends abruptly," said she, raising her eyes a moment from the page, while a faint crimson flushed her cheeks as she saw her mother's look fastened upon her. "He is ordered to Chattanooga, and we shall hear no more of him for some time."

She folded the letter hastily together.

"My poor boy!" said the mother; "so young to know the hardships of a soldier's life—not sixteen when he enlisted."

"Yes, mother; but so brave, so proud and stalwart that no one would have suspected his age. He wanted but an inch of the mark which father left upon the kitchen-door."

"I knew he was a bonny lad; my fingers and ears told me that when my eyes refused to do so; and now he is gone. It is a cruel world which takes sons away from their mothers and will not give them back. Give me the letter, Margie. Let me hold it in my hands—the last thing my poor boy touched."

Margie gave the letter to her mother, who folded her hands over it in the same manner that clairvoyants do, pressing it lightly with her finger-tips, as if she would read it with them.

"It makes my heart heavy, Margie, as I hold it. I am afraid even now that some great misfortune has happened to him."

The girl pressed her lips to her mother's wrinkled forehead, and stroked down her silver hair as she answered:

"Much love makes you timid, mother. Let us hope for the best."

Could her mother have seen her face as she spoke, she would have seen the great tears rolling down her cheeks, though her voice was firm and unshaken.

"Will you walk up to the knoll with me, mother?" she continued. "I fear that you have forgotten that it is my birthday."

"Ah, yes, my child, I will go. How many more years we shall go there, who can tell? We have been there every year since your father carried you there, a baby six weeks old, and laughingly told you to open your eyes

and see how much of the world you could call your own."

The old lady rose as she spoke, and placed the letter and her knitting on the table by her chair. Her daughter drew her arm within her own, and handed her the oaken staff with which her mother aided her feeble steps. But ere she turned away she took the letter and put it in her pocket.

While they proceed to the knoll, from whose summit one saw a peaceful valley, with a winding road, let us linger at the farmhouse, and make ourselves acquainted with the joys and sorrows of its inmates.

Martin Brockway, a Puritan of Scotch descent, had emigrated to this valley from New Hampshire many years ago. He found a smiling, pleasant country, whose climate was beautiful and serene in comparison with that of the rocky, sterile region from which he came; but the society was not congenial, and he made few friends in the new home which he had chosen. Their idle, thriftless ways, their leisurely enjoyment of the present moment, found little favor in the eyes of a man who worked diligently on earth and postponed all pleasure to the next world. But his grim, steadfast nature was not altogether proof against the voice of youth and beauty. Before the bright eyes of Austiss Coverdale, whose father's land adjoined his own, his reserve melted, and his heart confessed the mighty power of love.

Their marriage was a happy one. Through her sunny eyes he saw many an innocent pleasure in life which he otherwise would never have known, and from his stern, upright heart, she learned the beauty of self-denial.

Of many children, two only survived their infancy, and in Margaret and Horace all their parents' affections culminated.

When Mr. Brockway died, Margaret was sixteen and Horace fourteen years old, and the gloom which the father's death cast over the household was deepened by the sudden blindness of the mother, who, while sitting by the window during a terrific thunder-shower in the early Summer, was dazzled by a flash of violent lightning, which blotted out her children's faces, and made the whole world for ever dark to her.

From that hour she lost her nerve and vigor, grew prematurely old, and leaned heavily upon the children she had once supported and guided.

Horace Brockway was a brave and daring boy, whose fiery blood, impatient of restraint, had its source in some far-away cavalier ancestor, who respected no earthly or heavenly laws, and had but one curb to his imperious will —loyalty to his king.

Slumbering for some three generations, in the boy it flashed up with some of its old fierce freedom. He early threw off the guiding hands of his mother and sister, and would have fretted and chafed under the sterner control which his father would have exercised over him had he lived.

The tinge of Puritan blood which ran in his veins led him to the Union army, when, spurning the dull life of the farmhouse, he left his home and enlisted without the knowledge of his mother and sister, to spare himself their grief and reproaches.

A deeper gloom settled over the mother's heart. The light of her eyes was taken from her by the lightning's stroke; the light of her home by her wayward boy.

"If he would but have told me," said she, sobbing, with the dry, tearless sobs which are so much bitterer than tears, "I would not have kept him back; but to leave me so"— "like a thief in the night," were the words hovering on her lips, but she would not speak them.

She would not cast a reproach on her son, if others would, and soon all personal anger was washed away in the overflowing tenderness of a mother's love, which found excuses to soften all unkind deeds, and pity for every hardship which lay in his chosen path.

Margie was left at home, to bear the double weight of care of the household and the farm, while the sorrow of the mother wasted her vital force as rapidly as the S. ing rain dissolves the banks of snow on the river's edge. Like many another woman, she took up her burden with a patient heroism which never faltered or complained. Her own life was put aside to minister to her mother; and when Roger Dearborn, the young farmer to whom she had plighted her troth, asked her to become his wife and share his home in the next county, she said, simply:

"I cannot leave my mother, Roger, in this her greatest sorrow."

"We will take her with us, then."

"She will not bear transplanting, dearest. Every step in this house is familiar to her. In strange and unwonted ways her feet would falter, and the sense of her infirmity and feebleness would become still stronger. We are both young, Roger. Let us wait a little longer. Perhaps Horace will come back, or——"

Roger listened coldly. He was a man, and could not bear to have his claims deferred.

"You do not love me as I do you, or you would not talk of waiting so calmly."

She looked at him with eyes that grew sad from the reflection of his selfishness.

"It may be so," said she, gently; "but I love you very dearly, or I should not have promised to be your wife—better than anybody else in the world."

"Except your mother," said he, bitterly.

"True—except my mother. If I am not a good daughter to her, how could you expect me to be a good wife to you? Our love is strong enough to bear a little waiting, is it not, Roger?" asked she, putting her hand lightly on his arm.

"No," said he, gruffly, "when there is no prospect of an end to our waiting. You must choose between her and me."

She withdrew her hand.

"I choose, then," said she, quietly. She turned her eyes full upon him as she spoke, and they had a look in them which he never understood, but could never forget—a look of wistful tenderness and of sorrow which could not shape itself into words. "I choose my mother. Good-by, Roger; we had better part."

She put out her hand. He was too angry to clasp it in his.

"Good-by, Roger," she repeated, gently; and, turning away, left him standing under the great sycamore.

He could see through the open window the snowy cap of Mrs. Brockway, and beside it soon appeared the head with the rippling brown locks, which had just left his side.

She had chosen; let her abide by her choice. There were girls in the country richer and fairer than she, whom he would not ask in vain. And the angry man turned away from the paradise from which his own act had excluded him, with a heart full of bitter imprecations against the coldness and fickleness of women.

It was not many days after this that Margie Brockway had received the letter which she was reading to her mothe when our story opens.

The mother's nice ear had detected a little sadder tone in the girl's voice as she moved about her, in the hundred little nameless offices of love which she rendered her—as

she read or sang, or with her ever-ready tongue drew word-pictures for her sightless eyes; but the love for her absent darling found him the cause of all.

Now, as they sat together on the little knoll, Margie's eyes swept the landscape, that she might reproduce its golden glory and waving green for her mother.

"The sun is shining brightly, mother—just as it always does on this day—and the crows are flying over the old oak-tree. The alder-bushes by the brook have a tinge of red on their berries, and the holly-bushes look as if the sun shone a little brighter there than anywhere else. The smoke curls away from farmer Rideout's great chimney-stack, and the doves are wheeling and circling about the barn. Jake is driving the farm-wagon slowly along the road, where I see a gay party on horseback."

And so Margie went on. Not a bird flew high up in the heavens, not a squirrel or a rabbit ran across the fields, but she saw and spoke of them. The varying colors of the trees, the light and shadow on the hills, the clouds that floated now and then across the sky.

Her tender patience touched the blind woman's heart.

"Ah, Margie," said she, "I see it all with your eyes, better than I could do with my own. They were growing dim, love, before the darkness came. What should I do without you?" And she drew her closer to her side, and stroked her rippling hair.

The dull pain in the girl's heart was stilled as she answered, in the old words which have brought comfort to so many hearts:

"I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

When the day's duties were done, the simple supper over, and the few fervent prayers said, in which the widow prayed with all the intense longing of her mother's heart that God would watch over the boy who had passed beyond her sheltering care, Margie sat down to think. She drew the letter from her pocket, and read it carefully again. Should she bear this sorrow as she had done the other, alone, or share it with her mother?

Since Roger had thrown her off, she had no one to take counsel with. Her own heart whispered, "Bear the burden alone. It is but for a little while. Make the short remnant of her life as easy and as peaceful as you can. You are strong; she is weak. Let your love shield her from this storm."

She rose, and by a sudden impulse went to her mother's bedside, and looked long and earnestly at her. Her thin, worn face, distinctly visible by the light that burned on the bureau, showed in what a frail garment the sweet spirit was clad. How the lines spoke of great sorrows patiently borne and bravely faced!

"She shall never know of this," said Margie, as she turned away. "She first, he next, and then myself. God give me strength for all. It will be easy for me now to keep it from her if I choose."

She went back to the fire that smoldered on the hearth, and dropped the letter into it. There was no looking back now. Her course was resolved upon. For her sake. In the world beyond her mother would know all. It should be her care to keep that knowledge from her now. She first, and then he.

Their daily life proceeded without change. While Mr. Brockway lived, the interruptions to the monotonous life of the farm were not many, and now they came still more seldom. The blind woman and her daughter seemed almost forgotten by the rest of the world, and it was an easy matter to keep all knowledge from Mrs. Brockway but what Margaret chose she should receive. But between mother and daughter there had been so few concealments, that Margie found herself often on the very verge of betrayal, and only recovered herself by some clumsy manœuvre which would have aroused suspicion in one more shrewd than her mother.

Every day Margaret went or sent to the post-office for a letter which she knew she would not receive, and every day answered her mother's question with the same words: "Not any to-day; perhaps to-morrow," though sometimes the "to-morrow," like Macbeth's "Amen," would stick in her throat, and refuse to be uttered; and the great tears would roll silently down her cheeks, as the faint flush of hope which lighted up her mother's face at the sound of her steps would fade away into a graver sadness.

"Do you say, Margie, when you write, how much we want to hear just one word from him, if no more?"

"Yes, mother, I always do; but, you know, letters cannot always get through the lines. He may have written, and we not get it."

"Oh, I think he has. I do not believe he would have left us so long without one word. Perhaps—perhaps he is dead, and we have never known it."

"Do not think so, mother," said the girl, with white lips. "Our lot is hard, but no harder than that of others. I saw Farmer Rideout to-day, and he knows nothing more of Ephraim than we of Horace. Our hearts ache, but we are not alone."

"I will be patient. Bear with me a little longer, Margie."

"Mother!" cried the girl, passionately, "do not speak so. When you are gone, what shall I have left?"

"Not if it grieves you, darling. But my life has gone out from me, and I feel so weary that I would gladly lie down and die in peace, if I could see my son's face once more."

With the perversity which we sometimes feel, the longing for the absent love blotted out all thought of the present affection.

At length a letter came, when the feverish expectancy of Mrs. Brockway had amounted almost to agony. It was a short, simple letter, that told of little but the movements of the army, and the writer's longing for home. Not a word of his personal life or hardships; but it satisfied the widow's craving heart for a few days.

Margie read it with a flushed face; and had anyone been looking over her shoulder as she read it, he would have seen it was without a post-mark, and in her own handwriting.

The real letter that she took from the office she read as she walked home, and carefully concealed it from every eye but her own.

When her mother asked to have the letter which she had read where she could touch and keep it, the consciousness of her deceit swelled her heart almost to bursting, and she half doubted her strength to perform the task she had undertaken.

"Oh, God!" she cried, "is it ever right to hide the truth, even in tender pity to those we love?"

The days wore slowly away. Summer and Autumn came, but no news from Horace. Rumors of many Union victories reached them, and men said the war would soon be over.

A little glow lighted up the dying embers of hope in the widow's heart.

"When peace is declared, Margie, he will come, will he not? I pray that I may live till then."

"Poor mother," said the daughter, "he did not join the volunteer army. I cannot tell. We will ask some one wiser than we. Perhaps he will be ordered somewhere else."

"How can I bear it, if he is?"

For all answer, Margie drew her mother's head upon her shoulder, and soothed her as one would a grieved child.

"We will hope for the best. Perhaps he will get a furlough."

The long-delayed peace came, and with it the sad wail of a nation whose chief was basely assassinated when men had consented to lay down their arms; but no news of Horace came, and the slender thread which bound Mrs. Brockway to this world slowly parted, and Margie was left alone in the old farm-house.

"Mother!" cried she, passionately, as the light slowly faded out of the dying woman's face, "say that you forgive me before you go."

A gleam of sweet surprise returned for a moment to her features, as she said, slowly:

"I have nothing to forgive, my child. You never grieved me."

"That I have kept a great sorrow to myself, and have not shared it with you."

But the confession fell unheeded on the dull ears; and the untroubled face of the dead showed that she had found peace at last. She was gone past all help, or need of any; and when the last sad rites were over, Margaret felt more keenly the pressure of her living grief. Now she must work for *him*.

SARAH BERNHARDT.— SEE PAGE 55.

She took the letters that she had kept from her mother's knowledge out from their hiding-place, and read them, though her faithful memory still held their every word. What a sad story they told!

The first was from a farmer's wife in Pennsylvania, written in a stiff, cramped hand, as if the fingers that held the pen were stiffened with hard work, and unused to writing. It ran:

"DEAR MADAME: I write you this letter partly because my husband desires it, and partly because I feel for your trouble. I have a son in the army, too, and I would be glad if any one could give me news of him, even were it such news as this."

But a line had been drawn through these last words, as if the writer's second thought disowned them.

"Last Thursday night, as my husband and I were going to bed, we heard a faint rap at the door. He opened it, and found there two boys, who asked for a bit of bread and leave to sleep in the barn. I was by Peter's side when he saw them, and thought of my own boy. 'Let them come in and eat, Peter, and we will talk about the barn afterward,' said I. So they came into the kitchen, and after they had satisfied their hunger they told their story. They had deserted from the army, and one was your son. At first my husband's face was stern and grave, but as the boys went on, I saw him grow more pitiful.

"'How old are you?' he asked, turning to your son.

"'I am sixteen, and Ephraim fifteen.'

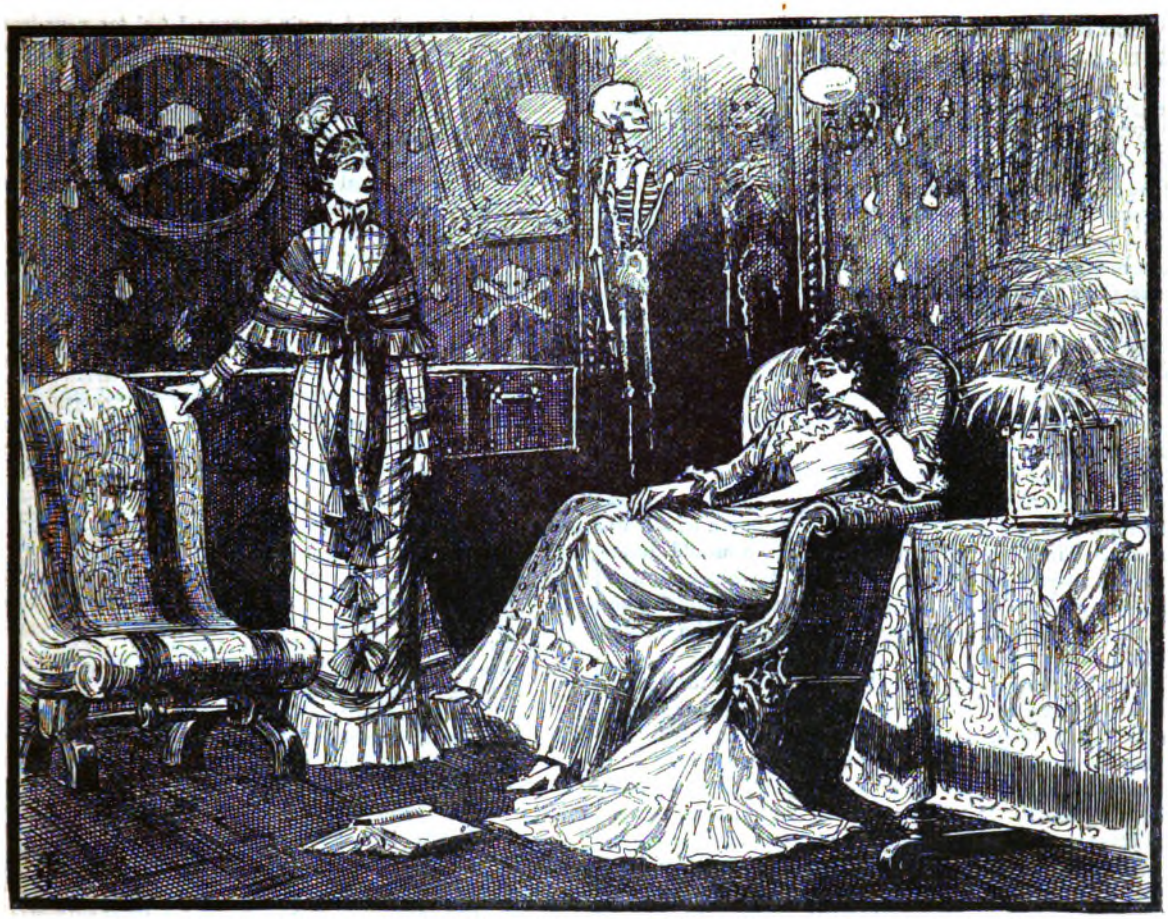
"'They are but children!' cried I, 'and they will be shot if they are taken.'

"'Yes,' said my husband; 'but if boys will play at being men, they must expect men's fate. Give them a bed, and we will see what can be done to-morrow.'

"So I took them up-stairs, and brought them water for their feet, and gave them my son's bed. Then I went down, and Peter told me that that afternoon there had been a sergeant and a squad of men in the next town searching for deserters, but finally they had gone over the borders. Then I begged of him to try some way to save them. My husband sat a long time thinking, and this was the plan which he hit upon at last: The boys were to be roused at early dawn, dressed in some of my son's clothes, and ride away upon two of our best horses. My husband was to follow them, overtake them at Lancaster, and have them arrested and imprisoned for horse-stealing. They would escape the certain fate of the deserter by a short imprisonment in the penitentiary.

"When he first proposed this plan to your son, he angrily refused to comply with it. 'A Brockway a thief!' cried he. 'Never!' But he at last gave in, and they rode away this morning, and my husband has followed them."

Inclosed in this letter was a half-finished one from



A VISIT BY MISS MARY ANDERSON TO MLLE. BERNHARDT'S BOUDOIR ORNAMENTED WITH EMBLEMS OF DEATH.

Horace, which Mrs. Stuyvesant said she had found in the pocket of the clothes which he had left behind him, and it was that Margaret had tried to read to her unsuspecting mother.

The second letter was from the lawyer who had been the counsel for the prosecution.

Mr. Stuyvesant had told him the whole story, and after Horace's conviction he wrote to Mrs. Brockway, with almost a woman's nicety of detail; told her of her son's appearance and behavior at his trial, and tried to comfort her with the assurance that the term of his imprisonment could be shortened, and a pardon finally obtained; and he offered his services to them in any way to obtain that end.

It was too soon to attempt anything now, but in a year he thought that something could be done.

The third letter was from Horace to Margaret, in which the

SARAH BERNHARDT.—THE ACTRESS IN HER STUDIO.—SEE PAGE 55.

boy pleaded with a passionate earnestness that his sister would keep his sad fate from his mother.

"It would kill her, I know, Margaret, and she never need hear of it if you do not choose. I would not have told you anything, but left you to suppose me wounded, dead, or what you would, had not Mr. Andrew told me that Mrs. Stuyvesant had written you all. Do for me now, Margie, the only thing you can do, or that I shall ever ask you: Keep silence when you need not speak."

Margie folded up the letters. She had kept silence till the ears that her words would have pained so deeply were beyond listening. Well or ill, she had fulfilled the wayward boy's request. Now she must act.

With a scantily filled purse, and Mr. Andrew's letter, she started in the depth of Winter for Lancaster to find the only man that knew or cared for her brother's fate.

Arrived at her destination, she learned that the promising young lawyer had been chosen a member of Congress, and was now at Washington.

She followed him there alone, and without a friend to help her. Timid by nature, her courage would have failed her utterly had it not been for the great motive which urged her forward. But it was a duty which she owed her brother, and the dead mother whom she would not allow to share her sorrow while living.

How to prosecute her inquiry she did not know, but remembering the name of a hotel at which she had heard many of the Northern members of Congress boarded, she went to the clerk's office and asked for Mr. Andrew.

Something in her timid air and her country dress seemed to the supercilious clerk to warrant an impertinent reply. As he uttered it, the tears forced themselves to her eyes. She lowered her vail hastily to conceal them, and, as she was passing out of the room, repeated her question to a gentleman who had been watching her unobserved.

"What do you want of him? If you will tell me, perhaps I can assist you."

"I cannot tell you—at least, not here and not now," stammered she, looking up at his gray hairs with a beseeching look.

"Come with me," said he, kindly—"come to my wife. Perhaps you will find it easier to speak to her than to me."

Something in the voice and face inspired Margaret with confidence, perhaps all the more readily because she found her overtaxed faculties giving way.

She followed Mr. Blount to his quiet parlor, where, after a little interval of rest, she told his wife, whose kind, motherly ways cheered and soothed her, her sad errand.

She could not have told it to one more ready to sympathize and assist. At their solicitation, friends started up on every side. Members of Congress, governors, generals, all interested themselves in the fate of the boy who but a week before was comparatively unknown.

From the penitentiary came accounts of Horace's good behavior and docile submission to all the requirements of his hated life. And in a month's time Margaret was on her way to Lancaster with a pardon from the President, releasing her brother from prison, and remitting his penalty as a deserter.

For her and for him Margaret's labors were over; but while working unselfishly for him, she had been unconsciously making friends for herself. Mr. Blount and his wife had grown to look upon her as a daughter, and in the next Summer Mr. Andrew found his way to the old farmhouse, a suitor of a different temperament from Roger Dearborn—one who loved her all the more because she had so nobly said, "For her, for him, and, lastly, for myself."

THE JUDGMENT OF THE SWORD.

(From the French of Coppée, by O'Shaughnessy.)

When iron-browed Guntz returned from Palestine,
Lying one night awake beside his wife,
Hilda, Sueno's daughter, in her dream
Low muttering, he heard her speak a name,
A man's name, his whose lands adjoined his own.
Jealousy seized him; he believed her false,
And, taking down his sword, half drew the blade.
But lo! the candor of that sleeping face,
Half-hid in wealth of chestnut hair, and lit
By lingering, fond looks of the moon, arrests
His hand; he hesitates, and now, rough lord
Though he is, feels love a moment more than honor.
Yet sure was Guntz his ear had heard aright.
Then Guntz took counsel of his sword—that sword
His fathers handed down invincible.
He set it up, half naked as it was,
Before the crucifix, and thus he spake:

"O sword, my sword, O trusty African,
Rebaptized in the blood of Saracens
So lately, speak! resolve me now! My wife,
Low muttering in her dream, pronounced a name,
His name whose lands are joined unto my own;
I fear her false, but yet I am not sure.
Resolve me now; I know that treachery
Aye found thee fatal, and my line's fair fame
I trust in thee, since thou hast kept it fair.
Judge now my wife! thy clear, keen look of steel
Alone shall read her innocent or false;
I know thou wouldst not have me lie beside
One among womankind less true than thou;
Whether I strike her now, or strike her not,
Judge therefore thou!"

Then, true and sure, the sword,
Knowing that, though her heart had suffered taint,
Hilda had never sinned the dreamed-of sin
With him whose name she muttered in her dream—
Then generous, yea, and yet as ever true,
Not willing that the warrior should smite
Like an assassin, sharply, of itself
The sword of Guntz slid back into the sheath.

THE DESERT OF SAHARA.

Although the name of this vast desert is familiar as a household word, few of those who speak of it are aware how much of North Africa it covers. Its area is about 3,000,000 square miles, and it extends east and west from the Valley of the Nile to the Atlantic, and north and south from the Atlas Mountains to the River Niger.

On the edge of this sandy sea is situated the City of Timbuctoo, founded by the Berbers in A.D. 1176, on the Niger. It is well built, and possesses several magnificent mosques. The largest has nine naves, a lofty tower, and measures 286 by 212 feet. The population of Timbuctoo is about 20,000, but in former times was much larger. It is the capital of Central Africa—the region known by the name of Soudan, whose peoples number about 40,000,000. At present the foreign trade with this great city is about $20,000,000 per annum, carried on by caravans, which have to cross 2,000 miles of the great desert, to the ports of Morocco, Algeria, Tunis and Tripoli.

It is evident that commerce carried on by such medieval arrangements will not suit the genius of modern times; and Mr. Donald Mackenzie, a British engineer, has proposed to flood the Sahara from the Atlantic, and thus bring Liverpool within ten or twelve days' steam of Timbuctoo, and immensely develop the trade of the country. He finds that there is a great depression in the land, called El Juf, which approaches within 100 miles of Timbuctoo.

This depression is about 500 miles long, and 120 miles wide, and its surface is 200 feet below the level of the Atlantic, from which it is separated only by an enormous sandbank.

From the salt, the shells, and other indications, it is clear that at one time this district was covered by the sea. The great mouth of this old inland sea, called Bocca Grande, lies between perpendicular rocks, which rise to about 200 feet above the sea, and is about two miles and a half wide. It will only require a ship canal of 300 yards long through the sandbank to let in the Atlantic, and reform this great tract of water; and a small cutting once dug across the bar, the rush of the sea-water would itself do the rest of the work.

When the great inland basin has again been filled, there will, no doubt, be difficulties to overcome in preventing a fresh formation of the bar. But with the example of the Suez Canal, there can be no reason to think that it may not be kept open.

It is believed that this tract of country has been unfertilized by the cutting away of forests. In A.D. 681, the Arabs found it well wooded, and with extensive lakes and streams of water. The inhabitants, sheltered by the woods, kept the invaders at bay for a century. The Arabs then destroyed the timber, and by A.D. 1200, the lakes had become salt marshes, the streams only occasionally appeared, and were swallowed up by the sterile, sandy soil. Even in our time the same process and result have been existing in some parts of the United States and in Australia. Several of the North American States have been obliged to forbid the indiscriminate destruction of timber, and to offer inducements for planting. In Nevada, the pines have been so cut away, that the result is periods of excessive drought, and the drying-up of lakes and streams. In Australia, the cutting down of the gum-trees is to be stopped by special enactment. Modern knowledge will, therefore, it is considered, prevent these countries from following the plan which, out of a smiling region of wood and water, formed the Desert of Sahara.

Besides the proposed flooding from the Atlantic, M. de Lesseps and a French engineer, Captain Roudaire, are now preparing to flood, from the Mediterranean, some other portions of this desert. These portions are the basins of Tunis and Algeria, but the extent to be covered with water is not yet publicly known. These works, when accomplished, will cause wonderful changes in North Africa, by which future generations will benefit more than the present one. Commerce, however, will be increased, and the trade in slaves diminished, and civilization and religion spread far over the land. The desert will be made to blossom as the rose, and another habitable world be recreated out of a land that old races of men had destroyed, in which new races of men will find their homes.

Mr. Mackenzie, in exploring for the purpose of the project for flooding this portion of the desert, has discovered a new route from the port of St. Bartholomew to Timbuctoo, which is only 800 miles, or 1,200 miles shorter than any other route leading to the coast. He has made the necessary preliminary arrangements for opening out this route, which is expected to result in very greatly increasing the trade with Timbuctoo and Central Africa.

PUT your heart in your work; in business, concentrate your thoughts upon it. Be ever ready to learn; strive to excel; be in earnest.

THERE are few things in life more interesting than an unrestricted interchange of ideas with a congenial spirit; and there are few things more rare.

SARAH BERNHARDT, AND HER "LOGE" AT THE COMEDIE FRANCAISE.

PARIS, *Aug.* 15, 1879.—At the Comédie Française, where the stage traditions still exist as they did in the time of Molière—where the actors are still proud to be called his children, there is a door with the inscription "No. 1," and below, the name "Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt."

It is here—— Let us pass the threshold; let us pass in and make our bow to this queen of art. Here in this boudoir she wields her sceptre and holds her court; here, far from the protecting arm of the *sergent de ville*, lies this crown diamond.

First we pass through a sort of antechamber, scarcely measuring more than a square yard, then through a doorway hung with a heavy *portière*, and we are in the reception-room.

The whole room is papered in dark red; the half-obscurity, even severity, is still further heightened by the black velvet picture-frames, studded with gilt nails, that hang upon the walls; but all these dark surroundings only serve to bring the room's mistress out in bolder relief. Who that has seen that face can forget it?—a face with genius stamped on every feature, but a look of fixed melancholy in the eyes, which vanishes with her ever-changing expression. I have never seen any one on the stage or off whose expression was capable of so many changes; after seeing her and hearing her talk, the statement of the man who declared "he could tell what she said by merely watching her face" scarcely seems an exaggeration.

On the walls hang several pictures—here a photograph of the balloon of the Tuileries Garden; there a sketch of Sarah in the *rôle* of *Gabrielle*, by her friend, Louise Abbema; some curious little Chinese figures embroidered on silk panels; an engraving—"The Crowning of Voltaire"; a caricature of fashions; the Invisibles in *tête-à-tête*. On a pedestal stands a bust by Matheus Meunier, the man who has made a sculptress of Sarah. Between the doors hangs an oil-painting, "Hanged," by Griffon—unpleasant in subject to the last degree, being corpses hung from a gibbet, reduced to skeletons by birds of prey. Further on a death's-head looks at us with a ghastly grin, and on the mantelpiece is a sort of companion to it—a bronze of Clessuger's, called "Nothing." An owl has discovered a skull, the forehead still encircled with the remains of a kingly crown; nevertheless, the eye-sockets are empty, and the owl finds "nothing."

So at every turn our eyes meet the same dismal subjects. Death! death always, like the skeleton at the old Egyptian feasts. In the midst of gayety, Sarah surrounds herself with objects that must keep the end of life always in her mind. A most singular thing it is that this image of death seems to be continually following this woman. Enough has already been said of the coffin she keeps at her house. Only the other day she was photographed in a shroud, as rigid and death-like as though already dead.

One evening, while they were playing "The Sphinx," Febvre handed her a slip of white paper in a gray envelope, and asked her to write down her deepest thought on it. Why, she did not take the trouble to ask. Febvre had that day made a similar request of all the *Sociétaires*, varying it according to the person.

An album was made of these pieces of paper, and on the first page Sarah drew a sketch of Genius crowning Molière and Shakespeare. The whole was dedicated to his Highness the Prince of Wales, by the artists of the Comédie Française.

CLAIRIN'S PORTRAIT OF MLLE. BERNHARDT.

But to return to the thought—between the acts she meditated, scratching with a pencil on an album bound in gray linen, entirely filled with charming drawings. In this album, during the rehearsals of "Ruy Blas," Mlle. Abbema sketched the wonderful costume Sarah wore in the first acts of that play as *Queen*.

I read the thought that first entered her mind, and I give it *verbatim*—it is an answer from "The Sphinx": "Think without ceasing of death, so you will escape the fear of it in your last moments."

Afterward, doubtless, the idea did not suit her, for with one stroke of her pencil she scratched it out, and, turning the paper over, wrote:

"Egotism is a vice or a virtue: a virtue for intelligent men who know how to use it; a vice for fools."

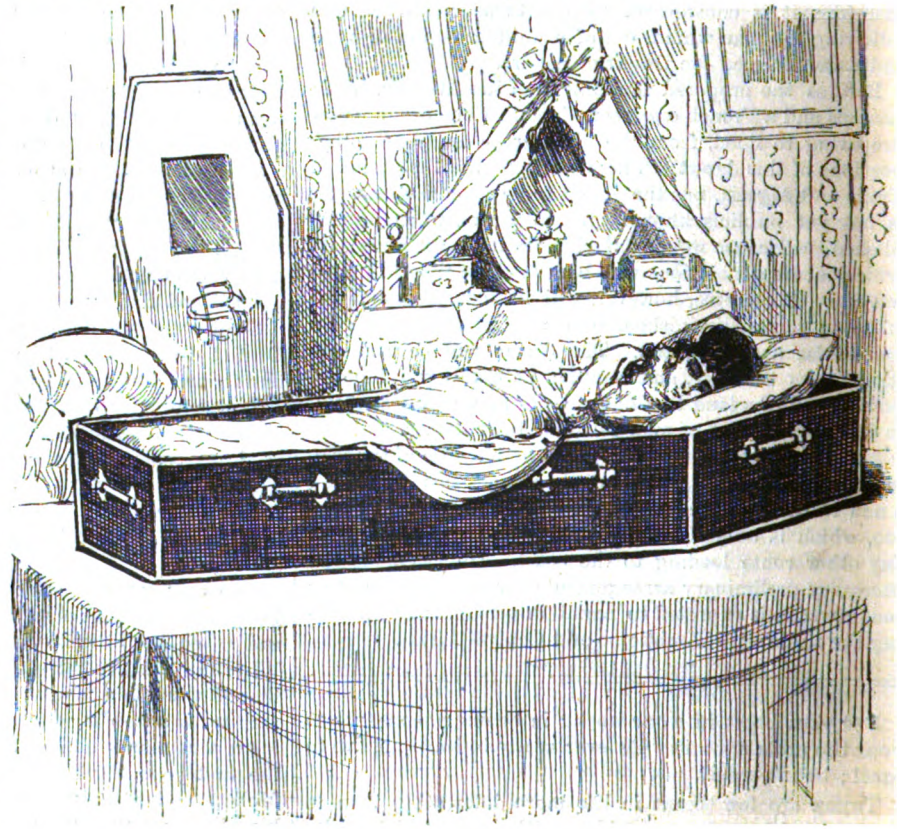
There is generally a numerous assemblage gathered in her *loge*. The talk runs on all subjects — literature, art, poetry; and politics, sometimes.

Sarah moves among them, smiling and chatting—a slender, buoyant figure—so light, she scarcely seems to touch the ground she treads. All the sylphs of Rosecrucian legend seem for the moment embodied in her.

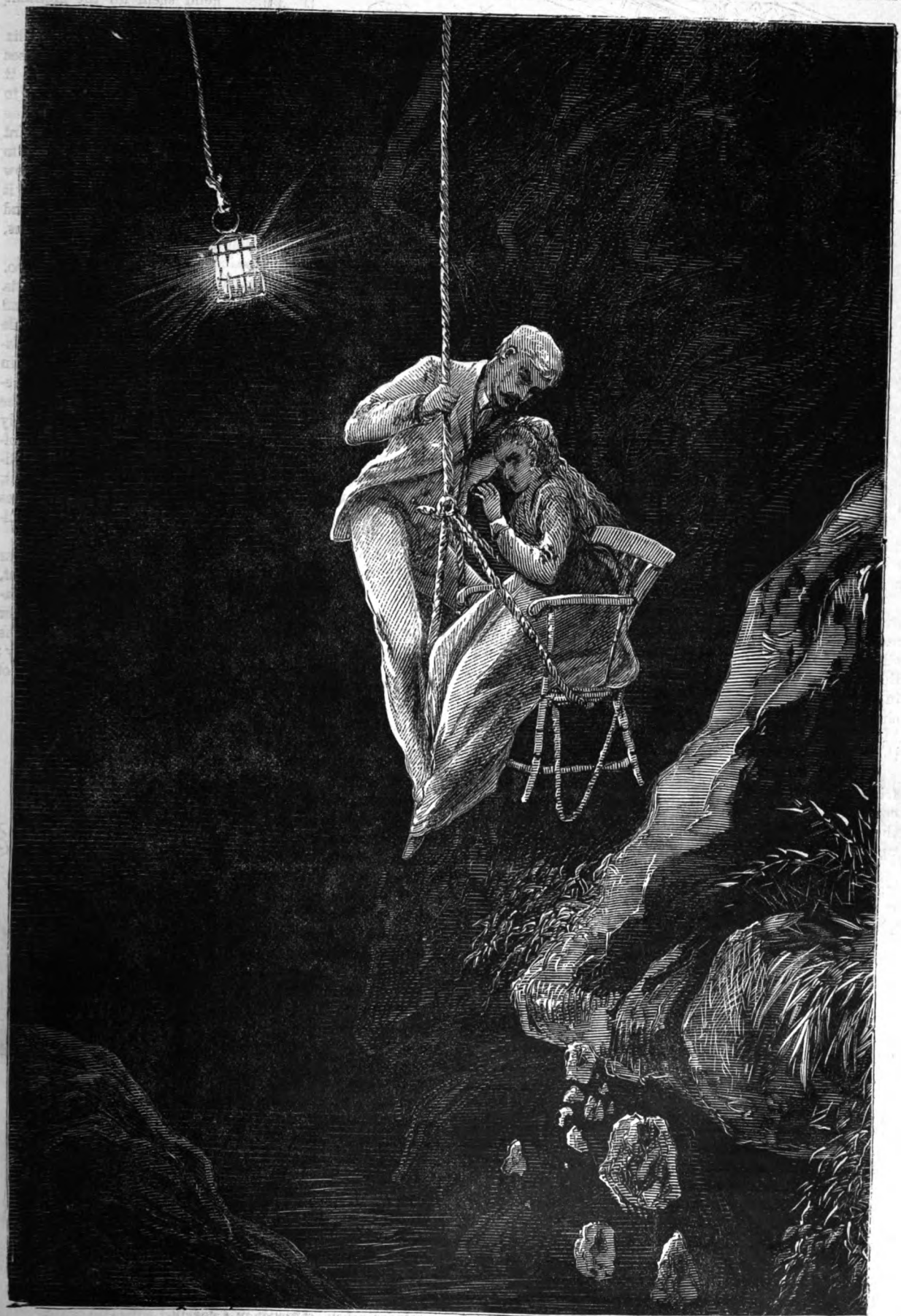
"Often," writes Felix Champsaur, "she converses in a voice so sweet that it can only be compared to music; passing from one theme to another like a bird going from branch to branch, now flying, now resting, until finally it stretches its wings and mounts into the heavens, singing always."

Coquelin comes there, too, when politics and Gambetta allow him the time, and smiles a self-satisfied smile as they ask his advice—Napoleon and Talma, Coquelin and Gambetta—history repeats itself. Coquelin, the father, listens admiringly while his eldest talks; Croizette discusses grave military topics with Maubant, while Reichemberg gives vent to her ideas on the culinary art.

Perhaps the famous tear is not yet forgotten—that, during the first representation of "Hernani," Victor Hugo sent to *Dona Sol* (Sarah Bernhardt). During the rehearsals of "Ruy Blas," he wept often and copiously; consequently, Sarah is expecting a perfect flood of



A CURIOUS FANCY—SLEEPING IN A COFFIN.



TEMPEST.—"BURDENED NOW WITH THE WEIGHT OF THE BRAVE GIRL, WARREN WAS IN DANGER OF BEING SWUNG AGAINST THE SIDE OF THE CLIFF AND DASHED TO PIECES."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

epistolary tears. But as far as I can understand, she is still waiting.

These two lines of Musset seen on the poet's table, written conspicuously in the middle of a large sheet of paper, may unravel the mystery :

"Hélas, je doute des larmes,
C'est que je l'ai vue pleurer."

RAOUL.

TEMPEST.

THEY called her Tempest, as other girls were called by such pet names as Daisy, Pearl, or Darling, because it suited her. Never mind what her name was, Tempest was her very own, describing, as no other word could, her brilliant dark beauty ; her talents, as eccentric as they were dazzling ; her capricious, varying moods ; and her fierce, ungovernable temper.

She was an orphan, living with an old uncle who worshiped and, it must be confessed, feared her, and there was no voice to say "nay" to her most startling extravagances, her most daring disregard of all forms and ceremonies. Her will was as imperious and as uncontrolled as if she were a reigning empress.

With her wealth, her wonderful beauty, the panther-like grace of her figure and movements, and her winning manners, it was no marvel that Tempest was a belle. We were all ready to do her homage. Herman Estynge, who was the critic of the circle, pronounced her "peerless," and, in one word, sealed her standing. She treated hearts as she did her jewels, wearing them conspicuously, parading her victims at ball, opera, or drive, and coolly dropping them for new ones as caprice dictated.

"Men were such pests," she told her confidential friends, when this one's despair or that one's falsity were commented upon, and paler beauties were fain to hear their knights' confessions that had first sworn allegiance upon Tempest's banner.

Would any love conquer the proud, willful heart? was a question her uncle asked himself often, as one discomfited suitor after another retired from momentous interviews with him. Tempest would rave if he remonstrated, her large black eyes flashing with anger, her little white hand clinched, and her lithe figure erect ; but ere the words could wound him, the soft white arms would encircle his neck, kisses fall upon his white hairs, and a voice of melodious sweetness plead with him.

"I love only you. Will you drive me away from home? There is no one who would love and pet me as you do, uncle. Poor Tempest would wear out any patience but yours." And peace would be concluded by tender caresses and loving kisses.

When Warren Rawlings came from Europe, we watched with deep interest the introduction to Tempest. A very prince amongst men we all owned him to be—would he bend to this queen of women ?

Apparently not. One bow, a glance of involuntary admiration at her rich, glowing beauty, and Warren Rawlings turned again to Agnes Sears, the fair blonde who contested the belledom of the season with our Tempest.

It was rather entertaining to watch the game.

Agnes Sears, cold as an icicle, dignified, reserved and stately, a perfect contrast to our impetuous Tempest, accepted the attentions of Warren with apparent indifference ; but one glance of triumph, shot from her languid blue eyes, quickened a latent jealousy in Tempest, and roused all her powers of attraction. She had walked triumphantly nearly through the season — should she lose this latest, greatest prize ?

Warren did not travel with us, but we had promised to wait his coming before we made the ascent of Mount Washington, and he thus enforced upon us a week of rest. Tempest was restless, spending whole days in solitary wanderings. Agnes was in her own cold fashion fastening her chains around Boyd Craige, who counted his money by millions, but in whose handsome head Dame Nature had omitted to place the brains. The vacuum, however, at this time was filled, apparently, by the image of Agnes Sears.

Late in the afternoon Warren arrived. We were all upon the porch, excepting Tempest. Agnes, dressed in something blue that was thin and light as Summer clouds, was leaning with easy grace against a vine-trellis, letting the leaves form an effective frame for her fair beauty, while she sang, with her clear soprano, a mountain-song she had learned in Switzerland.

I imagined that Warren gave a quick, inquiring glance at our party, and that a fleeting shade of disappointment crossed his handsome face, but in a second it was gone, if indeed it was ever there. In a moment he was telling us the last city news, the freshest items of gossip, the incidents of his journey, and cause of his delay. Greetings over, Agnes resumed her interrupted song at Warren's request, while he sat at her feet upon the low porch-steps.

The sun was setting, and the golden light surrounded Tempest like a halo. Her thin black dress, touched here and there with vivid scarlet spots, glowed as if these were tongues of flame. In the broad glossy braids of her heavy black hair were twisted tiny, star-shaped scarlet flowers. Agnes in her shaded spot was a cool shadow beside this personation of living, glowing sunshine.

The last echoes of the mountain-song died away, and before a word of praise or comment could be spoken, Tempest sang.

I have heard voices that the world at home and abroad praised and applauded ; I have listened entranced to the queens of song, and given the touch of gloved hands as my meed of applause ; but I have never heard a voice that could carry my soul away as Tempest's could.

Gay ! She could make the saddest laugh. Sad ! She could draw tears from the most merry.

A rich contralto, without one coarse tone, womanly in sweetness, with a power and strength rarely equaled. Compared to the sweet soprano of Agnes Sears, it was like organ-tones heard after a flute.

She was sad. A minor strain of infinite sweetness opened her song, and as the rich, full tones floated out upon the air, more than one tear glittered in the eyes of her listeners.

Involuntarily, Warren leaned toward the singer, his soul in his eyes as he gazed at her, drinking in the wondrous strains. She looked at him, smiled once, and without prelude burst forth into a glad, jubilant strain, ringing with merriment and triumph.

I saw Agnes clinch her white hand once, and bend to speak to Warren.

He only raised his hand, as if he feared to lose even one note.

The song over, Tempest dashed into conversation before a word of compliment could be spoken. She was in one of her most tempestuous moods, witty, saucy, brilliant, full of witching coquetries and winsome grace.

When the moon rose, we had music again. Warren sang, and others joined in glees and choruses, but no entreaties could win one more note from Tempest or Agnes, nor could the most observant say that Warren was more attentive to one than to the other.

He turned from Tempest, after a gay passage of witticisms, to enfold Agnes in a soft white shawl, when she shivered in the cool evening air; he left Agnes, after a sentimental discussion of Tennyson, to clasp a falling bracelet upon Tempest's round arm.

We "did the mountain," and were homeward bound when our adventure occurred.

Slightly swerving from the road was a deep gully, probably formed by rain, and about twelve feet deep — not more — to its bottom. But this bottom, some five or six feet wide, was formed of jagged rocks, pointing upward; and beyond this yawned a precipice, a deep, black gulf, at the bottom of which, hundreds of feet below, we could hear the rush of water.

We all stood a moment, looking downward.

"Easy to get down there," some one said, "but hard to climb up."

"Not safe, if you are down," said a guide. "The shelf last year was nearly two feet wider; but the rocks fall off at the edge. A heavy weight would carry the whole mass down."

This last remark was solely for my benefit, for the others had gone forward.

"I think," he added, as we also moved away, "that three or four hundred pounds would carry that shelf down."

Darkness was gathering, and we had a long walk still, if we were to reach the hotel by nightfall, so we walked rapidly forward.

As we came up to the main party, I noticed Agnes Sears and a little brunette, who was her confidential friend, lingering a little behind the others.

"Was it the bracelet Boyd Craige gave you, Agnes?"

"Yes. I missed it when we were looking down that gully they made such a fuss over. I did not see anything so frightful about it. I have been down worse places since we came here, and climbed up again safely."

It was quite dark when we reached the base of the mountain, and stopped to rest.

At once we missed Agnes Sears and Minnie Wallis. Before there was time for more than a wondering exclamation, we heard Minnie calling, and she ran toward us:

"Help! Help! Agnes has fallen down the gully!"

A shudder ran through us all.

"She saw her bracelet, and thought she could get it; but just at the bottom of the slope she missed her footing, and fell! I called to her, but she did not answer, so I hurried after you!"

One moment of silent horror, and then Tempest spoke:

"Go for lanterns and ropes! Bring a chair! She may be too much hurt to hold a rope. I will tell her you are coming!"

Before a word of opposition could be spoken, she was speeding away, throwing aside her cloak and wraps, to leave her movements free, in her short mountain-dress.

Sending the ladies of the party forward with one of the guides, the gentlemen hurriedly retraced their steps, the guides uncoiling ropes as they walked, lighting lanterns and jointing a mountain-chair to fasten to a rope.

We spoke but little—the horror was too great for words.

We were nearly at our journey's end, when we heard Tempest's superb voice, in a ringing cry:

"Here! She is alive! Come quickly!"

In the darkness, brave Tempest had made the perilous descent, and was on the rocky shelf, holding the head of the injured girl in her strong arms. A lantern was lowered first, then a pocket-flask, and then Warren prepared to go down. A cry from Tempest arrested his steps.

"Do not come here! Your weight would hurl us all down!" Her tone was that of wild entreaty. "Hold him! Do not let him come here!"

"Can you lift Miss Sears to the chair?" Boyd asked, as Warren stood erect again.

"Easily. She has hurt her arm, and is faint. Lower the chair and ropes to bind her in. Make haste, for the rocks are loose."

And to make her words true, we could hear pieces of rock bounding down the abyss, and splashing in the water below.

"The lady is right," said a guide, as the chair was slowly lowered over the edge of the cliff. "Any added weight would certainly hurl all down the precipice. The chair is down. God bless the brave girl! she has lifted her friend to the chair, and is tying her firmly in. How cool she is, with those rocks crumbling under her very feet!"

It was as he said. Tempest had lifted Agnes in her strong young arms, and was fastening her in the chair, taking time to do it securely.

Suddenly she shouted:

"Quick! Raise the chair! The rock is giving way, Warren! I have saved her for you!"

The chair rose slowly, and we heard a crash that sickened us all, as the great mass of rock loosened, and rolled thundering down the abyss. We scarcely dared look again. The lantern hung still over the gulf, and clinging still to the narrow shelf, barely a hold for her little hands, we saw Tempest.

"Can you hold?" we shouted.

"Quick!" was the answer, and the voice now was faint.

Oh, the eternity it seemed before the chair was over the cliff, and Warren swung over to make the descent, now so doubly hazardous!

"Hold fast!" he cried. "I am coming to you."

Quickly and carefully he approached the clinging figure, till, with one swing, he caught her in his grasp, and folded her in his arms.

One shout from all above greeted him; but the danger was not yet over. Burdened now with the weight of the brave girl, Warren was in danger of swinging against the side of the cliff, and being dashed to pieces.

Tempest, still self-possessed, saw the danger, and reaching up, grasped the rope firmly with one hand. So, slowly and with bated breath, we drew them to the edge of the cliff. There, strong hands grasped each, and they were lifted into a place of safety.

Agnes, who was recovering slowly, dropped her icy mask, as she poured forth her thanks, kissing the cheeks and lips of her preserver.

"Come!" said an imperative voice, "this will not do! Miss Sears, we will carry your chair to the hotel, and make a litter for——"

"Me?" interrupted Tempest. "I can walk."

Warren offered his arm, and the party formed in procession, Agnes being carried like a conquering queen in advance. But a little in the rear two figures lingered.

"Tempest," said a rich, manly voice, that quivered a little with emotion, "was it indeed to save Agnes for me that you periled your own life?"

For a moment there was no answer. Something of the old wayward spirit tempted the girl to answer saucily, but in the solemn moment so lately passed, the violent temper of the past had fled from her for ever.

LIFE AND LOVE IN NORWAY.—THE FIRST MEETING OF THE LOVERS.—SEE PAGE 62.

LIFE AND LOVE IN NORWAY.—CROWNING THE BRIDE.—SEE PAGE 62.

"We are even," she said, quietly. "If I saved her life, you have paid the debt, for you certainly saved mine."

"And do you think," he said, with earnest vehemence, "her life is equal to yours in my eyes? Do you think I value her cold, calculating brain as I do your warm, impulsive heart, my darling? Oh, Tempest, I can be silent no longer! I have not dared to speak before, for men's hearts have been playthings in your hands, and I dreaded a repulse. But surely, if for my sake you would have risked your life to save one you deemed dear to me, you will give me the life you say I have saved? "Tempest!" his voice was steady now and solemn, "in my hand as I came to you was an open clasp-knife. Can you guess for what?"

The girl's soul must have read his own, for she answered at once:

"If I had fallen, you would have cut the rope that bound you."

"And followed you, Tempest."

LIFE AND LOVE IN NORWAY.

An enthusiastic tourist writes from Norway: Do you wish your lungs to expand, your eyes to dilate, your muscles to spring, and your spirits to leap? Then come to Norway! I repeat it—be you man or woman, grave or gay—come to Norway, and you will receive much satisfaction, I assure you. Are you a man?—you will find subject and occasion for your manhood. Are you a woman?—you will find yourself at the fountain-head of the sublime and beautiful. Are you scientific?—the rocks are bold and bare, the flora rich and varied. Birds and beasts of many kinds are there; glaciers, too, miles and miles of them, filling up the valleys, and covering the mountain-tops—awaiting the inspection of your critical eye. Are you a painter?—there is ample field for the wildest pencil and the boldest brush. Are you a fisher?—here is your paradise: but you must be a fisher of the rough school—not "a follower of the gentle art." Can you wade all day in snow-water? Can you swim down a roaring rapid—perchance shoot over a cataract, and count it but a trifle—with a twenty-foot rod in your hands, and a thirty pound salmon at the end of your line, making for the sea at the rate of twenty miles an hour?—then, by all means, come to Norway. Are you a daring mountaineer?—the mountains of Gamle Norge (Old Norway), though not so high as those of the Himalaya range, are high enough for most men. The eagle will guide you to heights—if you can follow him—on which the human foot has never rested.

Do you love the sunshine?—think of the great luminary that rules the day, rolling through the bright blue sky all the twenty-four hours round. There is no night here in Summer, but a long, bright, beautiful day, as if Nature were rejoicing in the banishment of darkness from earth.

But, above all, do you love simplicity, urbanity, unsophisticated kindness in man? Are you a student of human nature, and fond of dwelling on its brighter aspects? Then, once more, I say come to Norway, for you will find her sons and daughters overflowing with the milk of human kindness. In the regular highways of the country, indeed, travelers of every class and nation are common enough now. But there are still regions—plenty of them—in Norway, where travelers have never been. This fact is a matter of rejoicing in these days of railroads and steamboats.

But even in the most unexplored of these regions, you may be sure that the same human heart beats in the breasts of young maiden and young man as everywhere else in the wide world. The kinship of our common nature will be demonstrated in the series of illustrations of "Life and Love in Norway."

Throughout Norway generally the costume of the people is of an uncommonly sombre hue. But when a Norse girl marries, she comes out for once in brilliant plumage. She decks herself out in the gaudiest of habiliments, with a profusion of gold and silver ornaments. The most conspicuous part of her costume is a crown of pure silver-gilt, and a scarlet cloth breast-piece, which is thickly studded with silver-gilt brooches and beads of various hues, besides little round mirrors.

This breast-piece and the crown usually belong, not to the bride, but to the district! They are a species of public property hired out by each bride on her wedding-day for the sum of about one dollar and twenty-five cents. This costume is gorgeous, and remarkably becoming, especially when worn by a fair-haired, blue-eyed and pretty Norse girl.

Lady di Beauclerk, in "A Summer and Winter in Norway," says: "The native peasant jewelry is very pretty, and curiously like that of the *Contadine* of Rome, with the exception of the crowns for the brides; the said crown is like what a king wears in a pantomime, and each well-to-do peasant has one in his family, which is worn by his daughters and relations on their wedding-day."

At the church, on the wedding-day, all eyes were turned to the doorway, and to the thick avenue of trees which led to the porch. Through it advances a stately procession, headed by a gold-crowned figure, her long hair waving in the breeze. Has she stepped down from some Roman Catholic altar? She is attired as they love to re-represent the Madonna, ornament upon ornament twining round her neck and falling upon her breast.

A fine young man follows reverently a few paces behind; then some venerable, hoary-headed figures; a troop of maidens with towers and tight bodices glide after, lengthen, and close the scene. They advance, enter the porch, and seat themselves around the walls of the outer chapel, the bridegroom alone standing.

The bashful bride leans on her mother—a hale old woman, in dark homespun cloth, richly bordered with gold embroidery, open in front, and gold-inserted bodice, covered with brooches. The father is full of dignity, waving his long gray locks; his dress, quaint in style, made of rough blue cloth, fastened with silver buttons, the edges bound with deep crimson; white stockings, knitted with very patient needles, and fastened at the knee with crimson ribbon; silver-buckled shoes, and broad-brimmed hat, completed him. The bridesmaids showed a pretty row of dimpled chins beneath the 'hundred-weights'; their bodices, cut square, allowed the white underdress to come up to the neck and hang below the short sleeves; their aprons, of smartest design, were fastened with handsome classic belts. Still prettier were the tiny children, dressed the same, in little gold bodices and towers all complete, looking like the dolls one buys to commemorate the costume of a country.

All the party waited, with the greatest patience, their feet on the cold stones during the whole service and very long sermon, which gave us an excellent opportunity of sketching them in detail, particularly the bride, who sat very meekly, with her hands in her muff of lace and embroidery.

In our picture the expectant bride is represented "trying on" the gorgeous and fateful crown at home, before she sets out for the church.

When Christianity had been introduced into Northern Europe, the Church tried to root out certain old heathenish

customs—which, nevertheless, are still deeply rooted there—by ordaining that "only chaste brides should wear the coronet." The crown worn by our bride betokens, therefore, her innocence. But it also signifies that she is the Queen of the Day. Moreover, in Norway, as in Sweden, the wedding has, from time out of mind, been always looked on as a sort of coronation; and, therefore, the man from thenceforward was hailed King of his Home, or master in his own house.

Upon being told that the bride's father is a descendant of the old barons, as the bridegroom is a descendant of the Vikings, you will not be surprised at their "noble air," or at seeing among the group accompanying them out of church the forms of countenances and figures to which we are accustomed, without, perhaps, having any distinct meaning, to attach the word "noble." Lang testifies that the Norwegian peasants themselves "have all the high feeling of a conquering and unconquered race; and since the time of Harold Haarfage, in the ninth century, when the small kings were sent forth from Norway to found the aristocracies of Europe, Norway has remained, even by its annexation to Denmark and Sweden, unmoved by any internal readjustments—a democracy of aristocrats. In the remote glens of the North there are said to be families which can trace their descent from the days of Harold Haarfage." At all events, the moral qualities of the Norwegian are exactly those which an aristocracy of birth in its purest state professes.

But to return to our bride, the Queen of the Day, and to her bridegroom, the descendant of the Vikings. Upon coming out of the church, as before she entered it, the wedding-party must pause for a while in the churchyard, so that the congregation may again feast its eyes upon the bride's finery. All the omens have been auspicious. The marriage has taken place during the first quarter of the moon, so that the circumstances of the young couple promise to be constantly improving. On the night preceding her nuptials the bride had a boy-baby to sleep with her, so that her first-born may be a son. The ornaments worn by her glitter and shine in the most commendable and commendatory fashion. No horses neighed, no violin-strings snapped during the nuptial procession to the church; no hair fell from the heads of her bridesmaids during the ceremony. The wedding *cortége* kept well together on the way to church. Early in the morning it rained just enough to foretoken a numerous offspring, without too long darkening the sunshine of the day. Whilst the connubial knot was being tied, the bride luckily remembered that it is needful for her, if she wishes in after years to have the upper hand of the house, to place her foot in advance of that of the bridegroom, and to drop, as if by accident, her handkerchief or her glove upon the floor, which he, out of politeness, picks up. His fate will then be to bend the back during the whole of his wedded life. When the pair were at the altar they inclined their heads toward each other, in the belief that the affection thus mutually expressed will be lastingly blessed. The bride also stood as close as possible to the bridegroom, so that the "Evil Eye" might not come between them, and thus cause strife and variance, or separation and death.

All these favorable portents have combined to put everybody in the best spirits, and now the wedding-party is about to ride gayly off to the house of the bride. Before starting, the mother will carefully pin up her red petticoat from the mud for the transit. Upon arriving, the guests, seated at a long table spread with all the Norwegian delicacies of the season—game, cream, eggs, *flatbröd* and porridge—will take alternate bits of each, quaffing ale out of the great drinking-cup, which will go round and round till it brisks even those "most unaccustomed to public speaking" into saying something.

Then will come kissing the bridesmaids, and the dance, including the act of "dancing the coronet off the bride's head," the chairing of the bride, her disappearance, her reappearance attired as a young matron, and, in fine, an incessant round of festivities, lasting for three days, and sometimes even longer.

However monotonous the future life of the young married couple may be, it opens with a splendor and a joy not unworthy of their noble and royal origin.

The last cut in our series of illustrations of "Life and Love in Norway" represents "The Grandparents' Visit" after the birth of the young married couple's first child. The old people manifestly renew their youth upon this joyful occasion. While the grandmother fondles the babe in her lap, the grandfather will drink heartily to the little one's health and future happiness.

One of the strongest of the amiable traits of the Norwegians is their fond pride in their offspring. Should a mother present her baby to you, she will call it her *smool bürn* (pronounced *barn*)—her pretty child, or bairn, *smool* being the Norse word for pretty. And it is a curious fact, worthy of particular note, that all the mothers in Norway think their bairns *smook*, very *smook*, and they never hesitate to tell you so. Why, you cannot imagine, unless it be that if you were not told you would not be likely to find it out yourself.

Nor is the father in Norway less fond than the mother of their *smook bürn*. A recent tourist, Mr. R. M. Ballantyne, testifies to this fact, in an amusing account of his visit to the fat and good-humored people living near a branch of the Sogney fjord, which runs between stupendous mountains about a hundred miles into the interior of the country. According to the unvarying experience of travelers in Norway, he found the natives kind and hospitable. He says: "One bluff, hearty fellow of about fifty, with fair hair, a round, oily countenance and bright blue eyes, took me off to see his wife and family." On the way the new acquaintance contrived to keep up an imperfect conversation by means of smiles and nods and gesticulations, the tourist having soon exhausted Murray's list of sentences and taken refuge in a mixture of bad Norse and broad Scotch, and the Norwegian telling him innumerable stories, of which he did not comprehend a sentence. "But nevertheless," he tells us, "I looked as if I did, smiled, and nodded my head, and said '*Ya, ya*,' to which he always replied, '*Ya, ya*,' waving his arms, and slapping his chest, and rolling his eyes.

"The cottage was a curious little thing—a sort of huge toy, perched on a rock close to the water's edge. If it had slipped off that rock—a catastrophe which had at least the appearance of being possible—it would have plunged into forty or fifty fathoms water, so steep were the hills and so deep the sea at that place. Here my friend found another subject to expatiate upon and dance round, in the shape of his own baby—a soft, smooth counterpart of himself—which lay sleeping, like Cupid, in its crib. The man was evidently extremely fond of this infant, not to say proud of it. He went quite into ecstasies about it; now gazing at it with looks of pensive admiration; anon starting and looking at me, as if to say, 'Did you ever in all your life behold such a beautiful cherub?' The man's enthusiasm was really catching. I began to feel quite a paternal interest in the cherub myself.

"'*Oh!*' he cried, in rapture, '*det er smook bürn*.'

"'*Ya, ya*,' said I, '*megit smook*' (very pretty), although I must confess that *smoked* bairn would have been equally appropriate, for it was as brown as a herring."

LIFE AND LOVE IN NORWAY.—THE MARRIED COUPLE.—SEE PAGE 62.

NOT GUILTY.—"THEY CARRIED HIM IN THROUGH THE GREAT DOOR, INTO THE LONG DRAWING-ROOM, ALL FLOWER-DECKED FOR HIS NUPTIALS, AND THERE LAID HIM DOWN IN SIGHT OF EVERY ONE."

"NOT GUILTY!"

By ETTA W. PIERCE.

Chapter I.—"A Laggard in Love."

A raw, sunless day in early June. A flat, gray Massachusetts beach, dotted with gulls and sand-pipers, and swept by the searching east wind which loves at all seasons of the year to whistle its chilly tune along the New England coast. There had been a storm on the previous night, and heaps of drift lay all about the sands, like the relics of a hard-fought battle. Clouds still hung low upon the horizon, and the bay looked vexed and white after its recent lashing. With sharp, regular reports, the surf broke against the beach—broke, and spattered with its powdery spray two young persons who were walking among the salt pools and over the drenched sands, grandly oblivious to east winds and influenza, and all other little discomforts pertaining to a raw day on the seashore.

Two persons—one, a shabby young fellow, with a sober, rugged face, a pair of brown eyes and a dejected air—heaven knows that he had good reason to feel dejected at that particular moment! The other was a girl, as bright and tantalizing as some fabled naiad of the deep. Figure—neither tall nor short, but simply perfect; hair—black, shot through and through with golden gleams, like the tresses of poor Charlotte Corday; skin—dazzlingly white,

like a newly opened tuberose; eyes—gray, but so dark and lustrous that they seemed black—defiant, mischievous eyes, made to work grievous trouble to the unwary of mankind; nose—Grecian; mouth—scarlet and saucy, formed only for smiles and kisses; chin—dimpled; throat—firm and white, half concealed by a floating gray vail.

In a year's journey one would not meet a more enchanting face.

"Meg"—it was the shabby young fellow who was speaking, and his voice was full of pain and chagrin—"can't you bring yourself to care for me a little—a very little? I've loved you—well, I cannot remember when I did *not* love you! It was long before you left Beach Hall for school. Of course, I've nothing to offer you now; a poor devil of a law-student has no right to talk of marriage—but sometime, Meg—sometime, when I have won a position in the world—when I am not ashamed to ask Colonel Dysart for his niece, do you think—would you—could you——"

His voice failed him altogether.

They had reached an old hulk half buried in the shifting sands of Gull Beach. Meg Dysart stopped short, and planting her back against the skeleton ribs of the ancient wreck, looked at her lover with bright, disdainful eyes.

"No, Robin, I do not think I could, or would—in fact, I am confident that I could not—would not! You are not my style at all."

He had paused before her, with his hands in his pockets, and was digging his heels disconsolately into the wet sands.

"Am I not?" he queried, mournfully.

"Idiotic question! You know yourself that you are not. When I marry—which, of course, will not be for ages to come—I shall choose a husband like—like——"

"Well, out with it!" said Robin Leith.

"Like Constance's Southern lover!" cried Meg, defiantly. "Oh, he is just heavenly, Robin! Blue eyes, golden hair! I adore that kind of beauty. Any girl, save Constance, would be in ecstasies over such an Adonis. It was very shabby of her not to invite you to the wedding. But she likes to snub my particular friends."

The surf beat loudly at their feet; the white sail of a coaster flitted by, ghost-like, on the gray horizon.

Robin Leith looked gloomily at the speaker. It was a comfort to know that this man whom she was praising was the lover of another woman—that in a few hours, at most, he would be safely married. The fact made her words a trifle less bitter.

"Beauty is a woman's prerogative," said Leith, savagely. "Blue eyes, golden hair—bah! What business has a *man* with such things? And who gave you a list of this Southerner's charms?"

She laughed mischievously.

"I have seen his portrait, painted on porcelain; that tells the story. In her amiable moods, Constance exhibits it with pride."

Leith shrugged his shoulders.

"I suppose he hasn't arrived at Beach Hall yet?"

"No; he is expected to-night, in time for his own wedding. Ah, Robin, I would that your eyes could behold the dress which I am to wear!—the loveliest, sweetest pink silk, straight from a New York *modiste*, and the colonel has given me a set of pearls. I am to be bridesmaid, you know. Of her own will, Constance would never have chosen me for the place, but nunky would force the honor upon me, and she dare not displease him. Tell me, shall I not look lovely in pink silk and pearls?"

She gazed saucily up into his morose face. Her rich hair was blowing in the wind, the crimson *bournous* which wrapped her shoulders lent a glow to her white-rose skin Her incomparable eyes shone with anticipated delights. Robin Leith, poor young law-student, hopeless, infatuated lover, could only groan in spirit.

"You are lovely in anything. I would as soon see you in calico as in pink silk; but I dare say there'll be plenty of snobs at Miss North's wedding to admire you—maybe you'll find among them some one like this New Orleans fellow—this blonde Adonis—what's his proper name?"

"Mr. Danton Moultrie," she answered, sweetly.

His rugged face grew red with wrath and pain.

"It's hard, Meg—abominably hard! I used to think you liked me; you always acted as if you liked me."

She buried the toe of her stylish little boot deep in the wet sand.

"Like you? Of course; but there's a great difference between liking and loving, Rob."

"True."

"I came out upon the beach," said Miss Dysart, with sudden resentment, "to escape from Constance and the general hubbub indoors, and lo! I meet you, and fall into new torments! I hate love-making, anyway, and yours is the very worst I ever heard in my life!"

He stepped straight toward her. He had grown quite white, and his voice was as hoarse as a raven's.

"Meg! Oh, darling, if you would only give me a chance!"

She put out one delicately gloved hand to hold him off.

"How unreasonable you are! Do I not tell you that if I ever marry, which isn't likely, I shall choose some grand seignior? no other sort of a person would please the colonel or myself. I am a proud little beast, Robin—proud and worldly, and full of greed. Now, you are good, you know, but oh, so dreadfully commonplace and tiresome! Go home, do, and study your law-books!"

She was as cruel as death. His close, grave lips twitched spasmodically.

"You will leave me no hope, then?"

"Not a bit."

"You do not, you never can, care for me?"

"I do not, I never can, care for you. Good-by. Constance will want me—the colonel will want me, and I am not sure that the pink silk is quite ready. You will read a full account of the wedding in the *Sea Gull Chronicle*."

The next moment the crimson *bournous* and the dazzling, mocking face had vanished from the old wreck—Miss Dysart was flitting away up the beach. Like a statue stood Robin Leith on the spot where she had left him. He saw neither land nor sea now—only that lovely shape, slipping away from him, like a will-o'-the-wisp.

When she had quite disappeared, and the gray shore lay barren and empty before his gaze, he flung himself, with a groan, upon the wet, cold sands, buried his haggard face on his arm, and lay there, as voiceless and motionless as the dead.

Meanwhile, Miss Dysart had turned her back upon the windy beach, and was flitting homeward as fast as her light feet could carry her. She had a wonderful, bird-like voice, which had been cultivated by the best teachers, and she lifted it suddenly as she went, and sang these lines:

"I will have a lover,
Riding on a steed of steeds;
And the steed shall be red-roan,
And the lover shall be noble,
With an eye that takes the breath;
And the lute he plays upon
Shall strike ladies into trouble,
As his sword strikes men to death."

And the taunting words were wafted back to the young

fellow on the beach. Small thought had she for his misery and despair. Betwixt the niece and heiress of Colonel Dysart, and the penniless law-student, with the battle of life all before him, there was, indeed, a great gulf fixed.

She entered a wide, smooth road, and soon came to the tall entrance-gate of Beach Hall—Colonel Dysart's seaside house.

It was an imposing place, situated on rising ground, overlooking the heaving, tossing bay. Acres of carefully kept lawn and garden, and a rich growth of oaks and beeches and Norwegian firs surrounded it. The three-story house, substantially built of stone, lifted its gray, weather-beaten gables out of the wilderness of foliage, and blinked solemnly at the sea from the many windows of its long façade.

Miss Dysart went up a graveled drive, mounted a terrace, on which a peacock was spreading his plumes, and entered a handsome hall, furnished in sombre black-walnut.

Throughout the house she could hear notes of preparation—hurried feet, doors opening and closing, orders tossed from mouth to mouth. She shrugged her shoulders expressively. Constance's marriage had set every living thing at Beach Hall by the ears.

"I will take refuge with nunky," she said to herself, and she moved toward Colonel Dysart's library, which opened on one side of a broad, shallow staircase.

It was a handsome room, furnished in dark, rich colors. Two deep windows, draped in Persian silk, looked out on the terrace. Carved bookshelves and rare paintings lined the walls. On a hearth of Dutch tiles smoldered an open fire. High chairs, black with grotesque carving, tables, cabinets and costly bric-à-brac filled up the remaining space.

Colonel Dysart was a rich man, and luxurious in his tastes. On a tiger-skin before the fire lay the sole occupant of the place—a big house-dog. He looked up and wagged his tail violently at sight of Meg.

"What! all alone, Castor?" she said, and then slipped into one of the deep windows, and behind its heavy curtain sat down to await the appearance of the colonel. The image of poor Rob Leith rose before her.

"How can he be so absurd as to fancy that he loves *me?*" she thought, impatiently. "I never heard such a ridiculous thing. I hope *I* shall never be in love—it must be a dreadful bore. The most sensible people immediately become driveling idiots——"

The library door opened abruptly, and Colonel Dysart entered—the uncle with whom Meg had lived all her life, who had been to her as father and mother in one, and whose idol and heiress she was. Partly from choice, partly from infirmity, he mingled little with the world. This old house on the lonely, storm-swept bay had long been his favorite residence. He was a slight, aristocratic man, with an appearance of ill-health. He had a frail figure, a melancholy face, and the unmistakable look and manner of a gentleman. With one hand on the door-knob, he called, in an unsteady voice, to some one still outside:

"Come in, Martin."

Meg was about to spring out of the window, but stopped short at sight of the person who shuffled across the library threshold in answer to this invitation.

An old man, a stranger, dressed in ill-fitting clothes, and with a heavy, pock-marked face, surmounted by bristling tufts of thin, red hair. Bushy brows lowered over his small, sharp eyes; a scant, grayish beard fringed his square, stubborn chin. He held his hat awkwardly in his bony hand, and looked around the room with the uneasy air of one unaccustomed to such surroundings.

Castor sprang up from the hearth and made a rush at the intruder, but was sternly ordered back by his master.

"The dog doesn't know me, sir," said the man, with a wary smile.

"No. Sit down," answered the colonel, briefly.

Mr. Martin seated himself in the nearest chair, and crushed his hat between his knees.

Meg might have stepped out of ambush now, but a strange curiosity concerning the man had suddenly seized her. Who was he? Not one of the wedding-guests, surely. A beggar—a poor relation? The colonel had often told her that he had no living kindred save herself. She sat quite still, and peering through an opening in the curtain, saw her uncle go up to the stranger, and lay one hand on his shoulder.

"I'm afraid I've given you a turn, sir," said Mr. Martin—how gruff and unpleasant his voice sounded! "You wasn't expecting me—of course not?"

"No," answered Colonel Dysart, and he shuddered violently. "Great God! the sight of you brings back everything!"

"I suppose so. We haven't met before for many a day. I had business in Blackhaven, and being so near, I thought I would venture to call at Beach Hall. Was that right?"

"Quite right."

"Begging your parding, the house seems uncommon lively."

"My ward is to be married to-night," explained the colonel, in an unsteady voice.

The stranger started—looked sharply up.

"Your ward? Not—not——"

"My ward, not my niece, Martin."

There was a little pause, broken only by the snapping of the fire and the uneasy movements of Castor, who was sniffing suspiciously around Mr. Martin's legs.

Colonel Dysart took a sudden turn across the floor. The sweat started out on his pale, thin face. Now and then a muttered word dropped from his lips. It was an amazing sight to Meg, for he was a man who rarely betrayed agitation.

Presently he paused before Martin, and striking his hands together, cried out, in a loud, unsteady voice, and as if he was trying to force his own conviction upon some doubting heart:

"*Not guilty! Not guilty!*"

Meg gave a jump. Oh, that she was safely out of that window! But escape was now impossible. She must listen, willing or unwilling. As for Mr. Martin, not a muscle of his heavy face moved. He simply crushed his hat an inch further out of sight, and answered:

"On that point, sir, I've naught to say. What's the use of words at this late day? Every man has a right to his own opinion. I have mine—you have yours. Sometimes we out with it boldly, sometimes we keep it locked inside. Some folks get justice in this world, others do not."

This ambiguous answer did not seem to puzzle the colonel, but he breathed heavily.

"Martin! Martin! Think of it! Sixteen years of utter hell!"

Martin stared blankly into space.

"Yes, sir. God knows it's hard."

"Hard!"—the colonel dashed his clinched fist down upon his library table—"that is not the word! It is cursed—horrible! It drives me mad to think of it. I would give all that remains to me of life to set that matter right!"

"No man can give his life away, sir. I know what you

mean, but don't go to aggravating yourself—now don't! It's past setting right. I s'pose you guess the errand that brings me to Gull Beach?"

He glanced up at the colonel from under his bushy brows. It was a pitying, kindly glance.

From her covert Meg looked out on Mr. Martin, and then and there fixed his ugly face indelibly in her memory. A long, deep sigh escaped Colonel Dysart.

"Speak it out, Martin."

"I am here, sir, to receive some message from the living to the dead."

An odd thrill went over Meg. She could scarcely believe her own ears. But the colonel showed no surprise; he answered, sadly:

"Has the dead no wish to see the living?"

Mr. Martin shook his head.

"No. That would be too painful for both parties. But any news will be gladly received."

The colonel stood for a moment, as if collecting his thoughts, then he replied:

"Say this to the dead: All is well with that which I keep—all is well with me. The belief of my heart remains unshaken—the years come and go, but they do not change that. I am steadfast, I am faithful. I have no other news, Martin."

"None could be better, sir," said Martin, promptly.

"If the dead has any commands for me concerning the thing which I hold in trust, I earnestly desire to know and execute them."

"Being done with this world, sir," replied Mr. Martin—reducing his unfortunate hat to a shapeless mass—"being dead and buried, the person we speak of has no longer any commands or wishes. It is better for the living to look after the living."

On the table near Mr. Martin stood a tiny gilt easel, supporting a photograph of Meg Dysart—a picture so like the lovely original, that it was the colonel's delight to keep it ever before him. He pointed to it now.

"Martin," he said, in a low voice, "that is my niece."

Martin's sharp eyes rested on the photograph for a full moment, then he expressed his approbation by a quiet nod.

"Take it," said Colonel Dysart.

To Meg's infinite horror and surprise, Mr. Martin carefully lifted the charming face from its support, drew out a big red handkerchief—a vulgar, hideous handkerchief—in which he wrapped the card as carefully as if it had been the Koh-i-nor. Thus enveloped, he placed it in the breast of his coat. Meg grew hot with wrath. How dared the colonel give her portrait to that horrible old man?

"Martin," faltered Dysart, upon whom this interview seemed to be telling disastrously, "you are a faithful fellow! Can I be of any help to you? Do you need money—anything that I can give?"

"Nothing, sir; I'm obliged to you—nothing."

Colonel Dysart fell helplessly into a chair.

"Then, go! Don't think me wanting in hospitality, but go, for the sight of you kills me."

"That's not strange. I'm sorry I came to-day—it will upset you for your ward's wedding—you're quite upset now. I can find my way out, sir. Good-by. Maybe the time will come——"

"No, Martin," groaned the colonel, "it will never come now—it is too late; all hope is over."

"Well, sir, I'm of the same opinion."

The next moment he was gone, with his messages to the dead.

Meg sat motionless behind the curtain. How was she to escape unseen from the room? The colonel's chair was not more than two yards distant from her covert. Could she open the window softly, and creep out upon the terrace? She was about to make the attempt when a strange sound fell on her ear. She listened. Yes, it was a sob. She sprang into the room, rushed recklessly up to the colonel.

"Oh, nunky, what is the matter? You are crying! Who was that dreadful man? How could you let him annoy you? Why did you give him my portrait?"

The colonel started to his feet. Never would Meg forget the horror, the consternation which the sight of her there at his side called up to his face.

"Meg, in God's name, how came you here?"

"Oh, nunky," she faltered, appalled by his look, "forgive me! I was in the window all the time. I did not want to listen, but I could not get away. Goodness knows that I heard nothing which an ordinary mortal could understand."

He held her off at arm's length. As he looked down into the lovely, *riante* face, so scared now and perplexed, his own began to soften.

"Meg, you saw that person?"

"Yes, nunky," she answered, with a frightened little laugh, "he was not much of a sight. I did not know that you had such people on your list of friends."

"You heard our conversation?"

"Every word. I wish you would interpret it. Of what world is Mr. Martin a native? How does he convey his messages from the living to the dead; and where, oh where, are such dead buried?"

The colonel's pale face grew paler yet.

"Meg!" he cried, in a voice that made her quake, "this is a very unfortunate accident. I regret it exceedingly. Mr. Martin is an old friend of mine. I gave him your portrait because it suited me to do so. Believe me, he can safely be trusted with it. You have listened to that which was not intended for your ears. I can pardon you on one condition only."

"Name it," faltered Meg.

"Never speak of that man, nor his words, to a living mortal—never even *think* of him again! The matter which brought him here was of a strictly private nature. My child—my precious child, promise that you will forget it all, and at once!"

His strange earnestness startled her.

"Oh, I promise!" she cried, with alacrity. "It wasn't so pleasant, nor so lucid, that I should wish to remember it."

He turned and walked away to the fire. How pale he looked—how troubled!

"Where have you been?" he said, at last, with forced cheerfulness. "Down to the beach, pet?"

She tossed off her round hat and crimson *bournous*, glad to change the conversation.

"Yes, nunky, walking with Rob Leith. He has been asking me to marry him."

Colonel Dysart started.

"The young idiot! And what answer did you give him?" he demanded, sharply.

Meg curled her red lip.

"I told him that I could not think of such a thing; that I did not care a fig for him—of course, I do not. Why should I? I do not wish to marry for ages to come."

He drew a breath of relief. Thank heaven, that danger was passed!

"I fear you are something of a flirt, pet," he said, with a faint smile.

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She rubbed her soft cheek fondly against his shoulder.

"Perhaps. Let me make a confession, nunky. *You* are my favorite lover; to all the others I am sublimely indifferent. Ah! we will have great times together when Constance is gone."

"Will we?" said the colonel, doubtfully. "I fear we shall be very lonely, pet—that we shall miss Constance to an unbearable degree."

She tossed her head.

"Not a bit of it; at least, *I* shall not. I am in ecstasies at the thought of being rid of her. You like her, uncle, but I—— Oh, you know without being told that Constance and I are born antagonists. She hates me, and I return the sentiment with interest. Don't look so shocked. It's dreadful, of course; but it cannot be helped. I fear—I really fear that Constance is not half good enough for Danton Moultrie."

Colonel Dysart stared, then frowned.

"Not good enough for him! Reverse your statement, pet. I doubt if he is half good enough for her. A man with a handsome face and plenty of French gallantry; poor, of course—all Southerners are poor now. These are his principal merits, as far as I can discover. I am surprised that Constance, with her good sense and cool judgment, should have allowed herself to be drawn into marriage with this stranger."

Meg laughed, mockingly.

"Oh, he is no stranger to her. She has taken care to collect abundant information concerning him from her shrewd Southern friends. She can tell you that he comes of one of the oldest families of the South; that his blood is 'darkly, deeply, beautifully blue'; and, though poor now, he has rich prospects for the future. Catch Constance making an imprudent marriage! She is too phlegmatic, too dreadfully calculating for that. I pity Danton Moultrie. How can he ever be happy with such a woman?"

The colonel looked displeased.

"Meg, I beg you not to speak in that tone of Constance. You do her great injustice. There are depths in her character that you have not fathomed."

"She never shows but one side of her character to *you*, nunky," answered Meg, with a grimace. "She is a sleek white cat; and woe to the one who strokes her fur the wrong way! I repeat my statement—with my whole heart I pity Danton Moultrie!"

A small, affected cough echoed through the library. The door had swung noiselessly back, and on its threshold stood the bride-elect, the colonel's ward, the subject of Meg's frank comments, gazing calmly in upon Colonel Dysart and his niece.

She was a blonde of the coldest type. No changeful tints marred the purity of her waxen skin, no flashes of passion disturbed the serenity of her yellow-hazel eyes. Pale flaxen hair crowned her statuesque head; her figure was tall, and formed upon a generous plan. She had a placid voice and the manners of a duchess. In all her life she had never been guilty of an unbecoming act, or anything approaching imprudence. Society admired her. She was a Cleopatra, without the passion and impetuosity of that ill-starred queen. A dozen Antonys could not have quickened her cool pulses or betrayed her into a single injudicious deed. She possessed a small fortune in her own right, with abundance of friends and admirers, and she seemed made to go the even tenor of her ways with little tear of nerve, little strain on heart or brain. Betwixt this woman and rash, fiery, daring Meg Dysart, a deep and unconquerable antipathy existed.

As soon as her presence was discovered, Miss North stepped into the library. She was dressed in soft white cashmere, brightened by knots of pale-blue ribbon. There was no agitation in her look or manner—even her own wedding could not move her a hair's breadth out of her constitutional calm.

"I have just a half-hour that I can call my own," she said, looking straight over Meg's curly, dark head to Colonel Dysart, "and I have come to pass it with you, guardy."

His pale, worn face glowed with pleasure.

"Thank you, my dear. How good of you to remember me at such a time. Pray sit down." He placed a chair for her at the corner of the hearth. "Who will read to me when you are gone? Who will write my letters, and humor all my whims? I don't know how we are to live at Beach Hall without you, Constance."

Miss North had scholarly tastes—she was clever. When Meg was rowing on the bay, or romping the sands with the dogs, or flirting with poor Rob Leith, *she* was reading a favorite book to the colonel, writing his letters, helping him with his accounts, looking over his daily papers, making herself necessary to his comfort—it was part of Miss North's policy to make herself necessary to valuable people.

"Meg, I doubt not, will more than fill my place," she said, serenely.

"No," flashed Meg; "that's impossible! I could never do your work, Constance."

Miss North gave her a languid stare.

"And so you pity Danton Moultrie?" she said, with a faint smile. "Pardon me—I heard you say that as I entered. How good of you, Meg! He would be greatly obliged, I am sure, if he knew it."

"My dear Constance, if I was fated to spend my whole future life with you, I should think myself deserving of the most profound pity."

"Meg, Meg!" said Constance, with a laugh that stung the girl like a hundred needles, "did you never hear of the sentiment to which pity is said to be akin? I fear you have looked too often at Danton's portrait—it flatters him somewhat. Confess, dear, that you envy me a little—just a little—the possession of such a lover."

Meg colored high with wrath.

"Envy *you!* I should think not! Colonel Dysart's niece has small cause to envy any one. I have lovers of my own—one, at least," she mentally added, thinking of Rob Leith—"and even if I had not, the man who would choose you from a world full of women, Constance, dear, could never awaken in me any feeling save that which I mentioned a moment ago—pity!"

This was sharp language. The colonel made haste to interfere.

"Pet, pet, you have a temper like a hornet! Go, my dear, and look at the decorations about the house; they are all complete by this time. I want to talk with Constance alone."

He looked so worn and harassed that she could not refuse. With a mocking bow to her fair enemy, Meg ran out of the library, and left the two together.

Vexed as she was, she still felt a lively interest in the preparations going on in the house. She looked into the drawing-rooms, and found them gorgeous with new French upholstery and costly flowers. From windows and corners, from mantel and chandeliers, swung balls and baskets of the rarest hot-house blooms—orchids and daphnes, lilies and roses, English violets and heliotropes, fiery geraniums, myrtles and hyacinths—their combined odors filled the air like incense. She peered into the supper-room, where great tables stood, covered with massive plate, frail crystal,

costly French china and frost-white damask. Rare shrubs and plants decorated all the stairways and landings. Wood fires were burning the dampness away from unused rooms. In kitchen and larder a mighty bustle reigned. Already the house was full of guests, and many more would arrive by later trains. Colonel Dysart, indulgent guardian that he was, had spared neither pains nor money to make his ward's wedding an event to be long remembered at Gull Beach.

Meg ran up the stair to her own chamber.

On the white bed lay the pink silk, with its garniture of lace and its embroidered train. In a velvet casket on the dressing-table glimmered the set of pearls which the colonel had given her.

She sat down at her window, and looked out on the oaks and evergreens of Beach Hall, lifting sharp points against the gray sky, out upon the steel-dark rim of the melancholy sea. To-night Constance would marry her Southern lover, and go away, and then she, Meg, would have peace and comfort. She could not remember a time when Miss North had not been a thorn in her flesh. She would act as her bridesmaid. She would behave in a civil, yea, magnanimous manner toward her; but all the same, she should rejoice in her departure. Meg was an honest self-examiner.

"*Do* I envy Constance her lover?" she said to herself, with burning cheeks. "Well—perhaps—a very little—he is so handsome—at least, his picture is! Of course, it must be very gratifying to have such a suitor. I wonder if one of his kind will ever fall to *my* lot?"

Bear in mind that Miss Dysart had never seen Danton Moultrie.

Far away, at a Southern watering-place, whither she had gone twelve months before to visit a school-friend, Constance had met and lost her heart to the handsome Southerner.

At that time Meg was wrestling with French verbs and Chopin's music, at a fashionable boarding-school.

Brief and victorious was Mr. Moultrie's wooing. A note from the colonel soon informed his niece that Constance was engaged.

The ardent lover followed his enchantress to the North, was duly presented to Colonel Dysart, upon whom, truth to tell, he made no very favorable impression, languished for a few days at the feet of his lady fair, and departed like a brilliant meteor.

Meg knew nothing of his coming or going.

New Orleans is a long journey from Beach Hall, and for eleven months frequent letters alone had kept the fire of love burning in the hearts of the betrothed pair.

Through the same medium, all arrangements had been made for the marriage which was to be celebrated this night at Gull Beach.

Danton Moultrie was now hastening to the arms of his plighted bride, and Meg would soon behold him, face to face.

Among Miss North's friends, it was understood that the happy couple would spend the honeymoon, and the remainder of the Summer at Newport and Saratoga, and start in the Autumn for their Southern home.

"Let me see," mused Meg, as she consulted her watch; "he left New York this morning, he will reach Boston at five this afternoon. The wedding is appointed for eight o'clock."

Even now the shadows of twilight were gathering, and every moment the hubbub in the house seemed to grow louder. Absorbed in the excitement of the occasion, Meg had already forgotten Mr. Martin, and his strange messages for the dead.

Presently the door opened, and Constance looked in

"It is time for Morris to dress your hair," she said, sweetly; "let us bury the hatchet to-night, Meg—guardy particularly wishes us to part friends. Who knows when you will see me again?"

She held out a languid hand. Meg was generous—she took it promptly.

"Oh, Constance," she said, wistfully, "are you very, very happy—are you in the seventh heaven of bliss?"

Miss North shrugged her large shoulders.

"Certainly, I am happy — very happy. As for your seventh heaven of bliss, I am afraid I do not know what you mean. Such hyperbole is vulgar. Now, pray come, and help that girl Nina to finish my packing—she is quite worn out."

Darkness gathered on the long gray stretch of Gull Beach—on the tossing, churning bay.

Lights began to flash out from the many windows of Beach Hall. The packing was all done, the guests were assembling.

"Low on the sand and loud on the stone" sounded the carriages, up and down the winding drive. As night closed in, a hundred colored lamps were lighted in the grounds, and the fountains, catching their changeful hues, splashed and leaped in the big stone basins like liquid rainbow fires.

In her warm, bright chamber stood the bride, surrounded by her attendants, and waiting now for the groom. It is the duty of every woman to look well at her own marriage, and, certainly, Miss North's beauty on this important occasion was simply dazzling.

Her dress of ivory satin, with its square corsage and immense train, displayed to the best advantage her full, queenly figure. The cobweb vail floated about her like a morning mist. She wore the inevitable orange-flowers of the bride, and a set of superb diamonds—Colonel Dysart's gift. Her yellow-hazel eyes shone serenely; her waxen skin was as cold and pure as snow. As usual, her self-control was perfect.

Of the four bridesmaids—all chosen from Miss North's intimate friends—Meg was the queen rose. The pink silk fitted her lovely young figure like a glove. The colonel's pearls shone like big drops of condensed moonlight—if such a thing could be—on her faultless throat, in her small ears, and on her velvety, dimpled arms. The excitement of the hour had brought a vivid crimson to her cheeks, and a great lustre to her gray eyes. Beside the bride's cold beauty she looked like some radiant tropic flower.

A rap at the door. Colonel Dysart begged permission to look in upon the bride. There was a little parley, and then the favor was granted. After he had duly admired Miss North, he turned to Meg, and searched her face somewhat anxiously—perhaps he feared to find some remembrance of Mr. Martin in it.

"You are as pretty as a picture, pet," he whispered. "Are you quite happy?"

"Yes, nunky."

"Does nothing trouble you, pet?"

"Nothing—only my dress is—well, just a little tight in the seams."

Constance beckoned quietly to her guardian.

"Of course, the carriage has been sent for Mr. Moultrie?" she said.

"Yes," answered the colonel—"an hour ago."

The next arrival was the clergyman from Blackhaven. The clocks struck eight. Everybody began to peer out into the drive for the bridegroom's carriage. There was no moon, but the oaks and firs stood up tall and stately.

The fountains and flower-beds shone brightly in the glow of the colored lamps.

Conversation grew fitful. Half an hour passed. A little impatience began to be visible among the bridesmaids, but Miss North remained serene.

"The train is often late," she said; "and he has a four-mile ride from the station at Blackhaven."

"'A laggard in love,'" murmured Meg, as she flattened her pretty nose against the pane. "Waiting is the most tedious thing in life, I think."

Another half-hour went by. Nine o'clock pealed out ominously. The guests began to stare at each other. What could be detaining the ardent Southern lover? On the previous day a telegram had announced his safe arrival in New York—therefore he *must* be on his way to Beach Hall.

The Blackhaven clergyman, who had a second engagement in another direction, looked anxious and uneasy. A portentous hush fell on the crowded room.

"Why does he not come?" was whispered from lip to lip.

Only Miss North, in her chamber above-stairs, retained her composure. Even the non-appearance of her bridegroom could not shake that.

"Oh, Constance! I am sure that something dreadful is keeping him!" cried Meg, in as much perturbation as if the laggard was her own lover.

"Don't be absurd, child," answered Constance, sharply. "He has probably missed the train—he will arrive by a later one. Nothing can keep him from me to-night."

But ten o'clock struck, and still bride and guests waited in vain. Consternation fell upon Beach Hall, and all within its walls. Even Miss North's well-regulated heart began to beat heavily. The flowers faded; the lights and the fires grew dim, and yet the gallant Southern lover came not to wed the waiting Northern bride.

CHAPTER II.

DANTON MOULTRIE.

TEN o'clock! For two miserable hours the bride and her friends had waited. Suddenly, in the graveled drive without, the sound of heavy feet was heard, rapidly advancing. Instinctively every one knew that a bearer of evil tidings was near.

A thundering knock made the hall-door shake. With one accord, Colonel Dysart and his guests rushed to open it. At the threshold stood Dermot, the colonel's Irish coachman, a startling apparition, disheveled, demoralized; his hat gone, his stiff hair on end, his face plastered with mud, and bleeding from many cuts and scratches.

"Begorra, they've done it, sur!" he cried, at sight of his master.

"Done it—who—what?" demanded the colonel.

"The horses took fright in the woods, sur—dirty bastes! and there's not a sliver left of the carriage. It struck a big tree by the side of the road, and och! it was that dark you couldn't tell your own mother's son, and it went all to atoms in the twinkling of an eye, sur. By the powers, I'm smashed, and I'm cut, and I'm murdered——"

"Mr. Moultrie" interrupted a dozen horrified voices—"where is Mr. Moultrie?"

"Faix, he's kilt entirely!" answered Dermot, grasping his forelock in sheer desperation.

"*Killed?*"

"He is that! His bones are broke, and his head is split, and his senses are clean gone out of him. Sorra luck for a man at his own wedding! There'll be a burying instead, I'm afeared. I've been all the way back to the town afoot, hunting for a doctor, and may the divil fly away wid the whole race of 'em! not the hair of one could I find. Some men from the beach are bringing the gintleman's body along—a fine, dacent corpse he makes—I was sint afore to tell the bride, poor darlint! There'll be no marriage here to-night."

A wild commotion ensued. The guests shrieked and lamented, and plied Dermot with questions. The colonel was deeply moved; Meg shook with fright. Poor Meg! Little did she dream that the catastrophe of this night was to affect her whole after life. In the midst of the uproar, the bride alone remained calm.

The horses had taken fright, and demolished the carriage, a long delay had occurred on the road, and Danton Moultrie was coming to his bride, not in health and strength, but desperately hurt—dying—perhaps dead! These were the facts to be gathered from the frightened coachman.

A few moments later, two men appeared in the long lighted drive—lighted for an event which was never to be—bearing a litter, on which lay the stark body of a man. And in this way Danton Moultrie came to Beach Hall—to his beautiful, waxen-faced bride. They carried him in through the great door, into the long drawing-room, all flower-decked for his nuptials, and there laid him down in sight of every one. His eyes were closed; about his forehead clung the soft, dead-gold hair, clotted and darkened with blood. Blood streaked his ghastly face, upturned in the light of that sumptuous apartment. Ah, what a handsome face it was! indicative of great passion and pride and will, but chiseled as if from marble. Admirable, too, was the deep-chested, symmetrical figure that lay so still and helpless in the midst of the horrified company. Surely his portrait had not flattered him. Luckily, there was a surgeon among the colonel's guests. He now came forward, raised the wounded man's hand, and felt for his pulse.

"Is he dead?" said Constance North, in a calm voice, but with a face whiter than her bridal dress.

"No, not dead. Let him be taken above-stairs at once, and I will examine his hurts," was the answer.

Even as he spoke, Danton Moultrie's eyes opened—they rested on the lovely face of Meg Dysart, who, frightened, trembling, clinging with one hand to the colonel, was bending in deep concern and pity over the rude litter. As those wild, violet dark eyes flashed their fatal light into hers for the first time, a strange thrill went over her from head to foot. His lips moved; a single muttered word dropped from them:

"*Darling!*"

"His wits are wandering," said one of the guests.

Constance pushed Meg quickly back, and leaned over her lover.

"Danton, it is I!" she cried; "do you know me?"

No, he did not know her. The heavy lids fell again. He was raised and borne up the stair. The impatient clergyman could now depart, and the guests, also. It was time to put out the lights and close the doors. There would be no wedding at Beach Hall to-night.

The company lingered long enough to hear that Danton Moultrie had sustained a fracture of the arm and shoulder, several ugly cuts about the head, and internal injuries of a

very serious nature; that he was insensible, and likely to remain so. Then they went, one and all, full of sympathy for the disappointed bride. By midnight darkness and silence reigned at Beach Hall.

The servants had extinguished the lamps, and covered the decorations. A messenger had been dispatched to Blackhaven for a skilled nurse; the surgeon and Colonel Dysart were watching by the bed of the unconscious bridegroom, and gloom and sorrow brooded where, but a few hours before, all had been joyful preparation.

In her own chamber Constance North stood at a window opening seaward, and stared blankly out into the dismal night. She had thrown off her bridal garments — the ivory-satin dress and cobweb vail lay in a heap on the bed, the odor of crushed orange-blossoms filled the air. The room was a wreck of splendor, for Miss North had dismissed her maid before the girl could bring order from the general confusion.

She had donned a long black wrapper—ominous color! —and as she stood gazing out into the blank night, her tall figure motionless as stone, there was something particularly gloomy—yea, almost weird, in the appearance of this bride who had so suddenly changed her white robes for the sombre hue of mourning.

Now and then some movement across the passage, in the chamber where Danton Moultrie lay, made her start and listen. Presently a rap echoed on the door. She did not move or answer. It was repeated; then the knob turned and Meg appeared, still in the pink silk and pearls, which she had forgotten to lay aside.

"NOT GUILTY."—"SHE FLUNG BACK HER HANDSOME HEAD DEFIANTLY, AND REPLIED: 'PREPARE YOURSELF—ONE—TWO—THREE! ROBIN, WILL YOU MARRY ME?' HE STARED AT HER BLANKLY."

"May I come in, Constance?" she quavered. "Oh, how dreadful it is, and how sorry I am for you! Yes, we may not be very good friends, but I am sorry for you now, Constance."

"I am greatly obliged to you," said Constance, coldly. "Good heaven! how preposterous that dress looks!—cover it—do."

Meg seized a shawl from a chair and flung it hastily around her.

"I forgot. Are you not lonely? Would you not like to have me stay with you? Of course, Mr. Moultrie will soon be better—the marriage will be postponed only for a little while."

Miss North gazed steadily out of the window. "I am not lonely," she answered; "I do not need or want you, Meg. You see that dress upon the bed? I am not superstitious, but I have a presentiment that I shall never wear it again."

Meg's eyes opened wide with horror.

"Don't say that, Constance. A broken arm and a bruised head do not kill. Mr. Moultrie will not die—heaven forbid! You make me shiver. Take courage. He will pull through this disaster all right, and, of course, you will wear your dress. What put that gloomy thought into your head?"

"I do not know—it is there," replied Miss North.

"Dear, dear! Nunky has just gone to bed with a chill. I am sure that we shall have another patient in the house by morning. How forlorn everything seems! What a dreary end to a day of gay anticipation! I am *awfully* sorry for you, Constance."

"You said that before," answered Miss North. "Go now—I prefer to be alone."

At this ungracious dismissal, Meg closed the door and retreated to her own chamber.

"Were I Constance," she thought, as she laid her sleepy head at last upon the pillow, "I am sure my heart would break. Of course, Danton Moultrie will die—he is really too handsome to live." And, with that, she fell asleep and dreamed all night of a pair of blue, bewildered eyes looking into her own, of a faint, dreamy voice calling her "darling"; and in the morning she grew red with shame to remember how the face of Constance's lover had haunted her slumbers.

She went down to the breakfast-room to find it entirely deserted. The colonel was ill in bed, threatened with rheumatic fever, a servant told her; Miss North would take the meal in her own chamber; Mr. Moultrie was still unconscious, and in a precarious condition; and, to crown all, the rain was falling outside, the surf beating tumultuously on Gull Beach, and the Norwegian firs and strong-armed oaks in the grounds of the Hall tossed and writhed wildly before a roaring northeast gale. Without and within, all was gloom and trouble. A more depressing morning Meg had never experienced in her life. She devoured her breakfast in solitary state, half angry with herself because she could eat under such circumstances. But the appetite of youth and health is prone to assert itself even in the midst of tribulation. When the meal was over, she ran up to the colonel's chamber. He was tossing from side to side of his rich bed, full of pain and impatience. The doctor stood by his side, pouring some medicine into a glass.

"Oh, nunky, how ill you look!" cried Meg, in dismay. "Are you going to have that nasty fever? Well, I will stay and nurse you, dear. You shall see how skillful I can be in emergencies."

"A pretty nurse you would make!" answered the colonel, irritably. "No, no; a sick-room is no place for a child like you. Constance will attend to me. Beach Hall is a hospital this morning, and you will have your match to take care of yourself for the present, pet."

"Constance has her lover to nurse, nunky."

"Yes; but she is a wonderful creature—she will find time to minister to the needs of her guardian also. At any rate, you must not remain here, child. Go—play your piano, dress your dolls, amuse yourself in some way."

Truth to tell, Colonel Dysart, when ill, was very, very cross—and Meg knew it. She was not altogether sorry to be sent away. But alas! the whole house was as dreary as death. The decorations of the previous night had been hastily swept from sight; the servants went about on tiptoe, and that depression which comes from the presence of danger and suffering was on every face.

Meg wandered from room to room like a ghost. She tried to read, but books had lost their charm. The dogs came whining to the door—she admitted them joyfully; and, with no other company, the passed the weary, laggard hours in yawning and sighing.

"And this is the life that I am likely to lead for the next month or two," she said to herself. "I do not love solitude—no, I abhor it! Why does not somebody come? I could welcome Rob Leith, or even that ghostly Mr. Martin, to-day."

But neither of the parties referred to appeared. She was left to knit her lovely brows, and hold undisturbed soliloquies concerning the sadness of the situation. Bedtime came at last. As Meg ascended the stair, she met Constance North, dressed in a severe gray gown, and looking not unlike some Sister of Mercy.

"Oh, Constance, stop a moment!" implored Meg. "How are your patients? I never passed such a horrible day in my life! Cannot I do something to help you? The hardest labor would be preferable to this masterly inactivity. Oh, is Mr. Moultrie conscious yet—does he know what has happened?"

In her calm, cold beauty, Constance stood and looked down on the troubled, fair face of the other.

"Mr. Moultrie is conscious—he has recognized *me*. No, thank you; there is nothing you can do. Guardy is quite ill; the doctor says he must not be disturbed. You had better go to bed."

She swept on and vanished across the landing; and to bed Meg went, disgusted with the whole world.

Alas! this day was but the precursor of many others of like character. The storm passed, indeed, but the internal condition of Beach Hall remained about the same. Colonel Dysart grew worse daily, and the door of his chamber was closed against his niece.

Constance was queen of the situation. She never did anything wrong. Cool, serene, noiseless, skillful, her presence always brought joy and relief to the sick man. Meg possessed none of these virtues; consequently she found herself compelled, for the time being, to play what is vulgarly called "second fiddle" to Miss North. Danton Moultrie was improving, but very slowly. Broken heads and internal injuries require time to heal.

Betwixt gaurdian and lover, Miss North, no doubt, had a busy time of it; but her life was bliss compared with poor, disconsolate Meg's. Beach Hall was closed to visitors. The girl had no companions but the dogs. Even the servants were as dull as death. More dismal work she had never known than this waiting for two sick men to recover.

One day—it was three weeks after the interrupted wedding—Meg, half dead with ennui, tied on her hat, called the dogs, and rushing off to the shore, unmoored her boat,

and went out for a row on the bay. Into the stern of the little craft scrambled Castor, the big house-dog, stern and dignified as a judge.

"Now, this is something like life once more—eh, Castor?" said the girl, as the water fell in great strings and ropes of pearls from the uplifted oars.

Castor wagged his tail expressively. His little mistress had good muscles—she could handle a boat as dexterously as any fisherman on Gull Beach. Off, at a dashing pace, she shot through the quivering sunshine and salt, sweet air of the bay.

"At least, we can kill a little time out here, Castor—the sole purpose of my life is now to kill time. Keep very quiet, sir, or you will upset the boat."

Castor sat like a graven image. Around them a thousand little waves rippled joyfully in the sun. Overhead skimmed the gulls, their gray-and-white breasts ruffled by the wind, which tore through Meg's rich hair, and blew a vivid carmine into her cheeks. The vigorous exercise made her blood leap and her deep eyes shine. Hither and thither danced the boat—the bright loveliness of the bay was as paradise compared with Beach Hall, and the afternoon shadows began to lengthen, the sun dipped low in the west, before she turned her smart little craft toward the beach. Then something unpleasant happened.

A big gray sea-bird came flying lazily over the water, over the boat—so low that his indolent wings well-nigh brushed Castor's hairy black head—uttering the while a faint, peculiar cry.

Such audacity could not be tamely borne. Castor forgot his dignity and his young mistress's commands. He sprang up, made a clumsy leap toward the bird, fell back, and the next instant Meg found herself in the water, with the oars floating off in opposite directions, and her boat, bottom upward, moving away toward a third point of the compass. By her side, Castor, guilty beast! splashed about like a porpoise.

The shore was a mile away. She was a tolerably good swimmer, but now her tight skirts clung about her limbs and held her powerless. A sudden thrill of fear ran through her veins. Happily, she was able to grasp one of the oars, by aid of which she managed to keep afloat; but how far away the beach looked! and, though the season was Summer, the water was very cold. It would be horrible to drown out there, unseen by any living thing save Castor. She tried to strike for the shore, but could make little headway. A benumbing chill, a sickening terror seized her. She began to sink!

"Am I going to *die?*" That was her thought; and the amazement which youth and health must always feel in the face of the great mystery rushed upon and overwhelmed her. "Oh, am I really going to die?"

"*Halloo!*"

It was a prolonged shout, raised high to attract her attention. She looked, and saw a boat, some fisherman's dory, moving swiftly across the water from the direction of Gull Beach. In it a man was seated, plying the oars like mad. She recognized him, even at that distance, and waved one hand feebly.

"Hold up!" he cried; "hold up!"

By a mighty effort she rallied her failing powers. The dory flew before his tremendous strokes like a leaf in the wind. He was approaching; he was close by. He seized Meg by the shoulders, and dragged her by main force into the boat.

"Oh, Rob," she gasped, with her mouth full of sea-water, "what a God-send you are, to be sure! Oh, how fortunate for me! Did you see me from the beach?"

"Yes."

His lean, grave face was quite colorless. She had never seen him look so frightened.

"It was all Castor's doings, but I forgive him. Take the poor beast into the boat—he will surely drown. And now, for charity's sake, Rob, make haste and row me ashore."

Her word was his law. He assisted the dog into the dory, whipped off his coat—a very shabby one—and threw it about her shoulders, then pulled lustily for Gull Beach. By the time they reached it, Meg's teeth were chattering in her head. He lifted her out upon the sands, knelt down, and with both hands wrung the water from her drenched skirts.

"You are shaking with cold!" cried Leith, in alarm. "Dawson, the fisherman, has a shanty near by, and there's a fire burning in it—I made that discovery as I crossed the beach. Come, and warm yourself there. You cannot go up to the Hall in this plight."

"Lead the way," gasped Meg.

He took her hand, hurried her round a bend in the shore as fast as her clinging skirts would permit, and she saw before her on the rough shingle an old brown shanty, with the door standing hospitably ajar. Leith entered without ceremony.

"Mr. Dawson is a bachelor," said he, "and a particular friend of mine. We are safe to make ourselves at home in his quarters."

The place was empty, but a fire burned in the rusty stove, through the front bars of which long shafts of red light fell along the not particularly clean floor. Leith found a three-legged stool, and seated his companion comfortably. She drew a long breath, and spread her little wet hands to the blaze.

"How heavenly!" she cried. "You dear old Rob, I should have drowned but for you. Indeed, I am infinitely obliged for this service. It is a sight for sair een, as the Scotch say, to see you again."

He stood on the other side of the stove, looking supernaturally grave. The red light from the rusty bars played on Meg's limp figure, and shone in her saucy dark eyes. He gazed steadily away from her.

"Thank you," he answered, briefly. If she had forgotten their last meeting, *he* had not.

"Of course you know all that has happened up at Beach Hall, Rob?"

He nodded.

"Imagine the life I lead at present. Mr. Moultrie is at death's door, the colonel is down with fever, Constance devotes herself entirely to the two, and I am left to fate. Mariana in the Moated Grange was never half as forlorn. I think I shall be a maniac if this thing continues much longer. Why—why—*why* haven't you called at the Hall, Rob, if only to inquire if I still lived?"

Her aggrieved tone was as soft as silk. She shot a melting glance at him through her black lashes. He winced visibly.

"It is time for me to cease coming to the Hall," he answered; "the best thing that I can do for myself is to avoid you upon all occasions."

She opened her eyes wide, then smiled.

"You absurd Robin! Suppose you had avoided me this afternoon? where would I be now?—among the lobsters, stone dead. Pooh! We can be friends, can we not? A friend is better than a lover at any time. You have been foolish, but you will reform, and some day when you have become a famous lawyer, you will marry a woman a thousand times fairer than I am, and love her dearly, and blush with shame when you remember your first flame."

Something like a spasm contracted his rugged face.

"Perhaps you do not realize the fact, Meg, but you are as cruel as the grave."

"Cruel? Oh, not all," she answered, airily; "I say this for your good, dear boy. You would be delightful, if you would not talk nonsense. Now listen: Do you know all about Constance's wedding? how it came to naught, and how the bridegroom was brought to his bride, wounded, half dead?"

Leith nodded.

"It is the talk of the town."

"Well, you have no idea how handsome he looked, Rob, when they brought him in on a litter. I could think of nothing but a picture which I once saw of the dead Philip the Fair. He is an Antinous, an Apollo—not at all like the usual idea of a Southerner—not dark, but fair as the old Norsemen, and with celestial yellow hair."

An expression of deep disgust appeared on Leith's face. It is not in nature that a disappointed lover should hear with pleasure the praises of other men from the lips he loves.

"I saw Mr. Moultrie," he answered, "on the night of the accident. I happened to be at the station when he arrived. Shall I tell you what *my* first impression concerning him was? I am no judge of the beauty of men, but to Miss North, to you, to any girl in whom I felt an interest, I would say, do not trust that fellow. He is cruel and insincere, he would drive a knife to the heart of his best friend, if policy or self-interest urged him to do so."

"Miss North would be greatly pleased to hear you say that of her betrothed husband."

He leaned forward over the rusty old stove in his earnestness.

"I am a blunt fellow—I cannot mince my words. Don't admire that man, Meg. I have felt a presentiment of evil ever since I heard that his marriage had been postponed; that he was lying ill at Beach Hall. Don't think too much of his handsome face. You are foolish and romantic. Meg, Meg, in heaven's name don't lose your heart to Miss North's lover!"

The angry blood flamed into her cheeks, her gray eyes flashed. She arose from the three-legged stool, with an outraged air.

"Lose my heart to Miss North's lover!" she scoffed. "I have borne your love-making with a tolerable grace, Robin, but I shall not bear this. It is an insult! I foolish—I romantic? I am neither the one nor the other, and you are very ill-bred to tell me so. Henceforth we are strangers! Do you hear?—*strangers!*" And she stamped smartly on the floor of the shanty.

"Meg, listen to me!" he implored, his lean, brown face pale with dismay.

"Impossible! Don't speak to me again! Constance's lover! I never heard a more ridiculous idea, even from you. Farewell, sir. When we entered this shanty, I felt that you had laid me under eternal obligation; but now —*now* the debt is canceled!"

With one look of wrathful disdain, she turned and rushed out of the place, and never heeding the voice which implored her to return, she ran across the beach, and home to the Hall. Her cheeks burned as she went. She *had* thought too much, perhaps, of Danton Moultrie's handsome face. She would never think of it again, she vowed to herself resolutely.

She told her adventure to no one—there was nobody at the Hall now to watch her movements—but changed her wet clothing, took a solitary cup of tea, with Castor for company, and then went over to the piano, and, for the first time in many days, opened it, and sat down to play.

"Nunky will not mind," she said to herself; "and as for Mr. Moultrie, he may shut his ears."

She sang as naturally as a bobolink—her voice was as full of trills and bubbling sweetness as that ravishing bird's. It poured through the open door, crossed the hall, and went up the stair to Danton Moultrie's room. It was like the sigh of sea-winds in the firs outside his window—it was like the laughter of many little waves on the brown shingle of Gull Beach.

Mr. Moultrie did not shut his ears. For the first time he was sitting up in an easy-chair before an open fire, wrapped in a velvet dressing-gown, his wounded arm in a sling, a bandage about his head, his classic face pale and wasted. The hired nurse moved about the apartment, adjusting some medicines on a table; and at the other end of the hearth sat Miss North, placid and fair, netting meshes of colored wool—an occupation which displayed to the best advantage her large, white arms and jeweled hands.

Mr. Moultrie gave a slight start as a wonderful trill leaped joyfully into his room.

"Who—what is that?" he asked.

Miss North raised her calm yellow eyes.

"That—oh, that is Meg," she answered, carelessly.

"Meg?"

"Miss Dysart—guardy's niece. If she annoys you, I will send a request for her to stop."

"By no means. She has an uncommon voice."

He leaned back in his chair, and listened with half-closed eyes. Meg played and sang till she was weary, then closed her piano and went to bed.

She had quarreled with her last hope—Rob Leith. Hopeless ennui, unbroken solitude, would be her portion now until the recovery of the two invalids. On her way to her own chamber, she stopped at Colonel Dysart's door.

"Cannot I do something for you, uncle?" she said, wistfully, as she looked in upon the sick man.

"No, my dear," he answered. "Constance will attend to me; she is a superb nurse."

"Constance—always Constance!" muttered Meg, as she went drowsily away. "I believe she is thrusting me out of nunky's heart."

The next day Danton Moultrie was permitted to sit at a window of his chamber, and look down upon the lawns and winding walks and fair gardens of Beach Hall. There it was that he saw a picture which was destined to evermore remain indelibly impressed upon his memory.

Under the dark fir-trees a girl was walking, with a big dog by her side. Her dress of airy white fluttered softly in the wind; a gypsy hat, brightened by knots of cherry ribbon, shaded her lustrous hair. Somewhere on high, among the thick branches, a bird was singing. She paused, and, with upturned face, stood listening to his song. It was an attitude which fully revealed the perfect coloring, the sweeping lashes, the incomparable eyes, the arch, bright, piquant expression which made that face so strangely fascinating. She caught the song from the bird, turned it about in her own silvery throat, and then tossed it into the air with variations; and Castor stood by, wagging his tail the while in admiring delight.

The doctor chanced to be the only person in the room with his patient.

"Who is that young girl?" said Danton Moultrie.

"Oh, that's Miss Meg, the colonel's niece and heiress," answered the doctor; "as pretty a creature as you will find in all the Bay State. She'll have a neat little fortune, too, when the colonel goes."

He watched the graceful figure as it went on down the walk. He saw her dawdling before a fountain, feeding

some purple doves from her slim hands. She looked bored and lonely.

"Poor little thing! Wonder if it isn't as dull as death for her here?" said Mr. Moultrie, with a stifled yawn.

"Dull? Well, at present, perhaps, but not always," replied the doctor. "The colonel is very fond of his heiress—very indulgent. Miss Meg mostly has her own sweet will, I fancy."

Presently Miss Dysart chanced to look up at the house—at Danton Moultrie's window. She could see him sitting there in the sunshine—could see that he was watching her. The color rushed into her face—she vanished, like magic, in the shrubbery, the door opened, and Constance North came in.

There was nothing unusual in the history of these lovers. The handsome Southerner had besieged and conquered Miss North's heart in purely orthodox fashion. She loved him with all the strength of her cool, cautious nature—she would love him till the last day of her life.

And Danton Moultrie? There was a dash of gay French blood in his veins; he had the grace and polished manners of a Frenchman. He was passionately attached to his cold, white lady-love—at times. She had a tolerable fortune. She had beauty and style—the match could not fail to be advantageous to himself. He was a man whom all women admired—a trifle wild, perhaps, but in a refined way. He had been the cause of many a feminine heartache in his time.

"How is your other patient?" asked Moultrie, glancing languidly up at his betrothed.

"Ill—quite ill," she answered. "Poor guardy! He is satisfied only when I am beside him."

"That's rather hard upon you, is it not? Why doesn't his niece share your labors?"

"She is but a raw schoolgirl. He can never tolerate her in his room when he is sick. I have always been his favorite. What can I do for your entertainment, Danton? You look bored."

"I *am* bored," he answered, frankly. "It's hard lines for a man to be shut up here, week after week, with a fractured arm, a broken head, and his wedding-day still in the future. Constance!"

He looked up at her eagerly. She looked down upon him with the placid eyes of some ruminating bovine.

"Well?"

"Let us be married at once—this very day! Call your clergyman, and let him perform the ceremony here in this chamber. Will not both of us be happier? Will not this tedious waiting for my recovery seem shorter, if you are my wife? I am sure of it!"

Constance North did not, could not know how much depended upon her answer. Had she said "yes" to her impatient lover that morning, three destinies might have been changed; but she did not say "yes." Her cool, blonde face put on a surprised look. She shook her head gently.

"My dear Danton, such a marriage would not suit me at all; it would not suit my friends. I hate *outre* things. My duty to society forbids it. You are improving—you will soon be well; then new invitations can be issued, new preparations made. A marriage in a sick-room, without guests, without the usual adjuncts—oh, that would be dreadful! I do not think that I am of a romantic turn of mind, Danton. Shall I read to you?" She went to a table, and began to turn over some books. "What shall it be, something grave or gay, lively or severe?"

He made an irritated movement.

"Neither. Pardon me, I do not care a fig for the poets to-day—the sight of those books makes my head ache!"

She passed her hand softly over his bandaged head.

"Can I do *anything* to amuse you, dear?" she purred.

His drooped lids flashed up quickly. He made a sudden, bold move.

"Yes," he answered; "ask that raw schoolgirl, that Miss Dysart, to sing for me. I feel like Saul, when the evil spirit troubled him."

Miss North did not take offense at this request, but answered, promptly:

"Certainly. I dare say she will oblige you. As a general thing she is tolerably good-natured." And she departed at once to find Meg.

After some search, that young person was discovered in a corner of the vine-hung piazza, with Castor by her side. She was pulling to pieces a rose, and scattering its petals over the rough coat of the dog.

"Will you have the kindness to come into the drawing-room and sing for Mr. Moultrie's amusement?" said Constance. "He is in low spirits this morning, and particularly wishes to hear some music."

Meg colored.

"Why don't you sing for him yourself?" she said.

'I have, as you know, an indifferent voice," replied Miss North. "He did you the honor to admire your singing last night—he would like to hear it again."

"He did me the honor! Oh, indeed!" Meg hesitated—wavered, and was lost. "Of course I cannot refuse, since you ask me."

And five minutes after, through wide-open doors, up the stair to Danton Moultrie's ears, floated her ravishing, bird-like music.

She sang as she had never sung before. She seemed to throw her very soul into her efforts to please the fastidious invalid. Constance, who had returned to her lover's side, netted her colored wools calmly. Moultrie looked out on the sea, and made no sign, no sound.

At the end of a half-hour the strong, rich, flute-like notes ceased. Then he roused himself, and said to his betrothed:

"I wish you would call Miss Dysart here for a moment; I would like to thank her."

Miss North arose—she was very willing to oblige her lover to-day. She encountered Meg at the foot of the stair, just as the girl was escaping to the garden.

"Well, why should I not see him?" said Meg, haughtily; and so she went to meet her fate—that is, she followed Miss North into Moultrie's presence. She stood before his chair, heard a few words of formal introduction, felt his eyes burning her face, saw him stretch out a languid hand, and placed her own in it mechanically.

"A thousand thanks, Miss Dysart," he said, with fervor. "A raw schoolgirl," Constance had called her. He could scarcely repress a smile at the absurdity of the description. She looked like a little queen, with her daring, defiant eyes, her proud curled lip, and high, disdainful head.

"I am most happy to make your acquaintance," said Danton Moultrie. She bowed without a word.

"Your marvelous voice has given me great pleasure. I trust that you will take pity on a stranger and an invalid, and let me hear it often."

Silence on the part of Miss Dysart.

"Perhaps you will condescend to sit down, Meg," suggested Constance North. "Your uncle thinks you romp too much upon the beach with Bobin Leith. I'm afraid the housekeeper does not look after you at all. It is scarcely proper to give so young a person the unlimited freedom which you have here at Beach Hall."

Meg's eyes flashed.

"Do not trouble yourself about me, Constance. I will romp the beach with Bob Leith, or anybody else, as much as I like. You are not the person to whom I account for my movements. I am glad to have given Mr. Moultrie pleasure, and I am greatly obliged to him for his flattering compliments."

With that she made a mocking courtesy, and was gone, like a beautiful comet.

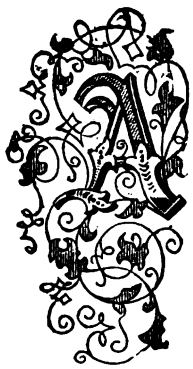
Miss North drew her colored wool through one large, cool hand.

"A terrible little spitfire!" she said, with emphasis.

Danton Moultrie answered not a word.

CHAPTER III.

REJECTED.



A MONTH had passed away. It was midsummer. The blue waves murmured placidly on the sands at Gull Beach. A fervid sun glowed on the shingle and dried up the salt pools left by receding tides. The long windows were open at Beach Hall, and above them gay awnings fluttered in the sweet south wind.

The garden beds were blazing with bloom, the fountains dropped softly in their stone basins, the firs and oaks stood up sedate and motionless in the heat, and under their spreading boughs, in a sheltered nook of the garden, two persons were passing an idle hour—Meg Dysart and Miss North's Southern lover, Danton Moultrie.

The girl was sitting in a low garden-chair, with her lap full of roses. Castor lay at her feet. The man was leaning against the rough bole of a tree, watching her with quizzical, laughing eyes.

The sling was gone from his arm. He looked pale and interesting, but he had evidently regained his strength. In the last four weeks his acquaintance with Colonel Dysart's heiress had progressed wonderfully. Miss North's constant attendance upon her guardian had left her lover somewhat lonely, and to whom should he turn for amusement but to Meg Dysart?—that song-bird, whose bright, fresh beauty was only equaled by her wonderful voice.

"Tell me," he was saying, in a teasing tone, and his blue eyes shone down upon her with a dangerous light, "who is this Rob Leith whose name Constance couples so often with yours?"

"He is a good fellow—a thoroughly good fellow," answered Meg, warmly.

"I am not curious concerning his goodness," said Mr. Moultrie; "is he your lover?"

"He *was*, once upon a time."

"Was!—that implies that he is so no longer. Impossible to believe! The man who had once knelt at your shrine would never bend knee at another. Did you love *him?*"

"A very impertinent question."

"Pray answer it."

Her ever-ready color mounted high.

"No, I did not love him. I know nothing about love—I wish to know nothing."

Moultrie twirled his long, fair mustaches.

"Whence comes such prudence, such marvelous wisdom, Miss Meg? Love is a torment, a fever, a misery; it is also a rapture, a delight, a heaven. Did not Rob Leith tell you as much?"

She made a little grimace.

"No, indeed! Bobin has too much good sense."

He laughed languidly.

"My dear child, your hour has not yet come."

There was a little silence, broken only by the drip of a neighboring fountain in its cool, deep basin. The girl began to gather up her roses. Her face was in shadow—the man's fair, *insouciant* face was lifted to the sun.

"I wonder where Constance can be?" said Miss Dysart.

"With her guardian, most likely; he seems to monopolize all her leisure moments."

"Dear me! I hope you are not jealous of nunky," she said, with a scornful little smile; then added, recklessly, "When—*when* are you going to marry Constance, and take her away?"

He opened wide his blue eyes.

"Inhospitable child! are you so anxious to be rid of me?"

"I am anxious for Constance's wedding," she answered, hurriedly. "All her fine gowns, and my own, too, will be out of fashion if this delay continues, and the patience of the invited guests worn to shreds."

"Miss North now thinks it will be better to postpone our marriage until her guardian is quite recovered."

"How like Constance——"

Then she uttered a cry. Roses have thorns—one, sharp as a needle, had pierced her hand from the stems that she was grasping too closely. Moultrie bent over her—seized the wounded member.

"Allow me to draw it out—I am something of a surgeon," he said, with concern.

They were close together now. He extracted the thorn carefully; the delicate palm trembled in his hold; he raised it to his lips; pressed upon it a swift, hot kiss.

White as death, Meg flung back from him, and, dropping all her roses, turned and disappeared among the trees.

Moultrie stood as she had left him, gazing straight down at the fallen flowers. There was an odd expression on his face, he gnawed his lip savagely. These were the thoughts which crowded up in his mind:

"By Jove! this will never do! I must leave this place at once. I am getting beyond my depth here. Curse that 'spill' in the woods! Was it the most fortunate, or unfortunate, thing which ever befell me? Hard to tell. At all events——"

"Do you find it good fun to flirt with Miss Dysart? Does she amuse you?" said a calm voice at his side.

He turned, and confronted Miss North. She wore a white dress and a white hat, and she looked as dignified as a queen, and as cool as a water-lily. He wondered if she had seen him kiss Meg's hand.

"A man may talk to a girl and not flirt with her, may he not?" he answered, carelessly. "You must admit that you leave me a great deal to myself, Constance, and life at Beach Hall is—well—just a little dull."

"Dull!—with me?"

"No; dull without you. You seem to pass the greater part of your time in Colonel Dysart's company."

She came close up to him—the odor of violets exhaled from her white draperies; a cluster of those honeyed flowers drooped in her flaxen hair.

"My guardian fancies that no one can fill my place in his room. He depends upon me to read to him, to attend to his business correspondence."

"Why the deuce doesn't the man marry? He isn't so old but that he might possibly find a wife to perform these offices in your stead."

"I do not know," answered Miss North, coldly. "I am very glad to be of service to him. But this I must say,

Danton—your conduct toward Miss Dysart is the talk of the whole house; even the servants notice it, gossip about it. I believe, yes, *know*, that I am above petty jealousies, but I must request you to let that girl alone. She is quite ignorant of the ways of men, and Colonel Dysart will not thank you for turning her empty little head. It may be harmless amusement for you, but a very serious matter for her."

Harmless amusement for him—was he quite sure of that? A vivid red shot across his cheeks. He looked greatly annoyed.

"I will ignore Miss Dysart's existence from this hour," he said, "in the wild dissipations of Beach Hall. I will no longer recognize her presence. Turn her head? Not for the world! Moreover, I think it too well-balanced a head to be easily turned. My dear Constance, I am your slave—command me!"

She paid no heed to his mild sarcasm; only said, placidly:

"Colonel Dysart will leave his room to-day for the first time. After my marriage, he proposes to go abroad for a season, and take his niece with him. She will then have a chance to acquire some knowledge of the world." Her manner changed; she laid her hand softly on Moultrie's arm. "For the next two hours I am at your service, Danton. Shall we walk, shall we ride, shall we row on the bay? Ah, do not look so gloomy! You will soon be able to leave this dull Beach Hall. In a week, or a fortnight, at the most, I—I—shall be ready."

"Will you?" he cried, brightening; "that is good news."

She was a handsome woman, and he was pledged to marry her. He made a sudden resolution to mend his ways, and take the goods which the gods had provided. So he kissed her hand as fervently as he had kissed Meg's little paw fifteen minutes before, and down the shady drive they walked away together in a very lover-like manner.

Sheltered under the vines of the porch, Meg saw them go. A strange pain stabbed through her heart, bewildered and sickened her. She did not attempt to analyze the change which had come over herself in the last few weeks—she shrank instinctively from self-examination; but she knew that she was not the same girl who had romped the beach with Castor, fancy-free, one little month ago.

Just before dinner the lovers returned from their stroll. Meg was still sitting under the vines, pretending to read. Neither of the two noticed her. Danton Moultrie was talking to his betrothed of their future Southern home—he did not deign so much as a glance at Meg. What could it mean? She fled indignantly to her room, and made a charming toilet, with the vague intention of outshining Constance. Her dress of opal-tinted silk was garnished with forget-me-nots. She fastened a cluster of the same flowers in her lustrous top-knot, which Nature had so kindly crimped and curled. Her dark eyes were feverishly bright, and she did outshine Constance; but, alas! no one seemed to notice the fact.

Danton Moultrie was all devotion to his betrothed. He did not look once at Meg, nor address a single word of conversation to her during the meal.

Constance was calm and happy. Colonel Dysart, who dined with his family for the first time since his illness, monopolized the attention of everyone. He looked haggard and worn, but he was kind and affectionate to Meg, courteous to Moultrie, and almost doting in his manner toward Miss North. It was a miserable dinner. The opal-colored silk and her own good looks were but vanity and vexation to Meg. Moultrie's studied attentions to Constance, his high-flown compliments, sickened her. What a wretch she felt herself to be! The only thing which enlivened the repast was a strange little scrimmage which occurred betwixt the colonel and Danton Moultrie.

"You have no friends in the North?" the colonel was saying—he had been doing his utmost to play the genial host to Constance's betrothed.

"I have one," answered Moultrie, as he toyed with a cluster of hot-house grapes—"a man who once did me a great service—in fact, he saved my life. That reminds me that I must certainly pay him a visit before I return South. It would be scarcely fair to sojourn two long months at his very elbow, and make no sign."

"Where is he—not *here*—not in Massachusetts?" cried the colonel and Miss North, in a breath.

"He is a resident of Boston," answered Moultrie, carelessly; "a native, too, if I remember rightly."

"And you have not communicated with him?" exclaimed the colonel. "Why, my dear fellow, that is abominable! Telegraph for him to come down to Gull Beach to-morrow; I shall be only too happy to extend a hearty welcome to any friend of yours."

Moultrie looked languidly pleased.

"Many thanks; he is a jolly good fellow. Five years ago I was desperately ill of yellow fever at a New Orleans hotel. Business—the settling of some old law claim, I think—had brought him to the Crescent City. He is, by-the-way, a lawyer of great talent. Well, the disease was raging fearfully at the time, and I was forsaken—left to die—when this man, this stranger, this hero, came to my aid, periled his life for one who had not the smallest claim upon him, for he was simply a guest, like myself, at the hotel, nursed me like a brother, and laid me under a debt of gratitude which, I fear, I can never repay."

"Good heaven!" cried the colonel, in a shocked tone, "and the person to whom you owe so much does not even know that you are in the North?—of course, he was not included in the invitations to your marriage. I am surprised at you. We must certainly see him at once. Such neglect is unpardonable—he will never be able to overlook it."

He rang the bell, and called to the servant who answered it:

"Let the carriage be ready in a half-hour to take Mr. Moultrie to Blackhaven." Then he said to his guest: "It will be easy for you to find the telegraph-office. I am very anxious to see this friend of yours. Such a hero is not to be found every day."

Miss North was smiling up in her lover's face.

"I, too, wish to see him—to thank him for saving your life, Danton. We shall be both proud and glad to receive him here."

Meg leaned forward on the table. She had been listening intently, but in utter silence. Now what demon prompted her to speak?

"You have forgotten to tell us his name," she said; "one likes to know the name of a hero."

He looked up at her reluctantly. Her gray eyes shone like stars, and a dawn-like flush was on her cheeks. How handsome she was! He could see that she felt more real interest in his heroic friend than either of the others.

"His name is Gerald Fortescue," answered Danton Moultrie. "As I said before, he is a brilliant lawyer, and the happy possessor of a large fortune."

"Gerald Fortescue!" She repeated the words, softly. "I mean to remember that name always."

(To be continued.)

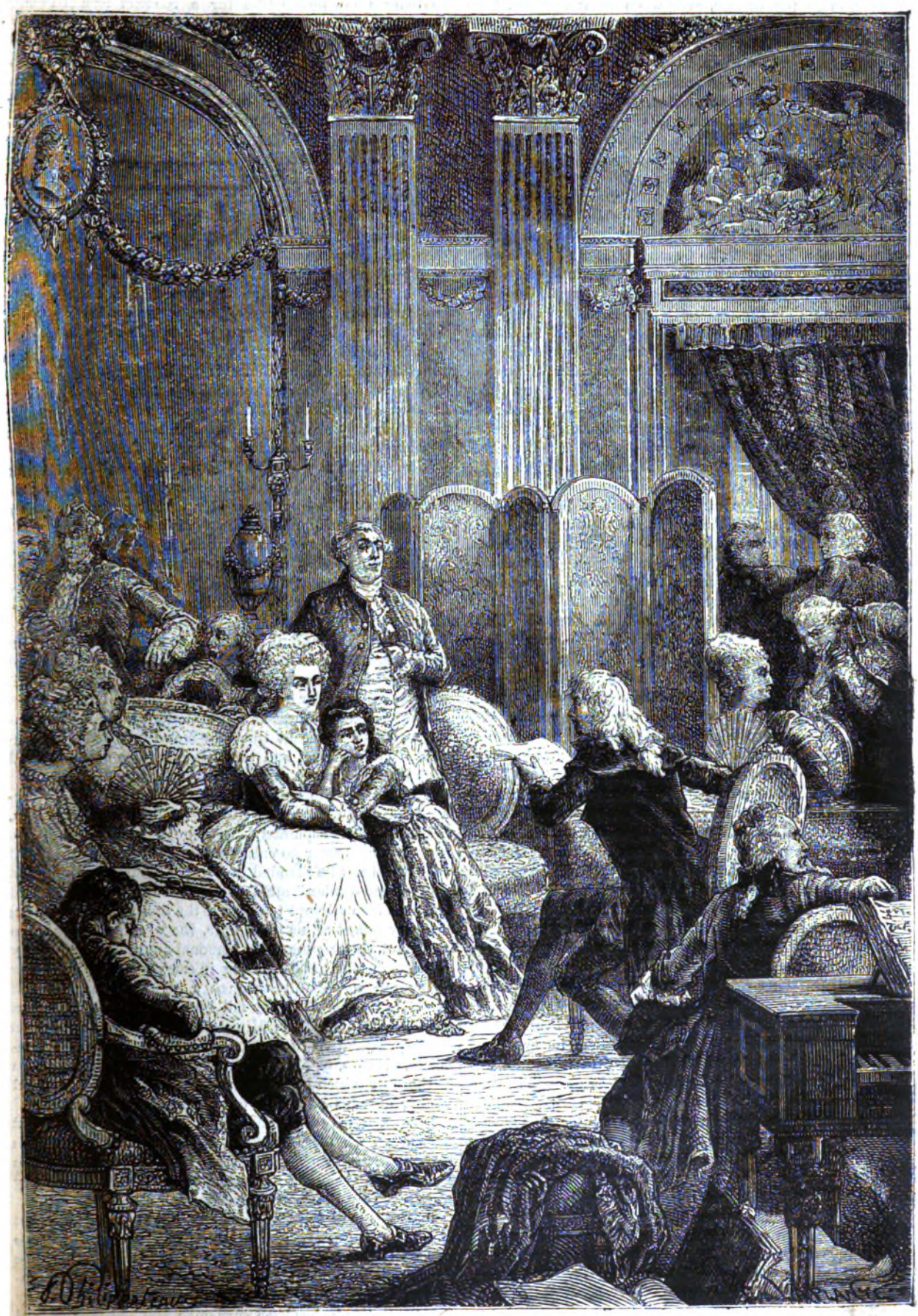
CHARLES MAURICE DE TALLEYRAND,

The Prince of the Old Diplomatists.

The well-known French phrenologists MM. Place and Florens, after taking a cast of the head of M. de Talleyrand, at the request of his family, immediately after his death, declared, as their decided opinion, on a full consideration of the peculiar complications they discovered in his cerebral development, that the character of M. de Talleyrand, if ever thoroughly revealed to his contemporaries or posterity, must be revealed by himself. He must have written his own life, no other man being competent to write it—that is, a life in which the *rusé* diplomatist should stand confessed before the world, divested of that impenetrable mental mask and domino under which the real man and his motives were supposed to be habitually concealed. It has, however, in many instances been very clearly apparent that a man's judgment is rarely more at fault than when exercised in passing judgment on himself and his own actions.

PORTRAIT OF PRINCE TALLEYRAND.—FROM THE ORIGINAL BY BOILLY.

All autobiographies, confessions, apologies, and similar personal statements exhibit an immense amount of self-



THE SALON OF MADAME NECKER.

deception in the writers, even when most anxious, from whatever cause, to make a clean breast of it or to set themselves right in the world's opinion, they attempt to disclose the secret motives, the hidden springs of thought, the mental or other influences which have determined them to this or that course of conduct. Rarely, too, has any posthumously published apology for an equivocal career succeeded in setting aside a verdict of condemnation already pronounced at the bar of public opinion. And even so, probably, will it fare with the apologetic Memoirs of Prince Charles Maurice de Talleyrand-Perigord.

It was generally believed that M. de Talleyrand had for many years been in the habit of noting down his private views on public events, to be amplified, when at leisure, into political memoirs of his own times, and that their completion formed his chief occupation when he withdrew from public life.

Startling revelations were therefore looked for at his death, from the conspicuous and Machiavelian part he had played in all the changes and chances the French nation had undergone during the preceding fifty years. But public expectation was doomed to disappointment; the Memoirs were not to be published until thirty years after his decease, and in 1868 a further delay was announced. It has, however, since transpired that the main object of the Memoirs is but to justify, by statements more plausible than probable, certain ambiguous acts of his own long political career, and that the explanations tend rather to confirm than to modify the unfavorable judgment which, with but few exceptions, his contemporaries and a succeeding generation have felt constrained to pass on his conduct and character as statesman and diplomatist.

From the earliest years of the reign of Louis XVI. the Abbé de Perigord was *un intrigant*. He could have afforded the most ample and curious details concerning the measures secretly adopted by a dissatisfied portion of the old nobility further to inflame the minds of the already greatly agitated and much oppressed people, with the view of abasing the kingly authority, regaining under a timid and incapable sovereign the power and prestige wrested from their Order by Richelieu and Louis XIV., and re-establishing a despotic aristocracy. For such are the motives that not without reason have been assigned to those high prelates and *grands seigneurs* who, on the day after the *séance royale*, which followed the more famous *séance* of the Jeu de Paume (June 20th, 1789), separated themselves from the rest of the *noblesse*, formed the first nucleus of the Assemblée Constituante, and became openly the leaders of a revolution they hitherto had secretly promoted, and whose headlong course they no longer had power to control. Of all and each might then have been said, as Necker said of Mirabeau: "*Tribun par calcul; aristocrate par goût*," and of none with more truth than M. de Talleyrand, then Bishop of Autun. Probably he would have been willing to draw back when he perceived the fatal whirlpool to which the stream of events was leading. But it was too late. "*Laissez faire*" became the rule of his conduct and the *résumé* of his political creed; henceforth, "*se bornant*," says Castille, "*à venir à temps pour faucher la moisson des évènements.*"

Yet his Memoirs, it has been asserted, add literally nothing to what is already known of that terrible drama, the great Revolution, or of the secret political intrigues by means of which the several changes were brought about in the form of government in France in the course of the first thirty years of the present century. As a whole, these Memoirs are said to be provokingly unimportant, being little more than an exemplification of the truth of the proverb, "*qui s'excuse s'accuse.*" In determining to defer their publication for a further term of twenty years, the heirs of M. de Talleyrand are believed to have been influenced far less by personal and family considerations than by a desire to spare some annoyance to the relatives of those public men who held office with him, and shared the responsibility of the measures of government recommended by him in the latter part of his official career. Of the younger of those public men some two or three were in 1868 yet living, and on them the statements of M. de Talleyrand were calculated to cast much odium, which, whether undeserved or not, could not but be prejudicial to their interests or to those of their immediate descendants who had become adherents of a second empire under a second Napoleon Bonaparte. This second empire the keen political foresight of M. de Talleyrand, and his experience of the truth of La Rochefoucauld's *mot* "*tout arrive en France*," may have led him to look forward to, and even with some satisfaction to have seen looming in the future; for was it not one of his last injunctions to his heirs, that "if at some future day a man of the name of Bonaparte should be in want of assistance he should not fail to find it in the family of Talleyrand"? though he may not have regarded it as likely to become so speedily and readily an accomplished fact.

The private life of this "*homo duplex*," as a French writer has termed him, is attractive. One cannot refuse admiration to the possessor of so many genial qualities. His wit, his brilliancy in the social circle, his exquisite taste and polished ease of manner, are peculiarly fascinating. His apparent openness and sincerity complete the charm. Many most determinedly on their guard against him yielded to that spell, and were gained over to his views.

On the other hand, it is difficult to suppress indignation while attempting to follow him through the windings and turnings of that maze of intrigue which formed his political career—a career great from the historical importance of the period it embraces, but inglorious and almost without a parallel in recent times for moral turpitude, unscrupulous self-seeking, and that utter absence of honor and high principle which marked it throughout.

The private life and the political life of M. de Talleyrand have generally, as well by French writers as others, been narrated separately, as though representing two phases of character so entirely opposed to each other that they could not be blended in a single biography, and that the "homo duplex" must be described in a duplex form. But this is to attempt to separate the inseparable, for from the very outset of his public life, the winning tongue, the ready wit, the prepossessing personal qualities very greatly aided tact, talent and cunning in carrying their possessor safely and successfully through a period of anarchy and bloodshed. Nor did they fail him later on in life, when the wily diplomatist, as Minister of Foreign Affairs or as the representative of France, under the Directory, Consulate, Empire, or Monarchy, sought by the same means as those by which he shone in the *salon* to gain a political victory over his colleagues of the council-chamber.

Indeed, it may be confidently affirmed that throughout his career, whatever were the objects and results of his "*vie politique*," they differed so little from those of his "*vie intime*," that if they were not actually the same, they were severally the complement of each other.

"Two acts of the same comedy," says one writer, but somewhat unjustly, for, as the proverb declares, "one must give the devil his due," and it is believed that, like the rest of mankind, M. de Talleyrand had his weak moments, when he threw off the comedian and was sincerity itself. But as he has been surnamed Mephistopheles, and

painted as black as his Satanic Majesty himself, he may, at best, have been sincere only to deceive. Yet while following him through the long, devious and difficult track he pursued in public life (though within the limits of this article, it can be but very imperfectly marked out), some redeeming points in his character may probably be discovered to serve as lights to relieve the dark shadows with which it is customary to surround this prince of the old diplomatists.

Charles Maurice de Talleyrand was a scion of a very ancient family, whose armorial bearings and arrogant device, "*Re que Diou*"—"God only above me"—were those of the old sovereign-counts of Perigord. He was born in February, 1754, and was the eldest of three sons; but lameness, by unfitting him for the profession of arms, having deprived him of what was then a privilege of noble birth, his next brother was promoted to that honor, and Charles Maurice was relegated, as a younger son, to the Church. His lameness has been attributed to a fall when in his boyhood; but he himself related to Count Wissenbourg that it was caused by injuries inflicted on him by pigs, which made a ferocious attack on his legs when in infancy he was set down under a hedge by his nurse while she took a stroll with her lover. It may also have been partly owing to natural causes, as his uncle and other members of his family had some defective formation in one foot, slightly perceptible when walking. Condemned, however, from an early age to use a kind of crutch, cane or stick, "he learned to manage it with so much art that as he grew up the defect in his gait," we are told, "but added to his personal graces." Rather, perhaps, because of his good looks, it inspired unusual interest in him, for we learn that but for his lameness he would in personal appearance have rivaled his brother, the Comte d'Archambault, one of the handsomest men of his time. He was lively, piquant and agreeable, but by no means a studious youth, and his great aversion was the priesthood, into which circumstances had thrust him so sorely against his will. But rich benefices and ecclesiastical honors awaited him; the highest dignities of the Church being then regarded as the patrimony of the younger sons of the *haute noblesse*, as the most distinguished posts in the army were the birthright of the eldest.

While preparing for his clerical career, young Charles Maurice de Talleyrand-Perigord was a far more diligent student of the works of the patriarch of the philosophers and the Voltairian school generally, than of those of the Fathers of the Church. He imbibed from them much of the cynicism of Voltaire, and probably owed to him, in a great degree, that peculiarly incisive and epigrammatic manner of expressing himself, and, as it were, of formulating his thoughts into axioms, for which he was afterward distinguished.

He was never great as an orator; he had neither the *voix de tribun* of Mirabeau, nor the stentorian lungs of the Abbé Maury. He spoke little, but he spoke well and to the point, and "there was an eloquence in the nonchalant, disdainful or smiling and mocking air he assumed, as occasion suited, when silent."

He received his early education at the College d'Harcourt. Thence he was transferred to the Séminaire de St. Sulpice, completing his meagre course of theological studies at Rheims, where he became one of that group of dissolute young men of noble family destined for the priesthood (amongst whom were the Abbé Montesquiou, the Abbé Saint-Phar, and other "Abbés de Cour" of the philosophical school) who formed the ecclesiastical Etat-major of his uncle, Cardinal Alexandre Angélique de Talleyrand-Perigord, then Archbishop of Rheims.

In 1773 he received the tonsure, and on his return to Paris was introduced to the social circle of Madame du Barry. Associating himself with several of his former fellow-students, he then entered upon a course of such reckless dissipation, that even in the dissolute society of the Court of Louis XV. some few voices were raised in condemnation of the scandalous depravity of these youths—most of whom looked to wear the mitre, or even to attain to higher dignities—and of the vicious example thus set to the lower clergy.

The openly licentious life of a high-born and fashionable Abbé, well received in the *salons* of the reigning favorite and other *grandes dames* of the Court, was, however, no bar to preferment. At twenty years of age the Abbaye de St. Denis de Rheims, with two or three minor benefices then conferred on him, supplied him with ample means for the gratification of his dissolute tastes—*en attendant*, of course, a rich bishopric, or other eligible step to the archiepiscopacy, which, but for that thorough sweeping away of the corruptions of the old *régime*—as well in Church as State—he probably would have succeeded to, though his ambition did not point that way.

His position at this time has been compared to that of Paul de Gondy before the breaking out of the war of the Fronde; and some points of resemblance may be traced in the characters of these two dissolute young priests, whose *soutanes* formed their only claim to be ranked with the priesthood. The career of De Retz was shorter, less brilliant, and less important than that of De Talleyrand. The former has been termed "a rough sketch"; the latter "a finished picture." The hero of the Fronde was more impetuous, more honest, and exhibited much less cupidity than the revolutionary Abbé de Perigord; he had more learning, more genius, but less tact and political *savoir faire*. Both were professedly devoted to women, and woman, as has ever been her wont, repaid them in their hour of need with a true and self-sacrificing devotedness to their interests of which they were not always worthy—De Retz, with far fewer personal advantages, inspiring the warmer and sincerer friendships.

The young Abbé has been described as having, at the age of twenty, a face which might have served as a model for that of the Phrygian youth, Ganymedes—fresh and fair complexion, delicate features, and an abundance of fair hair; a chin, then, and throughout life, destitute of beard; nose slightly *retroussé*, which added piquancy to the *malice* and *espièglerie* of those searching glances he occasionally raised his drooping eyelids to fix on the person he conversed with, or on some silent individual of the company. His boyish countenance and slightness of figure gave no indication of physical force, or of the hardy constitution that enabled him to spend night after night at the gambling table, or in a round of suppers and wild orgies with dissolute companions of both sexes, and to appear in the morning, after taking a bath and sleeping for an hour, without showing the slightest trace of fatigue. Many of the escapades, wild adventures and midnight revels described in the meretricious romances of that day are said to have been, with scarcely any variation or exaggeration, those of the Abbé de Perigord and his companions.

The disciple of Voltaire had a longing desire to become personally acquainted with his master. This desire was gratified when, in 1778, the aged philosopher paid his last visit to Paris, and was received there with frenzied exclamations, and the almost delirious joy of the people.

The young Abbé was rewarded for his enthusiasm on that occasion by the blessing of the patriarch, who, at a brilliant *réunion*, and in the presence of several distinguished personages of the Court, spread his hands over

the kneeling priest, and, with much mock solemnity, pronounced a formal benediction. The company congratulated and the Court smiled approval; though both Court and clergy had looked forward to this visit of Voltaire with considerable alarm, as likely to excite the "masses," and lead to commotions in the capital not easy to repress.

Only three years before, the dignitaries of the Church, being assembled to prepare an address of congratulation to the throne, availed themselves of that favorable opportunity to remonstrate on the want of any authoritative check on the spread of "*les idées philosophiques.*" For "even," they said, "from the Government presses, works had been issued containing the insidious poison that was fast corrupting the minds of the people, and even causing schism in the Church." Yet the clergy gave no frigid reception to the chief of the philosophical sect.

Louis XV. was dead; his Du Barry was deposed; a feeble-minded young King and a vain, frivolous Queen reigned in their stead. The nation groaned under oppressive taxation, and the State, financially, was on the brink of ruin. But "*les idées philosophiques,*" with which Montesquieu, Voltaire and Rousseau had leavened the minds of the people, had yet some years to ferment before that terrible upheaving came, to overthrow in its fury both Church and State, and to spread misery, bloodshed and desolation throughout the land.

Meanwhile the gay Abbé de Perigord, though still pursuing his wild career, was chosen to fill the important and very lucrative post of Agent Général du Clergé de France. During the five or six years he held it, he materially increased his private fortune. Stock-jobbing had occupied much of his attention, and some successful adventures on the Bourse made him anxious to acquire a more thorough insight into financial operations generally. With this object, and as his sacerdotal duties were too slightly onerous to interfere with his secular occupations, he sought an appointment in the Treasury Department, and obtained it from Calonne, Necker's successor as Contrôleur Général, at the instance of Mirabeau, who, when introducing his friend to Calonne, wrote as follows of his qualifications for official employment:

"M. l'Abbé de Perigord joint à un talent très réel et fort exercé une circonspection profonde et un secret à toute épreuve. Jamais vous ne pouvez choisir un homme plus sûr; plus pieux au culte de la reconnaissance et de l'amitié; plus envieux de bien faire; moins avide de partager la gloire des autres, ou plus convaincu qu'elle est et doit être toute entière à l'homme qui sait concevoir, et qui ose exécuter."

Not very long after, Mirabeau wrote to the Comte d'Antraigues:

"Ma position est assombrie par l'infâme conduite de l'Abbé de Perigord. L'histoire de mes malheurs m'a jété entre ses mains, et il me faut encore user de ménagement avec cet homme vil, avide, bas, et intrigant. C'est de la boue et de l'argent qu'il lui faut. Pour de l'argent il a vendu son honneur et son ami. Pour de l'argent il vendrait son âme; et il aurait raison, car il troquerait son fumier contre de l'or."

These two portraits of Talleyrand, sketched by a masterly hand, and representing the outer and inner man—the appearance and the reality—have been accepted as forming together a not unfaithful likeness of the wily and supple, unscrupulous and stock-jobbing priest. He and Mirabeau had become acquainted at the Palais Royal, where both were welcome guests at the libertine *réunions* and suppers of the Duc d'Orleans, then Duc de Chartres, (Philippe Egalité), and were also frequenters of the *salon* of the duchess, where the fascinating and *spirituelle* Madame de Genlis then figured so prominently. They were drawn toward each other by similarity in their habits and mode of life, in which vice was combined with courtly manners and aristocratic tastes. Yet Mirabeau, with all his faults, had noble sentiments. There was grandeur in his character, and, though freedom was his watchword, he loved glory and power as much as Talleyrand loved money. The rupture between them was caused, as Michaud (his uncompromising enemy, it is fair to say) asserts, by the conduct of Talleyrand in turning to account the secrets of Government in the carrying out of his private financial speculations. This came to the knowledge of Mirabeau while in Berlin, on a secret mission to the Prussian Court. In his correspondence he took occasion to pass some severe strictures on practices so dishonorable; which Talleyrand by some means becoming aware of, immediately revenged himself by disclosing to the minister certain circumstances relating to those dark years of his friend's past life which cast so deep a shadow on his otherwise great reputation. Hence the changed tone of the second letter. But the "*ménagement*" it speaks of as necessary led to a speedy reconciliation, or, at least, the semblance of one.

THE COUNTESS DU BARRY.

In 1788, M. l'Abbé de Perigord became M. d'Autun, the rich bishopric of that name being then conferred on him, its ample revenues affording him increased facilities for

extending his operations on the Bourse. He was then on very intimate terms with Necker, and a diligent student of his financial policy. This flattered Necker (one of the vainest of men). He was proud, too, of his proselyte; for Talleyrand, formerly an upholder of Calonne, had turned his back on him as soon as he perceived that his waste of the public money and manifest incompetency to hold office were exciting murmurs too loud and deep to pass unnoticed, and that a change was imminent. Talleyrand, consequently, on the dismissal of Calonne, was already the firm partisan of Necker, who was again summoned to take office in order that with his own credit he might support the tottering credit of the State, and replenish its empty coffers.

With the bluestocking Madame Necker, Talleyrand was immensely in favor. His high-bred courtesy and repose of manner, evident desire to please, and, above all, apparent attachment to M. Necker, whom both she and her daughter regarded as a god, were peculiarly agreeable to the learned lady. And no less so the deferential attention with which—his eyes half closed, and a beaming smile on his countenance, that meant, when the subject under discussion was indifferent to him, anything you pleased; it might be either approval or placid contempt—he listened to her long disquisitions on classical learning, in which she was deeply versed; far more so, indeed, than Talleyrand was, for he had little learning, and even less genius. Literature scarcely interested him at all. He had, however, abundance of talent, and had learned in the Church (as Mignet observes) the art of divining men's characters, of penetrating their motives, and, with singular tact, and without any apparent constraint, using them to further his own purposes.

But "*les soirées Helvétiques*" had grown far more staid and formal since Germaine Necker had become Baronne de Staël. As Ambassadrice de Suède, she now presided in a *salon* of her own, where *les idées philosophiques* and *les idées révolutionnaires* were at that period more openly professed than elsewhere. There Madame de Staël, freed from the restraint which her mother's dislike to political discussion in the *salon* had long imposed on her, and arrayed in a hideous turban and dress of her own invention, that not only defied Fashion's decrees, but sinned against every principle of good taste, threw her plump white arms aloft, and declaimed on the politics of the day with all the energy of a tribune.

Among the *beaux esprits* of her literary and revolutionary circle, of whom many were men of great talent and brilliant intellect, she particularly distinguished the Bishop of Autun. He had then so entirely thrown off the clerical character in society, that he had even secularized his dress to harmonize with his habits of gay Lothario and man of the world.

THE MARQUIS DE LAFAYETTE.

Intrigante herself, the eloquent ambassadress believed she had found a congenial soul in this intriguing priest. His cool, keen, sarcastic remarks and sparkling *bons mots*, which belong, as Sir H. Bulwer truly observes, "as much to the conversational epoch as to himself," delighted her, and a great intimacy sprang up between them. A further bond of union was the circumstance of Talleyrand—just elected deputy of the clergy of his diocese of Autun—being then engaged with Necker in preparing for the convocation of the Etats généraux (the measure urged on the King by that unstatesmanlike minister as the only means of saving the monarchy, but which doubtless precipitated its overthrow).

"The religion of the Necker dynasty was the worship of each other." To be a political disciple of the head of that dynasty was, therefore, in the eyes of his daughter, no slight proof of merit. But when to that was added the bishop's high birth and great reputation for *esprit*, he became, in her estimation, a still more exalted character. "Charles Maurice," said his uncle, the Comte de Perigord, "loves politics, but it is for the sake of what he gains by them; which is something he loves much more."

Madame de Staël also loved politics, but from a different motive. She had from childhood been both politician and philosopher, as well as an ardent student of Rousseau. Her

mind had become inflamed with that same pure and heaven-inspired love of freedom—as she believed it to be—that had animated the "divine philosopher," "the child of nature." France was to be regenerated by the spread of his principles, and the recall of her father to power the means of effecting this happy result.

In her enthusiasm she thus apostrophized the shade of Jean Jacques: "Rise from thy ashes, O Rousseau, and encourage in his career the man who, having to contend with extremity of misery, aims at securing the perfection of good!" Freedom à la Rousseau! Yet she had but caught the pervading spirit of the time, and given expression to it. For throughout France, every heart then throbbed with the same fever of excitement, and it would be difficult to believe that Talleyrand—calm and calculating as he may have been from temperament—was not in some degree influenced by the agitated state of the world about him.

He had, however, no sort of sympathy with Madame de Staël's romantic and sentimental view of the claims of friendship. It suited him at that time to stand well with Necker, therefore to figure as a *bel esprit* in the *salon* of Madame l'Ambassadrice de Suède; at the same time to pay homage, duly mingled with delicate flattery, to her great oratorical powers, and to address a few civil words to that insignificant personage, the husband of the ambassadress. But Madame de Staël was not satisfied that her chosen friends, or "*amis du cœur*" should acknowledge and appreciate only her talents and intellect. For while claiming equality with them in the masculine powers of her mind, she expected to command admiration as a woman—the admiration she was mortified to see spontaneously bestowed on those whom she deemed the "pretty simpletons" of her *salon*, and whose society she contemned, though she so desperately coveted their attractions. But, as far as words went, Talleyrand paid his court for a while to Madame de Staël, putting into practice his favorite axiom (derived, probably, from Voltaire, or Swift, or one of the many writers, both English and French, who used it before him), that "Speech was given to conceal thought." His thoughts at that time, it may be conjectured, if given to womankind at all, dwelt far less on Madame de Staël, when she posed as a Grace for admiration, than on the beautiful simpleton who, under his fostering care, was some years later known as Madame Grant, and who eventually became Madame de Talleyrand.

The time and manner of their first acquaintance have been variously stated; but he is supposed to have first seen her by mere chance, when walking with a friend one day in the streets of Paris, and to have remarked, on noticing her extraordinary beauty, that "the husband of so lovely a woman was an enviable man." So deep was the impression on his mind that it still was unobliterated when some few years after he again met her in England. Such is one version of the origin of his connection with this remarkably silly, if beautiful, woman. Her *mots*, if not *bons mots*, were piquant from their extreme absurdity, and afforded much amusement to Parisian society for several years.

Who has not heard of her mistaking Sir George Robinson—though some say it was Dénon, the traveler—for Robinson Crusoe, whose adventures she had recently read! But whichever it was, Talleyrand had invited him to dinner, and, mentioning that their guest was a great traveler, desired madame to pay him much attention, and to speak to him of his travels. This she did by informing him how concerned she had felt when reading of the privations he had undergone, and the shifts he had been put to during his sojourn on the uninhabited island. Her visitor was greatly puzzled; said nothing, but bowed his acknowledgments and thought the more. Presently she asked, with much apparent interest, for news of "*cher Vendredi*"—that dear faithful man Friday, who had been such a comfort to him. The truth then dawned upon him, and madame was informed that a less celebrated personage than the hero she was interested in had the honor of being her guest.

This, however, is mentioned *en passant;* it occurred under the Consulate, and Talleyrand had not yet arrived at that flourishing period of his career. We return, then, to the 5th of May, 1789.

The bishop, in his violet robes, lawn sleeves and grand mantle, was then about to assist at that imposing ceremony, the assembling of the representatives of the three estates of the realm, in the great hall of the Palais de Versailles, and in the presence of the King, Queen and royal family. Now there is dire distress throughout the land. France is on the verge of bankruptcy; to which she has been brought by the reckless expenditure and extravagance in the Court, and ministerial mismanagement of her State's finances. The *noblesse* and the clergy have hitherto refused to share with the people the burden of taxation. But now, at the instance of Necker, they are summoned to concert, together with the people, on the means best adapted for averting a national catastrophe and furnishing supplies for the needs of the country.

From the very outset disunion and tumult prevailed in this mixed assembly, and antagonism toward it in the Court. The Tiers état, with Mirabeau at their head, took the lead, and refused to suspend their sittings at the command of the King. Finding that by his order the doors of the *grande salle* were closed against them, Bailly, the president, exclaimed, "These people know not with whom they have to do!"—then rushed forth to find a convenient locale for the meeting.

A cry then arose, "Au jeu de paume! Au jeu de paume!" and immediately, accompanied by an applauding multitude, the deputies hastened in a body to the tennis-court, where, repeating the oath of their president, each man solemnly swore "never to separate from the 'assemblée nationale' until the constitution of the kingdom should be established on firm and solid foundations."

That same evening the Duc d'Orleans, Lafayette, Lally-Tollendal, the Duc de Montmorency, and others of the *noblesse*, to the number of forty-seven, joined the National Assembly; Cardinal Juigné, Archbishop of Paris, and Talleyrand, Bishop of Autun, following their example on the morrow.

Necker then tendered his resignation. The King refused to accept it; but, influenced by a Court intrigue, secretly dismissed him a few days after. Then occurred that exciting scene, of which Camille Desmoulins was the hero, in the gardens of the Palais Royal; the result of which was an insurrection of the people; the attack on the Bastile, its capture and destruction, and the bringing back of Necker in triumph.

The failure of the crops, or neglect to gather them in, added famine to the many miseries that afflicted the frenzied populace; when Talleyrand, who had already advocated the abolition of titles, put forward a proposition for the confiscation and sale of the domains of the Church, for the purpose of defraying the debts of the State and relieving the prevailing distress.

Talleyrand did not shine in debate, and as his "*douce voix*" failed to impress so tumultuous an assembly, his proposal was formally placed before it by Mirabeau in a declaration that "the possessions of the clergy are the property of the nation."

This was vehemently disputed by the Abbé (afterward Cardinal) Maury, with his powerful, Bossuet-like voice and great oratorical ability, which so far prevailed over the eloquence and audacity of Mirabeau, Barnave and others, that Talleyrand's proposition was greatly modified, and the despoiled clergy, in their several degrees, not inadequately provided for before it received the assent of the Assembly.

As his benefices furnished nearly the whole of his income (except what he derived from his Bourse operations), Talleyrand's proposition to renounce them for the benefit of the State has been lauded as a great and noble action, and cited as a proof that his patriotic motto, "La France avant tout," had a real influence on him. But the Abbé Maury, on this same occasion, openly charged him with the intention of serving the stock-jobbing interests, of which he was the head, and of being one of the causes of the financial distress of the country. The sale of the Church lands would also, he argued, afford opportunity for the purchase of valuable estates for an insignificant sum. Talleyrand, as was his custom, replied only by sneers and a few sarcastic phrases.

It might naturally be supposed that his sympathies were on the side of the Court, and that his own and his family's interests would also have led him to reject the Revolution. But he appears to have been indifferent to both, and to have decided for neither until the finger of Fate clearly pointed out "*L'avenir est à celui-ci.*" And Michaud asserts that when the Court, as the surest means of attaching so able an *intrigant* to their cause, offered him the bribe of a large sum of money, he replied coldly to the person deputed to treat with him, "I shall gain more on the other side, and also incur less risk; for the Revolution will prove stronger than you."

Without any hesitation, he submitted to the conditions of the "constitution civile du clergé," took the required oath himself, and administered it to the priests and curés whom he ordained bishops. The last occasion, probably, on which he officiated as a priest was when, at the *fête* of the general federation of the Communes of France, on the anniversary of the taking of the Bastile—arrayed in his ecclesiastical vestments, and girdled with a tri-colored scarf—he celebrated High Mass on the grand altar that had been erected for the occasion in the centre of the Champ de Mars, and named "L'autel de la Patrie." The "Fédérés," with their banners, to the number of 100,000, surrounded the altar, and upward of 200,000 spectators were present.

While the bishop (who begged Lafayette, who had some sort of part assigned to him at the altar, "not to make him laugh") was performing the *religious* ceremony, the people expressed their frantic joy in songs and dances, jests and jeers, and peals of laughter. The rain meantime had been descending in torrents. Suddenly a ray of sunshine gleams through a parted cloud. The *oriflamme* of France is lowered, and the unfortunate Louis XVI. meekly swears fealty to the revolutionary constitution, to the accompaniment of a grand fanfare, a discharge of artillery, and the ravings of the assembled multitude. Lafayette, mounted on the altar, draws his sword, and seems to be fighting the air; and with this performance, and the singing of a *Te Deum*, above which rise snatches of military songs, this farcical, national and *religious fête* concludes. The King takes his departure, the constitutional bishop limps down from the altar. His eyelids droop lower than usual, and a smile, more expressive of mockery than pleasure, plays on his fair, effeminate face.

On the 2d of April, 1791, an illness of three days carried off the mighty Mirabeau from the scene of turmoil and strife. The speech he had prepared against the law of primogeniture, at his request was read to the Assembly by Talleyrand (his *exécuteur testamentaire*), and that law, then in force, was abolished. The new church of Ste. Geneviève then became Le Panthéon, and was dedicated "*Aux grands hommes, la patrie reconnaissante,*" and destined to receive their remains—Mirabeau being the first decreed worthy of that honor.

The flight of the royal family soon followed the death of Mirabeau. Unhappily, the King and Queen were recognized, and brought back captive to Paris. The revolutionary movement proceeded with greater violence than before, and the Assemblée constituante assumed the functions of royalty. The Acte Constitutionnel, which had been prepared and approved by them, they, however, submitted to the King, who, unable to do otherwise, accepted it, and, on the 1st of October, 1791, repaired to the Salle de Séance and solemnly took oath faithfully to observe all its statutes and ordinances. The assembly shouted "*Vive la nation—vive le Roi!*" then announced that their work was finished; and that, leaving France in the hands of a constitutional King and a legislative assembly, the deputies would resign office and retire into private life.

For the Assemblée, collectively, the merit has been claimed of having enacted many useful and excellent laws, of abolishing many unjust ones, and restoring nationality and property to the descendants of those who had lost both by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. One of its last decrees, made at the instance of the Academy of Sciences, and proposed to the Assembly by Talleyrand, was to establish the uniformity of weights and measures throughout France, based on a system which they thought calculated to facilitate its general adoption by the rest of the nations of Europe.

Several of the more moderate members of the Assembly, induced by the ever-increasing lawlessness of the people, emigrated at this period, and Talleyrand also was desirous of leaving France—not as an emigrant, but in some official capacity. The Pope had excommunicated him; his family then, and for some years after, held no intercourse with him, and men of his own social station classed him with the worst section of the revolutionary party. But, though connected with the Jacobin clubs, from the circumstance of his being member of the Département de Paris, participation in their deeds of violence and blood would have been far from congenial to him.

He was indolent from temperament; was a lover of ease, and of the pleasures and elegancies of social life. The part he had hitherto played in public, and to the end continued to play, had always the excuse of expediency to justify it. He himself once said (and it was within a few years of his death): "I have, through life, been invariably consistent, and kept fealty to every one, *so long as common sense was his guide*, but no longer." This explains much that has been thought far from consistent in M. de Talleyrand's political career.

Mirabeau first urged him to turn his attention to diplomacy, for which he had remarked in him some special qualities. But it was not until Chauvelin was about to proceed to London, to endeavor to prevail on the English Government to hold aloof from the coalition of Austria and Prussia, who, with the Duke of Brunswick and Gustavus of Sweden, were preparing to march on Paris to afford protection to the King and Queen and their family—that opportunity offered for employing him diplomatically. He accompanied Chauvelin; but was charged with a secret mission—Chauvelin's ability as a negotiator being little relied upon—and also intrusted by the Palais Royal party with a large sum of money, to be disposed of in

bribing the press, or in any other way likely to promote the objects the Duc d'Orleans had so much at heart—that is, to overthrow the monarchy and feign a desire to establish a republic, while he was, in fact, busily intriguing to secure for himself the vacant throne, when the fate of Louis XVI. should be sealed by deposition or death.

The revolutionary agents were not favorably received at the Court of St. James. The King was extremely frigid on their presentation to him, and Queen Charlotte is said never to have been known to be so haughty—she averted her face; almost turned her back on M. de Talleyrand-Perigord. But he was all smiles, as though receiving the most gracious reception, and afterward said, "the Queen probably honored them with the sight of her back only to conceal from them her very ugly face."

Sheridan and Fox gave him the cordial welcome due to his reputation of a *bon vivant;* and all were anxious to see this "*diable boiteux*" of the French Revolution. His distinguished birth, high-bred courtesy, and pleasing personal appearance; his perfumes and essences (he delighted in fragrant odors, even as much as did Robespierre); the perfection of taste in his dress (not yet *à l'incroyable*); his witty and agreeable conversation, sprightly *bons mots*, and graceful deference to the wisdom of woman's opinion—though he might be laughing in his sleeve at her weakness, and sometimes was able adroitly to turn it to account—all combined to dissipate prejudice. They even gained him a partisan or two amongst those who had pictured to themselves, in this excommunicated priest, a mere ruffian of the revolutionary assembly; but whom, in diplomatic conference, they found to be no less reasonable than persuasive; while the *haute volée* of society was fain to confess that it had no more accomplished boudoir knight than he.

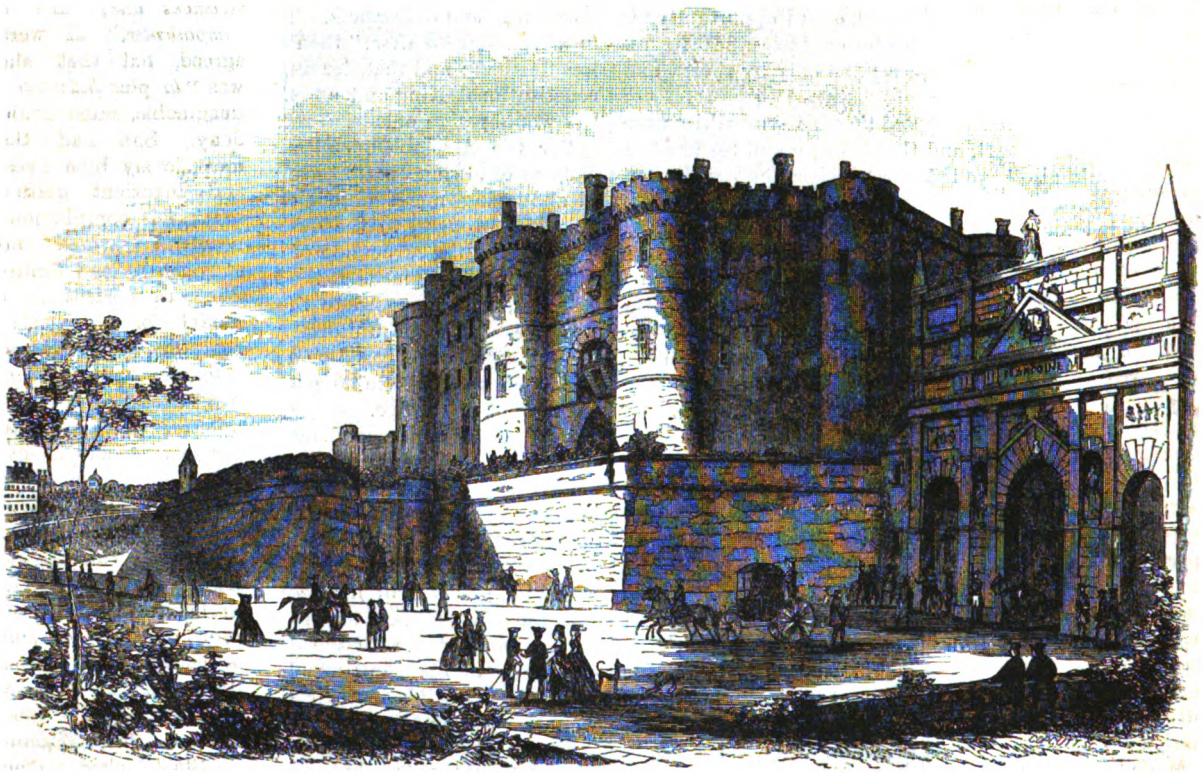
Talleyrand returned to France bearing with him, in the assurance of England's neutrality in the projected continental invasion, the assurance of England's support to the revolutionary faction. Meanwhile, the *civisme* of M. de Talleyrand, and of all who seemed to recoil from these sanguinary proceedings, was called in question.

It did not avail him that by his diplomatic ability he had been the means of imparting new life to the Revolution, and at a moment when it might, it is believed, have been crushed. But he had not looked for results of such startling horror, and as "common sense no longer guided the revolutionary movement," M. de Talleyrand fled—fled, like many others, to England. Then were heaped upon him charges of peculation; of taking bribes from all parties, and betraying them all; of fraudulent stock-jobbing; of being a traitor to the nation, and plotting to overthrow the constitution.

He denied all these charges in a letter addressed to the president of the Assembly, and Danton, a companion in the orgies of his wild youth, had the audacity to defend him.

However, the new and more violent school of republicanism rejected him, as did also the royalist emigrants. Yet he continued to reside in England, even long after the execution of Louis XVI., when the British Government expelled all emigrants suspected of having promoted, or voted for, the King's condemnation to death. But the priestly party both in England and Germany pursued him so unrelentingly as *un prêtre excommunié*, that he determined to cross the Atlantic, to seek there the peace denied to him in Europe, for "he was essentially a man of peace." There, for two or three years, he devoted himself to commerce; "*mais commerce si obscur*," says a French writer, "*qu'il n'a jamais osé l'avouer*," which is probably untrue, and he is believed to have been engaged in extensive transactions in cotton-growing and in sugar, as well as in financial speculations.

When tidings reached America of the fall of Robespierre, Talleyrand solicited permission to return to France. Madame de Staël, by whom he was "*fort aimé, encore*," and who then shone in all her oratorical glory in her re-established republican *salon*, added her persuasive



THE BASTILE.

eloquence to that of other fair friends, less influential, but much attached to him, and his name was erased from the list of condemned emigrants.

The attempted descent of the royalists on the coast of Normandy had evoked a decree that henceforth no emigrant could return to France, and that their property was confiscated to the State in perpetuity. Yet some few exceptions were made. Talleyrand was one of them. He was declared to have "powerfully supported the Revolution by his noble conduct, both as citizen and ecclesiastic." And the Directory not only recalled, but employed him on some secret mission to Berlin, and afterward selected him to confer with Lord Malmesbury at Lille. The cloud which for some years had enveloped him now began quickly to disperse. For though disliked by many, and his return even looked upon with suspicion, yet, strangely enough, when arrived he excited great interest, as one who had been far too hardly dealt with; and the women especially adopted this notion. He was then forty-two, but had contrived to preserve his smooth, fresh complexion; his flowing locks unthinned, and much of his youthful Adonis-like appearance. Exile had taken nothing from the courtliness of his address or the poignancy of his wit. He was still, in all respects, a *grand seigneur* of that old *régime* of which expatriation and wholesale murder had left so few specimens in Parisian society — if society it may be called—of that day; for the excesses of the Revolution had, with very rare exceptions, left their brutalizing mark on all.

MADAME GRANT, AFTERWARD MADAME DE TALLEYRAND.

M. de Talleyrand had, however, lost his faith —if one may suppose him ever to have had any — in that grand, wonder-working principle "*la liberté régénératrice*," which was to inaugurate the reign of wisdom, virtue and justice in France, and eventually to regenerate the world. Perhaps, too, he was rather more bitter in his irony than of old, and the mockery of his smile may have had a shade more of cynicism than of levity in it. He returned to France, professedly, as a private citizen, unambitious of holding office, and seeking only retirement and rest after the storms of life he had encountered. General Lamothe introduced him at the Luxembourg, where the five chief Directors had established themselves, and where so much etiquette had begun to be observed that the citizen servant in attendance in the anteroom required Citizen Talleyrand to give up his cane—to him so needful as a support—before entering the august presence of the Citizen President. Talleyrand was therefore obliged to limp in leaning on the arm of Lamothe; to whom, when he accepted his proffered aid, he remarked, "Il parait, mon cher, que votre nouveau Gouvernement a terriblement peur des coups de bâton."

At about this time Madame Grant appeared prominently in society—that is, in the *société intime* of M. de Talleyrand. He had established himself in a rather small but convenient and elegant hotel in the Rue d'Anjou, where Madame Grant, as his *protégée* and friend, did the honors. The ladies of his acquaintance were far more annoyed than shocked. "Monsieur de Talleyrand," says a lady, who was both his admirer and contemporary, "*savait plaire, et il plaisait.*" And the ladies believed they pleased *him*, but were vexed and jealous beyond measure to learn that he professed to find "pleasing repose in the society of so stupid a woman, and much amusement and distraction in the simplicity and *naïveté*, as he termed it, of her conversation."

That she was "*excessivement bête; sotte à s'impatienter*," all were agreed, but that she was "*la plus belle bête*" imaginable, none could deny. She had the most lovely blue eyes, and luxuriant golden hair; fair complexion; beautiful features, and a finely formed figure. She was perfect as a model for painter or sculptor, but without intelligence or culture. Yet Talleyrand not only admired her, he was for years deeply in love with her.

Madame de Staël visited Madame Grant, as did M. de Talleyrand's friends generally, many probably like M. de Montrond, but to laugh at her, and to collect her droll remarks for the amusement of other *salons*. But Madame de Staël looked on her as a rival, though an unworthy one. She could not comprehend how a man so *spirituel* as M. de Talleyrand, so capable of appreciating intellect like hers, should be enslaved by a woman who had no attraction beyond personal beauty. She reproached him, pitied him, lectured him in her grand declamatory style, and came to an open quarrel with him; all which he bore meekly, rarely replying, but, in a half-sleepy way, smilingly listening to her vehement denunciations. Once, however, he was heard to exclaim, "Oh, that she could make up her mind to detest me!"

On one occasion, after having brought all her eloquence to bear upon him in reproaches for neglect, she concluded with, "Enfin, vous ne m'aimez plus."

"Mais, madame," he answered, "je vous aime toujours."

"Non, non," she said. Then, as if to test the truth of his assertion, she suddenly exclaimed, "Vous m'aimez, toujours?—tenez, donc: si Madame Grant et moi nous tombions dans l'eau, laquelle sauveriez-vous?"

"Je crois que vous savez nager, madame," he replied, opening his eyes and looking smilingly at her.

But, notwithstanding these frequent lively quarrels, they remained excellent friends. Talleyrand was one of the most constant frequenters of her *salon*, and few dinners were given in the Rue d'Anjou at which Madame de Staël was not a guest. Her influence was considerable at that time, and she had much ascendency over Barras. It is a period greatly vaunted by Madame de Staël. She and Benjamin Constant were satisfied with the state of public affairs under the Directory, but it could be only because their friends were in power, as at that period of the Revolution the greatest corruption prevailed in the exercise of every branch of authority.

In July, 1797, the post of Minister of Foreign Affairs becoming vacant, the *portefeuille* of that department was conferred on Talleyrand. His nomination took place at a dinner given by Barras at his country villa at Surênes. Madame de Staël was present, and Barras was supposed to have acted a little under pressure from that quarter. But the Directors were flattered by having attracted to their interests a man so distinguished, both for ability and thorough knowledge of the politics and diplomacy of Europe.

Thus Talleyrand, though he had himself escaped the stigma of having voted for the King's condemnation and death, became the minister of three regicides—Barras, Rewbell and Carnot. On the same occasion, the young General Hoche, whose early and mysterious death removed a powerful rival from the path of Bonaparte, was appointed Minister of War, though wanting three years of the required age—thirty.

Talleyrand's influence, hitherto small, now increased apace, and he whose name had so lately been removed from the list of proscribed exiles affected to take the emigrants under his protection. He recalled whom he would, or, rather, those who could most substantially reward his services, for it must be conceded that throughout his career he was venal in all things.

Within two months of his acceptance of the *portefeuille*, the *coup d'état* of the 18th Fructidor (4th of September, 1797) was accomplished. It abolished the legislative assembly, and placed Barras at the head of the Government. Talleyrand's Memoirs may, perhaps, explain whether it was he or Bonaparte who originated this scheme.

It was in the *salon* of Madame de Staël that Benjamin Constant first hinted that there was treason in the air. Talleyrand was present, also Madame—and she was deeply concerned in the plot—for as Bonaparte at a later period remarked, "she was always conspiring, in concert with her lovers; and Talleyrand, in complicity with fortune."

Several executions took place on this occasion; but as M. de Talleyrand was not cruelly disposed, some seventy or more persons, obnoxious to the Government, were by his order (given while his second rubber of whist was being arranged) merely deported to Cayenne. Condemnation to death would have been more merciful, for the greater part, after much suffering and privation on the voyage and on arrival, perished miserably.

Talleyrand was then in active correspondence with Bonaparte, who was in Italy. He had not yet seen him; but from the style of his correspondence, and what he had learned of his character from his friends, he divined "the coming man," and prepared for his advent.

General Kleber had said, publicly, and Bernadotte—then Bonaparte's friend—supported his opinion, that "a military government was the only one suitable for France"—portentous words. Talleyrand smiled, but made no reply.

Society had been so broken up and dispersed by the Revolution that, on Talleyrand's return to Paris, the republican *salon* of the Ambassadrice de Suède, and that of Barras, who, in a rather disorderly way, kept up a sort of state for himself and his colleagues at the Luxembourg and at Grosbois—where Madame Tallien presided—were the only ones at all numerously attended. But the hôtel of the Rue d'Anjou did not readily open its doors to those mixed assemblages, and for a long time it was far from being a *maison sociable*.

As the *corps diplomatique* became more numerous, official dinners were given at the Hôtel Galifet (the Ministère d'Affaires Extérieures), and as M. de Talleyrand recalled, by degrees, his emigrant friends, amongst whom were several *femmes d'esprit*, who had fled France to avoid the fate that had befallen husbands and relatives during the Reign of Terror, he formed for himself a more congenial social circle. The elegant and perfumed *salon* of the Rue d'Anjou was then enlarged, to accommodate the increase of guests, by the addition of a gallery in the form of a conservatory. And there the remnant of the old French society found a refuge and a welcome.

Reclined on a rich velvet *fauteuil*, or on a *chaise longue*, M. de Talleyrand — his flowing curls now powdered and scented—would listen in silence, and in a kind of cat's sleep, to the lively chit-chat of the ladies grouped around him, who cared more to amuse him than to amuse themselves.

It is singular that one known to have been habitually so silent a man should have left a reputation for brilliancy in the social circle. From his habit of nearly closing his eyes—a habit that grew upon him as he advanced in years—he could scarcely have appeared even an attentive or interested listener. His drooped eyelids, and the smile on his face, would rather seemingly have indicated a mind occupied with some dreamy thoughts of its own. Yet when, occasionally, half-rising from his seat, or changing his position, he opened his eyes on the company, with a glance full of *malice*, but not of ill-nature, and uttered some piquant remark or amusing *bon mot* (which he had, doubtless, been meditating), he gave, in a few words, a concentrated reply, as it were, to the whole conversation. And usually it was so appropriate, that it fixed itself in the memory of its hearers; unlike the wordy declamation which, as a noise in the air, floated away from Madame de Staël's admiring audience, without leaving a trace of its meaning in the mind.

How little has been recorded of Talleyrand's conversation that is not in the form of an epigram or *bon mot!* Even in diplomatic conference he spoke very little. His colleagues guessed his opinions, rather than learned them from his words. And he never would argue; but after listening with an approving, almost deferential, air — as though thankfully receiving information — he gave his opinion on the question at issue; always in the fewest words possible, and generally, as was deemed the perfection of cautiousness and *rusé* diplomacy in that day (and the practice may even in these virtuous times be not wholly extinct), in a form that admitted, by a little straining of terms, of some difference in explanation, should he afterward think it expedient to alter his views. Even in his own private circle he would play at whist or billiards—and he was fond of both—for hours, without uttering a word that was not strictly required by the game. He revived at his receptions the old French fashion of suppers — and they were suppers at which Brillat-Savarin often assisted. Talleyrand never partook of them; but it was then he most usually departed from his silent system, and shared in the sprightly *causerie* of his guests. On these occa-

sions, Madame Grant, who, less strict in her *régime* than Talleyrand, enjoyed the supper immensely, was accustomed to indulge in her most brilliant sallies. Simpleton as she was reputed to be, her remarks were often sufficiently stinging to bring two or three notes to Talleyrand next morning, inquiring whether such and such observations made by Madame Grant had not been made *avec intention*.

It was under the Directory that the "*incroyable*" and "*merveilleuse*" costumes competed for supremacy with Roman togas and Grecian drapery. The beau of the period enveloped his throat in two-and-a-half ells of wide muslin or cambric. This he fenced round with the high standing collar of a short-waisted coat which fell low at the back in two long, narrow tails. It was also much cut away at the hips to give room for the puckerings and plaits of his wide *pantalon*. This ample garment was bunched up at the back in the form of a lady's bustle—its amplitude probably signifying that the wearer no longer gloried in the appellation of *sans culotte*. His hair fell in ringlets around his immense cravat, and he was crowned with a hat so small that with difficulty he kept it on his head. M. de Talleyrand favored the *incroyable* cravat, and by continuing to wear it prolonged its reign in the *beau monde*.

But all Paris was anxiously expecting the arrival of General Bonaparte. The young hero brought with him the treaty of Campo Formio. A brilliant reception awaited him, both from the jealous Directors and enthusiastic people. Talleyrand, usurping the privilege of the Minister of War, presented the "*Vainqueur pacificateur*" to Barras, and, departing from his taciturn habits, pronounced a long eulogistic discourse, in which he hailed Bonaparte as "*l'homme des siècles*"; "who, contemning luxury and splendor, as the ambition of vulgar souls, delighted in poetry, and especially the poems of Ossian, which detach the mind from the things of earth." The general delivered the treaty. His speech was comprised in a few telling sentences, to which Barras made a long and dreary reply, concluding with "take command of the Army of England" (which existed only in name), "and by the conquest of that country, crown an illustrious life."

Fêtes innumerable followed, and on all sides Bonaparte won golden opinions. But his ambition did not yet point toward the conquest of England. Talleyrand, knowing that it inclined to the East, suggested the expedition to Egypt. "C'est le vœu de mon ambition ; le rêve de ma vie !" was the reply.

The expedition was secretly and speedily prepared, and his departure was the signal for another ovation. During his absence the extravagance of Barras brought the chiefs of the Directory into contempt, and paved the way for the *coup d'état* of the 18th Brumaire. In the interval Talleyrand resigned. He despised the Directory, but kept on good terms with Barras, while secretly strengthening the hands of the military party. "La France avant tout" was his motto, as we know ; and he probably believed that Bonaparte possessed not only the strong, stern will, but also the "common sense" he looked for, as so much needed, to restore order in the State, and to give peace and prosperity to the almost ruined country.

When Bonaparte returned, all was ready for action ; and within three weeks after his arrival the *grand coup*, with much skill and audacity, was successfully effected. The Directory was abolished and the Consular Government established. Talleyrand secured for Barras an ample income for life, and thus overcame his opposition, and induced him to give in his vote of adhesion to the new order of things.

The *portefeuille* for Foreign Affairs was again confided to Talleyrand, and the Consulate, on the whole, was the period of his greatest influence. Bonaparte then placed full confidence in him, and no doubt he served his interests well, though without forgetting his own. He realized immense sums from the numerous emigrants who then eagerly petitioned him to obtain leave for their return to France. Foreign powers also bribed him largely to enter into their views, when a general peace seemed probable, and sent him portraits and snuff-boxes enriched with diamonds, rubies and emeralds. At the close of his public career, he possessed the stars, grand crosses, and cordons of every Order that European sovereigns could confer on him.

He lived in princely style. Madame Grant received the *corps diplomatique* at a charming suburban villa at Auteuil, and the *beau monde* flocked to the *fêtes champêtres* he gave there in its gardens and grounds. The First Consul sometimes looked with a jealous eye on this rival court, and on one occasion inquired of his Foreign Minister, with some severity, the origin of a fortune so immense. He replied, very astutely, that "he had speculated largely in the purchase of *rentes* the day before the 18th Brumaire, and on the 20th disposed of them." The flattery so slyly conveyed in this explanation did not fail, as he expected, in its intended effect.

In May, 1802, the peace of Amiens was signed, and at the same time the Concordat was proclaimed. As had been stipulated, the ban of the Church was then withdrawn from the recalcitrant Bishop of Autun, and he was also released from his ecclesiastical vows.

Bonaparte, looking forward to an imperial Court, desired to reform the morals as well as manners of society, and as he urged his officers to marry, so he urged marriage on Talleyrand, and once begged of him to think of it for a week. A few days only had elapsed when the Count de Narbonne announced, in the *salon* of Madame de Staël, that he had just witnessed the marriage of M. de Talleyrand. Great was the consternation. "Talleyrand married !" "And to whom ?" "Madame Grant !" What a blow to Madame de Staël—and disappointment to Bonaparte, too. The former would have relented toward *une femme d'esprit;* the latter had looked to welcome to his new imperial Court *une très grande dame*. But to Madame Grant, become Madame de Talleyrand, the right of appearing there was conceded only on condition that she appeared but once. She was presented at St. Cloud.

Joséphine smiled graciously upon her, but Bonaparte, addressing her with knitted brow, said, "Madame, now you are the wife of a distinguished man, I trust you will bear in mind the duties that position imposes on you." Prepared beforehand by her lord for any such emergency, Madame de Talleyrand replied, "Sire, I shall endeavor in all things to imitate her Majesty the Empress." Joséphine blushed ; Bonaparte frowned ; the lady curtsied low, and withdrew.

Time rolled on. Talleyrand was no longer minister. His influence had declined ; for his voice was always for peace, and Bonaparte loved war. But he had been created Prince de Benevento—a title he rather contemned, as he did the titles of the new nobility of the empire generally. Not so, however, Madame la Princesse ; she was proud of her newly acquired dignity, and, as an "altesse sérénissime," as she delighted to style herself, exacted an immense deal of homage.

After the fatal Russian campaign ("the beginning of the end"), Bonaparte in 1813, contrary to the advice of Talleyrand and Cambacérès, again prepared for war, and named Marie-Louise regent of the empire.

Before setting out for the army, he has a conference

with his former minister, brings many charges against him, and becomes so violent that he strikes him on the cheek. It is more than the loss of a battle to him. Talleyrand turns pale, commands his temper, but mentally vows revenge; and the downfall of Bonaparte is the result of his former minister's intrigues, almost as much as of his own rashness and persistence in carrying on the war. But that Talleyrand despatched Montreuil to assassinate Bonaparte, as he has been accused of doing, was never proved, and cannot be credited.

It is the 20th of March, 1815; Louis XVIII. is King of France. Le Prince de Talleyrand is again Ministre d'Affaires Etrangères, and he is at Vienna, where emperors, kings and princes are amusing themselves at the Congress. Suddenly as a thunderclap comes the news, "The exile of Elba has landed in France." The Congress is broken up, and Talleyrand hastens to Belgium, whither Louis XVIII. has already fled. An interview takes place; an unsatisfactory one, it would seem, as Talleyrand assures an inquirer that Louis has only told him that "all kings are ungrateful."

The battle of Waterloo is fought; Bonaparte is on his way to St. Helena, Louis XVIII. is once more King, and Talleyrand—retired from public life, with the title and appointments of Grand Chamberlain—lives *en prince* in his sumptuous hotel in the Rue St. Florentin, or at his châteaux of Valençay and Richecotte. La Princesse, as her charms were on the wane, grew so jealous that Talleyrand thought a separation expedient, and for a few years she resided in England on a yearly allowance of 60,000 francs.

LOUIS PHILIPPE, KING OF THE FRENCH, UNDER WHOM TALLEYRAND LAST HELD OFFICE.

The King, hearing of her return, inquired of Talleyrand if it were true. "Quite true, sire," he replied; "I also was doomed to have my 20th of March." Death, however, soon released him from his once *belle et bien-aimée amie.*"

By the revolution of 1830, Charles X. was driven into exile, Louis Philippe d'Orleans placed on the throne of France, and the aged intriguer of the Rue St. Florentin sent to England as ambassador.

In the Belgian affair, French writers assert that he was entirely dominated by the opinions of Lord Palmerston. The treaty of the Quadruple Alliance being signed, he returned to France, and finally withdrew from public life, though Louis Philippe continued constantly to consult him on foreign political affairs; and once he appeared at the Institute to deliver an address, or *éloge*, on the death of Reinhard. The greatest blot on his political career is thought to be his suggestion, or approval, of the seizure and execution of the Duc d'Enghien; but the infamy of that transaction belongs, probably, more to Bonaparte than to Talleyrand.

He died on the 17th of May, 1838, and it is gratifying to know that the speeches full of levity attributed to him by one set of writers, and the blasphemous ones by another, as witticisms uttered on his deathbed, are alike untrue. He desired, as his end drew near, to seek a milder climate, and was thinking of visiting Italy. But the suffering he underwent during an operation, and the exhaustion that followed, from which he had not the strength to rally, put an end to this anticipated journey, and, gradually sinking, death soon followed.

When Louis Philippe, informed of his dangerous condition, hastened to visit him, he pressed the hand of one who was already unconscious, and too near death even to return the pressure, much less could he exchange unmeaning compliments and talk of "the honor done to his house." The anxiety of the Duchesse de Dino, his niece, and the pious zeal of M. Dupanloup to effect a conversion *in extremis*, may have disturbed his last hours by vain attempts to rouse him to consciousness and induce confessions he had not the power to utter. A recantation of past errors was prepared for his signature in the form of a letter to the Pope, and a pen being placed in the hands of the dying man, by the guidance of another hand a name was traced. Without it, his body would not have been allowed entrance to the Church of the Assumption. It lay there until removed to the family vault at Valençay, together with the remains of the Duc d'Archambault, his brother, who died at the same time, and was buried with him under the same splendid mausoleum.

AUNT KEZIAH.—"THE MAN WHO STOOD IN THE BOOTS HELD UP HIS ARMS, AND TOLD ME TO LET GO, WHICH I DID; AND—I MAY AS WELL TELL THE WHOLE OF IT—THE WRETCH KISSED ME BEFORE HE PUT ME DOWN."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

Talleyrand was greatly beloved by the various members of his family, and in his distinguished social circle he had many old and faithful friends who sincerely esteemed and admired him. Most of the servants of his numerous household had lived with him many years, and were all much attached to him. This speaks well for his character in private life.

On his public career it would be unfair to pass judgment without taking into consideration the lawlessness and turbulence, the immorality and corruption, both social and political, which characterized the stormy epoch in which he was called to play a very prominent part. If he did not pass through it blameless, he was less guilty than many others; if his hands were not pure, at least they were not blood-stained, and it is possible that, as Bourrienne, who knew him well, says, "History will speak as favorably of him as his contemporaries have spoken ill."

IRONSIDES.

By the Rev. M. G. Watkins, M. A.

Ask you how we Ironsides mustered,
How beat down each Gospel foe?
Conscience, when malignants blustered,
Faith and Conscience laid them low;
I, Habakkuk Grace-abounding,
Sword and Zion's trump in hand,
Charged at Winceby; they, with sounding
Of our psalm-tune, made no stand.

Brother, with the Truth unaltered,
Granting us instrength'ning grace—
With this Life-book ne'er we faltered,
Held at Marston's Moor our place;
Rode down Satan—combat glorious—
Cleansed a kingdom for the Lord;
'Neath our fig-trees now victorious,
Gospel-taught, we sheathe the sword.

AUNT KEZIAH.

"GOOD GRACIOUS, Tom!"

"Good gracious, little woman!" echoed Tom. "How you startled me! What is the matter now?" and he set down his cup of coffee, and looked across the breakfast-table at his young wife, who was eagerly reading a letter.

"Matter enough, Tom, as you will find out. Who do you think is coming to-morrow with Amy?"

"Not Beelzebub, I hope?"

"I think I would almost rather see him, Tom; we certainly have more in common," replied his wife, with a merry twinkle in her eyes, as she handed him the letter she had been reading.

"I have it!" he exclaimed. "It must be Aunt Keziah!"

"Even so, Thomas; and thee knows I have forgotten how to say 'thee' and 'thou.'"

She was a very pretty picture as she sat there at the head of his table, in her dove-colored morning-dress, her hands folded in her lap, and her beautiful eyes cast down.

"Well, little one," replied her husband, "thee has learned other lessons, and may be forgiven. If she proves very frigid, put baby Harry's rosebud mouth to her reproving lips, and she will forget 'prunes and prisms.'"

"We have been so happy," continued May, "and I meant to have made it so pleasant for Amy. Now I will have to be prim and disagreeable, and—dignified."

The last word was uttered in a doubtful, hesitating way, as if she had not full faith in her own ability to be so, and was rather uncertain as to how her husband might receive it.

Her uncertainty was not of long duration, and she soon joined in the merry laugh which rang out at her expense.

"Truly," said he, "a very kitten for dignity!" and he began to read Amy's letter.

"It is all very well for you to laugh, Tom," continued his wife; "but if you knew how miserable I was those years I lived with Keziah, you would understand how I feel now. My life was all angles; everything was dull and hard and cold; some disagreeable rule was always obtruding itself, and I was always giving the dear old lady such a succession of shocks, that I fear her constitution must be terribly shattered. I made up for it after I went home. I put on a stocking with a hole in it the very first day, and behaved in such an extravagant manner that Deborah thought I was crazy."

Tom took out his pocket diary and wrote, "Engage a woman to darn my socks for three months," and handed her the diary.

"Thank you, dear; that will be delightful, and it will not be any extra expense, for we will not need any starch while Keziah is with us. I must go from garret to cellar to-day, for I would not have her find an atom of scotched drapery, or a speck of dust, in my kingdom, for the world. Do you know, Tom, she used to go round with a black silk handkerchief after I had dusted, and the ash-barrel was scoured twice a week."

"I know that she trained a dear little housekeeper for me, and for that I thank her. Be your own joyous, light-hearted self, and I think Keziah will admit that ours is a happy household. My own experience rather inclines me to pity her. I have no doubt you kept her exercised as to what your next exploit might be. Poor woman! I shall compare notes with her when she comes."

"Do it at your peril, sir! I think, on the whole, I behaved very well. I never came down-stairs head first more than once a week, and I never looked at a boy in meeting. I used to whistle and climb trees; and if I did take a ride on the cow, Tom, dear, it was only gymnastics." And she laughed merrily. "If you could have witnessed that scene, Tom! Strawberry was not what you could call a pacer. Away we went down the road. I had tied my sash round her horns for a bridle. To this day I have never been able to decide which was the harder, the ride or the scolding I had to take after it."

"A difficult question, I should think, my love; but if I may hazard a guess, the ride was not soonest forgotten."

"I will never do it again, Tom," she said, with a penitent air. "Let us go up to Harry. I know he is wondering where I am; and, Tom, dear, if you would like me to be more serious, just say so, and I will take lessons from Miss Simpkins. After a course of about three weeks, I will be able to go about the house like a solemn warning."

For answer, a pair of strong arms lifted her from the floor and carried her up into the nursery. She soon forgot her trouble in a frolic with baby; and when she went down to the street-door with her husband, she thought she would be glad to have Keziah come and see how proud her husband was of her, and how happy she was in her home.

"If it only was my home," she thought, "I would not have anything left to wish for."

She went into the little parlor, where birds, flowers and goldfish were awaiting her—a bright, cozy room, where

the sun was not excluded, and the furniture was not too fine for daily use. Here was her dainty work-table, her piano and Tom's flute. Autumn leaves were tastefully arranged on the slab below the mirror, and a few fine engravings adorned the walls.

This room was the delight of May's heart. Here, in the afternoons, she and baby Harry watched from the window for papa's return. Now, as she arranged the curtains and dusted the window-ledge, she thought regretfully of a conversation her husband had held with her the evening before. They had hoped that he would have been able to purchase the house, but business reverses forbade that hope, and would compel them to look in the Spring for another house at a lower rent.

Tom had seen no cloud pass over his young wife's bright face as he told her this unwelcome news; but he knew that it was a great disappointment, so he added:

"Never despair, little one. It may be yours yet, but we must not count on it."

She answered him gayly:

"A broken contract, sir; twenty-five cents fine! You know there is no hope that it will be so, and you promised never to deceive me. Let the house go, Tom; you and I can be happy anywhere."

May and Amy were twin-sisters. Early orphaned, they were left to the guardianship of two maiden aunts, who were as unlike in disposition as the children were themselves.

Both were Friends; but Deborah was much less strict than her sister, and readily made allowances for youthful gayety; while Keziah looked upon every little escapade as a flagrant offense, and thought laughter-loving May was on the high road to perdition.

The morrow came, and brought the expected visitors.

"Remember the promised dignity," said Tom, in a low tone to his wife; then, offering his arm to Keziah, he led the way into the breakfast-room.

"She is not so formidable, after all," thought May, as she seated herself before the urn. "I wonder which is most changed, she or I?"

Keziah looked about her with an approving smile, and as she ate her favorite cakes, and listened to Tom's thanks for the teachings which had given him such an incomparable housekeeper, there was a sad, far-away look in her eyes which troubled her young hostess. But when she spoke, and said that she was an uninvited, and possibly an unwelcome, guest, and for this she prayed their forgiveness, that traitress May, who felt so self-convicted for her foolish speech about Beelzebub, started from her chair, and, winding her arms round Keziah's angular form, kissed her again and again, and assured her she was most sincerely welcome. "Besides," she added, "I am very glad to have you see that Tom thinks there is nobody like me, and that baby thinks the same, and that I am the happiest woman in the world; and if you do not make us a good long visit I shall imagine that I have offended you, or that you have never forgiven some of my mad pranks when I was young and foolish."

"Hear, hear!" cried Tom, and Amy laughed heartily.

"It is well, child," said Keziah. "I am entirely satisfied."

"Keziah," said Tom, "did you ever hear how my wife introduced herself to me in the days when she was young and foolish?"

"Not that I remember, Thomas," was the reply.

"Well, ma'am, she fell into my arms at sight."

"Oh, oh!" exclaimed May and Amy in unison.

"I will tell that story to Keziah myself," said May, "and I am not ashamed of my part of it. Thee must know, Keziah, that Deborah was expecting company to tea, and she intrusted me with the making of the cake, and that was a great trust—gold and silver cake. How tempting it looked as I poured it into the pans! It was a very warm day in August, and I could not stay in the hot kitchen, but I gave Maria great charges about the baking, and went up-stairs to dress. Pretty soon I heard a rap at the door, and, soon after, Deborah and Amy were talking with some visitors. They did not stay long, and Deborah and Amy went out to the gate with them, and they all stood there talking. I had taken down my hair, and put on a white wrapper, and was trying to get cool, when I heard a great grunting in the garden. I looked out of the window, and there was Maria chasing the pig up one walk and down another, and over the beds. While I was laughing, and wondering which was doing the most mischief, Maria or piggy, I smelt my cake burning, and started for the stairs. When I reached the turn, I glanced into the parlor, and saw a gentleman's boot. Thee knows I could not go down-stairs without being seen, and the cake was burning; so, I climbed over the baluster, and I was just swinging myself down from the iron rod, when a horrible little dog started from I don't know where, and began barking and leaping up in the most frantic manner. Thee knows that a dog is the only thing I fear. I could not get back, and I dared not drop down, and, as I was terribly frightened, I screamed. Then the boots rushed out of the parlor, and gave the dog a kick, and the man who stood in the boots held up his arms, and told me to let go, which I did, for I could not hold on any longer; and—I may as well tell the whole of it—the wretch kissed me before he put me down."

"I give you my word, Keziah," said Tom, "I thought it was a child. I saw only a cloud of white drapery, and floating hair, and *such* ankles! I never imagined that a young lady would take a flying leap from the top of a staircase. Picture my confusion when an elegantly dressed young woman walked into the room, and took her seat at the tea-table, and I was introduced to Miss May Neilson."

"May kept your secret," said Amy. "Neither Deborah nor I heard the conclusion."

"I knew she would," said Tom; "therefore I will not say how long she was my debtor; but I have had a passion for burnt cake ever since."

"I am glad to hear it," replied Amy. "I have been wondering what Santa Claus would bring you to-morrow night. May wrote that you hang up your stockings."

May glanced at Keziah, who was folding her napkin with the same preoccupied air, and wondered again what the change was, for she was very unlike her former self. Once every motion was brisk and decided; now she was gentle and quiet, and smiled at what she would at one time have stigmatized as folly.

"Will you be company, and sit in the parlor, or shall we all go up and give baby his bath?" asked May, as they rose from the table. The vote was given for the nursery, and when the baby Harry had been caressed and admired enough to satisfy even his mother's heart, May insisted on placing Keziah on a comfortable lounge, while she and Amy talked nonsense together, as she rocked Harry to sleep.

"First, Keziah, tell me, does thee not think the frisky kitten has turned into a most sober cat?" asked May, as she twisted one of Harry's curls around her finger.

Keziah smiled as she answered:

"I think the frisky kitten can say: 'The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, and she will do him good, and not evil, all the days of her life.'"

May looked gratified; but Amy said:

IRONSIDES. —"GOSPEL-TAUGHT, WE SHEATHE THE WORD."—SEE POEM ON PAGE 94.

"I am not going to take things for granted. Tom told me this morning that he had had experiences. Let us hear your last piece of mischief, and I will decide."

"I do not know about the last," said May. "Keziah might be shocked."

"Positively she is blushing!" cried Amy. "Come, May, begin! I must hear it!"

"Well, thee must know Florence Dangerfield was sick last October, and I used to go over to Hoboken to see her quite often. One evening when I was there, she fainted, and I could not leave her till it was nearly dark. It never occurred to me that there was anything to fear in being out a little later than usual, as the streets were well lighted and thronged with people. On my way home, I stepped into a confectioner's, to get some caramels for Tom. He is very fond of sweets, and it was to be a sort of peace-offering for being out so late.

"A gentleman entered the store at the same time, and bought some candy, as I was on the point of paying for mine. He laid a banknote on the counter, and said: 'Take out for both.'

"I was very much surprised, and did not know what to do; then I pretended that I had not heard, and laid the money on the counter for the caramels. The stranger laid it on my package, and said: 'I paid for them, Mary.'

"I did not want to attract attention in the store, so I laid it on the counter again, and passed out, and he joined me, and asked if he might not see me home. I declined quite politely, tossed the unfortunate caramels into the gutter, and finally stood still, and said: 'I beg thee will go thy way, and permit me to go mine.' He replied: 'Thy way is mine, fair Friend.'

"There was not a policeman in sight, and if there had been, I was afraid of publicity. I said: 'Thee shall not go home with me.' He replied: 'I swear I will! And, talking of swearing, I trust thee will relent, like a pretty Friend I heard of once, who refused to let a handsome young officer kiss her; but when he said, "I swear I will," she replied: "Friend, since thee has sworn, thee may do it; but thee must not make a practice of it."

"Though I was so indignant, I could scarcely repress a smile. He had a very sweet voice, and if I had met him in a friend's drawing-room, I should have thought him quite an interesting person. I asked him: 'What is thy name?' He replied: 'A very euphonious one, John Smith. Has thee relented?" I said: 'Since thee has sworn, John Smith, thee may do it; but thee will not make a practice of it;' and I thought what an atom he would be in Tom's grasp."

Keziah's knitting-needles were slipping rapidly through her fingers, but Amy's work had dropped into her lap forgotten, as she leaned forward, with dilated eyes and glowing cheeks, and exclaimed, in a breathless voice, "Oh, May!"

"Well," continued May, "John Smith was very entertaining, and I began to feel quite sorry for him; but I said to myself, 'He is in search of an adventure, and needs a lesson, and my Tom is the right person to give him one.'

"When we reached the house, I put my finger on my lips, and he crept up the steps like a mouse beside me. I took the latch-key out of my pocket, and whispered, 'John Smith, take off thy boots.' He drew them off very quietly, and we passed noiselessly into the hall.

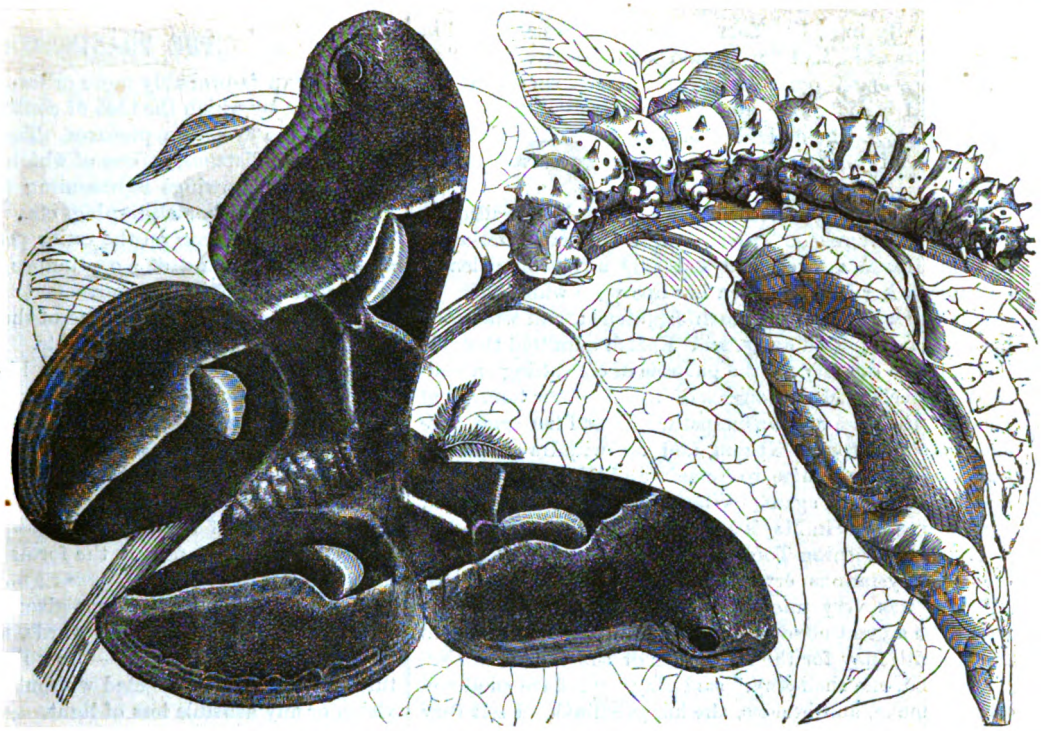
"Then my heart stood still as I thought, 'What if Tom should not be at home! What if he has gone to meet me!'

"We went to the dining-room door; the gas was burning low. I opened it softly, and motioned John Smith to enter. He did so, and I followed. Suddenly the gas was turned on full, and I knew all was right.

"Tom says I looked like a vixen. I think I felt like one as I said, 'Tom, dear, this is John Smith, who would *insist* on coming home with me.'

"It did not take long for Tom to see the situation; but John Smith saw it first. I saw a vision of coat-tails at a right angle, and heard the hall-door slammed, to be opened again immediately, and heard two pairs of feet racing down the street; but one pair made more noise than the other.

"I can laugh now, Amy; but I did not feel much like it then; and when Tom came back, looking so pale and stern, I just went into hysterics. Afterward, when I told him all about it, he was not vexed with me, though he said it was very venturesome; and the next night he took me to see 'The Merry Wives of Windsor.'"



LITTLE-KNOWN SILKWORMS — FIG. 1.— AILANTHUS SILKWORM (ATTACUS CYNTHIA).— SEE PAGE 99.

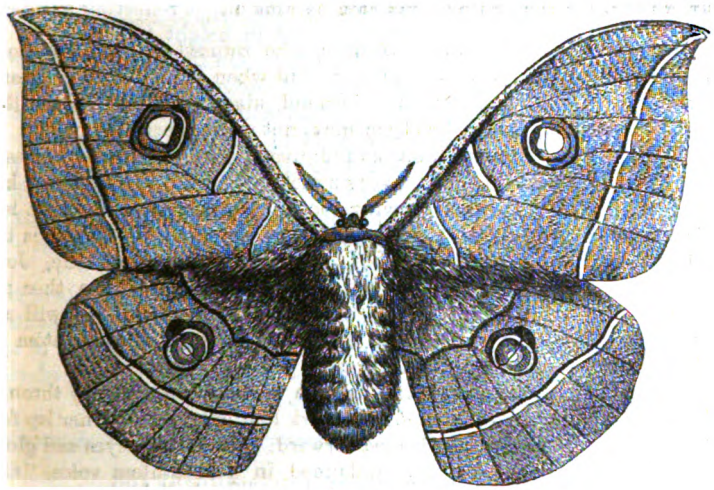


FIG. 2.—ATTACUS YAMA-MAI.

"Did you catch John Smith?" asked Amy.

"No; he lost sight of him in the crowd as he turned into Broadway; but it was just as well. I think the fright was punishment enough for him. Now, you have heard my last adventure. I never intend to have another. Sometimes I feel uncomfortable when I think that John Smith knows my name, and where I live, and I don't think that he has forgiven me."

"He may not know your name," said Amy.

"Oh, yes, he does! for the next day a basket of beautiful flowers was sent to Mrs. Thomas R. Lansing. The groundwork was white, and one word was written in crimson flowers, which Tom translated for me."

"What was it, May?"

"*Peccavi*—I have sinned."

"And what did you do with the flowers?"

"I picked out the crimson ones, and tied them together, and Tom gave them all to the old man who sells bunches of flowers on the corner of Broadway. It was a lucky windfall for him, and that was the last of John Smith. What is your verdict, Keziah?"

"As it happened, child, thee did well. People who are plain and old escape impertinences which such as thee are sometimes subjected to, through no fault of their own."

"And yours, Amy?"

"I have not found one yet," said Amy. "I must confer with Tom."

"Then it will be all right, for Tom knows I am the best wife he ever had. Now, I will put baby in his crib, and take you over the house. I thought it would be mine once, as it is to be

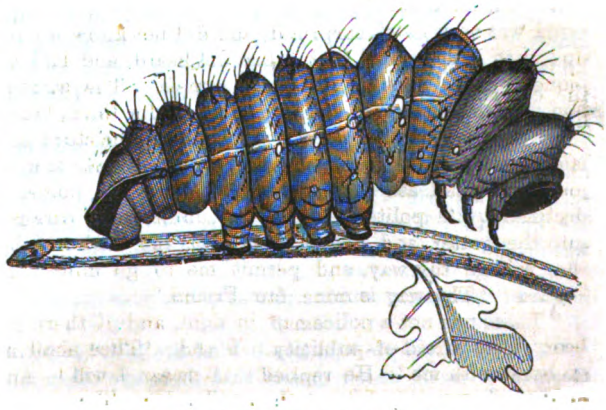


FIG. 3.— CATERPILLAR OF YAMA-MAI.

sold in the Spring; but Tom has not been as successful in his business as he had hoped, and we must give it up."

Keziah seemed quite interested in the survey of the house, and asked many questions as to the desirability of the property. She delighted May by pronouncing it the perfection of neatness, and in every way suited to her needs.

When they were seated in the cozy parlor, awaiting a summons to luncheon, May noticed the same far-away look in Keziah's eyes, and suddenly a mortal paleness overspread her face, till even her lips were white.

The sisters were very much frightened, and when the faintness had passed away, and Keziah admitted that she had come to the city for the purpose of consulting an eminent physician, May thought of the desolate home, and Hannah, the prim and unsympathizing, and her arms were again wound around Keziah, and not withdrawn till she had made her promise to remain and allow her to nurse her back to health again. When the promise was gained, the dancing light in May's eyes attested her sincerity.

The next morning Tom and Keziah went out together on some mysterious errand, and Amy told her sister that Deborah was very uneasy about Keziah's health, and it would be a great comfort to them all if she consented to remain with May for the remainder of the Winter.

"Indeed, she shall stay," said May. "I have an atonement to make, and besides, she has promised. I felt very badly about it first, for I thought her being there might make it dull for you; but I am quite reconciled to it now, and she has changed very much since I used to torment her. She cannot think that I am a baby for hanging up my stocking, because Tom hangs his up, and I knew she would think a great deal of Tom. Come and see my present for him. He must get something for Keziah, too. She shall have a real Christmas once, at any rate."

Christmas morning dawned, bright and glorious; but May did not awaken till baby Harry pulled her eyelids open with his dimpled fingers.

"What were you dreaming of, May?" asked her husband.

"I was talking with angels, Tom; but I could not understand them. Then Keziah came, and the angels vanished."

"Perhaps they hid in your stocking, dearest. Look!" said her husband, and he handed her a well-filled stocking.

One pretty gift after another appeared. The last article was a formidable envelope, and contained Keziah's Christmas offering—a deed of the house.

"Oh, Tom," said May, "did you know it?" and, without waiting for an answer, she threw on her wrapper, thrust her feet into a pair of slippers, and danced out of the room.

"What a little mother it is!" growled Tom to baby Harry. "She will surely catch cold rushing about the house so thinly clad this wintry morning!" and he drew the covering more closely round his child. "Lie still, little one, and I will bring mamma back again."

Before he left the room, he was startled by a wild cry, and May came in so still, so pale, she might have been taken for a spirit. No need to ask what was the matter. He knew that Keziah's fears were realized, and that she was dead. "Vanished with the angels!" said May.

"THERE are people who live behind the hill," is an old German proverb, which means that there are other folks in the world besides yourself, although you may not see them.

THE PRAXINOSCOPE.

EVERYONE is probably more or less acquainted with the instrument by which the idea of continuous motion is conveyed to the eye from pictures. Two disks are arranged at a suitable distance, in one of which is a narrow slit, and on the other drawings representing the various positions of any action—a horse jumping, etc.. The presence of the luminous impressions on the retina produces on the visual organs the sensation of a continuous picture animated by the various phases of the movement intended to be represented. The phenomenon is one of the most curious in the whole range of optical experiments.

But the ingenious instruments hitherto produced, all consist in the employment of narrow openings which, besides reducing the light in considerable proportion, and consequently the clearness and brilliancy of the picture, necessitate the rapid revolution of the latter to a degree which exaggerates the quickness of the movements represented, because, if turned more slowly, the intermittence of vision would not permit the formation of a continuous image on the retina.

In the praxinoscope—a name given to it by its inventor, M. Reynaud, from two Greek words, meaning respectively "action" and "to look at"—the substitution of one picture for another is effected without any interruption of vision or any sensible loss of light.

The apparatus consists of an upright polygonal box, fixed on a stand, the various faces of which are formed of pieces of looking-glass placed side by side so as to constitute a prism of mirrors. Outside that reflecting surface is a movable circular tray, equal in height to the prism, but exactly double in its diameter. On the interior surface of the tray are placed a series of designs on the same subject, in the different phases of an action, and so arranged that each of them corresponds to one face of the prism. A small winch is attached, to give a rotary motion to the circular box, and a very moderate speed suffices to produce the substitution of the pictures, and the animated illusion is apparent on the mirrors very clearly and distinctly, with remarkable regularity of movement.

M. Reynaud states that the instrument is capable of rendering great services to optical science. It will facilitate the study of the contrast of colors, the persistence of impressions, etc., as the changes produced by it can be effected with great rapidity if required.

THE MONK WEATHER-GLASS.

THE most simple form of the hygrometer was formerly a very favorite indicator of the state of the weather, and usually consisted of the figure of a monk with his hood, which is attached to a bit of catgut; this covering of paper, painted to represent the hood, falls over the head on the approach of damp weather, and inclines well back during the period that the air is dry or contains less moisture; and, simple as it is, this hygrometer, in conjunction with the reading of the barometer, may assist *paterfamilias* in deciding the fate of a pet bonnet or velvet mantle, which is or is not to be worn on a doubtful day. The hood, A B, covers the head to dotted line C in wet weather, and takes various intermediate positions, being quite back on the shoulders when the air is dry. A thermometer, D, is usually attached.

COURAGE, the commonest of the virtues, obtains more applause than discretion, the rarest of them.

'TWAS SUMMER'S EVE.

By A. A. Watts.

'Twas Summer's eve—the heavens above,
Earth—ocean—air—were full of love:
Nature around kept jubilee,
When first I breathed that tale to thee!

The crystal clouds that hung on high
Were blue as thy delicious eye;
The stirless shore and sleeping sea
Seem'd emblems of repose and thee!

I spoke of hope—I spoke of fear;
Thy answer was a blush and tear:
But this was eloquence to me,
And more than I had ask'd of thee!

I look'd into thy dewy eye,
And echoed thy half-stifled sigh;
I clasp'd thy hand—and vow'd to be
The soul of love and truth to thee!

The scene and hour have pass'd—yet still
Remains a deep-impassion'd thrill:
A sunset glow on memory,
That kindles at each thought of thee!

We loved—how wildly and how well,
'Twere worse than idle now to tell;
From love and life alike thou'rt free,
And I am left to think of thee!

Though years—long years, have darkly sped,
Since thou wert number'd with the dead,
In fancy oft thy form I see;
In dreams, at least, I'm still with thee!

Thy beauty, helplessness and youth,
Thy hapless fate, untiring truth,
Are spells that often touch the key
Of sweet, harmonious thoughts of thee!

The bitter frown of friends estranged,
The chilling straits of fortunes changed;
All this—and more—thou'st borne for me—
Then how can I be false to thee?

I never will: I'll think of thee
Till fades the power of memory;
In weal or woe—in gloom or glee—
I'll think of thee—I'll think of thee!

THE FISH-HAWK AND THE BLACKBIRD.

The eagle and the hawk are the terror of the air; most birds fly at their approach, and the whole feathered creation seems in awe of their rapacity. The fish-hawk reverences the eagle, and will drop the fish which he has secured when he sees the greater robber swooping down upon him; and there is no more curious sight than to behold the eagle secure the fish before it reaches the water.

But, strangely enough, in this country the fish-hawk has one who is a sort of dependent, or humble friend. This is the purple grakle, or crow blackbird. This bird, so far from shunning, courts the society of the fish-hawk, and will make his nest in the rude framework of the hawk's nest, or, if the available apertures have been secured, on the nearest branch, as if seeking the sheltering protection of one so much dreaded by others.

That one bird should find a building-spot in another's nest will appear less strange when we know what the nest of the fish-hawk is. Though not evincing remarkable architectural skill or taste, it is a large structure. Sticks as thick as a broomstick, and two or three feet long, are laid down for a foundation, and smaller sticks piled on, till the mass is four or five feet high. Interwoven with these are cornstalks, weeds from earth and sea, grass, leaves and litter of all kinds. The whole mass would make a good cart-load, and its weight eventually kills the tree, and brings it to the ground; the rude but firmly-knit nest resisting the concussion of a fall. The same nest lasts from year to year, and apparently for successive birds, a new structure being built only when actually necessary.

It is easy, therefore, to see that the spaces in this loose structure afford places where the grakle or blackbird may build his nest of mud, roots and grasses, warmly lined with horse-hair. Being only some four inches in depth, it is no great matter in the heap of rubbish. Why some of them so enter into a fellowship with the hawk is not easily explained. Of course, they are few among the many, for these birds are very numerous, and go in immense flocks, their glossy purple coat changing to green, violet and copper, flashing in the sun. Wilson, the ornithologist, says of a flock he saw:

"They rose from the surrounding fields with a noise like thunder, and descending on the length of road before me, covered it and all the fences completely with black; and when they again rose, and after a few evolutions, descended on the skirts of the high-timbered woods, they produced a most singular and striking effect; the whole trees, for a considerable extent, seemed as if hung in mourning; their notes and screaming, meanwhile, resembling the distant sound of a great cataract, but in more musical cadence, swelling and dying away on the ear, according to the fluctuations of the breeze."

LITTLE-KNOWN SILKWORMS.

By A. S. Fuller.

Owing to the diseases that frequently attack the common silkworm, the rearing of it has of late years become a somewhat precarious business, even where it was once the most successful. Anticipating a probable increase and spread of the disease, naturalists have been looking for some other kind which might, in part at least, take the place of the old and long domesticated species in supplying the world with a good and valuable variety of silk. Their efforts, however, have been crowned with only partial success, as no insect has as yet been discovered that produces as fine and lustrous a thread, and in as large quantities, as the old Chinese silkworm, or *Bombyx Mori*. Still, there are several other species that yield a strong, coarse silk admirably adapted to making silken goods of no mean order. These coarse silks are really more serviceable than the lighter and finer kinds, and they only have to be better known to be fully appreciated.

The insects producing these coarse silks are found in various parts of the world, and several are native of the United States; but those which at present are attracting most attention are from China and Japan.

The best-known of these is called the ailanthus silkworm (*Attacus Cynthia*); so named because it feeds upon the leaves of the ailanthus-tree, although it will thrive on other plants, notably on the ricinus or castor-oil bean.

The moths are large, of a buff color, ornamented with white and reddish markings, as shown in Fig. 1, which represents a male moth of about two-thirds natural size. In the upper left-hand corner of the figure is shown one of the caterpillars or worms, and at the right of it a cocoon

half-enveloped in a leaf, as it is the habit of these caterpillars to draw a leaf partly about themselves before spinning the cocoon.

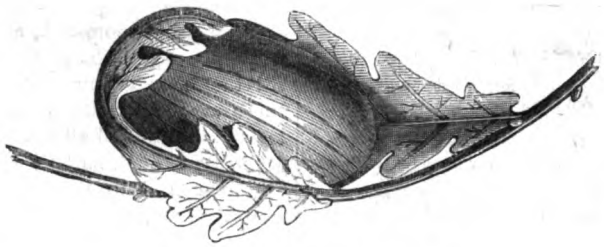


FIG. 4.—COCOON OF ATTACUS YAMA-MAI.

This insect has become thoroughly acclimated in the United States, and for a number of years has been more or less abundant on the ailanthus trees in New York, Philadelphia and Washington. From its first introduction, some eighteen years ago, it has promised well; but, through indifference or ignorance of its value, no attempt has been made to rear it in quantities sufficient to attract the attention of silk manufacturers.

If the cocoons are gathered early, or as soon as completed, and before becoming stained by exposure to the weather and the decay of the vegetable matter surrounding them, the silk is of a clear, glossy white, and both fine and strong. This silk has long been used by the Chinese, who value it highly for its great strength and durability.

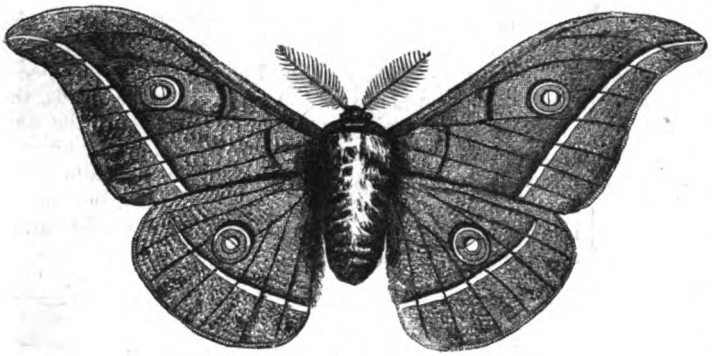


FIG. 5.—ATTACUS PERNYI.

The *Yama-mai* silkworm is supposed to be a native of northern Japan, and of the mountains, as its name, *Yama-mai*, means "worm of the mountains." Its food is the leaves of an oak, the *Quercus serrata* of botanists, but it probably feeds upon other species besides the one named. The moth is shown in Fig. 2, about one-half natural size, and it is truly a magnificent insect, the ground-color being either yellow or brown, handsomely ornamented with broad lines of slate-color, shaded with white and red.

The caterpillar or worm is also of large size, and as represented in Fig. 3. It spins a large oval cocoon, requiring fully a week for its completion. Like the ailanthus silkworm, it spins within a leaf, or two or three brought together with silken threads (Fig. 4). The silk of the *Yama-mai* is strong and valuable. It bleaches readily, after which it may be dyed the same as other kinds.

This oak-eating silkworm will thrive in the United States, as several gentlemen residing in New York and Brooklyn have reared them from imported eggs, and carried the insect safely through its different stages, obtaining the moths in their greatest perfection. While this silkworm will feed on most of our native oaks, it prefers the white oak; and it will also thrive on the beech, apple, quince, thorns, and even chestnut; therefore, there is no lack of food-plants upon which to rear it.

Another oak-feeding silkworm from the same region of country in Japan as the last, is known as *Attacus Pernyi*—named after M. Perny, a missionary, who sent it to France in 1850 from Mantchooria, in China. It closely resembles the *Yama-mai*, as shown in Fig. 5, but it develops more rapidly, and is double-brooded—that is, two broods of worms can be obtained in a season, as with the ailanthus silkworm. The cocoons are also suspended by a cord of silk from the twigs, as shown in Fig. 6. The silk is of a yellowish-gray color, but strong and quite lustrous. Goods made of this silk are said to resemble those made of mixed cotton and wool, but to be far more durable.

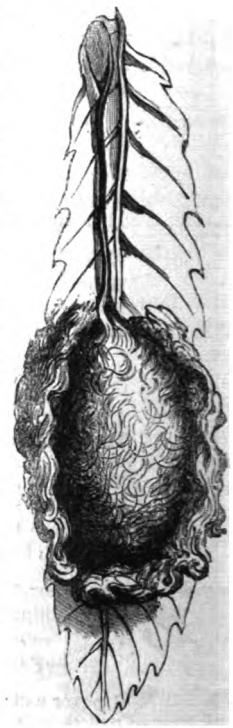


FIG. 6.—COCOON OF ATTACUS PERNYI.

In China and Japan this species is reared in the open air on trees, and there is probably no good reason why the same thing might not be done in this country to an unlimited extent; and especially on the second-growth oaks, after clearing off the original oak-forests. If the climate of the more northern States should prove upon trial to be too severe, there is abundant room for a silk industry of this kind further south; for its food-plants are not wanting even in the region bordering the Gulf of Mexico.

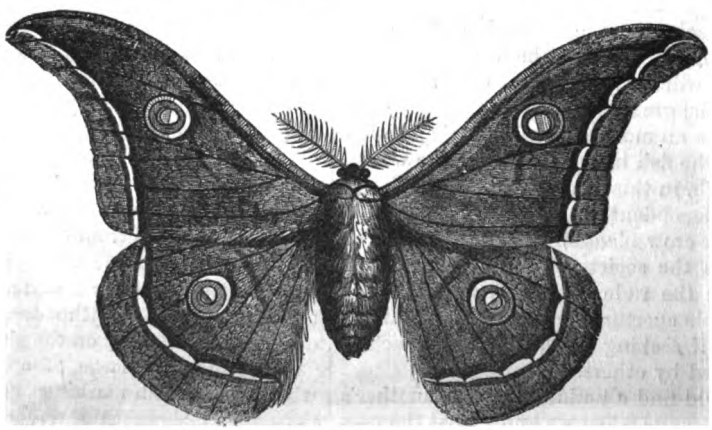


FIG. 7.—ATTACUS MYLITTA.

The jusseh silkworm is found in India, and is quite abundant in Assam and Bengal, where it feeds upon the jujube shrub (*Zizyphus Jujuba*). It has been named by entomologists *Attacus Mylitta*, but it is so closely allied to the *Pernyi* that some of our authorities consider it merely a variety of it, and not a distinct species. A male of the jusseh silkworm moth is

ITALIAN FLOWER-GIRLS.

shown in Fig. 7, half natural size. In addition to these foreign silkworms, we have several native species worthy of mention. Prominent among these are the *Attacus Cecropia*, *Attacus Promethea*, *Attacus Polyphemus* and *Attacus Gloveri*—all of which, and others, will be bred and reared for their silk.

DWELLING-HOUSE REFORM.

What Philanthropy, Self-help and Capital have Done and are Doing.

By GEORGE J. HAGAR.

The solution of the problem of rapid transit in New York City has vastly stimulated a number of wants that have been needed for years, and strongly presented for the discussion of the general public a question of very grave importance that already has been practically demonstrated by a distinct class of citizens. It has also created new necessities in neighboring cities, which have much to do with the business of the metropolis. A thousand and one changes, alterations or innovations clustered under the expansive head of "local improvements," claim, in turn and for a moment, a greater or less degree of interest according to the range of their possible influence. But very slight is the attention paid to the wants of the producing element in the community, the actual source of a city's wealth and business eminence. And it is because of this lack of practical consideration that many cities and towns within twenty miles of New York are now in danger of losing large numbers of their skilled workmen.

The first requirement of a man as an integral part of a community is employment; the second, a home; and the third, a means of getting from the place of work to the home in the shortest time possible.

From these requirements are evolved necessities in which not only the workman, but his employer, then the capitalist who invests his money in building to sell or rent, and then the city which derives strength in many ways from the artisan, are interested.

Does it seem right that while a city offers employment to working people, a comfortable habitation should be denied them? Any community is a loser by the residence without its limits of every person who finds daily work within. The cities and towns of New Jersey, within the travel of from an hour to an hour and a half from New York, have for years housed thousands of men and women who earn their living on the other side of the North River. This was simply because rents and property were cheaper beyond the place of their work.

The most significant truth in the principle on which George Peabody and the Baroness Burdett-Coutts acted was, "that the mass or the poorer classes must be provided with habitations near their work."

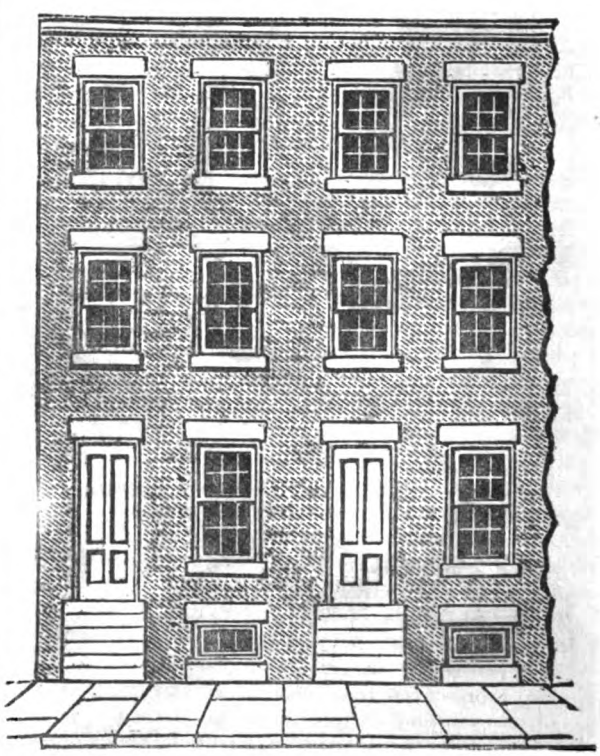
The places that thus gave the working people the shelter of a home were themselves greatly benefited, having the assistance of these people in discharging the obligations of the local governments, in carrying forward their schemes of benevolence and charity, and in maintaining a needful volume of currency.

Now, because rapid transit places the still cheaper dwellings and dwelling-sites of Westchester County within fifty minutes of the City Hall, workmen who have given suburban communities largely of their earnings are going thither, certain of two requirements—cheaper homes, and speedier travel from shop to home.

The discussion now taking place, not only concerning improved dwellings for the working class, but beautiful houses for the more favored, touches a question which personally affects more men, women and children than any other current subject of reform. Unlike others, however, it has this advantage—that the reform may be attained without any unusual effort or the application of any undemonstrated theories.

There are many virtues whose exercise should begin at home. As the home life should be the freest from care, the happiest, brightest and most comfortable, the knack of disposing of that portion of one's income not absolutely required for the growth of the nest-egg has now become a veritable art. The greatest difficulty in the way of desirable domesticity is the cost of the dwellings we occupy. Rents, with tax, water, gas and insurance rates, absorb too large a proportion of income for any class of people; and if, after these expenses have been met, a consideration of "style," in furnishing, decorating and maintaining the home is allowed anything like a free play, there will be little, if any, percentage left for the banker, the doctor, or the undertaker.

But a few years ago the French-flat system was introduced into New York City. It was thought that a provision for those of the mixed population who could pay a little more than common tenement-house rent, but not sufficient for half-houses or floors in better localities, would prove a great blessing. As a direct benefit for the workingman, the innovation was generously received. In a brief time, however, citizens who were pecuniarily above this class began to take marked interest in the plan. Shrewd architects there were who prophesied that there would be a demand for accommodations on the house-on-one-floor plan, possessing comforts and advantages not contemplated in the adopted scheme. Hence, they began elaborating, putting in marble mantels, stationary ranges and tubs, elevators, ash-shoots, plate-glass windows and folding-doors, beautiful frescoes, flooring of fashionable tiles, and officious janitors. And, lo! the flat system, popularly supposed to be in the sole interest of people in



OLD STYLE WORKINGMEN'S DWELLING, PHILADELPHIA.

moderate circumstances, developed into brown-stone "apartment houses," with single floors commanding a higher rental than entire four-story buildings.

Here certainly is a huge jump from the poor man's blessing to the rich one's delight. But what say you to this? A banker named Hankey has built, in the neighborhood of Queen Anne's Gate, in the West End of London, a number of twelve-story apartment-hotels that overlook St. James's Park, the Surrey Hills and the northern heights. The suites number from two to ten rooms each. There are electric bells and speaking-tubes in every room, an elevator in each house, a wine-cellar for each tenant, and an army of male and female servants provided with special liveries. Each quarterly payment discharges the total indebtedness for servants, taxes, gas, water and every ordinary item of housekeeping, down to insurance on furniture.

Although the flat plan has been thus diverted far beyond the means of the poor and the middle classes, the diversion has wrought a benefit to the latter by opening to them the doors of substantial brick and wooden dwellings deserted by the admirers of the apartment system at lower rents than were previously charged. But this circumstance, favorable as it is to many, cannot properly be regarded as a direct advantage to the masses.

The first practical step toward the mastery of the problem of cheap living is the provision of cheap dwellings, which shall possess at least the accommodations required to maintain a vigorous life.

In this great matter, capital has now begun to move. But it should not be forgotten that, while in this country we have been waiting for a Peabody, a Waterlow, a Shaftesbury, a Burdett-Coutts, a Krupp or a Schneider to do something in behalf of the workingman, the workingman himself, co-operating with his fellows, has long ago proved that cheap and wholesome homes can be secured, even by a weekly contribution from meagre wages.

In one of his Monday lectures, the Rev. Joseph Cook, of Boston, treating this subject, said:

"Every great public evil should be discussed under two heads—the mischief and the remedy. There are three remedies for the overcrowding of the poor in the death-traps and rookeries of great towns:

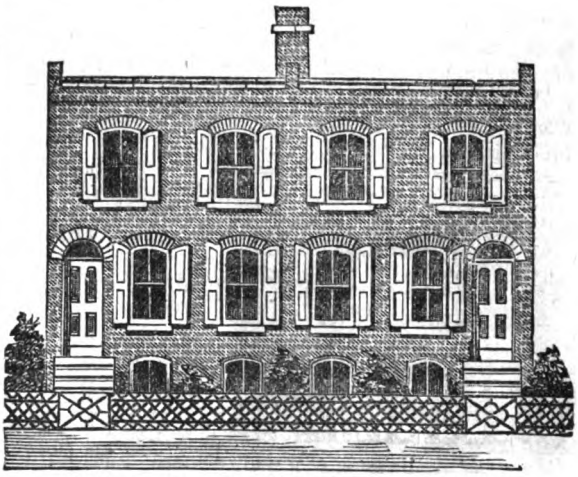
"1. Action by the city government.

"2. Philanthropic intervention by capitalists.

"3. Self-help by workingmen through building societies and mutual earnings and loan associations, and the personal ownership of moderately expensive houses by men of moderate means."

Having led you to infer that the workingman preceded the capitalist in providing cheap dwellings, let us now see what self-help has done in this direction, first. The origin of the kind of associations among working people that are designed to aid the members in securing homes of their own is of a more remote date than I have the time to seek. Certain it is, however, that they have been known in England and Germany for at least fifty years. In 1872 a Royal Commission estimated the total assets of nearly 6,000 such societies in Great Britain two years previous at $85,000,000, and their annual income at $55,000,000.

For several years these associations were a distinct feature of Philadelphia—a feature which has made that city emphatically a community of house-owners. According to the statement of Mr. Faunce in the Legislature of Pennsylvania last Winter, there were then 560 of these associations in Philadelphia, managed by workingmen and representing an ultimate capital of $100,000,000. Little by little their popularity has extended, accelerated very materially by the failure of public banks and savings institutions, until now one or more will be found in almost



NEW STYLE WORKINGMEN'S DWELLING, PHILADELPHIA.

all the industrial sections of the Eastern and Middle States, and in California.

The principles on which all these societies are formed are similar. Their duration depends upon the prompt payments of the members and their unanimity in calling for appropriations, or, in other words, taking and paying for the monthly accumulations.

In many of the States they are organized and incorporated under the provisions of special enactments by the Legislatures. To illustrate the principle, I will take the case of the Second Section of the First Co-operate Building Society of New York City, because, having been organized in February last by men who had carried one society through with marked success, it is supposed to represent the most careful and minute details of management. At present the membership is 150. Each member must subscribe for at least two shares; none may take over twenty. Each share is valued at $300, and requires a weekly payment of twenty-five cents. When payments are not made at the specified time, a small fine is levied. The average number of shares taken by the members is six; some subscribe for themselves and their wives and children. When the accumulated payments amount to $2,000, the first "auction" is held. Then the members who are eager for the money, either to buy or build a house, offer premiums for the amount their shares entitle them to draw, which is $300 for each share, and the appropriation, as the capital for the month is called, is voted on the best terms offered. The trustees, with the society's lawyer, examine the property on which the money is to be loaned, and if satisfied with the fairness of the price, the money is given the successful bidder, who executes a mortgage to the society for the amount. Henceforth his payments are increased. In addition to the twenty-five cents per share, he now begins to return the appropriation to the society in monthly payments of ten per cent. on the amount borrowed. If the member does not choose to bid in an appropriation for, say, five years, the amount of weekly payments he has made is generally credited when he comes to make his return payments, and the balance is paid back in installments of ten per cent. in five years, or the remainder of the ten required for the operations of the society.

When several appropriations have been taken, the receipts increase largely, and then the entire accumulation is put up once a month for sale. In case a member wishes to build, the money is advanced to him as the work progresses. If, after paying for several years without taking an appropriation, a member wishes to retire, his payments, minus a small proportion used for current expenses, are

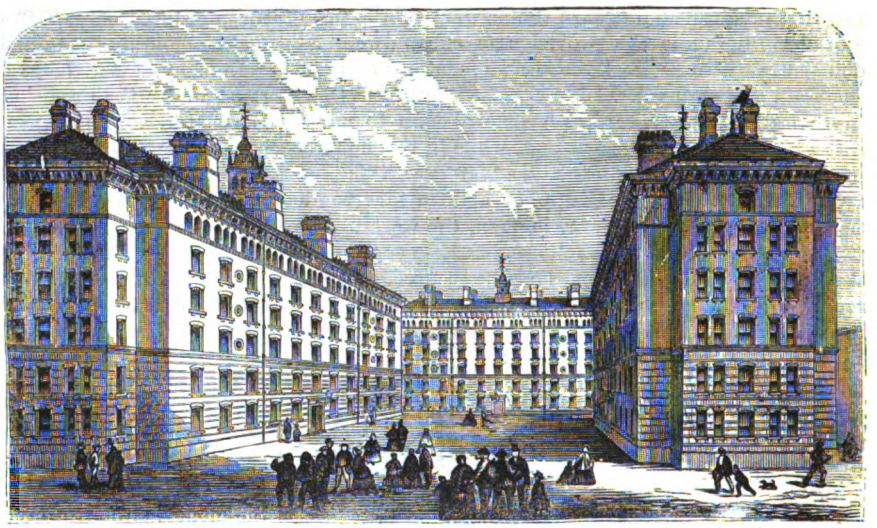
NEW MODEL DWELLINGS AT STROUDVALE, ISLINGTON, LONDON.

returned to him with five per cent. interest.

As each member has a like interest in the society, favorable arrangements are readily made where members are legitimately unable for a time to keep up their payments.

With these rates, in ten years enough money will have been paid in to enable every member to draw $300 upon every share he carries. Some prefer to use the society as a savings bank, and keep up their payments to the close, when they are sure to receive their money back, with nearly, if not quite, an equal amount as their share in the profits.

Now, to make this a little clearer, let us see some arithmetical comparisons, taking as a basis $1,500—five shares. If this amount is borrowed otherwise the man will pay as interest $90 per year, or, in ten years, $900, and still owe the original. If the mortgage is then paid, the expenditures will have amounted to $2,400. A member of this society borrowing $1,500 will pay per annum, first, the assessments on his five shares, $65, and second, the 10 per cent. on the principal, $150, or a total of $215—a fraction less than $4.15 per week. If this is kept up for ten years, the payments will amount to $2,150, when he will have paid his entire indebtedness and be $250 better off than the other borrower, plus his share in the profits of the society when it is wound up. In this last instance the payments may be either somewhat below or above the totals given, according to the conditions under which the appropriation is secured.



DWELLINGS FOR THE WORKING CLASSES, PEABODY SQUARE, SHADWELL, LONDON.

THE SHAFTESBURY PARK ESTATE AT LAVENDER HILL, LONDON.

In the first two or three years, the competition for the appropriations is so brisk that premiums are given with the bids, while in the latter years it is so dull that a considerable bonus may be offered to induce members to take the monthly accumulations; the strong business feature of success being the speedy employment at ten per cent. of all the money that is taken in.

How many people, not

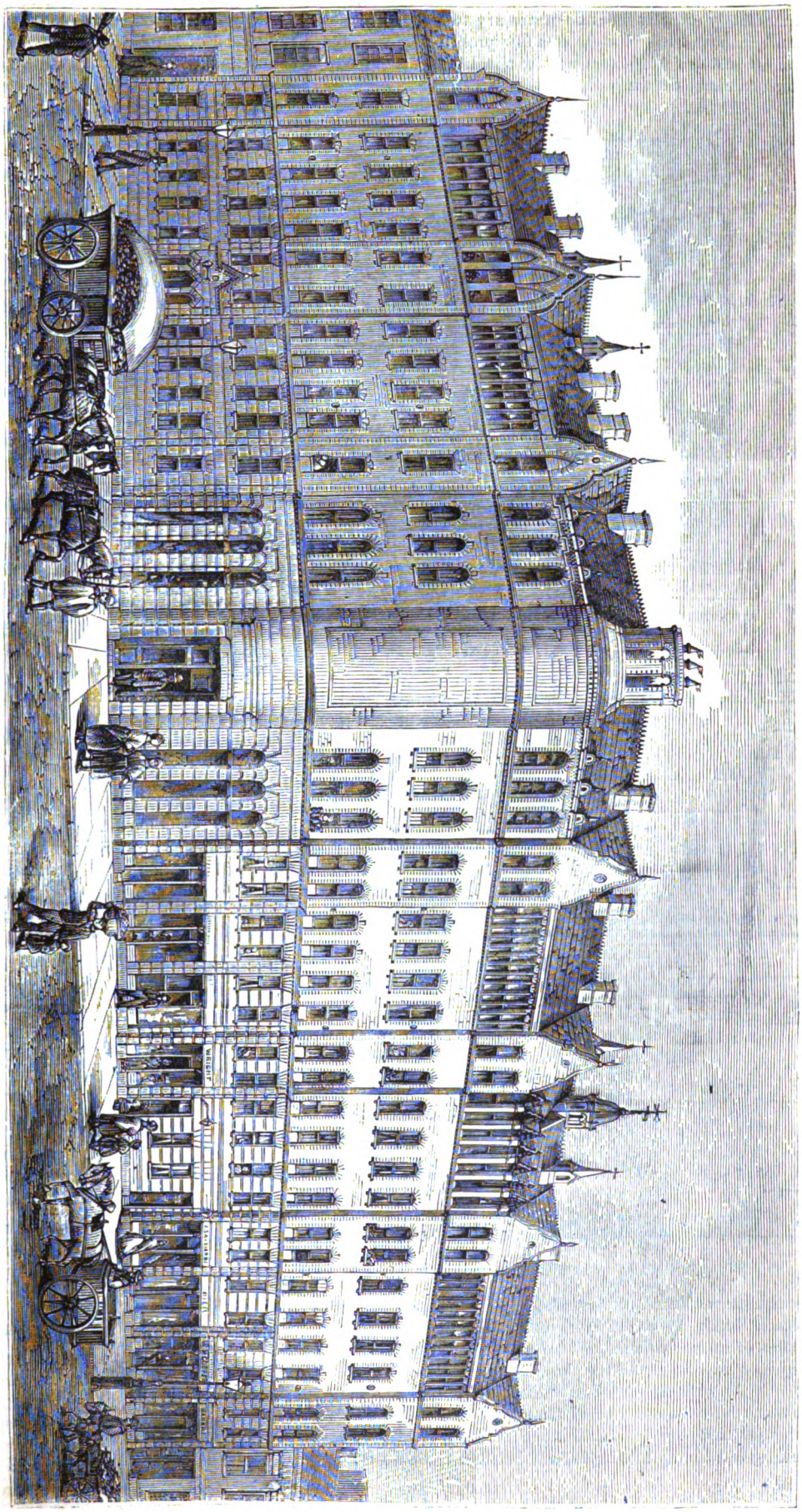
workingmen of small earnings alone, have lived in a house long enough to have paid in rent many times its cost or highest valuation! Is it to be wondered that in Philadelphia, Boston, New York, Baltimore, Cincinnati, San Francisco, and other large cities, the working classes should so greatly favor this easy, gradual method of becoming their own landlords? that they should prefer such a society, whether they use an appropriation or not, to a savings bank that will take their earnings up to the moment it is obliged to admit its insolvency?

The First Section of the society spoken of handled in ten years nearly $500,000 of the hard earnings of poor men and women, and returned the total sum paid in nearly doubled. In Philadelphia, to-day, between $17,000,000 and $20,000,000 are thus invested; and in Boston, under the enthusiastic direction of the Hon. Josiah Quincy, these societies will soon have more of the workingmen's savings than all the banks together.

Is not this a grand showing for the self-help of the working-classes?

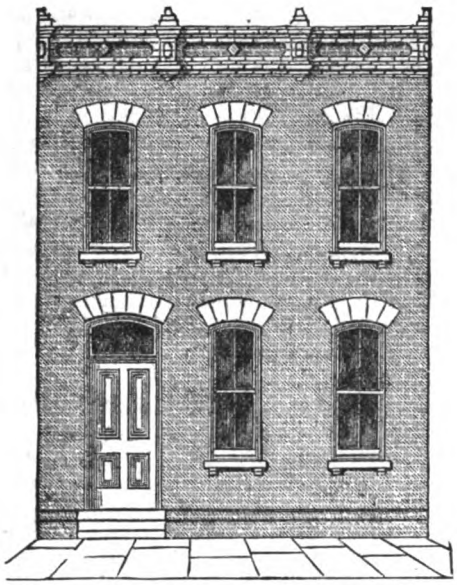
Now let us take a flying glance at what the capitalist has done in this direction, both here and in Europe.

Quite an impetus was given to the reform of cheap and wholesome

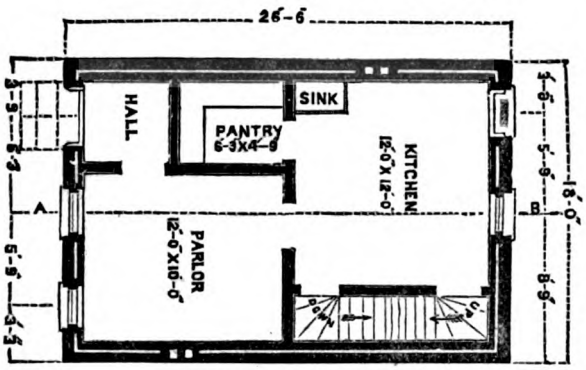


MODEL DWELLINGS FOR THE POOR, BISHOPSGATE, LONDON, ERECTED BY THE LATE GEORGE PEABODY.

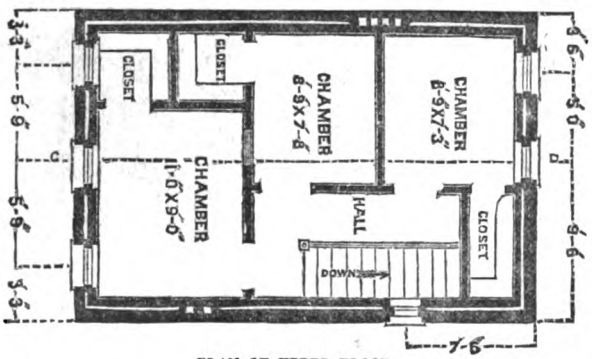
domiciles by the great fire in Chicago. Up to that time there had been no effort in this direction, but immediately after it became necessary to prepare a new plan because of the passage of a law prohibiting the erection of wooden buildings within the limits of the city. This ordinance drawing direct attention to the emergency,



TWO-STORY PRIZE DWELLING, CHICAGO, COST $1,700.



PLAN OF GROUND FLOOR



PLAN OF UPPER FLOOR.

the managers of the Merchants', Farmers' and Mechanics' Savings' bank at once took steps to utilize the large patches of ground which had been bought in under foreclosure of mortgage, and cleared of its buildings by the flames. An invitation was extended to architects to submit plans for a dwelling of not less than five rooms and a capacity of not less than 5,500 cubic feet, and of a store and dwelling combined, to contain not less than 30,000 cubic feet of space. It was an indispensable condition that the buildings should be as nearly fire-proof as possible.

A committee was selected consisting of Messrs. Wahl, of the Board of Public Works; Drew, of the Board of Underwriters; Bouten, of the Citizens' Association; Grannis, representing the builders of the city; and Dr. Miller, the Sanitary Superintendent. These gentlemen examined the various plans received, and awarded a prize of $1,000 to A. J. Smith, architect, of Chicago, for his schemes for a one-story house, 20 by 43, to cost $1,200; a two-story, 18 by 26, to cost $1,700; and a two-story dwelling and store combined, 22 by 59, to cost $3,600.

The details, including the fire-proof features, may be stated as follows: The exterior walls are hollow, one being eight inches thick, the other four, with a space of three inches between, wrought-iron bolts being used to tie the shells. All rafters and floor-beams are protected from above and below by artificial stone plastering one-and-a half inches deep. No wooden lathing or furring is permitted. This plastering, which is the fire-proof material, is applied very simply. A twelve-penny nail is driven into the bottom of the joist (less, say, three-quarters of an inch), every three or four inches. An endless strand of wire is then wound once around the head of a nail, and is passed from one to another, a hitch being taken on each. A movable platform, the top surface of which is one-and-a quarter inches from the lower line of the ceiling joist, is brought into use, and the plastering is then deposited upon the platform from the top of the joist to the depth of two inches. As soon as the plaster sets, the platform is lowered, moved along and readjusted for another stretch. By arranging the wires half-an-inch apart, the plaster can can be put on from the under side in the usual manner.

This plastering, which has been known to dry sufficiently in half-an-hour to bear the weight of a heavy man, is composed of one-half cinders, crushed furnace-slag or bricks, one fourth ordinary plastering hair mortar, and one-fourth coarse, strong plaster-of-paris. Where the platform is used, all the plastering required from the under side is the hard-finish.

The other fire-proof requirements are that the partitions shall be of brick; that all beams and rafters be protected by this concrete; that all smoke-flues shall be built in the walls, of burnt earthenware pipe; that all plastering be done directly on brick or stone; that the cornices be of brick; the window-caps and door-sills of stone or marble, and the roofs of slate or tin laid on a bed of concrete. Thorough ventilation is provided by flues adjoining the smoke-flues and topped out in the chimney. There is an air space beneath the ground floor, preventing dampness arising from the cellar or ground, and another between the ceiling and the roof, which guards the rooms from overheating in Summer. Each house is furnished with a bathroom and facilities for thorough drainage.

The one-story buildings contain five rooms each, consisting of a parlor, 13 by 12; a dining-room, 13 feet 6 inches by 10 feet 6 inches; a kitchen, 10 by 10 feet 6 inches, and two bedrooms, 10 by 6 feet 6 inches. The height of each room is ten feet in the clear between the floor and ceiling. In the two-story buildings there are also five rooms—a parlor and kitchen on the first and three bedrooms on the second floor. The first floor is 10 feet high in the clear, the second 9, and the cellar 6. The store and dwelling combined is 25 by 59. In the upper story there are two parlors, a dining-room, a kitchen and three bedrooms; while the ground floor is arranged for business purposes.

This style of building has been severely tested, and is known to have resisted a vast degree of heat and flame.

In ordinary fires, the plastering will prevent the flames spreading from one room or floor to another.

The terms of purchase were that ten per cent. of the appraised value should be paid at the time of purchase, a mortgage for one-half the entire amount given, and the balance could be liquidated in monthly installments, the purchaser also having the privilege of paying off the mortgage whenever convenient to himself.

A large number of buildings, constructed upon these plans, were erected on Sacramento Avenue, near the Central Park; and the leading builders of the city adopted the peculiar features of the plans selected in the erection of more costly dwellings.

In New York City considerable has been done by capitalists toward providing improved dwellings, and very grand schemes are now being prepared for several companies of prominent citizens whose attention was particularly excited by the memorable mass-meeting held in Cooper Institute on the 28th of February last.

Among the successful experiments is the enterprise of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Ascension. When, in 1860, Dr. John Cotton Smith succeeded to the rectorship of Ascension Parish, it had contributed with liberality to mission work in this city, but it did not carry on supported missions of its own. The mission in Abingdon Square, with which 500 families are now connected, was started during the first year of his rectorship; and in 1863 another mission, in West Forty-second Street, was put in working order.

A few years ago the Mission Association purchased five newly-constructed model tenements on West Forty-third Street, near Ninth Avenue, for $34,000, with the understanding that the income should be devoted to the support of the vast mission work of the church. In 1873, the income from rents met the taxes and cost of repairs, the interest on mortgages amounting to $24,000 and on a loan of $2,000, and left a balance of $2,369.14 to be applied to legitimate mission work. Two floors, the rent of which would have been $480 per year, have been used for mission purposes. Counting this in as a part of the rental, the total profit for the first seven years was $9,729.14. During the financial tension of the last four years the block has netted a steady income of $2,000 for the support of the mission associated with it, in addition to improving the social life of the poor; providing decent, wholesome and comfortable homes for thirty families, and establishing a centre of morality in a squalid tenement-house district.

In Brooklyn there have been erected, in the Sixth Ward, within five minutes' walk of the South Ferry, thirty-four small brick houses, on a plan which points a way to utilize the badly-shaped blocks of any city. A plot 112 feet front on Baltic Street, and the same on Warren, and extending through 200 feet deep, situated in the centre of the block between Henry and Hicks Streets, has been laid out with a private way, called "Warren Place," running through from street to street. The eight houses at the ends of the two rows front on Warren and Baltic Streets, and are of three stories and basement each. The houses fronting on Warren Place have six rooms each, with a good-sized closet, and are eleven and one-half feet wide by thirty-two deep; the other houses have nine rooms each.

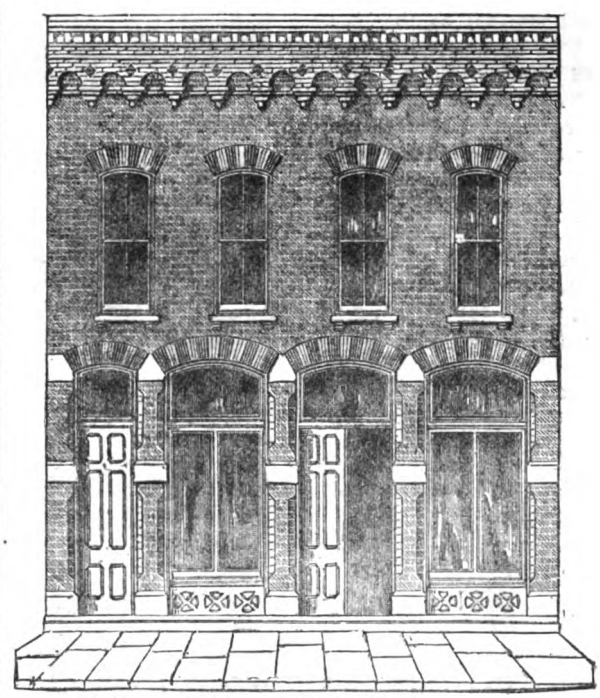
This block was completed in February, 1877; a second one was finished in October following; a third, in the same neighborhood, in July, 1878; and several others are in course of construction.

The four-room flats comprise a living-room, a scullery and two bedrooms; the three-roomed ones, a living-room (with alcove for bed), a scullery and a bedroom. The floors are arranged in exactly the same way, in every respect, from the first story up to the top.

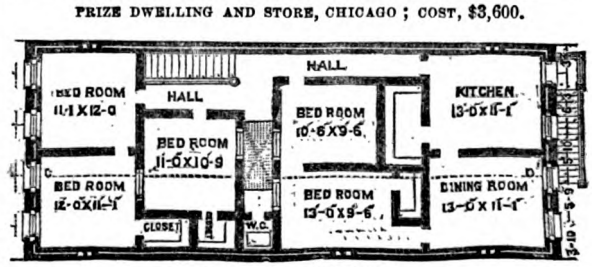
The front of a class called "tower buildings," which are six stories in height, is ornamented by open towers which rise from the ground to and above the roof, to afford better protection to the stairways. A set of tower buildings completed in June, 1878, comprises seventy dwellings and ten spacious, high-ceiling stores. The average rental for apartments is, for a four-roomed suite, $1.93 per week, and a three-roomed, $1.48. On the top floors, four rooms are let for $1.50, and three for $1.30. A discount is made to those who pay for f ur weeks in advance at once. The houses are as nearly fire-proof as is possible where wood is used. A strict code of sanitary regulations is readily enforced.

In Europe, and particularly in Great Britain, capital diverted to humane uses has done more than co-operation to furnish cheap dwellings, although in Germany the results of combined self-help are admirably shown in the famous savings'-banks founded by Schulze Delitzech, which now do a business of $300,000,000 annually, with capital collected in small sums from working people.

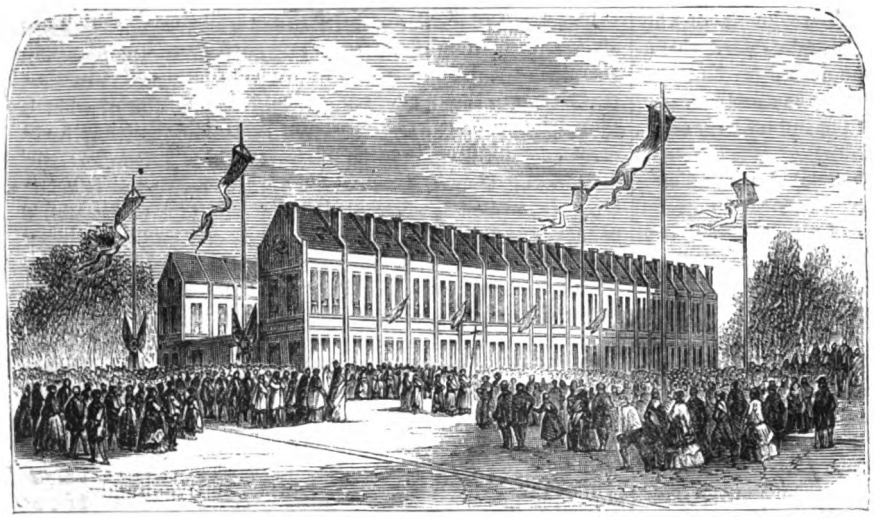
Of those who have given largely of their private means, the late George Peabody stood at the head of the list. At first he gave $750,000, with the understanding that the money was to be laid out in an investment returning a certain moderate but safe interest, which interest, as it accumulated, was to become available for the erection of the model dwellings, and also that the income derived from those buildings in operation, as they were put up one by one, should be placed in this fund.



PRIZE DWELLING AND STORE, CHICAGO; COST, $3,600.



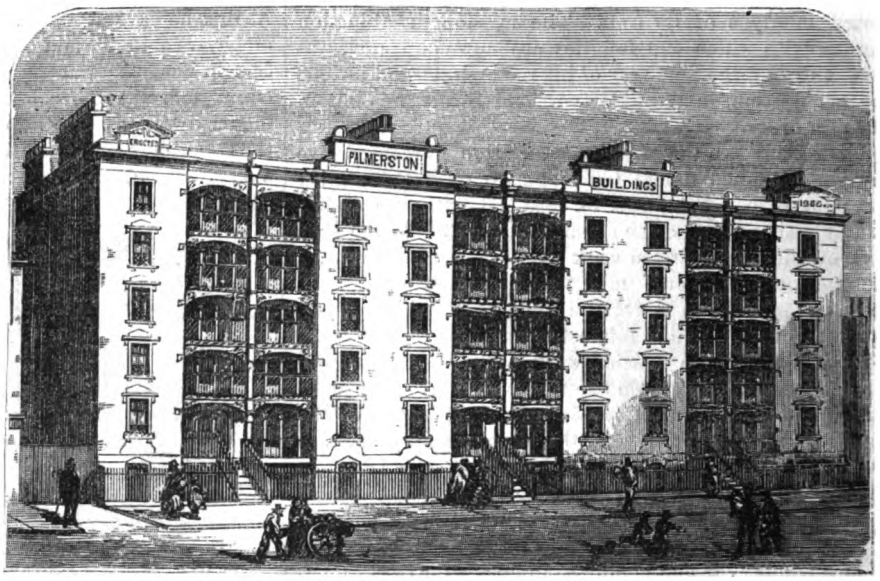
PLAN OF SECOND FLOOR.



INAUGURATION OF HOMES FOR WORKING CLASSES, AMIENS, FRANCE, MARCH 7TH, 1869.

He matured his plans in 1862, and in 1864 the first of the cluster of buildings was completed. This is located on the corner of Commercial and White Lion Streets, Bishopsgate, Spitalfields, the great silk-weaving district. The second, situated on the Essex Road, on the ground formerly called Ward's Place, Dover road, consists of four blocks, comprising two hundred and forty separate tenements; is five stories high, and was opened to the public in 1866.

In this cluster there are one, two and three-roomed tenements, with bath-rooms, laundries, ample supplies of water and gas, shoots for the removal of refuse, perfect drainage, and thorough ventilation.



THE "PALMERSTON" TENEMENTS, CITY ROAD, LONDON.

COLUMBIA MARKET, BETHNAL GREEN, LONDON, OPENED APRIL 27TH, 1869.

By the time this set was completed and occupied, Mr. Peabody felt such encouragement in his great work, that he made a handsome donation to the building fund, and this he followed with others, until the total of his benefaction amounted to $2,500,000.

A third cluster, known as Peabody Square, is located at the east end of a large plot of ground bounded by Love Lane, High Street, Elm Row and Sun Tavern Gap. It consists of four blocks of five stories and an attic laundry, and contains forty-four tenements of two rooms, and sixteen of one.

A fourth, the Southwark House, contains twelve blocks, in each of which there are twenty-two tenements, a few consisting of one room, some of two, and the majority of three. In the latter there are a kitchen 15 by 12, a bedroom 16 by 14, and a second bedroom 16 by 12. There is a fireplace in each room—that in the kitchen being furnished with an oven and a boiler. All the walls are cemented, and all the floors boarded. On each flat there is a laundry, with copper boiler, a wringing-machine and a mangle, for the use of four families, who have the privilege of occupying it by turns one day in each week. In an underground apartment of each tenement there is a large bath-room. Each floor has a dust and ash shoot. Hot and cold

water and gas are provided by the trustees. The schedule rental of a three-roomed tenement is 5s. 9d. a week; of a two-roomed, 4s. 6d., and one of room, 3 shillings.

There have been, altogether, ten such mammoth buildings erected in London by means of the Peabody fund, the locations being Spitalfields, Blackfriars' Road, Stamford Street, Shadwell, Islington, Chelsea, Bermondsey, Westminster, Southwark and Pimlico.

The fourteenth annual report of the trustees of the fund shows that at the end of 1878 it amounted to $3,495,650, of which sum $2,704,735 had been expended. Up to the beginning of this year the trustees have provided for the artisan and laboring poor of London 5,170 rooms, exclusive of bath-rooms, laundries and other non-living apartments. These rooms comprise 2,348 separate dwellings, which are occupied by 9,860 individuals. Here is a suggestive showing: The death-rate in the Peabody buildings for the three years beginning January 1st, 1876, and ending December 31st last, was 20.76 per 1,000, which is about 1.80 in 1,000 below the average of all London for the same period.

While Mr. Peabody's trustees were engaged upon their first building, the distinguished humanitarian, Lady Burdett-Coutts, erected a number of model dwellings on the site of the old Nova Scotia Gardens, one of the blackest spots on the sanitary map of London, and called the group "Columbia Square." They consist of four large blocks of tenements, and upon their completion she built in the vicinity one of the handsomest drinking fountains in Europe, and the most complete market in the world; both of which she presented to the Corporation of the City of London.

A MURDER IN THE TIME OF THE CRUSADES.—"HIS BODY WAS LOCKED FAST IN THE EMBRACE OF LADY ALIANORE; THE DOG STOOD BY, HOWLING PITEOUSLY."—SEE PAGE 111.

Another effort in this line was inaugurated in 1863 by the Improved Industrial Dwellings Company, an association formed by Alderman (afterward Lord Mayor) Waterlow and others, with a share capital of $625,000 fully subscribed, and a borrowed capital of equal amount. This company has erected nearly 3,000 tenements in the most densely populated districts of the city, the principal one being the Palmerston Buildings on City Road. The last report shows that in none of them have there been serious fevers, or deaths from contagious diseases.

Three years later, a movement encouraged by Lord Shaftesbury, than whom Great Britain does not possess a stancher friend of the laboring classes nor a more practical Christian gentleman, resulted in the acquisition of what is known as the Shaftesbury Park estate, comprising forty acres of land in the parish of St. Mary, at Lavender Hill, Battersea. The park was laid out in handsome streets, trees were planted at the edges of the foot-paths, and a small space for a garden was marked out in front of each house. The domiciles are constructed in four classes, containing five, six, seven and eight rooms respectively, the latter class being provided with bath-rooms. A weekly rental of 5s. 6d.; 6s. 9d.; 8s., and 10s., is paid, which sum, in the best houses, includes rates and taxes. If a tenant wishes to purchase a dwelling, the rates and taxes and a ground-rent have to be paid by him, in addition to the purchase money. Values range from $750 to $1,500 on a long lease.

The Victoria Dwellings Association, with limited liability, established to provide healthy and comfortable dwellings for the laboring classes, have recently constructed and let a portion of their new buildings in Stroudvale, Islington, near the Metropolitan Cattle Market. On May 24th last, the Right Hon. R. Assheton Cross, Secretary of State for the Home Department, laid the foundation stone of an additional block of these buildings, which are henceforth named after the Prime Minister, the Earl of Beaconsfield, who in June, 1877, opened those previously completed at Battersea. They have been erected from the designs of the architect to the Victoria Dwellings Association—Mr. Charles Barry, President of the Royal Institute of British Architects; and those already finished and occupied by tenants suffice to accommodate 1,100 persons, while that which is now begun will provide for 900 more.

Hon. Edwin Chadwick, the apostle of sanitary reform in England, said, lately, in an address before the British Social Science Association: "The blocks of model dwellings in London, erected by voluntary associations, present clear instances of the preventive power of sanitation. In these the death-rates range from 14 to 17 per 1,000, while the general death-rate is 23 in 1,000, and amongst the wage

classes upward of 30 in 1,000; a gain of one-half by the power of sanitation."

The London "Board of Works" had, in November, 1877, twenty-two "schemes" before them, prepared under a Parliamentary Act, for the improvement of "unhealthy areas." Of these the Board selected two for immediate application, involving a cost of £475,000, and the displacement of about 20,000 persons, who will be afforded healthy dwellings in new buildings now being erected on the site of the former fever nests.

The late Sir Titus Salt, deceased about two years, was one of the largest employers of labor in Yorkshire, England. In 1853 he removed his factories to the bank of the river Aire, where he built the town of Saltaire, and erected such a hive of industry as England had never seen. The factories alone cover nearly twenty acres of land. As soon as he had put these into operation, he pushed on the construction of street after street of model dwellings for his army of employés, and at the time of his death these houses numbered 895, accommodating from one to four families each.

Upon a far grander scale is the workingmen's city established by the Messrs. Krupp, the great cannon manufacturers at Essen, Rhenish Prussia. When the first of the family settled there in 1810, he employed a force of ten men. In 1843, 100 were necessary for the work. To-day the details of the business almost stagger one to read. One of the establishments employs 8,500 workmen, and contains 298 boilers and engines, which, combined, have 11,000 horse-power, and operate 77 trip-hammers, varying in weight from 200 to 100,000 pounds each. Since 1877, 15,000 cannon have been turned out; 300 are made on an average every month. Daily 18,000 tons of coal and coke are consumed, and 21,000 gas-jets are in use. A railroad track with 24 locomotives and 700 trucks is in operation within the works, and between them and the nearest railway station. The establishment has 24 telegraph stations, and 8 fire-engines for protection against conflagration. In the mines connected with these works there are 5,300 workmen. Iron ore the company gets from its own lands in the north of Spain to the extent of 200,000 tons annually, which five steamers that it owns convey to the factories. The company has built 3,278 tenements for its employés, in which 16,200 persons live, renting apartments at from $40 to $80 per annum. An association for providing food, clothing and furniture, with twenty-two salesrooms, supplies the operatives with all they desire at a minimum figure.

Next to Krupp's foundry, the iron-works of Schneider, at Creuzot, France, are the most extensive in Europe, occupying a space of nearly fifty acres. Almost constant employment is given to 5,000 men, for whom the proprietor has provided comfortable dwellings, schools, reading-rooms, theatres, churches, etc. All articles of food and clothing are purchased upon the co-operate plan, and a large proportion of the men have bought or built their own houses.

Scotland illustrates two of Mr. Cook's remedies—action by the city government, and self-help by workingmen. In 1862, a number of representative workingmen of Edinburgh formed an association with a capital of $50,000, divided into shares of $5 each. The entire capital was subscribed by 836 members. Within the first seven years 400 buildings, supplying wholesome accommodation for at least 2,000 persons, were constructed, and sold for $350,000. From the very start the enterprise has been successful, yielding an average profit of 15 per cent. per annum upon the investments of the workingmen.

Under the lead of Sir James Watson, Lord Provost, the city of Glasgow in 1873 voted to expend sixpence in every pound of taxes collected to improve the dwellings of its working-classes. Under a special Act authorizing compulsory sale of rookeries, the municipal government bought some $7,000,000 worth of death-traps in pestilent areas, and demolished all the buildings. By 1874 no less than 3,085 such houses had been torn down, displacing a population of 15,000, for whom comfortable and wholesome dwellings had been erected. The policy adopted by the Glasgow authorities was that of Lady Coutts, George Peabody and Lord Mayor Waterlow — erecting their improved dwellings in what were previously the most unhealthy quarters, thus adding greatly to the hygienic character of the respective cities.

In the city of Edinburgh, the reconstruction of 1,400 houses of the poor, and the cleaning out of the worst of the "wynds and closes" of that old city, greatly diminished the prevalence of crime, and vices allied to crimes. In the first five years of these operations, misdemeanors and all crimes cognizable by police magistrates diminished from 11,166 in 1868, down to 8,879 in 1873, or more than 25 per cent.

The dwelling improvements of the poor quarters in Glasgow, where entire districts have been cleared and rebuilt, are shown to have been followed by equally favorable results. Sir James Watson reports among them: Total number of crimes reported to and by the police in 1867, 10,899; in 1873, 7,869.

These are representatives of the reforms that have been accomplished. Do they not suggest that more should be attempted? If they do not, glance for a moment at the official report recently made to the Russian Government respecting the lodgings of the working people of St. Petersburg. There are in that city 17,000 lodging-places of but one room, and the average number of residents of each of these rooms is from four to five persons. Rooms of this class are mostly cellars below the water level, damp and unwholesome. There are about 9,000 lodgings in which each corner of the room is assigned to different occupants, and sometimes a room is divided into six or even eight corners for as many persons. In many of these places whole families, including husbands, wives and children are to be found. In St. Petersburg, also, there are many thousand workingmen who lodge at night on the floors of the factories in which they work by day. The sufferings of the people here referred to during the severe Winters of St. Petersburg are easily seen by studying the official report that contains these statistics.

To show how wide-spread is the interest in this subject, I recall the offer of a gold cup of the value of five thousand francs as a prize to that municipal or local authority or private association which shall, by the improvement of the dwellings of the wage classes, effect the greatest reduction of their death-rates at the lowest cost, to be awarded by the King of Belgium at the next International Sanitary Congress.

At the meeting held in Cooper Institute on Friday, February 28th last, Mayor Cooper appointed the following committee of gentlemen to devise measures to carry tenement house reform into effect: H. E Pellew, C. Vanderbilt, Jr., W. Bayard Cutting, Wm. W. Astor, R. T. Auchenuty, Chief-Justice C. P. Daly, James Gallatin, D. Willis James, and F. D. Tappan.

On the 22d of March they submitted a lengthy and very comprehensive report, giving both details as to the location and construction of new houses, the management of the enterprise, and the methods of raising the enormous capital necessary for the extensive work.

At the last session of the Legislature of New York, a

number of exceedingly salutary laws were enacted by which the Board of Health and the Department of Buildings may jointly co-operate in at least preventing in the future the erection of dwellings of the tenement class that are not planned with a view of meeting the requirements of sanitary science.

It has now been shown what has been done by the self-help of the workingman, and how; what has been accomplished by capital under the impulse of a spirit of philanthropy, as well as in a speculative business sense; what municipal legislation has wrought; what large employers have done for their working people; and what has been the result of model, healthful dwellings in the decrease of the death-rates and the arrests for crime.

These statements are full of suggestions. Not the least among them is one peculiarly applicable to New York and other large cities. We have here vast tracts of unimproved and utterly unproductive land. If the city would grant to companies of reputable capitalists these patches of land in consideration of a small ground rent, it would soon be in the possession of a considerable income from taxes on model dwellings erected thereon, to say nothing of the personal taxes of their occupants.

The City of Glasgow, expending $7,000,000 in buying rookeries and the ground on which they stood, has already more than received the amount back from taxes on the improved houses erected in their stead.

By this means, also, the revenues of New York may be largely increased, and much of the unproductive ground of to-day may be made to yield a handsome profit.

A MURDER IN THE TIME OF THE CRUSADES.

Exhilaration and gladness are the marked characteristics of an English Summer morning. So it ever is, and so it was hundreds of years ago, when occurred the events we are about to narrate. How lovely then, on such a morning as we allude to, looked that rich vale in the centre of Gloucestershire, through which the lordly Severn flows!

But the horseman who was passing through this graceful scene scarcely needed the aid of any external object to enhance the pleasure that already filled his breast.

The stranger had, indeed, cause to rejoice, for he was upon the fairest errand. He had wooed and won the gentle heiress of a proud but good-hearted Gloucestershire baron—he had wooed and won her, too, with the full consent of father, kinsmen and friends, and he was now on his way to the baron's castle to arrange with his betrothed the ceremonial of the nuptials.

Ride on, thou gallant knight, ride on, and swifter, too; for though the day will be yet early when thou arrivest, thou wilt find thyself expected within the Gothic enceinte of the Baron de Botetourt's dwelling. A banner waves from the topmost tower to do thee honor and welcome; there walks, too, by the battlements one whose night has been sleepless because of thee, whose thoughts and whose whole existence centre in thee, whose look firmly attaches to the road that brings thee to her.

This lover is no ordinary suitor; he is of mingled Saxon and Norman noble blood, the recent companion-in-arms of Richard Cœur de Lion. His name is Ralph de Sudley, and though he has passed his thirtieth year, the effect of long toil and war scarcely appears upon his handsome and still youthful countenance.

Yet the knight has seen and endured much: he has been with Richard at the siege and capture of Acre, and at the battle of Azotus. When Conrad of Montferrat fell by the dagger of the assassins, Sir Ralph took a prominent part in the stormy debates which ensued among the Crusaders. He even proposed with his men-at-arms, and those who would follow him, to invade the territory of the Lord of the Mountain, and to avenge the death which that king of murderers had caused to be done to Conrad.

On his return from the Crusades, Sir Ralph found the daughter of his friend, the Baron de Botetourt, just verging into beauteous womanhood. The glory of his reputation and the graces of his person gained her heart at once; the Lady Alianore, though much his junior in years, loved the knight fondly and devotedly.

Sir Ralph has reached the portcullis of the castle; the warder and men-at-arms are there to receive him with full honors, though he comes privately, without his armor or his followers; he wears the civil but costly dress of the period, with no other weapon than a slight sword at his side. But the baron will have each advent of his future son-in-law welcomed as an approach of state.

"Grammercye, Sir Baron," observed the knight, as, after passing through a crowd of domestics, he grasped his host's hand upon the threshold, "one would imagine me Richard of England himself, or rather, Saladin, that greatest and most gaudy of Oriental Soldans, to see this pompous prelude to my *déjeuner* with your lovely daughter and yourself."

"Nay, Ralph de Sudley," replied the baron, "my castle must needs put on its best looks when it beholds the entry of one who is to be its lord and protector when I shall be no more. But I see you are all impatience to go within; and, in truth, the sooner your first interview be over the better, for the table is prepared, and the pastry awaits us, and the chaplain, too, whose inward man, after the morning's mass, craves some solid refreshment."

"A moment, my worthiest of friends, and I am with you," said the knight, as he hurried by. In another instant the Lady Alianore was in his embrace. Need we repeat the oft-told tale of love? Need we describe the day of delight Sir Ralph passed in the castle, lingering from hour to hour until the dusk?

"This will, indeed, be too much, Ralph," observed the lady; "a monarch, his queen and his court to come to this out-of-the-way castle to honor the wedding of a lone damsel like myself; I can scarcely support the idea of so much splendor."

Thus passed this bright day, until the approach of dusk imperatively compelled the enraptured lovers to separate.

The knight had urgent business to settle early on the morrow at his own castle, before setting out for London to announce to the King the day fixed for the espousal, and to beg from the monarch the fulfillment of the promise he had made, to be present in person with his court, at the wedding of his gallant and faithful vassal. The knight was therefore forced to depart ere the gloom advanced; for though his journey lay in a friendly and peaceful country, it was not the habit in those days to be abroad much after dusk without an efficient escort.

Sir Ralph reluctantly quitted his betrothed; he made his escape, too, from the baron. The horse and dog were at the porch, and in a few minutes the knight had passed the drawbridge and was in the road again.

The baron and his chaplain sat discoursing of Sir Ralph, when they were suddenly interrupted by the loud barking of a dog. The baron and chaplain started up.

"It is Leo, Sir Ralph's dog," exclaimed the former; "what in God's name can be the matter?" and the two rushed out.

The Lady Alianore, at her orisons above, heard the same terrible howl and bark. She instantly descended to the courtyard; and as she came there the outer gate was

'TWAS SUMMER'S EVE.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 99.

opened, and Leo, the knight's dog, flew past the warder and ran to the feet of the lady.

The animal's mouth was blood-stained, and his glaring eyeballs and ruffled crest showed the extent of his fury and despair.

"Something dreadful has happened to Sir Ralph!" she cried; and, urged by the dog, who had seized her robe, she hurried through the gate, and crossed the drawbridge with a rapidity those who followed could not arrest.

When the baron, his chaplain and his domestics had proceeded a little beyond a quarter of a mile upon the road, a fearful sight met their view.

The knight lay dead upon the greensward by the side of the highway; a poniard which had effected the mortal wound still rested fixed in his back. His body was locked fast in the embrace of the Lady Alianore, who lay senseless upon it; the dog stood by howling piteously.

No trace could be discovered of who had done the deed. No proof was there beyond the dagger itself, which was of Oriental fashion, and bore the inscription, *Hoc propter verba tua;* naught beyond that, and another circumstance, which went to show that the knight had been slain by an Eastern enemy.

The dog, as he re-entered the castle, called attention to some pieces of blood-stained rag, which, from their appearance, had dropped from his mouth; one of these, the innermost, was, in its texture and pattern, evidently part of a Syrian garment.

The Lady Alianore did not die under this dreadful calamity; she lived to mourn.

The knight was interred within the precinct of the Abbey Church of Gloucester; his tomb and effigy were in a niche at the angle of the cloisters. Here would Alianore continually come, accompanied by Leo, who, since his master's death, never left her side; here would she stop, gazing upon the monument, the tear in her eye, and the chill of hopeless sorrow in her heart.

About two years after the knight had been dead, the Lady Alianore was one morning departing through the cloisters from a visit to the tomb, when her attention was suddenly arrested by a low growl from the dog who accompanied her. She turned back, and saw two persons in the garb of foreign merchants or traders, the one pointing out to the other the knight's monumental effigy. Scarcely had she made the observation when Leo rushed from her side and flew at the throat of him who was exhibiting the grave. In an instant he brought him to the ground; the other endeavored to escape, but some sacristans who heard the noise hastened to the spot, and the men were arrested.

On examination, the two pretended merchants were found to wear Eastern habiliments beneath their long gowns, and the cloth of the turban was concealed under the broad-brimmed hat of each. They both had daggers, and upon the arm of the one the dog had seized there was a deep scar of what seemed to be the effect of a desperate bite.

Further proof became needless, for when every chance of escape was gone, they made a full confession, and even appeared to glory in it.

They were emissaries from the "Old Man of the Mountain."

The one, on a previous occasion, had journeyed from the far East to do his fearful master's bidding, and had stabbed the knight in the back, on the evening he rode in his gladness from the abode of his affianced bride.

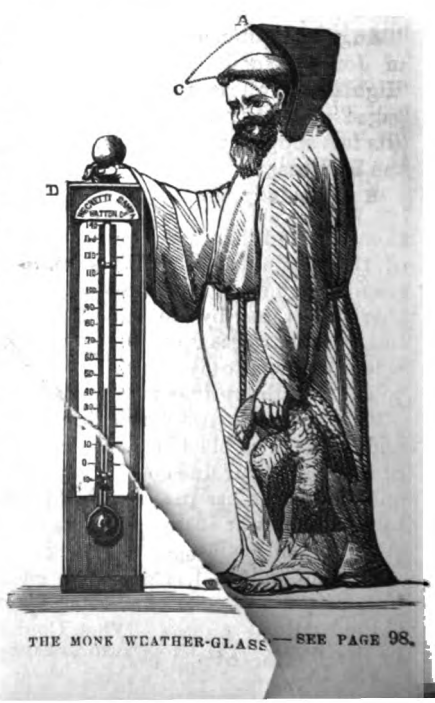
The fanatic himself narrowly escaped destruction at the time; for the dog had fixed his teeth into his arm, and it was only by allowing his flesh to be torn out (his dagger was in his victim), that he contrived to reach a swift Arabian horse, which carried him from the scene.

He had since returned to Phœnicia, and had once more come to England, bringing with him a comrade to remove a doubt expressed by his master, and to testify to the Monarch of the Mountain how effectively his object had been accomplished.

The Baron de Botetourt, with the assent of the Crown, caused the two miscreants to be hanged upon a gibbet on the summit of the castle, their turbans tied to their heels.

Leo, as if he had nothing more to live for, soon after pined and died.

The Lady Alianore retired into a convent, and eventually became its abbess.



THE MONK WEATHER-GLASS.—SEE PAGE 98.

HOW MR. AUGUSTUS BOBBLES TOOK HIS BRIDE AND HIS MOTHER-IN-LAW TO NIAGARA FALLS.

By N. Robinson.

Mr. Augustus Bobbles holds a position in the Freight Department of the Billis and Bunscombe Railway. His stipend, at the opening of this veritable history, was $20 per week, and on $20 per week Augustus resolved to rush into the shoals and quicksands of matrimony. He is a small man, of fierce aspect. His hair grows upon his head after the fashion of the quills upon the fretful porcupine. His eyes are small but black, very black, jetty black, and they bob and twist, and dart and turn in their orbits in a

AUGUSTUS BOBBLES MET HIS FATE AT THE CALEDONIAN GAMES.

manner at once suggestive of his being done to death by a slow but effective process of strangulation. His mustache is fit for a guardsman—a great huge cushion, upon which his bulbous little nose rests complacently, while his chin comes out so alarmingly beneath the mustache that nervous people are led to imagine that the hirsute appendage is every moment about to drop into his mouth. He affects very high hats—awfully high hats—high shirt-collars almost concealing a pair of very prominent red ears, and heels fit for a *çonçon* of the Pompadour reign. He is strong on blazing plaids, and lets off a good deal of "You know, you know," during his energetic but nevertheless vapid discourse.

Augustus Bobbles met his fate at the Caledonian Games in Jones's Wood. It happened this wise: A stalwart Highlander, whose kilts were of the scantiest, whilst engaged in performing the "sword dance," came to grief. His feet slipped, and he came down with a terrific crash on the bare boards.

A young lady, standing in close proximity to the railway clerk, uttered a piercing shriek, and exclaiming, "Oh, my!" immediately proceeded to manifest the preliminary symptoms of that female eccentricity commonly known as fainting. Augustus is gay and gallant. In an instant the tall hat was pressed more firmly on his manly brow; in an instant his chest—there's not much of it—was thrown out in that attitude attributed to Roman wrestlers; in an instant his cane—pug-headed—was flung upon the ground; and in an instant his arm encircled a very tight, round waist, the owner of which, nothing loath, permitted the embrace, and, for a few electric seconds, imparted a sense of astounding beatification to the rapturous Augustus.

"GET OUT OF THIS!"

"He ain't hurt," hoarsely whispered the railway clerk.

"Oh, my!" murmured the young lady, burrowing against her protector's shirt-studs.

"He fell on his back," said Augustus.

"Oh, my!"

At this stage of the proceedings, an elderly lady, of waspish figure, and angular as the fifth proposition in the first book of Euclid, stepped forward and demanded, in rasping tones, the cause of the young lady's mental and physical prostration.

"It's nothing, momma."

"Then don't you make such a fuss, if it ain't nothing!" retorted the irate elderly person, with considerable asperity.

THE MAN HAD HIS ARM AROUND MAMIE ANGELINA'S WAIST.

This lady was thin to emaciation, singularly tall and straight as a lightning-rod. She wore her richly-pomaded locks in frills all around a forehead as high as Chimborazo, her nose was of a formation similar to that of the late field-marshal, the Duke of Wellington, with nostrils dilated as those of a rocking-horse; her lips were all inside her mouth, and her eyes had a snap in them that boded bitter measure to those who ventured to oppose her mandates. She wore a black barège dress, tight-fitting as the outer cuticle of a Bologna sausage. Showy but inexpensive jewelry adorned her neck and ears, and her hat was of the newest eighteenth century pattern. With the clutch of an octopus she grasped a lanky parasol.

IN CENTRAL PARK HE OFFERED HER HIS HAND AND HEART.

The younger lady bore a strong yet softened resemblance to her parent. The angles were less defined, it is true, but they were in embryo; the nose was more of a delicate aquiline, and the forehead a trifle less commanding. But in giving Mamie Angelina to the world, Mrs. Brown repeated herself; and, although the friends of the late Mr. Brown used to recount, with that veracity which characterizes the stereotyped laudation of babies, that "The little dear was his born image!" the worthy man shook his head mournfully, refusing to be comforted after so false a fashion.

"Thanks—*very* much!" said Mamie Brown, disengaging herself from the checker-board pattern on the arm of the coat of Augustus Bobbles.

"Don't mention it," observed Augustus, rolling his eyes in amorous glances. "I hope you are 'O. K.' now?"

The young lady not only vouchsafed to reply in the affirmative, but freely entered into a conversation, in which she bore off the palm of victory, giving the railway clerk a thousand words a minute out of hand; and ere the evening had very far progressed, Mrs. and Miss Brown had partaken of ice cream and clams at Mr. Bobbles's expense; Mamie had whirled like a teetotum in the arms of the amorous Augustus; and later on, with the moon bathing their young souls in its pure and silvery beams, lighting the pale yet refulgent torch of Love's young dream, they slowly—ever so slowly—repaired to Seventieth Street, where Mrs. Brown resided in a somewhat moldy flat, but which appeared to the enamored young man a veritable Elysian bower.

"I shall be very pleased if you make a call," said Mrs. Brown.

Make a call! Why, Augustus Bobbles was always calling. He made a call upon the next day, English fashion, and again in the evening. He worried the manager of his office for a 'pass' to some out-of-the-way station on the line in favor of a popular low comedian, who, in return, presented him with tickets for a very questionable *opera bouffe*, then running under the fierce watching of the authorities. Luckily, the company was a French one, and as neither Mrs. Brown nor her daughter understood what the *dramatis personæ* were saying, although they pretended they did, the *chic* expressions passed unheeded.

Seventieth Street is near Central Park, and to Central Park Augustus would take Miss Brown for a stroll, selecting the most secluded and umbrageous seat in the entire pleasance for his *tête-à-têtes* with his beloved.

In Central Park he offered her his hand and heart, and a love such as man never felt for woman before, etc. Augustus was, blushingly, accepted. Mrs. Bobbles, a sturdy New Englander, came to town to have it out with Mrs. Brown for entrapping her son, but emerged from out the encounter a bad second. The day was named, the clergyman "fixed," a young gentleman who did business in Stewart's secured to stand up with the bridegroom, and everything arranged in due course, save the honeymoon trip.

"Where shall we go, dearest?" asked Augustus of Mamie Angelina.

"Oh, I don't know," giving her *fiancé* a giggling push.

"I have settled that point," observed Mrs. Brown. "My child and I have *never* been separated. No man shall come between us—not even a husband!" Here the good lady snorted violently, and glanced at Bobbles. "We are as sisters, and when you come to board with us, dear Gus, you will find how inseparable we are."

This seemed rather irrelevant, and Augustus coughed dubiously.

"We'll go to Niagara," snorted Mrs. Brown.

"*We!*" exclaimed the railway clerk, affrightedly.

"Yes, *we*, Mr. Bobbles!" was the majestic response. "Have *you* any objections, sir?"

"Well—er—you see——"

"Have *you* any objections to *my* accompanying you, sir?" in freezing tones.

"You see, it's not usual, and——"

"Ha, ha! Then you would sacrifice me to *con*ventionality, sir! You would separate me from my ch-e-ild!"

"Momma, momma! You *must* come!" cried Mamie Angelina, hysterically.

"I am not in the—ah—habit of forcing my—ah—company on anybody!" was Mrs. Brown's rejoinder.

"My dear Mrs. Brown," cried the abject Bobbles, "you *must* come! Mamie wishes it—*I* wish it!"

The uttering of this observation ought to have choked him, if the principles of truth are worth a cent.

It is scarcely necessary to say that Mrs. Brown carried out her plan, and a week from that day beheld the trio *en route* by the Erie Line for Niagara Falls.

"I'm accustomed to spells," observed Mrs. Brown, as the train emerged from the tunnel through Bergen Heights, producing a case-bottle of portly dimensions from her hand-satchel, "and *nothing* gives me relief but a little drop of Bourbon. Don't mind me, dearies; go on with your billing and cooing. *I'll* look out of the window."

They were in a parlor-car, Augustus and Mamie Angelina very close to one another in a corner. Mrs. Brown rested, erect as a telegraph pole, on a swivel chair. At Turners the worthy lady insisted upon having copious refreshment, and from Port Jervis she slumbered until the train slowed into Narrowsby, when she instinctively awoke for dinner.

She called for everything named by the breathless waitress, and sternly warned the conductor that if he dared to stir until she was "through," she would hold the Company responsible for an attack of congestion of the liver, and all the medical expenses attendant thereon.

Augustus did nothing but gaze idiotically upon Mamie Angelina, his little black eyes bobbing from her plate to her mouth; and a bride in better appetite never traveled that way before. Mrs. Brown, having reduced the conductor to a condition of hard swearing, at length yielded to the entreaties of her daughter—Bobbles was for leaving her behind—and re-entered the car; and, having taken a prolonged pull at the contents of the case-bottle, slept till supper-time, when she again won the scorn of the waitress and the indignation of the conductor.

It was one o'clock A.M. when the train arrived at Niagara Falls. Mrs. Brown was aroused from an apoplectic slumber to fall foul of the conductor, whom she roundly accused of appropriating her umbrella. Nor would she bury the hatchet, or smoke the calumet of peace, although the missing article was discovered in the possession of her son-in-law.

She made things extremely unpleasant in the stage by audible comments on the meanness of a bridegroom who would not hire a carriage for his bride and his bride's mother; and when she arrived at the Spencer House, she refused to retire to bed until she had refreshed the inner woman.

"Mamie Angelina," said Bobbles to his adored one, "does your mother always tear round in this way?"

"She ain't quite herself, I guess," was the bride's reply.

"Ah!" said Augustus, rubbing his chin with his left hand, and clinching his right in a manner suggestive of the clutch of a bird of prey.

Mrs. Brown was up betimes upon the following morn-

ing, and as soon as dressed commenced a violent rapping at her daughter's chamber, insisting, by loud outcry, that the newly married pair should arise forthwith, in order to get the full value of their money out of the falls. As Mrs. Brown still continued her assault upon the portal, despite urgent remonstrances on the part of her daughter, and growling anathemas from her son-in-law—the guests were assembling in force upon the corridor in order to participate in the *scena*—Bobbles suddenly flung open the door, and, thrusting his bristly head up as near Mrs. Brown's face as the disparity in their respective heights admitted, exclaimed, in a hoarse whisper:

"Get out of this! Do you want to make a laughing-stock of us? Do you see that you've done so, already? I wish to heaven you had remained at home!" and then he banged the door in the face of his indignant mother-in-law.

Mrs. Brown was for an instant petrified, astounded, horrified. Collecting her scattered senses, she stooped, and, applying her mouth to the keyhole, shrilly shrieked:

"How dare you—you—you—you miserable little apology! Who are you? Mamie Angelina, will you permit your mother to be insulted? Come away from this! I shall leave by the next train!"

It was pretty evident that Mrs. Brown resolved not to travel upon an empty stomach, for she harassed a colored waiter into placing before her chops, beefsteak, ham and eggs, fried fish, stewed kidneys, tripe, scrambled eggs, oatmeal, corn-cakes and fruit, with each and all of which she played havoc, while between every dish she dispatched a message to No. 39.

"Tell Mrs. Augustus Bobbles, my newly-married daughter, that I am waiting breakfast for her."

The bride, in a very tight-fitting—tight almost to bursting—gray costume, followed by her husband, sailed into the breakfast-room, while the creaking of chairs, the dropping of knives and forks, and a "Here she is!" betokened the interest manifested by the guests in her advent. Augustus, looking very sheepish, followed at his wife's heels, as if he would trip over her skirt at every step, and seating himself with a crash, plunged his tufted mustache almost into the tumbler of ice-water he raised to his mouth.

Mrs. Brown did not deign to notice him, but, addressing her daughter, asked at what time the next train left for New York.

"Oh, momma, don't talk nonsense!" ejaculated the bride, with a snap.

"I'm not wanted here, my che-ild," observed the elder lady, cracking an egg with a vicious rap.

"You're wanted if you make yourself agreeable," said her son-in-law; "but it's uncommon rough on a gentleman to be made a waxwork exhibition of. Isn't it, Mamie Angelina?"

"Yes," replied the bride, her mouth full of buttered toast.

"*You* are making an exhibition of yourself, sir," said Mrs. Brown, with extreme severity.

"Well, if I am, I ain't a-goin' to be showed off at nawthin' a head," retorted Bobbles, savagely.

"You're a vulgar wretch!" exclaimed Mrs. Brown.

"You're a ——"

"Aw-gus-tus!" interposed his wife.

"Well, hang it! there ain't no use in making things unpleasant. As you have come, ma'am, try and be good company. I don't want any unpleasantness, especially on the honeymoon."

A hollow truce was patched up, and the trio started for the falls.

"You ain't goin' to walk?" exclaimed Mrs. Brown, as she perceived decided symptoms on the part of her son-in-law to do the falls on foot.

"Ain't I, though."

"Well, I call that mean!"

"If you like to stand treat, I'll ride," sneered Bobbles, who knew perfectly well that his mother-in-law would see him over the rapids ere she'd spend a dollar upon him.

The indignant lady made no rejoinder, but marched on in front, a small army of hackmen exhorting her to hire a vehicle.

"Ask *him!*" cried Mrs. Brown, flourishing her parasol in the direction of the grinning Augustus. "He's a bridegroom—he's on his wedding-trip! A nice bridegroom! Faugh!"

Having reached Prospect Park, Mrs. Brown was boldly marching in, when the man at the gate demanded twenty-five cents.

"What for?" asked the irate lady.

"For admission to the park."

"Can't I see the falls unless I pay a quarter?"

"Not unless you go over to the Canada side."

"Then I'll go."

"You'll be charged a quarter for crossing the bridge."

"This is a skin, a beat!" cried Mrs. Brown. "I'll write to the *Herald* when I get back to New York!"

Augustus, having paid the required admission-fee for himself and bride, was for leaving his mother-in-law on the wrong side of the gate, but Mamie Angelina interfered, and Mrs. Brown was passed in.

How Augustus and Mamie Angelina gushed as they leaned over the parapet-wall, gazing at the American and Horseshoe Falls, and at the crested, seething, whirling waters of the terrible rapids, which, within two feet of them, rushed wildly onward to their awful leap!

"What majesty!"

"Titanic strength!"

"What a whirlwind roar of falling floods!"

"See that delicate rainbow shining in the embrace of the King of Cataracts!"

"Look at Bridal Wreath!"

"Oh, momma!" suddenly exclaimed Mamie Angelina, "ain't this quite too lovely for anything?"

"There's too much water, my che-ild;" and, with a view to correcting this chilling impression, Mrs. Brown retired behind the improvised tent of a tintype man, and produced the case-bottle.

At first, the bride could not be induced to venture on the inclined railway; but after considerable coaxing from the chivalrous Bobbles, who was not without secret misgivings, although he played the part of a roaring lion, she consented; and they had both taken their seats in the car, when Mrs. Brown rushed into the building.

"What's all this?" she cried.

"Oh, darn it, stay where you are!" exclaimed her son-in-law; adding, to the engineer, "Let her go!"

"Not without me! I go where my che-ild goes!" and the intrepid lady bounded into the car.

"Imagine, Augustus, if the chain broke!" and the bride clung to her husband in the most honeymoon manner.

"I wouldn't mind, if one of the party was—well, no matter," he growled.

Now, Mrs. Brown, when she took her seat in the car, was in nowise prepared for what was to follow; and no sooner did she find herself diving rapidly into the bowels of the earth than she set up a dismal screeching which made itself heard above the thunder of the falls and the creaking of the machinery; and, flinging her arms round her son-in-law, to the utter demolition of his very high hat and his high shirt-collar, cried, frantically:

THEY MOUNTED A WOODEN STAIR, SLIPPERY AS ICE.

"Villain — villain! you—are—going — to—do—for — my — che-ild! Where—are — you — bringing — us?" tugging wildly at his little body at every word, and threatening to roll with him at every tug, from off the flying car.

Bobbles was livid with terror, anger and mortification—for Mr. Stavely, who runs a drygoods store on Broadway, together with his two daughters and son, were in the car, and witnesses to this ridiculous, this exceedingly ridiculous, scene—and no sooner had the irate Augustus arrived at the bottom than, seizing his mother-in-law by the arm, and hurrying her to the very edge of the green-blue water, he hoarsely exclaimed:

"By heaven, woman, for a red cent I'd fling you into the rapids! See what you've done, with your blamed folly!" raising his crushed and battered hat, which now resembled a concertina, and endeavoring to elevate a shirt-collar that drooped over his coat like a wet rag.

"My che-ild is safe, safe!" cried Mrs. Brown, frantically, folding the bride to her maternal bosom.

"Please, mamma, don't!" scuffled Mamie Angelina. "You've busted two buttons on me!"

At this moment a bearded guide appeared, attired in a Boyton suit of oilskin.

"You'll take your lady under the falls, sir?" addressing Bobbles.

"I—I think not," replied Augustus, falteringly.

"It's always done by noo married couples—it's considered very lucky, sir."

"Let us go!" pleaded Mamie Angelina.

"Let us go, by all means!" added her mother. "We must see everything!"

"I — I don't think you'd care for it," said the bridegroom, gazing up at the mountain of water.

"I'd love it," said the bride. "And, besides, it will never do to let that nasty vixen, Blossie Smith, have the crow on *me!*"

"It costs money," said Augustus, pointing to a notice, worded:

"*The Charge for a Dress for each Person going under the Falls is One Dollar.*"

"Who cares for a dollar?" cried Mrs. Brown.

"*I* do, ma'am!" snapped her son-in-law.

"So *I* perceive, sir!" tittered the elder lady.

The guide, true to his experiences, and knowing that the man who deliberates is lost, disappeared for a moment, to reappear bringing in his arms a huge bundle of flannel clothing.

"Here's yer clothes," he observed; "and you'd best take rooms apiece. Is the old woman going?"

"To whom do you refer, fellow?" exclaimed Mrs. Brown, confronting the abashed guide.

"It was only a joke, lady," he muttered.

"Oh!"

WHICH IS MRS. BROWN, WHICH MR. PODSBY?

The trio were ushered respectively into three cells, provided with a stool, a mirror mildewed with damp, a box for valuables, and racks for the disposal of the garments about to be dispensed with.

Augustus called the guide, and, slipping fifty cents into his hand, in faltering terms demanded if there was any danger.

"There ain't no danger, so long as I go first," said the man.

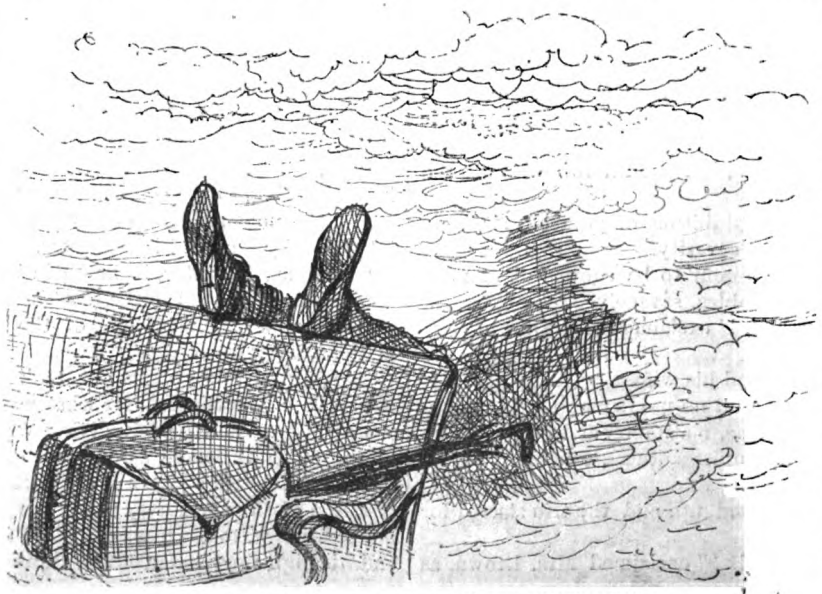
A horrible thought flashed through Augustus Bobbles's mind.

What if his mother-in-law were to precede the guide?

This idea, even while it played luridly upon the horizon of his mind, afforded him a fiendish delight. To get rid of Mrs. Brown *for ever!* He thought of Sinbad and the Old Man of the Sea—he was Sinbad, and his wife's mother the "Old Woman of the Falls."

In addition to the torture inflicted by the presence of his mother-in-law, there was yet another hateful influence at work, and this was nothing less than the green-eyed monster. Yes; Augustus Bobbles was jealous—rabidly jealous. All women are flirts, and brides are the worst flirts of all.

At the Spencer House was stopping a tall, hook-nosed young man. This young man sat at the same table, and Augustus had caught him on more



AUGUSTUS RODE UNTIL BEDTIME IN THE SMOKING-CAR.

NEST OF FISH-HAWKS WITH BLACKBIRDS' NESTS IN IT.— SEE PAGE 99.

occasions than one casting amorous and ardent glances at Mrs. Bobbles. Strange to say, Mamie Angelina, instead of cutting down the daring stranger with a frown, actually met his gaze with a half-provoking smile; and, were it not that Augustus had dropped his knife upon the plate with a stunning crash, it is quite possible that the bride might have returned the look with compound interest.

Again, when the ladies retired for a few moments after breakfast to the parlor, this audacious scoundrel also repaired thither; and Augustus, with feelings of unendurable anger, discovered him glaring over the top of the Buffalo *Courier* in the direction of the simpering bride.

"Have you ever—ah—seen that person before?" he hoarsely demanded of Mamie Angelina.

"What person?" she innocently asked.

"That—*thing!*" pointing scornfully at the emaciated young man.

"Why do you ask, darling?"

"Because, I mean to put a head on him if he looks at you again. *That's* why I ask."

Now, it so happened that the skeleton stranger entered Prospect Park at the same moment as did the Bobbles party. And again, by a curious coincidence, he descended into the bowels of the earth in the flying chariot with them.

Mrs. Brown, having applied herself vigorously to the case-bottle, was at length induced to enter her cell and to array herself for the excursion beneath the falls. Her demands for extra flannel accommodation were unceasing.

"I'm darned if she ain't rolled up like an Egyptian mummy," observed the guide, in a confidential tone, to the superintendent. "She's the contrariest old 'ooman I ever come across."

"Are you sure that my valuables will be safe?" screamed Mrs. Brown, through the keyhole.

"Quite safe, mum."

"Will *you* be responsible?"

"You can take the key, mum."

"But somebody might run away with the box."

"Nobody'll do that, mum."

Mamie Angelina was the first to emerge from her dressing-room; and in her oilskin cap, tunic, trousers and flannel shoes—well, no matter. A bride is always interesting-looking, I suppose.

Augustus, who wished Niagara in Jericho, and who experienced pangs of the most secret misgivings as to the result of the expedition, slowly divested himself of his usual apparel, and, with teeth chattering and limbs trembling from cold, proceeded to encase himself in damp flannel, "top-dressed" by still damper oilskin; and when he came to putting on the wet flannel shoes, he would have given the best five-hundred-dollar bill ever turned out of the U. S. Treasury to be within range of the stove at the Spencer House once more.

"Are you r-r-ready, Mamie?" he chattered.

"Yes, dearest," was the reply of the bride.

Carefully locking up his watch, money, trip tickets and cigars, Bobbles emerged from his cell on to the long vaulted passage leading to the Falls. He stopped as if suddenly struck by a bullet in the brain! He passed his right hand over his eyes as if to rub away some ghastly vision. He reeled like a man who had had too many three-finger drinks. Then he uttered a yell, such as the lion roars when his keeper toys with his expected meal.

There, within three paces of him, stood his wife. There, within three paces of him, attired for the excursion beneath the falls, stood the man who had dared to make ocular love to Mamie Angelina!

The man had his arm around Mamie Angelina's waist. Mamie Angelina's arm encircled the shoulder of the man. The man stooped—their backs were turned—and Augustus beheld the sharp red nose dive beneath his wife's hood. A chirruping sound ensued, and then he waited for no more.

With the spring of a jungle tiger, Augustus Bobbles darted upon the villain who would rob him of his treasure. In an instant he caught him by the throat, and, whilst administering a violent kick *a tergo*, hurled him into the arms of the guide. Then, flinging back his hood and placing himself in a paralytic attitude, supposed to be that of defense, hoarsely cried, as he flourished his clinched fists rapidly through the air:

"Come on, you ruffian! I'll teach you to respect my wife, you blackguard! Come on! Come on! I'll put a head on you!"

A series of dismal shrieks came from the oilskinned form reclining in the stalwart arms of the guide—shrieks that threatened to lift a roof that had withstood the weight of 750 tons of ice during the previous Winter.

"Oh, Augustus! you've killed momma!" cried Mamie Angelina.

"Wh-a-a-a-t?" gasped the affrighted Bobbles. "I—I thought it was—was that——"

But further sign of speech was denied him. He had incautiously approached within range of his mother-in-law, and in a second was in her octopus-like clutch.

"You nasty!"—buffet—"mean!"—scratch—"low!"—buffet, buffet—"wretch!"—scratch, scratch—"to strike"—buffet—"a woman!"—scratch, scratch, scratch—"but I'll be even with you. I'll put a head"—buffet, buffet—"on *you! I'll*——"

Then the guide, a man of herculean strength, flung himself between Mrs. Brown and her son-in-law, and by dint of sheer force compelled the lady to relax her hold, but not until she had scratched a war-map on his face, and deprived him of more than one lock of his hair.

"You horrible old hag!" he yelled. "I mistook you for the man that has been shadowing us all the time."

At this moment the individual in question appeared upon the scene, and the reader will be good enough to determine which is Mrs. Brown, which Mr. Podsby!

It took a good deal of coaxing out of Mamie Angelina to reduce the swollen condition of her husband's feelings, and when she at length brought him within an easy approach of himself he refused stoutly to go under the Falls.

"Then *we'll* go, my che-ild," said Mrs. Brown.

"You can go if you like, madam, and break your blessed neck; but my wife shall not go."

"She'll come with me, sir. Mamie, you ain't a-going to be sat upon in this way, and before a strange gentleman, are you?" adding, in a whisper, to her daughter: "If you give in now, he'll always be ahead of you."

"Augustus, I think that I'll go with my momma," said the bride.

"I'll be happy to take care you," observed Podsby.

"I'll be —— if you'll take care of *my* wife," said Bobbles. "Come, if you *are* bent on this thing, and I'll see you through."

The instant they emerged into the open air, the spray leaped upon them, covering them in a boiling, seething mist. Up to the sky-line were the glittering, foaming, majestic waters; close to their foot, the deadly, smooth green current; over against them, the Canadian shore, dotted with hotels and villas, and tree-crowned lawns. Out beyond the mist, the great Horseshoe Falls, with their emerald portals seemingly opening to a great water world of which man knoweth as little as of the starry firmament.

In single file they picked their way along the steep, wet stones, and if anything yielded balm to the exhausted feelings of the railway clerk, it was the groans of his mother-in-law as her singularly well-developed bunions came into violent and rasping contact with the angular flints that formed the treacherous path.

They mounted a wooden stair, slippery as ice, and went on to a railed balcony.

"Hold up, mum!" growled the guide, chucking Mrs. Brown to her feet in no very tender or respectful way.

"I'll give that man a dollar for himself," thought Augustus.

The view from this coigne of vantage was magnificently grand, and the tribute of silence was instinctively paid to it. Mamie Angelina slipped as she turned to leave the gangway, and was promptly caught up by Mr. Podsby.

"Thanks," murmured the bride, dealing him a death-glance from behind the brim of her oilskin helmet.

They now wobbled over flinty pebbles until they arrived at a wooden gallery, the spray washing over them in fleecy clouds.

"Ye'll have for to descend the stair backward!" yelled the guide; "and let each ketch a-hold of the other, this way;" suiting the action to the words by clasping Mrs. Brown's waist.

"How dare you!" screamed the indignant lady, turning fiercely upon the dripping-faced guide.

The man grinned as he motioned the bride to approach him. This Mamie Angelina did without the slightest hesitation.

"Follow in order!" howled the guide.

In an instant Mr. Podsby skipped next to Mamie Angelina, and in the confusion consequent upon the thunder of the falling waters, the blinding spray and the general apprehension, Augustus came last; preceding, and clinging to him with the tenacity of a cupping-glass, his mother-in-law. Imagining that it was his bride, Bobbles made no objection to the vise-like grip in which he was held; and as the deafening noise of the cataract prevented the intercommunication of vocal sounds, he shuffled after her, the breath nearly squeezed out of his body.

The spray became more blinding and more dense, while great gouts of water dashed in douches over the entire party. The plank upon which they shuffled backward was only protected by a light wooden guard-rail, and was as though greased for sliding purposes. Mrs. Brown slipped and slid and skated, always holding on to her son-in-law; her embrace, as the gloom deepened—for they were now between the ribbed rock and the fall—tightening like that of a boa constrictor. In vain the railway clerk remonstrated with his supposed bride, firstly by gentle nudgings, then by frantic endeavors to make himself heard, and lastly by violent efforts to disengage himself from her clutch. All in vain; and were it not that they arrived at a niche in the rock where they were allowed to breathe, it would have fared pretty hard with poor Augustus Bobbles.

Huddled together in a close, compact mass, the guide protecting them on the outside, Bobbles endeavored by pantomime—for the thunder of the waters prevented his making himself heard—to inform his wife that another bear's-hug would be more than he could possibly stand.

Mamie Angelina shook her dripping head, and as Augustus was about to snatch a Niagaric kiss, the guide suddenly wheeled the bride into line, and ere the astonished railway clerk could take up his position, he was again in the grasp of his terror-stricken mother-in-law.

He struggled manfully to emancipate himself. He writhed and squirmed and tugged and buffeted and kicked, even with the fear of rolling off the gangway before his eyes; but terror lent additional stimulus to the biceps of Mrs. Brown, and she handled Augustus Bobbles with as much ease as though he were a recalcitrant ten-year-old.

A few backward steps in the hideous, howling darkness, and they reached the end of their *pleasurable* excursion. Then came the return. On this occasion Bobbles led, and the pace at which he commenced to traverse the precarious planking so terrified his mother-in-law that she fairly lifted him in her arms, barely allowing his toes to touch the slippery boards. In this ignominious position she bore him until they reached the stair, when she let him go, in order to seat herself upon the bottom step to take breath, the water dashing over her in pailfuls.

"I've got my d-d-death!" she groaned. "Th-th-the vi-vi-villain has been my death! Oh, Lord, why did I ever allow my che-ild to m-m-marry such a m-m-monster—an inhuman wretch!"

"You can't stop here, mum!" yelled the guide. "We'll all take the chills if you block the way."

"I'll stop as long as *I* please. Oh! I can't go on—I am on my death-bed!" and Mrs. Brown frantically wrung her watery hands.

By the united endeavors of the guide, Mr. Podsby and Mamie Angelina—her son-in-law having refused point blank to come to the rescue—Mrs. Brown was assisted up the steps, and back over the shingle to the bath-house.

She darted into the dressing-room with the agility of an acrobat, and as the clasp of a cork being withdrawn from a bottle made itself heard almost as soon as she had bolted the door, it may be safely affirmed that the wary lady was indulging in spiritual comfort.

"Look at me, madame!" exclaimed Augustus, sternly, to his bride, when he got dressed. "This eye will be as black as my hat in the morning; and my face is a cobweb of scratches."

"Oh, my!" exclaimed the bride.

"And let me tell you, madame!" continued Bobbles, in a sterner key, "that with your mother I will not travel another step. Here's her ticket. She has money—I saw a 'V' in her purse—so she's safe. I'll pay her board-bill at the Spencer House, and skip by the 2:35."

"Leave my mamma alone?"

"Most decidedly!" folding his arms melodramatically across his bosom.

"Augustus, you — you are a — a brute!" sobbed the bride.

"Come, come, my lady!" hoarsely exclaimed the irate railway clerk. "I don't want no more Niagara, either out of your eyes or off the rocks. I've had enough of it—too much, by jingo! and let me tell you, my lady," he added, with fierce energy, "that your conduct toward this chap that has been sneaking around wasn't all that I could like. Come, now, no sniggering. Dry up your eyes, and get out of this cursed place! I've got the chills, already!"

"I'll never leave my mamma for such a—a——"

"Don't trouble yourself, then," cried Augustus, shivering with cold and anger. "I leave by the two-thirty-five. Meet me at the depot, if you change your mind." And ere Mamie Angelina could interpose by so much as a word, he had disappeared.

* * * * * * *

Mrs. Bobbles, having thought better of it, joined her husband at the depot. She endeavored to coax him into remaining at Niagara another day, but he was adamant. As Mrs. Brown insisted upon accompanying them on the homeward journey, Augustus rode until bedtime in the smoking-car.

He does *not* board with his mother-in-law, and the very mention of Niagara gives him a chill.

DENTISTRY ON THE PERSIAN GULF.

TEETH

By Dr. Andrew Wilson, F.R.S.E.

No structures of the human body are more familiar to ordinary observation than the teeth. In lower life, the teeth are equally well known and readily distinguished, even amidst variations in form, size and appearance—variations that are often of considerable extent. Common as these organs are, however, their structure is a matter concerning which only students of natural science possess definite information; and the true nature of teeth, and their relationship to the other tissues by which they are surrounded, form subjects all unknown save to the learned few. Nor may the teeth interest us in their natural history alone. Among the many misfortunes to which humanity is liable, not the least serious and annoying are those evils which beset our teeth. And if the metaphysical doctrine that an analysis and understanding of our pains and sorrows be a proceeding tantamount to their mitigation and relief, a study of the natural history of the teeth may prove, perchance, to ameliorate, in a philosophical sense, some of the pains of man's estate.

The true nature of the teeth may form a fit subject for preliminary remark. Were the ordinary reader asked amidst which structures of the body he would classify the teeth, his natural reply would likely be that the teeth be-

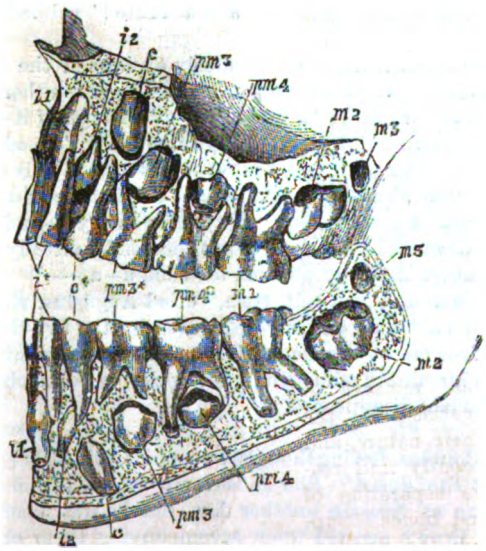


FIG. 1.—TEETH OF MAN, SHOWING THE MILK AND PERMANENT SETS.

(i^*, c^*, pm^{3*}, pm^{4*}) the Temporary Incisors, Canines and Molars; (i^1, i^2, c, pm^3, pm^4, m^1, m^2, m^3) the Permanent Teeth succeeding the Milk Set.

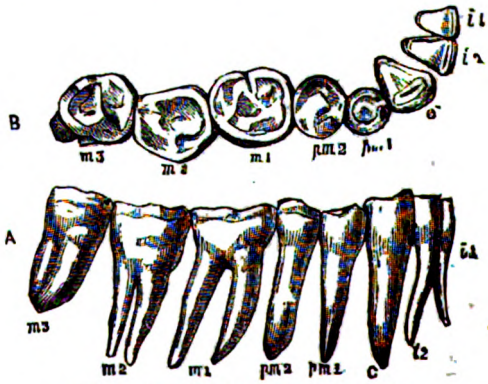


FIG. 2.—TEETH OF LOWER JAW OF MAN.

(A) Side view; (B) grinding surface. (References as in Fig. 1.)

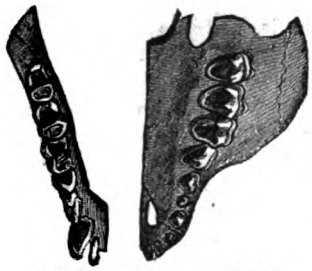


FIG. 3.—TEETH OF TARSIUS.

long to the skeletal portion of the body, and are allied to the bones in their nature. Such a remark would further seem to be fully borne out and supported by the superficial consideration of the teeth themselves. They are hard, dense, bony structures, bearing outwardly the closest possible resemblance to bones. They are, moreover, firmly fixed, in man and his nearest relations, in cavities or sockets excavated in the jaw-bones, and are thus placed in very intimate connection with bony structures.

Plain as would seem the inference to be deduced from the foregoing fact—namely, that teeth are simply modified bones — the physiologist finds good and sufficient reasons for fully denying the apparent connection which might be regarded as existing between the skeleton and the teeth. The latter, he maintains, are not parts of the bony framework. In a true or natural classification of the bodily belongings, the teeth would be placed in quite a different section from the bones; and it is doubtful if any relationship, other than a superficial resemblance in chemical composition, can be shown to exist between bones and teeth.

FIG. 5.— GROWTH OF TOOTH OF CROCODILE.

(a) Tooth fully developed; (b) tooth nearly developed to succeed a; (c) germ of the third tooth which in due time will succeed and displace b.

Let us try to ascertain the grounds for the physiologist's separation of these two structures; and in so doing we may glean some important information concerning the manner in which the true relationships of the structures of living beings are discovered.

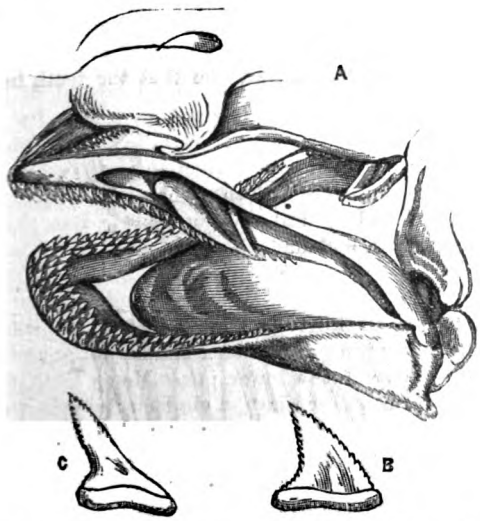


FIG. 7.—JAWS (a) OF SHARK; (b) TOOTH OF UPPER JAW; (c) TOOTH OF LOWER JAW.

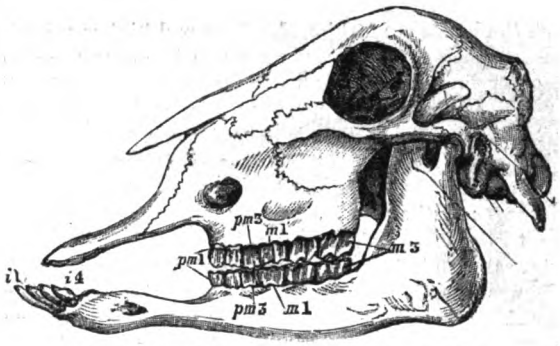


FIG. 4.—SKULL OF SHEEP, SHOWING DENTITION.

In the endeavor to trace the nature of some of the existing features of society, such as its marriage customs, or any of the institutions which mark the social life of our age, the investigator has recourse to antiquarian lore, and to the primitive history of our race. Therein he tries to discover

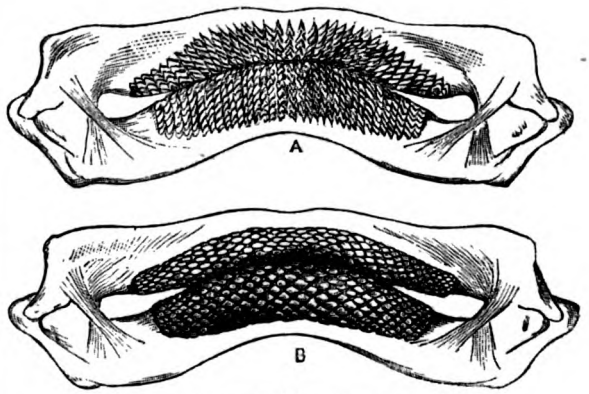


FIG. 6.—JAWS OF MALE (a) AND FEMALE (b) SKATE.

the first beginnings of the habit in question, and, if his search is successful, he will be able to trace the growth of the custom, and the history of the innovations which have suited or adapted it to the gradual advance of mankind.

What is true of an investigation into man's personal history, and into that of his customs and habits, is equally true of the method whereby we arrive at the history of the structures of which his frame is built up. In either case, the subject under our investigation does not explain itself by its present aspect. We must travel back, in either case, to the beginning, and try to trace through *development* the true nature of the subject or structure under consideration.

Apply these remarks to the investigation of the teeth and their nature, and we shall speedily find reasons for the separation of the teeth and bones. Suppose we watch the development of a tooth, we may find that its lines are laid down, so to speak, in a very different manner from that in

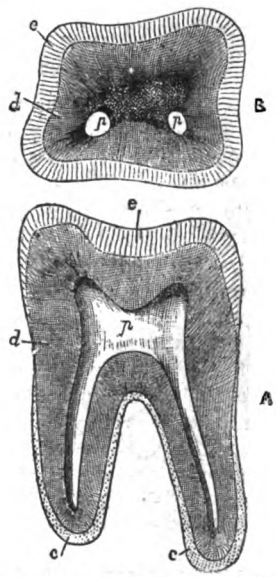


FIG. 8.—LONGITUDINAL (a) AND TRANSVERSE (b) SECTION OF MOLAR TOOTH OF MAN.

(c) Cement; (d) dentine; (e) enamel; (p) pulp-cavity.

which the bones are fashioned. Man and higher animals, as most readers are aware, possess two layers in the skin. The outer layer, as we know from our experience of ordinary life, is devoid of blood vessels, and destitute of nerves. This outside layer is the *epidermis.** Beneath the *epidermis* we find the under skin, well supplied with nerves and blood-vessels, and known as the *dermis.*† This under layer of the skin is the more important of the two, since it is by means of its nerves that we feel, and through its "sweat-glands" that we get rid of a large proportion of the waste matters of our bodies. But these two layers of the skin, viewed altogether apart from these functions, also serve to form and develop certain *hard parts*, which come in due time to assume a permanent place in the structure of the body. Thus, for instance, the nails are formed by the *epidermis;* and hairs as well as feathers are no less typical developments of this outer skin-layer. The *callosities*, or hard patches or knobs, we see on the inner aspect of a horse's leg, or on the camel's breast, and horns themselves, may be also regarded as typical belongings of the outer skin. Indeed, the well-known "horn" borne on the nose of the rhinoceros, in its essential nature, is but a bundle of closely packed and somewhat altered hairs.

The *dermis* or under skin also devotes part of its vital energy toward the formation of hard structures. Thus even within the limits of the great class (*Mammalia*) including man as its highest representative, the under skin presents us with evidences of its power in forming hard structures in the bony plates which, like a veritable coat of flexible armor, invest the armadillos of South America. But the under layer of the skin also possesses a more special interest for us when we discover that it is to this layer that we are indebted for our teeth, and that teeth in reality must be classified with the skin and its products in a true arrangement of the body and its parts. At the margin of the lips, the outer layer of the skin merges into the delicate structure seen in the lips themselves; and this latter layer in its turn merges into the still more delicate layer which we familiarly term the "gum." The "gum" is in truth simply an altered under-skin, and it is to the gum that we must look for the explanation of the formation of a tooth.

The beginnings of tooth-formation take place at a very early period in the life-history of man and his animal neighbors, and the first traces of this work result in the production of a semi-circular groove running round the upper jaw. This is the *primitive dental groove* of physiologists. In the floor of this groove appear a number of little projections or *papillæ*, each of which may be regarded as a veritable mold upon which a tooth is formed. The dental groove next becomes contracted; its edges tend to grow together, so as to inclose the little *papillæ*; and by a further development of the groove, each *papilla* becomes inclosed in a little chamber or compartment of its own, named a *follicle*. It may be well to remark at the present stage of our inquiries, that the *follicles* are simply the representatives of the future "sockets" in which the true teeth will be duly and securely lodged. Inclosed within their compartments or *follicles*, the little *papillæ* begin to grow rapidly, and to assume each the form of a tooth. The upper part of each *papilla* has a little cap, which forms the *enamel* of the future tooth; whilst the substance of the *papilla* itself is devoted to the formation of the *dentine* or ivory, of which the great bulk of a tooth is composed. Ultimately the great bulk of the *papilla* will become the *pulp* of the tooth; and as soon as the proper period arrives, the gum will give way through the pressure of the tooth upon it, and the tooth, making its entrance into its proper sphere of action, is said to be "cut."

Thus the study of the development of a tooth teaches us the following important facts: firstly, that teeth belong to the skin-structures, and are near relations of the hairs and nails; secondly, that each tooth is formed from a little projection called a *papilla*, formed in a groove, which ultimately becomes divided into *follicles* or sacs; thirdly, that the *papilla*, becoming hardened through the formation of limy matter, forms the tooth, the central substance of the *papilla* remaining soft and constituting the tooth-pulp; and fourthly, that when the tooth emerges from its sac it is said to be "cut"—the *follicle* or sac forming the familiar "socket" of the tooth.

Thus much for the development of a tooth and what it teaches. The process just described refers to the *first*, "*milk*," or *temporary set* of teeth which man and his neighbors are known to possess. A second or *permanent* set appears in due course; the second teeth being developed in little pockets, which are given off from the *follicles* or sacs of the first teeth. In the bottom of each of these secondary sacs a new tooth grows from a *papilla*, as in the previous case, and as the second teeth grow they press like rude neighbors upon the roots of their predecessors. This pressure causes the decay or absorption of the roots of the milk-teeth, which, in the natural order of things, fall out, and are replaced by the second set. Thus we learn something, through these latter facts, about the *succession of the teeth.*

Most quadrupeds resemble man in that they possess two sets of teeth; but those whales which possess teeth, the sloths, and some other quadrupeds, have but one set. Nor must we neglect to remark, in passing on, some rather interesting, not to say strange, peculiarities which mark the succession of the teeth in some animals. Thus, the guinea-pigs actually shed their milk or first teeth before they are born. Still more curious is the case of the whalebone whales. In their adult state these animals have no teeth, but the teeth are actually developed in the gums, and absorbed before birth. So also with the upper front teeth of ruminants, or animals which, like sheep, oxen, etc., "chew the cud." These front teeth are duly formed and developed, but they do not cut the gum, and wholly disappear before the animals are born.

"What," asks Mr. Darwin, in speaking of this subject, "can be more curious than the presence of teeth in fœtal whales, which, when grown up, have not a tooth in their heads; or the teeth which never cut through the gums in the upper jaws of unborn calves?"

The only explanation which has been tendered of such anomalous and apparently useless organs, has been to assume that they are the results of "the law of inheritance," and exist as the modified remnants of teeth which in the "remote ancestors" of the whales and calves attained a large and typical development. But this is a mere hypothesis, and one which we need not discuss here.

Turning to consider man's teeth as to their number, we find him to possess thirty-two teeth in all: the sixteen teeth of the upper jaw presenting a similar form and arrangement to those of the lower jaw. Man's teeth form an unbroken series in each jaw—a character almost peculiarly human, since only one living animal, a little lemur (*Tarsius*), has the teeth so arranged (Fig. 3); an extinct hoofed quadruped, the *Anoplotherium*, also sharing this peculiarity. Man possesses only ten teeth in each jaw in his milk-set; and this remark leads us to ask what becomes of the additional twelve teeth his permanent set con-

* Sometimes called the *ectoron*. † Or *enderon*.

tains? To answer this question, we may briefly glance at the varieties of teeth found in the category of human possessions (Figs. 1 and 2). Thus four front teeth exist in each jaw. These are *incisors*, or nippers. Next to those, one on each side, lie the teeth so pointed and prominent in the dog, hence named *canines*, or "dog-teeth." Then succeed two teeth on each side with two *cusps* or points on each crown. These are the *bicuspids*, or premolars. Lastly come the *molars*, "grinders," or back teeth, with broad crowns, and which exist to the number of three on each side of each jaw.

We may denote the number of teeth in any animal by a very simple arrangement of letters and figures, named a "dental formula." Thus, we might indicate man's permanent tooth-arrangement or "dentition" by the following symbols, which are by no means so formidable as at first glance they may seem:

m.	*pm.*	*c.*	*i.*	*i.*	*c.*	*pm.*	*m.*	
3	2	1	2	2	1	2	3	= 32
3	2	1	2	2	1	2	3	

The figures above the horizontal line indicate the teeth in the upper jaw; the figures below the line referring to the teeth of the under jaw. The vertical line divides the jaws into two equal halves—and this for the reason that we might require in some animals to note the occurrence of teeth in one half of the jaw that are absent in the other half. To render the construction of a dental formula clearer, we may select, as an additional example, that of the sheep (Fig. 4). This animal wants upper incisors and canine teeth, but possesses six lower incisors and two lower canines; the premolars and molars each existing to the number of six in each jaw. The arrangement of teeth in the sheep might be thus expressed:

m.	*pm.*	*c.*	*i.*	*i.*	*c.*	*pm.*	*m.*	
3	3	0	0	0	0	3	3	= 32
3	3	1	3	3	1	3	3	

Returning to the subject of man's dentition, we find that from the twenty teeth he possesses as his milk set, the molars or grinders are excluded. When these latter teeth appear they do so but once in his lifetime, namely, in the permanent set, and are therefore not preceded by milk-teeth. The dental formula for man's milk set therefore runs:

m.	*pm.*	*c.*	*i.*	*i.*	*c.*	*pm.*	*m.*	
0	2	1	2	2	1	2	0	= 20
0	2	1	2	2	1	2	0	

Man's teeth are by no means numerous when compared with the numbers represented in some of his nearest allies, as well as with those developed in many lower forms of life. Some dolphins exist in which over 200 teeth are developed; whilst some armadillos must certainly be regarded as being well provided in the matter of dental apparatus in the possession of ninety teeth. On the side of limitation in numbers may be mentioned that curious dolphin-like animal, the narwhal, or "sea-unicorn"—of whose dental peculiarities more anon—in which but two teeth are found.

When man loses any of his second teeth, he knows that all hope of replacement of the missing member by nature is useless, and he has therefore to submit himself to the tender mercies of the dentist in order to supply the gaps in the necessary furnishings of his mouth. Infinitely superior, in respect of the arrangements for the renewal of lost teeth, are the faculties of many lower forms of life. Think of the crocodiles (Fig. 5), which are so lavishly provided for by nature in the matter of teeth that whilst one tooth is in use, not one alone, but actually two, new teeth may be in process of formation below the still useful member, the teeth succeeding each other vertically in these animals. Or consider the arrangement of the teeth in many members of the class of fishes. Glance into the mouth of a pike or perch, and you will speedily discover the teeth to be so numerous that nature has crowded them not upon the jaws only, but upon tongue, palate, floor and sides of the mouth, and upon the gill-arches and back of the throat. Or look at the jaws of a shark (Fig. 7), or a skate (Fig. 6), or ray, in which series after series of new teeth is developed, one behind the other, ready to be pushed forward and to occupy the place of the teeth at present in use. An Australian shark (*Cestracion*) presents us with a perfect pavement-like arrangement of teeth in its jaws; and in the rays, the teeth remind one of nothing so much, in their profusion and regularity, as the paving-stones in a street, or in some cases like the arrangement of mosaic-work. In these latter cases, set after set of teeth may be developed, in striking contrast to the meagre provision made by nature in the matter of teeth in her highest flight of development as represented in man's estate.

The chief remaining points in the history of the teeth may be included under the heads *tooth-structure*, and *peculiarities in tooth-development*. When a tooth is cut in two longwise, it is found to be hollow in its interior. This hollow in the living tooth is occupied by the delicate *tooth-pulp* (Fig. 8, A, *p*), which consists, among other things, of blood-vessels and nerves, entering the cavity of the tooth at its roots. The tooth-pulp represents the papilla, upon and from which, as we have already seen, the tooth was at first formed. The great bulk of a tooth consists of *dentine* or *ivory* (Fig. 8, *d*), which, resembling bone in outward appearance, differs markedly therefrom in its essential structure. A transverse microscopic section, or thin slice of bone cut across, shows us that it consists of rings of bony matter surrounding the minute *Haversian canals* (Fig. 9, B, *a a*) in which the blood-vessels of the bone are contained. A section of dentine or ivory (Fig. 9, A, *b*) similarly examined, shows that this substance consists of branching tubes, which, in a living tooth, are filled with delicate extensions of the tooth-pulp.

The *enamel* forms the second of the three elements in a tooth. This latter is the hardest substance of the animal tissues, and forms a delicate investing crust to the tooth as far as the root. The enamel is thickest on the crown, where the tooth is most subject to wear and tear. The *cement* (Fig. 9, A, *b*, *c*) of a tooth exists on the roots, and is thickest at the points of the fangs. This latter substance most nearly, of all the substances found in a tooth, resembles bone.

No better illustration of the importance of correctly distinguishing between teeth and bone could be given than the case of certain fossil birds, which, in contradistinction to their living neighbors, possess teeth-like "processes" on their jaws. Part of the skull of such a bird was discovered in the London Clay of Sheppey, the jaws being provided with tooth-like structures. Under the microscope, however, the "teeth" of *Odontopteryx*—as the Sheppey fossil was named—were seen to be composed of bone, and to be therefore entirely different in nature from true teeth. Later on, and, indeed, quite recently, certain bird-remains, from the cretaceous or chalk rocks of America, have been found to exhibit tooth-like processes of the jaws like *Odontopteryx*. When, however, the question of the true nature of the teeth of these American birds came to be raised, these latter structures were found to be true teeth in every respect. Their structure was that of true teeth, and they sprang, in one form at any rate, from distinct sockets.

TEETH.—SCENE IN THE WAITING-ROOM OF A FASHIONABLE DENTIST.

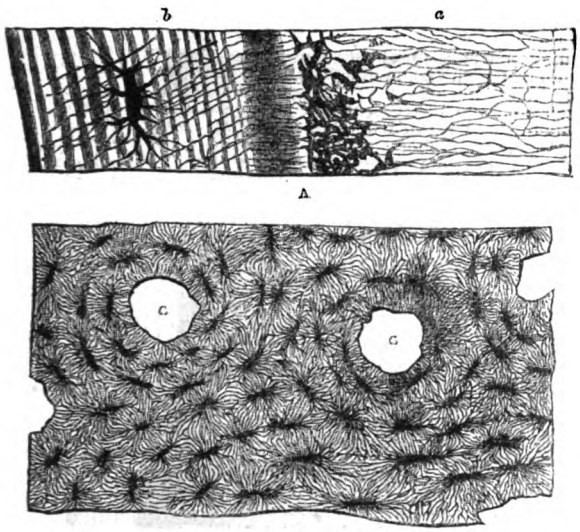


FIG. 9.—DENTINE AND BONE.

(A) Vertical Section of Dentine and Cement from Incisor Tooth of Man ; (*a*) Dentine ; (*b*, *c*) Outer and Inner Layers of Cement ; (B) Transverse Section of Bone from *Humerus* of Man ; (*a*, *a*) Haversian Canals.

Thus the exact nature of a tooth, as distinguished from bone, is seen to be a highly important point in settling the status and relationship, not merely of living forms, but of some of the more extraordinary relics of the life which existed in the æons of the past.

Some teeth, such as those of sloths and armadillos, have no enamel. In the molar teeth of the elephants, on the contrary, we meet with a very complicated structure. In these animals a molar tooth exists as an elongated body,

FIG. 11.—MOLAR TOOTH OF INDIAN ELEPHANT.

composed of plates of dentine capped by enamel, and separated by masses of cement. The patterns assumed by the dentine and enamel plates exhibit variations in the different species of elephants. Thus, in the African species (Fig. 10) the teeth exhibit lozenge-shaped spaces, whilst the molars of the Indian species (Fig. 11) show a simple transverse or cross-barred arrangement, also witnessed in the teeth of the extinct mammoth. In the elephants we note a good example of the immense development of certain teeth — the upper incisors — to form "tusks." Such tusks spring from what are termed *permanent pulps* —that is, the roots of these teeth do not, as in man and most other animals, become sooner or later absorbed, but

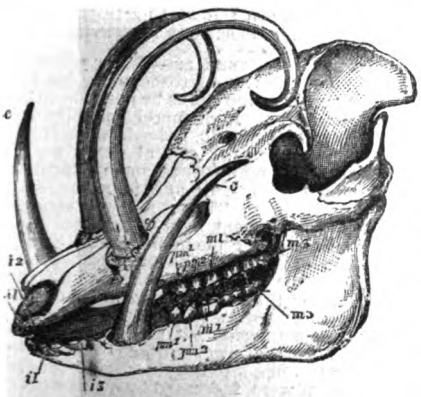


FIG. 12.—SKULL OF THE BABYROUSSA HOG.
(References as in Figs. 1, 2, 4.)

continue in a soft, living condition, which permits of a continuous increase taking place. In the same way, the incisor teeth of such animals as rats, mice, rabbits, hares, squirrels, porcupines, beavers, etc. (named collectively *Rodents*), continue to grow throughout life, and thus to provide for the constant wear and tear to which these teeth are subjected in the act of gnawing. But in these animals we note another important and equally interesting provision of Nature for preventing too rapid wear of these prominent front teeth. The front part of each incisor tooth in the rodents consists of a thick layer of *enamel;* the hinder part of the tooth being composed of the softer *dentine*, or "ivory." It follows, therefore, from this arrangement of tooth-substance, that the ivory, or hinder part of the tooth, will wear faster than the enamel front, and the constant use of the tooth tends to keep a chisel-like edge thereupon, and thus provides for its continual sharpness.

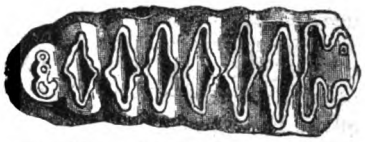


FIG. 10.—MOLAR TOOTH OF AFRICAN ELEPHANT.

Some marked peculiarities of teeth result in rodent animals, from disuse of these long incisors. When the incisors of one jaw in the rabbit, or hare, or other rodent, are accidentally broken, the opposing teeth of the lower jaw, being left unworn for a time, may grow rapidly, and extend well-nigh into a complete circle, preventing the closure of the mouth, and ultimately killing the animal. And an allied but natural state of what we may call tooth-deformity is found in the Babyroussa hogs of the Eastern Archipelago, where the upper canine teeth grow upward and backward so as to resemble horns, the lower canines also attaining a large size (Fig. 12). The longest tooth in the world is that of the male narwhal (Fig. 13), which develops one tooth — the nature of which is doubtful—to a length of ten or more feet ; this great tooth appearing as an ivory pole of twisted conformation. Sometimes two such teeth are developed, and occasionally the female narwhals imitate their lords and masters in the development of a like formidable appendage.

FIG. 13.—SKULL OF THE NARWHAL.
(*a*) The Developed Tooth ; (*b*) the Undeveloped Tooth.

Our space will not permit us to further descant on the peculiarities of tooth-structure. We may, however, mention one remarkable instance of modified teeth found in a class of animals in which certain of the teeth are, as a rule, remarkably constructed to form poison fangs—namely, the serpents. One little African snake, named

Rachiodon, appears to subsist on eggs as its normal dietary. The puzzle of ordinary snake-existence with such epicurean tastes is obvious in the difficulty such an animal would encounter of obtaining the full benefit of its dainty fare. But Nature has overcome this difficulty in a sufficiently remarkable way. Certain processes of bony character project from the front of the spine and protrude into the throat; these processes being tipped with enamel. Although these processes are skin-formations, they seem to lie outside the category of ordinary teeth, from their peculiar position. Their function, however, is no less peculiar than their position. The eggs being swallowed whole, these throat-teeth duly fracture them in the course of their descent to the stomach, so that the snake in this way obtains the full benefit of its food, and contrives to procure the entire amount of its fragile diet.

The subject of the teeth and their modifications may be regarded as carrying its own lessons with it. One consideration, however, may be said to be plainly derivable from such a theme — namely, that the teeth very typically and beautifully illustrate at once the marvelous adaptation of animal forms to varied ways of life, and the wondrous fertility of contrivance which is characteristic of life at large.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

THE DENTAPHONE.—The dentaphone is a new invention whereby the deaf and the partially deaf are enabled to hear through the medium of the teeth. In the ordinary process of hearing, the sound-vibrations in the atmosphere impinge on the drum of the ear and set it in vibration. This vibration is then conveyed along a chain of bones in the middle ear, and finally communicated to a thin membrane which divides the middle from the internal chambers of the ear. Behind this membrane is the liquid contained in the internal ear, and floating in this liquid are the fine filaments of the auditory nerve. Of course the vibrations communicated to the membrane from the chain of bones in the middle ear are from the membrane imparted to the liquid, and by it to the auditory nerve, thus constituting the sensation of hearing. The dentaphone is a chambered box, in size and shape much like an old-fashioned watch, and weighs about an ounce and a half. In the box is secured a delicate vibrating diaphragm, and the material and mode of securing this diaphragm, together with the size and shape of the chambers, constitute the effectiveness of the instrument, and have been determined by experiment. On the surface of the diaphragm strike the sound-vibrations of the atmosphere and set it in motion, just as they would set in motion the drum of the healthy ear. These vibrations are imparted to the mouthpiece in contact with the teeth of the upper jaw; from the teeth they travel through the bones of the face and head (not through the nerves of the teeth, as some physicians and pseudo-scientists have supposed—for the nerves of the teeth can no more conduct sound-vibrations than the nerves of the hands and arms can conduct light-vibrations), and finally are communicated to the liquid in the internal ear. From this liquid, of course, they are imparted to the filaments of the auditory nerve. In short, then, the success of the dentaphone depends on the fact that by it the sound-vibrations reach the auditory nerve, not through the diseased outer and middle ear, but by another channel through the solid bony framework of the face and skull. It has long been known that certain sounds, such as the ticking of a watch held between the teeth, the beating of a pump-piston in an engine, when a rod of wood extended from the outside of the engine to the teeth of the listener, etc., etc., could be readily heard through the bones of the face and head, but it was not until the invention of the dentaphone that the fact was demonstrated that the delicate modulations of the human voice could be so conveyed. However, the phonograph and the telephone have made it clear to the unscientific that the finest tones and modulations of the voice, and all the varying notes of the opera, are no more nor less than mechanical effects produced in the atmosphere, and capable of being recorded, or transmitted and reproduced. In experiments with the deaf and dumb, it was found that many could hear sounds through the dentaphone, and repeated them with fair success. Many are of opinion, from the experiments made in Cincinnati and elsewhere, that the dentaphone will be used to educate the deaf and dumb to hear and repeat spoken words. *A priori*, we would be induced to say that on congenital mutes, where there is no paralysis of the auditory nerve, the dentaphone will be successfully used in educating the deaf and dumb. In the case of the deaf its efficiency is beyond all question, and it has the unqualified indorsement of leading journals in whose offices experiments and tests were conducted. The mode of action of the dentaphone illustrates the evolution of the special senses from an original simple sense of touch, and the instrument is also considered by physicians as likely to be of service in diagnoses of diseases of the ear. The American Dentaphone Company, of Cincinnati, publish a free pamphlet containing a full description of the dentaphone. The invention is the work of a well-known scientific gentleman of that city.

SILK-DYEING IN AMERICA.—The art of dyeing silk, as now practiced, requires more actual skill and knowledge of applied chemistry than the dyeing of cotton or woolen goods. The secrets of the art are more carefully guarded in Europe than in America; but here, as well as there, they have been handed down in families or firms as a heritage of value. The recent introduction of new methods and new dyes has interfered with this exclusiveness, and the pathway to a knowledge of dyeing has become free to all. The chief complaint against American sewing-silk was that its dye was inferior to the Italian; and a prejudice in favor of the foreign article, based chiefly on supposed superiority of color, survived long after the American silks surpassed all others in lustre, brilliancy and permanence of hue, as they unquestionably did in strength of material. The prejudice has not wholly died out at the present day, being still unjustly applied to some descriptions of dress-goods, though long ago at an end in respect to sewing-silk. The discovery of the aniline colors produced a notable change in the materials and art of dyeing. The gaudy colors were promptly accepted by fashion, and each new hue has compelled the dyer to make some change in his processes, until at the present day the older colors and methods are, with few exceptions, unknown in the dyehouse. France took the lead in the discovery and use of most of these modern colors, but the science and ingenuity of Americans have not proved wanting in the altered circumstances, and it is now admitted abroad, as well as at home, that the color obtained by our silk-dyers is, in purity, delicacy and permanence, generally equal, and in many respects superior, to the foreign production. The trick of weighting silks by introducing heavy chemicals in the dye, has been carried to a far more injurious extent in Europe than here. France appears to have surpassed all other countries in achieving a bad eminence in this direction. American manufacturers justly pride themselves on having discountenanced this species of fraud; pure-dye silks are with them the rule; weighted goods, the rare exception.

WEAVING BY ELECTRICITY.—An Italian inventor, Sig. Bonelli, proposes to apply electricity in connection with the Jacquard loom, to save the cost of the expensive pattern-cards. In place of the cards, Bonelli employs an endless band of paper, covered on one surface with tin-foil, on which the pattern is drawn exactly as it is designed in the usual way for the reader; only with this difference, that the color used is varnish, which forms a non-conducting substance between the electro-magnets and the metallic surface. This band of paper passes under a series of thin metallic teeth, each in electrical connection with a small electro-magnet, so that, although an electric current would pass through such of the teeth as were in contact with the metallic surface, it would not affect those teeth which rested upon the varnish of the pattern. The currents from the teeth pass through coils surrounding small pieces of soft wire, which thereby become magnetic; opposite to these magnets, horizontally placed, is a movable frame, containing minute pistons, which latter can slide horizontally in the frame, and pass through a plate attached to its front. When, through a motion of the frame, the pistons are brought into contact with the ends of the electro-magnets, they are attracted by those which are in an active state, and retained by them while the frame, in moving back, carries the others away. In front of the frame is a plate, in which the retained pistons are locked, while the others leave holes open, which represent the punched holes in the card, and act in the same way upon the needles of the Jacquard. At each pick the metallic paper moves a short distance forward, and, according to the pattern, presents a different arrangement of varnished and non-conducting places to the needles, so that, instead of a great number of pasteboard cards, there is only one metallic card, the holes in which vary with each pick, according to the pattern. These are the leading features of an ingenious and elegant adaptation of electricity to weaving.

THE OPTICAL CHARACTERS OF MINERALS.—A few years ago, when it was first proposed to apply the microscope to the study of minerals, it was thought that it would never be possible to learn much by the use of that instrument. If we merely magnify a portion of a pure, transparent crystal, we do, indeed, learn little or nothing; but if, instead of viewing the crystal itself, we look through it with a suitable magnifying power at some appropriate object, we can learn more facts of interest and importance than by any other single method whatever. The property possessed by the object-glass of collecting divergent rays to form an image, gives rise to an entirely new class of phenomena, and converts the microscope into a most valuable apparatus for optical research. The object examined through the crystal is the image of a small circular hole, or of rectangular lines ruled on a piece of glass, formed at the focal point of a well-corrected achromatic condenser fixed below the stage, and so arranged that the image is placed either just below or just above the lower surface of the crystal. The divergent rays, passing through it to the object-glass, are bent so that the focal length is, as it were, increased by an amount depending on the thickness of the crystal and its refractive power.

In order to see the lines in focus, it is therefore necessary to move back the body of the microscope. If we know the thickness and the amount of the displacement of the focal length, we can calculate the value of the index of refraction. By cutting minerals into thin plates and examining them optically, we can form a very accurate idea of their chemical composition, and can, in a few minutes, obtain results which were formerly only arrived at after a te lious analysis extending over several weeks. In this way the microscope has become one of the most important adjuncts in the study of mineralogy.

PERSPIRATION AND SUNSTROKE.—Sunstroke is a term conveniently applied to those phenomena so frequently witnessed under the influence of high temperatures. The sun is, however, only indirectly responsible for the deaths from what is called the *coup de soleil*. No doubt the majority of deaths occur amongst those who are exposed to the sun; but death from sunstroke, as it is termed, can easily happen to a man who is not exposed to daylight. Sunstroke arises simply from overheating of the blood. The man who, when the temperature in the shade indicates 90° Fahr., does not perspire, is in imminent danger of a "stroke," and the more one perspires, especially about the head, the better for one's safety, though not, perhaps, for comfort. Perspiration is, in fact, the safety-valve of the human engine. The evaporation of the water exuding from the human body during warm weather absorbs an enormous quantity of heat, and so cools the blood, which would otherwise become overheated, and practically decomposed, by the action of heat on one of its constituents. The man troubled by heat flies to drink, and, unfortunately, he does not choose water, which would promote perspiration, but devotes his attention to beer, which often acts rather as an extra load on his safety-valve. The very best drink that can be devised for men laboring in a hot atmosphere, is a simple infusion of oat-meal, to which a little pure sulphuric acid has been added, for it quenches the thirst, nourishes the body, and at the same time protects the drinker against sunstroke.

DRY PLATES IN PHOTOGRAPHY.—Dry sensitive plates have, during the past year or two, been substituted for the cumbersome method of dipping collodion films or a bath of nitrate of silver. The dry plates are quite as sensitive as the wet ones, and incomparably more convenient. For out-door work, it is now no longer necessary to carry a load of chemicals in bottles and glass in plates, but a few strips of sensitized plates and a light camera are all that are required. The development and finishing of pictures can be done at leisure after the traveler arrives at home. The artist, in his gallery, is no longer obliged to spend a long time in preparing wet plates until the patience of the sitter is exhausted, but he can attend to customers at once, and secure that "pleasant expression" which is so rare in pictures. The dry plates may be kept on hand, in the dark, ready for use, for an indefinite period. Instead of being made of collodion, the base used is gelatine. The gelatine is dissolved in warm water, bromide of ammonia is added, and the mixture is digested with heat. A solution of nitrate of silver is then added, and the mass is thoroughly cooked, being kept at a uniform moderate temperature for four or five days continuously. The mixture is then poured on the surface of the glass plates, dried in the dark, and the plates are ready for use. Such plates require an exposure of only two or three seconds in the camera in order to take the picture. If greater sensitiveness is wanted, then the gelatine-silver mixture must be kept under heat for seven or eight days instead of four or five. The development of the picture is effected by the use of a solution of pyrogallic acid, followed by a solution of ammonia and bromide of potassium. The results produced by those who understand the manipulation are entirely satisfactory; so that the wet process, like the original daguerreotype, appears likely to be abandoned altogether.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

THE dress circle.—The belt.

A BOUNCING baby.—A rubber doll.

A SHIP ruled by women.—Courtship.

IS A man with a wooden leg club-footed?

IT'S a long-worn dress that has no turning.

THE individual who got up a sensation, grew dizzy and tumbled down.

WRAPPED UP.—Good doctors are liable to be rapped up in their business.

WHAT flower is esteemed by a gentleman's servant? The lily of the *valet*.

WHY must Scotland be a windy place? Because they have Gaels there constantly, year in and year out.

FRIGHTFUL ATROCITY.—A pretty girl, posted in aquatics, wants to know if a smack on the lips is a *beau* trace.

IT is said that the pig ran away from the butcher because he had heard that prevention was better than "cure."

FAIR REASON.—One man asked another why his beard was so brown and his hair so white. "Because," he replied, "one is twenty years younger than the other."

MAN leads woman to the altar; in that act his leadership begins and ends.

IF women do the greater part of the talking, they also do the better part of it.

IF a young woman's disposition is gunpowder, the spark should be kept away from her.

IF you desire to make a friend of her for life, pretend to mistake her for her daughter.

IF you have a scolding wife, trust to time; old age may bring you the blessing of deafness.

THERE'S many a slip between the cup and the lip, and not a few between the first kiss and the ring.

SCOLDING, says a good-for-nothing old bachelor, is the pepper of matrimony, and the ladies are the pepper-boxes.

"HOW DOTH the little busy bee?" Very indifferently, we should imagine, seeing how often it is to be found in the *cells*.

THE latest case of singularity of conduct reported, is that of a man in Lowell, who "dyed" for the benefit of his "hairs."

LINES TO A DRESSMAKER.

OH! wherefore bid me leave thy side,
Dear Polly, I would ask?
How can I all my feelings cloak,
When in thy smiles I basque?
Nay, "Polly-nay," I cannot go!
Oh, do not stand aloof,
When of my warm affection
You possess, oh, wat-er proof!

Why will you thus my feelings gore
By sending me away?
You know it's wrong, of corset is,
Thus to forbid my stay;
It seems as though some fell disease
Was gnawing at my heart,
And hem-orrhage would soon ensue
If we perchance should part.

Then waist the precious time no more,
But let the parson tie us
So firmly that the marriage knot
Shall never be cut bias.
In peaceful quietude we'll float
On life's unruffled tide;
Nor let the bustle of the world
"Pull-back" as on we glide.

"SIR, I will make you feel the arrows of my resentment!" "Ah, miss, why should I fear your arrows, when you never had a beau?"

A YOUNG lady was asked how she could possibly afford, in hard times, to take music lessons. "Oh, I confine myself to the low notes!"

HIGHLY PLEASING.—Next to a new dress, nothing will please a woman of thirty so much as to be mistaken for her niece of sixteen.

"SHALL I have your hand?" said an exquisite to a belle, as the dance was about to commence. "With all my heart," was the soft response.

THERE are two periods in a woman's life when she does not like to talk. When one is, we never knew; and the other, we have forgotten.

WHEN the blossoms and leaves of a woman's beauty fall, we may discover her defects, as we behold ravens' nests in the trees in Winter.

EDGAR FAWCETT wishes that "man could make love like a bird;" and a chorus of bachelors is heard, "He does, Edgar, he does—like a goose!"

A DESPERATE chap recently made the determinate resolution of marrying the girl he was in pursuit of, if he never had another as long as he lived!

AN unkind word from one beloved often draws blood from a heart which would defy the battle-ax of hatred or the keenest edge of vindictive satire.

"DON'T you understand me, Jim?" exclaimed the old man. "Why, you must be quite a fool!" "True, I am very near one!" meekly replied Jim.

THERE is a very strong public opinion against preaching by women, but almost every husband knows that women as lecturers are an entire success.

WE are acquainted with "a monster in human form" who says that the only time a woman does not exaggerate is when she is talking of her own age.

THE woman who put her tongue to a hot iron to see if it was hot, now sits calmly, without a word of dissent, and sees her husband pull off his boots on the parlor carpet.

JOSEPH once went to call on his girl, when he saw on the front steps a sign which said, "Beware of the paint." He went away, sighing, "I never knew before that she painted."

A LESSON IN BEHAVIOR.

A CHARMING REFLECTION.

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NICARAGUA, AND THE PROJECTED AMERICAN INTEROCEANIC CANAL.

BY LIEUT. JAMES W. MILLER, U. S. N.

THE discussion, opened by the Congress of Paris, and continued by the Press of this country, upon the merits of the various routes for a ship canal across the American Isthmus, has awakened general interest in a subject which has been periodically brought before the world during the past three centuries. That the topic will now have more than a spasmodic existence the signs of the times would seem to show. The people of the United States are at last fully awakened to the necessity of interoceanic communication; and even those most antagonistic to an Isthmian canal will soon recognize the fact that the execution of the work will be a lasting glory to the nation bringing it to fulfillment.

France has long had her eye on the Isthmus, and since the success of the Suez Canal, it has been the dream of M. de Lesseps to supplement his Eastern enterprise by a similar Western project. If, therefore, the United States do not take the matter in hand, now that all the data necessary for the realization of the Interoceanic Canal are known, we may in the next ten years see the nations of Europe preventing us with forcible logic from playing the part of "dog in the manger." Not that there is the least chance of the projected wild scheme at Panama ever becoming an accomplished fact, but, that failing, the French, with their proverbial Gallic courtesy, will gracefully acknowledge their defeat in that quarter, and politely insist upon aiding the United States, with or without our consent, to construct a more feasible channel.

It would be a singular anomaly to see this country outdone in commercial energy of any kind, and the capitalists of Europe carrying into execution a work upon which our Government has already spent initiatory thousands.

Unless we are ready to accept such a situation, it is time for us to look the canal question fairly in the face, and decide whether or not the Isthmus shall be pierced by a company formed in America, and protected by America, for the benefit of all nations.

THE MARKET-PLACE, GRANADA, NICARAGUA.

Whether or not the canal, once built, should be thrown open to all peoples, on an equal footing, is a point upon which opinions differ. Its stability as a commercial success can, however, never be assured unless the guarantee of perfect neutrality in time of war be definitely given.

Apart from the general interest attaching thereto, that portion of the history of the Isthmus relating to projected canals is doubly valuable as a guide to future diplomatic and political action, and should receive earnest consideration before the subject becomes clouded with the mists of international jealousy or party feeling.

By way of introduction to this article on Nicaragua, I will, therefore, give a short historical sketch of the various expeditions, public and private, undertaken since the earliest occupation of that country by the Spaniards.

The question of a passage to the Pacific through the narrow Isthmus barrier is as old as the discovery of the continent itself, the very commission granted to Columbus surmising that the East Indies was the goal to be reached. In the great navigator's second and third voyages, we find him exploring the Gulf of Paria, vainly imagining that he is about to discover the South Sea.

In his wake follow a host of adventurers, seeking the "strait." Balboa, Ponce de Leon, Ogija, Cortez, Pizarro, all—in connection with their other projects—sought to render their names famous by the discovery. Even as late as 1687, we find Sieur de Lussan, a French filibuster, writing: "This lake (Nicaragua) hems in three islands, that are not far distant the one from the other, and all of them very near the mouth thereof. Some few years since the *Horqua* (specie vessel) of Acapulco, that went to the East Indies, on its return, entered in this lake through the bay, and we understand that some Spaniard had entered by the other end of it, through the river Vastagua, that discharged itself into a bay of New Spain, and consequently into the North Sea."

This account of a ship passing from ocean to ocean is undoubtedly overdrawn, though it is highly probable that the channel of the San Juan or Vastagua was much deeper, before its partial destruction by the Spaniards during the last century.

Dampier's "Voyages" contain interesting accounts of Nicaragua; while Humboldt, in his "New Spain," after an elaborate description of several routes, states that "communication with the Pacific Ocean would be effected by cutting a canal across the Isthmus, which separates the lake from the Gulf of Papagayo."

The first regularly organized expedition to Nicaragua was probably undertaken in 1778, by two Spaniards named Yzasi and Alexandre. They were accompanied by two Englishmen, Hodgson and Lee, who published a description of their work on their return to England. This survey was supplemented by an examination of the territory west of Lake Nicaragua, conducted by a Government engineer named Manuel Galisteo, in 1781.

In 1825, De Witt Clinton endeavored to arouse the interest of the United States on the importance of ship communication between the two oceans; though it was not until ten years later that President Jackson appointed an agent to examine the Isthmus, and then the objective point was Darien, and not Nicaragua. Between the years 1828 and 1830, the Dutch proposed organizing a canal company, but their agent, General Verveer, found Central America in a state of revolution, and returned unsuccessful.

Mr. Bailey, a retired officer of the British Navy, was employed in 1838, by the Government of Central America, to make a survey of this canal route. His operations were confined to the territory between the Lake and the Pacific, and were consequently incomplete.

During the next few years several companies were formed in Europe, nominally for the colonization of the Isthmus, but actually as preliminary steps toward a future canal. One only of these companies attracted much attention, and that simply from the romantic interest attached to the man at its head. A political prisoner, confined in the fortress of Ham, and shut out from the hope of ever attaining the crown of France, conceived the idea of perpetuating in America the glory of a name already famous the world round. He entered into correspondence with Señor Castellon, the Minister of the Central American Government at the court of Louis Philippe, reviewed with singular ability the various canal schemes, and offered, if released from confinement, to superintend in person the work at Nicaragua. In 1840 the princely prisoner was liberated, and, going to England, published a pamphlet, under the initials "L. B.," setting forth all the arguments in favor of a canal, and adding the official proceedings by which the Government of Nicaragua had vested in him full power to form a company in Europe. The canal was to be the "Canale Napoleon de Nicaragua." The late prisoner was Prince Louis Bonaparte.

The discovery of gold in California gave a fresh impetus to the question. As the new State increased in population, and San Francisco became a large city, the necessity of a highway between the Atlantic and Pacific was again urged. The voyage round Cape Horn was long and dangerous; the overland route, across the plains, subject to attack from Indians; something must be done to avoid both; the settlers on the western coast needed the provisions of the Eastern ports; the merchants of the old States, the gold of the new.

As the result of these arguments, the Atlantic and Pacific Ship Canal Company* was formed, with Commodore Vanderbilt for its president. A. W. Childs, a prominent civil engineer, was sent to survey the lakes and rivers of Nicaragua. His party was in the field from August, 1850, to September, 1851, and returned to the United States with a very favorable report as to the feasibility of the project. Funds for its accomplishment were not, however readily forthcoming, and Childs carried his estimates and maps to England, where they were submitted to the judgment of a commission of engineers, and afterward to a committee of great capitalists, who, though favoring the proposed route, did not judge the plan sufficiently well developed to merit their support.

In spite of this adverse decision, the canal enterprise must have been considerably agitated about this time, for a convention was made between Great Britain and the United States, in which Mr. Clayton, on our part, and Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer, on theirs, "define the principles which should apply to an interoceanic canal, wherever and whenever constructed."

In 1855, Walker's filibustering expedition again drew the attention of the public to the State of Nicaragua; but this "gray-eyed man of destiny" succeeded only in making the inhabitants of the Isthmus look with mistrust upon any so-called explorations or surveys.

Ten years later, P. C. F. West was employed by the Central American Transit Company, and although his object was simply to devise means for the improvement of the San Juan and the restoration of Greytown Harbor, the maps which were made at that locality have been of value to the late expeditions, as they show the gradual changes taking place during the years that the port of San Juan del Norte (Greytown) has been closing.

* The Transit Company was an offshoot from the Atlantic and Pacific Canal Company.

The United States Government sent its first regularly organized party to Nicaragua in the Spring of 1872. This expedition was in charge of Commander Crossman, who with brave young Force, was unfortunately drowned while attempting to land through a heavy surf at Greytown. The command then devolved upon Captain Hatfield, but the dry season was half over before the work began, and only three lines on the western side of the lake were partially surveyed—the party returning to the United States in July, to be completely fitted out for the ensuing Winter.

On the 3d of December, the second expedition, with Commander Lull as its chief, and a force of sixteen officers and about fifty men, sailed from Fortress Monroe in the U.S.S. *Kansas*.

It is not the object of this article to discuss the Nicaragua Canal from the standpoint of an engineer, but the history of the proposed undertaking will not be complete without a short summary of the reports presented by the officers attached to the expedition of 1872 and 1873.

From the preceding pages it will be seen that all the preliminary work of exploration and reconnoissance had already been done. Spanish engineers had been over the ground a century before; Childs, Bailey, West and a score of others, had made charts and maps, more or less accurate, of the San Juan Valley. The naval expedition saw, therefore, that it had to present on its return, not a mere outline of a proposed canal, but an exhaustive survey of each point gone over.

The appropriation to accomplish this object was not large, and the force small, but reference to the Government Report will show how well the labor was accomplished. Every foot of the line was leveled, the adjacent country examined, the water supply of lake and rivers measured, the lake sounded and triangulated, the soil bored for rock, and the resources of the country tabulated. On their return, Commander Lull, and Mr. Menocal, the civil engineer, gave much time to working up the various journals and levels; and from the figures obtained were able to present the exact cost—founded upon the price of labor then current—necessary to construct the canal. To this cost was added the usual twenty-five percentum for contingencies, and subsequently a still greater amount, on the supposition that rock might be encountered two feet below the present profile. The estimate may therefore be considered as above, rather than below, the future cost, but with all the additions, the Nicaragua Canal will be $20,000,000 cheaper than any other.

Few persons seem at all aware how simple an engineering feat this canal problem presents. The summit level is the lake, only one hundred feet above tide water. From its southeastern end flows the San Juan River, which can be used for more than sixty miles of its length, leaving only forty-two miles for a canal. This canal runs through low alluvial land—no deep excavations are necessary, no tunnels have to be bored, while the last seven miles before reaching the Atlantic is simple ditch-work through swamps and lagoons, where there is already an average of seven feet of water.

To return to the upper part of the San Juan. Sixty miles are to be utilized by damming the stream. This idea has been ridiculed by various engineers, on the score that freshets would wash away the dams—a natural though hasty conclusion to be reached by any one conversant with the immense destructive force produced by tropical rainfalls. But note that in Nicaragua alone freshets do not occur, for the lake is a vast basin, one hundred miles long, by thirty broad, into which the whole surrounding country is drained, the San Juan being simply an outlet, never rising more than six feet during the entire year. Slack-water navigation is, therefore, possible here, and possible nowhere else upon the Isthmus, for at no other point is there a constant, level reservoir.

"But," we are told, "the locks will necessarily be of such size that traffic will be suspended through the time taken to fill and discharge them, and ships endangered by the breaking of flood-gates."

Late improvements will lock a vessel through in less than fifteen minutes, and Mr. Menocal's ingenious method of admitting and discharging the water will prevent any mishaps.

Next, let us look at the Pacific section. It is a generally received idea that the cordillera of the Isthmus extend in one unbroken barrier from Mexico to South America. Fortunately, at Nicaragua they tend to the eastward of the lake, ending on its western side in the extinct volcano Mombacho, near Granada. From Granada to Rivas the country is a succession of hills, nowhere rising to an altitude of more than a thousand feet, and sinking to an elevation of less than one hundred and thirty above the lake at the point where the canal is to cross the divide. In other words, the "cut" to be made is one hundred and twenty-seven feet, plus the depth of the canal.

The divide is six miles from the lake, and ten from Brito, the Pacific terminus. When the expedition sailed for Nicaragua, the great problem to be solved was the discovery of a pass through this western section. More than three months were passed in surveying tentative lines; and on two being found with profiles of less than one hundred and thirty feet, it was scarcely believed that the levels were correct. They were examined again, one of the routes proving to be but seventy-eight feet at its highest point.

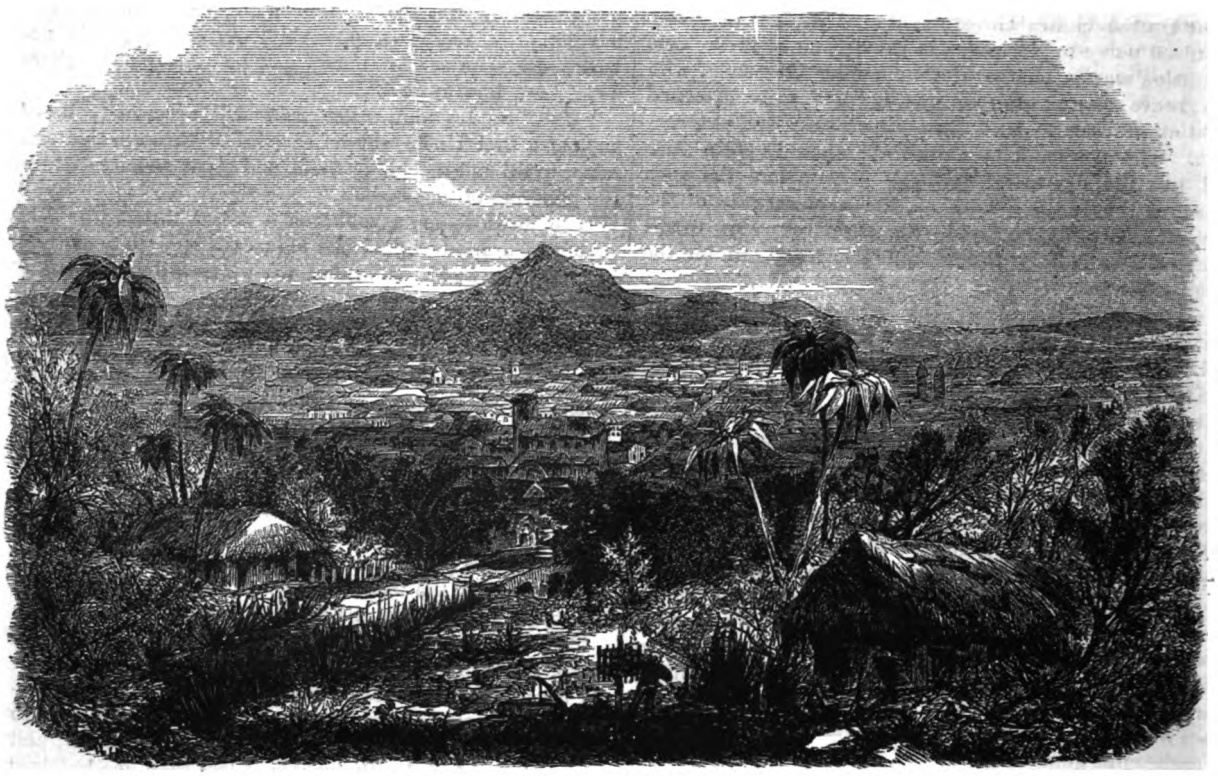
On the return of the expedition to the United States, advocates of the other routes, unable to find any fault in the Nicaragua line, immediately set about to discover imaginary objections. It was bruited abroad that there were no harbors at either terminus. Let us see if this be true.

Greytown is in reality a better harbor than ever. Thirty years ago the San Juan and its tributaries from Costa Rica (which enter below the canal) brought down quantities of silt and detritus. The volcanic sand, being of light specific gravity, had the effect of making a shifting bar across the mouth of the river. Eventually, this bar became so extensive, that the stream sought an exit further to the southward at Colorado Bay, where it now discharges. There is to-day fourteen feet of water inside of Greytown bar, and outside of it the ocean-bed is hard and stable, the coast current having set the whole amount of sand back against the outer shore, which is now being rapidly covered with trees and bushes. The absence of the river is, therefore, a cause for congratulation; and a channel once dug through the bar, and a jetty thrown out to collect the small amount of sand remaining, the harbor will be an accomplished and enduring fact. All tropical rivers are a curse to a harbor.

There is not the slightest chance of the San Juan ever returning to its original bed; the history of its change of course and the configuration of the land both going to prove that its tendency is to work south.

It must be granted that there is no good port at Brito, the Pacific terminus, but there is an excellent one a few miles further south, which would afford ample refuge for incoming vessels. Brito, however, is susceptible of great improvement at moderate cost; a tall cliff protects the roadstead from northers, and the bottom-land at the mouth of the Rio Grande, which empties at the base of the cliff, can be easily excavated.

That the Nicaragua line is nearer the United States than



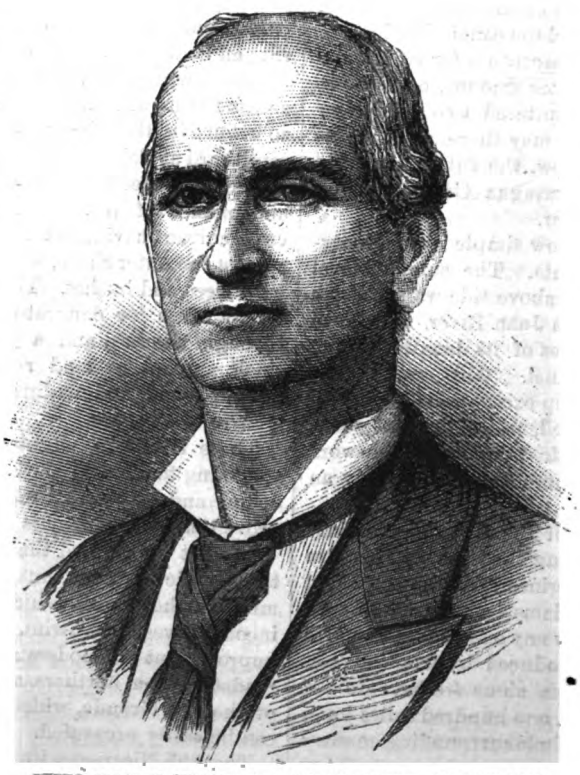
THE CITY OF LEON, NICARAGUA.

others is self-evident. That its total length from ocean to ocean is greater than some others, is no objection, as nearly one hundred miles of the distance to be made by vessels passing across the Isthmus at this point will be through a broad river and lake.

The unique advantage of a magnificent harbor between the two oceans is in itself a sufficient argument to overcome any minor objections. But Lake Nicaragua is more than a harbor. It is a body of purest fresh water, an inland sea, surrounded by land capable of producing every variety of provisions necessary for victualing ships; the plains near the city of Rivas are rich in tropical fruits, the tablelands produce corn, chocolate and sugar, while the cereals of the temperate zone grow upon the mountain-sides of eastern Nicaragua.

Such, in brief, is the report rendered by the Nicaragua Expedition. Lest it may be imagined that the officers attached to this survey were naturally partial to the work, it must be remembered that many of them had also been connected with parties which had been over the other portions of the Isthmus, and after many years of intimate knowledge of Central America, were eminently qualified to judge of the comparative merits of different localities.

To eliminate any chance of partiality, a commission was soon after appointed by the President to decide upon the most feasible route, and a party, composed of Army, Navy, Coast Survey officers, and civil engineers, was sent to the Isthmus to examine the various lines. The subsequent reports showed that the Nicaragua route was feasible, and that it presented great advantages over all its competitors.



PEDRO JOAQUIN CHAMORRA, LATE PRESIDENT OF NICARAGUA.

The practicability of the line being granted, it next becomes essential to show that the canal can be made a profitable investment, and that the country possesses the qualifications necessary to draw capital toward it. Ample statistics have been prepared to prove that, if the gross expenses of constructing the canal should run as high as $100,000,000, it would still pay ten per centum interest. These statistics have been based upon the present tonnage trading between the Atlantic and Pacific, and do not take into account the increased local traffic which would undoubtedly be caused by the opening of an interoceanic highway. The Nicaragua Government is also ready

and anxious to deed large grants of land to the company, which would bring in an additional income. All emigrants are, moreover, now entitled to a portion of the state territory.

Under the wise presidency of General Joaquin Zavala, a man of education and wealth, the country is now perfectly quiet. There is no indication of danger, either from within or without the state; as the policy of Nicaragua is not to meddle in the affairs of her sister republics, and there is a strong popular feeling against revolutions. The law is faithfully obeyed throughout the land, and the people seem to be contented with the condition of public affairs.

GENERAL JOAQUIN ZAVALA, NOW PRESIDENT OF NICARAGUA.

The area of Nicaragua is about 40,000 square miles. It has a population of 270,000 inhabitants, and is capable of sustaining 8,000,000 people. In 1876, there were in the country 180 public schools, and 4,500 pupils. Primary education is gratuitous, and there are three colleges and one university. The Government expends about $50,000 a year on public instruction, is very zealous in the cause of education, and deserves great credit for the steps taken to promote its object. The schools are no longer under control of priests, English is being taught, and many of the youth receive their final education in the United States.

The exports amount to about $3,000,000, consisting principally of coffee, indigo, hides and rubber. Sugar-cane grows luxuriantly, but the want of roads prevents it from being cultivated upon a large scale. Beans, rice, corn and cacao grow abundantly all over the country, and, should the canal be built, the valley of the San Juan and the islands of the lake will abundantly supply with tropical fruits all the markets of the world. Improved means of communication and enterprise are all that is needed to develop this richest state of Central America.

A telegraphic line, connecting with all the principal towns, runs from San Juan del Sur to the boundary of Honduras. The roads are generally bad, and in the rainy season many become absolutely impassable. The Government has of late taken up the subject of inland communication, and made a contract with parties in New York for the construction of two railways—one, from Corinto to Leon Viejo, on the west coast of Lake Managua, *via* Chinandega and Leon; and another from Managua—the capital—to Granada, on Lake Nicaragua. The first section, from Corinto to Chinandega, twelve miles, is nearly completed, and the materials are all on hand.

A STREET SCENE, MASAYA.

With these roads, the lakes and the river San Juan (the improvement of the rapids having already been begun), the Government expects to open up an interoceanic highway which will materially contribute to the development of its fertile land, and ultimately reach the silver and gold mines of Chontales. The latter are an element of great future wealth to the country, but the scanty and poor roads have always prevented the mines from being worked to any extent. The richest leads have been abandoned for want of pumps to drain them, and all attempts to carry machinery across the mountains have ended in a series of failures.

There are now six steamers on the San Juan, and one on the lake, while one large schooner and a quantity of *bungoes* make regular trips between Fort San Carlos, the islands and Granada.

Before this article is printed, Mr. Menocal (the civil engineer attached to the late survey) will probably be on his way to Greytown to construct a lock and short canal around Castillo Rapids, the Nicaraguan Government having decided to improve the navigation of the San Juan at its own expense.

Nicaragua is the only Central, or indeed South, American state which has no foreign debt, while its domestic indebtedness is so small that the Government bonds are sold at a large premium.

With such elements of present and future prosperity, it is to be expected that, should the canal be a success, the Republic of Nicaragua will acquire a higher place among the nations of the world.

Having considered the history of the surveys and the details of the present condition of Nicaragua as essential to a true understanding of the present status of the proposed canal, we have not hesitated to amplify them, even if the general reader may be a trifle wearied with the dryness of the subject. For those whom the narrative style may more deeply interest, we now present a few extracts from a Journal written by the author at stray moments, in the tropical woods, seven years ago:

"The expedition reached Greytown on the 20th of December. The view from the anchorage is anything but encouraging; yet those who had already been here tell me that one's first impressions of Nicaragua from this neglected port must not be taken as an earnest of what is to come from the beautiful upland country of the interior. When, a week later, we had left behind the tangled palms of the lower river, the muddy lagoons of San Juan del Norte, and the sand-bearing current of the Colorado, and found ourselves above all the tributary streams, I realized for the first time that here was the true mainland, and that, while all the intervening marsh might be perfectly fitted for canal purposes, it was scarcely a desirable spot for a prolonged residence.

"Rounding a sharp bend just above the San Carlos, and passing between two lofty hills, we catch from the deck of the stern-wheeled *Castillo* our first glimpse of the mountains of Costa Rica, and enter the dead still waters, called by the natives, Agua Muerte. For eighteen miles the river runs through an extremely tortuous and narrow valley; the stream is only about four hundred feet wide, and winds about the base of precipitous cliffs; the least depth in the channel is eighteen feet, the greatest, one hundred. The hills and valleys are covered with trees of the largest growth, eminently adapted for building purposes.

"We 'tie-up' for the night at the head of the Agua Muerte, and two of us wander off into the forest. To the lavish display of tropical vegetation, we find added the elements of grandeur and stability. Luxuriant foliage covers the surface, but underneath all are the rocks and ravines, gorges and gulches, hiding in the twilight the darkness of their shadowy depths.

"Here are the Hule or rubber-trees, the black gum oozing from the recently cut notches; the Madera Negra, or cedars; the Mata-palo, or brush-killers, a species of banyan, the ground beneath them clear of the thicket which everywhere else intercepts our progress.

"As we walk on, the *chaparral* becomes thicker, full of tendrils and natural ropes which trip us at every step. Now we cut our way through thick clusters of Pinuela (wild pineapple), the prickly leaves tearing our skin as we breast through them. Fearing that we will be lost in the wilds, we return to the steamer, to be lulled to sleep by the chattering of countless parrots, the bellowing of congo-monkeys, and the splash of the great *savolos reales* in the quiet waters.

"After a successful passage of all the rapids, the expedition reached the lake a few days later. Lake Nicaragua impresses all with the grandeur of its proportions. On the morning of the 8th of January we see it for the first time, stretching for a hundred miles to the northward, and sweeping twelve leagues to the westward. As I write, the sun looms up from over the moss and vine covered trees of the San Juan Valley, throwing great strokes of light through the dark mazes lining the eastern shore. Far away in Costa Rica is the volcano Orosi, its blue outline contrasting with the pure white of its cloud-capped summit. Behind us is the Indian island Solentinami; before us, the rough sides of Mombacho. Far ahead is the island Zapatero, where the stone gods of the Nicaraos still lie; while close beside us is Ometepec, the king of all the islands. 'Double-peaked,' *ometepec* means in the native tongue, but the name has of late been applied to the higher of the twin mountains. The lower is Madera, or 'forest-covered.' The contrast between the two is most marked, Madera pointing skyward, one mass of verdure from lake level to rounded top, while Ometepec is bare and barren from basaltic base to arid apex. In the grayness of the dawn not a furrow is to be seen on the mountain side—Ometepec rises a perfect cone five thousand feet above the lake. As the day breaks, vast shadows appear, where the lava and scoria of the olden time have eaten deep gulches. Between the darkened depths are the golden ridges of yellow sand shimmering in the morning sun; over and surrounding the scene a Neapolitan haze; while far above the light trade drift passes quickly to the west, now circling about the peak, again softening with its down-like vapor the vast waste places."

By the middle of January all the parties were at work. We will, however, skip the pages which tell of the discomforts of the Ochomago and Gil Gonzales; not that it is desirable to pass superficially over the difficulties and hardships which may again be met by the future emigrant, but space forbids that we should give descriptions of any abandoned routes. We will now turn to the party on the Rio del Medio—the line of the future canal.

"At the initial point we have no hard 'cutting'; the whole lake shore being bordered by open fields or orange and banana plantations. A day's walk takes us a mile inland to find only sixteen feet rise in the plain stretching back of Rivas. A week later we have reached the summit. The spot is called Buena Vista, and well named, with the lake and Ometepec in the distance, and the richly cultivated land spreading from the foot hills to the shore. To the northward is an indigo field. Planted in April, the bush is covered with yellow flowers in three months, and now the second crop is budding. At one end of the inclosure is the oven where the whole plant is boiled down and the mixture evaporated. Turning to the northeast, we see lying before us a gentle slope of nearly six miles,

dotted with haciendas and checkered with a network of well-made roads. To the right is the city of Rivas.

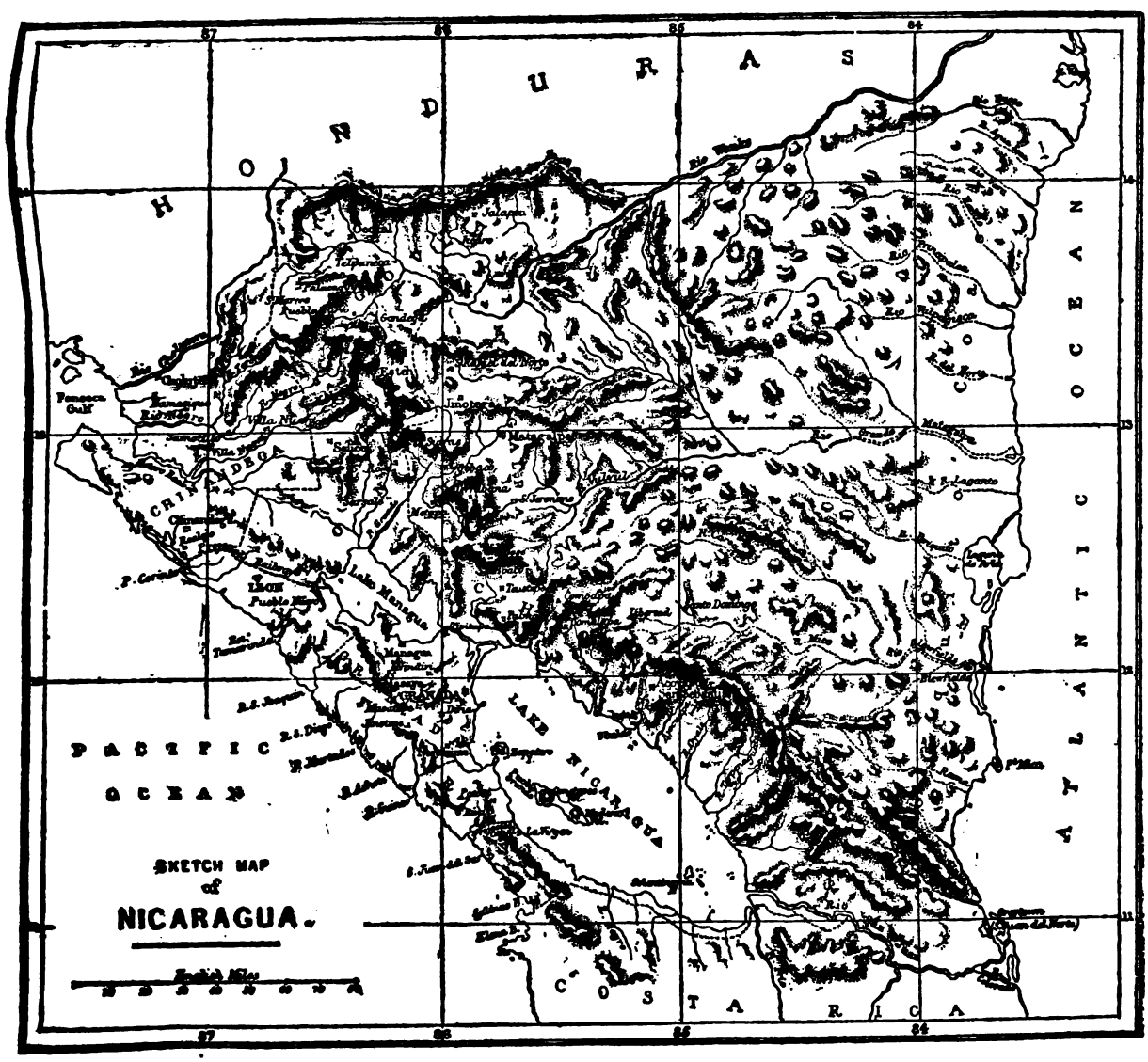
"Scattered over the landscape are numerous cacao plantations, the finest in all Nicaragua; surrounding them is the green wall of mango-trees, forming a hedge to protect the tender plants within from the strong easterly winds. On Sunday afternoon we ride over to see one of these plantations. Passing through an archway cut in the mango-hedge, one first beholds another set of large trees—the Madera Negra—these protect the young plants from the heat of the sun; beneath them are the cacao-bushes, one or two between each tree.

"In all, our experience of tropical vegetation, we had never seen so beautiful a sight as this hacienda in full bloom—the bright green leaves of the mango surrounding the field—the light feathery foliage of the Madera Negra above—below the small white blossoms of the cacao, and the brown, pear-shaped pods growing on trunk and branch. Returning toward headquarters, we examine all the indigo-vats and wells. Built of concrete, they are as hard as granite, and none of them show any signs of earthquake action, although the majority are over one hundred years old. All the lime used about Rivas is found in the vicinity, and will be of great service for canal purposes."

As much had been written concerning the so-called "Napoleonic route"—*via* Lake Managua—a party was sent to examine that locality. The following extracts from the Journal may be of interest, as they give a description of some of the cities of the country, and the habits of the people:

"In the cool of the afternoon we are approaching Granada. The road takes us up hill and down dale, over the western slopes of Mombacho. As we reach the last spur we are in the suburbs of the city. A lumbering cart crawls past; the oxen with their wide-spreading horns and cruelly heavy yokes, the driver with his pointed goad and scanty clothing, the homeward-bound family in their new purchases of fearfully uncomplementary dresses—all accord with the slow and backward progress of a Central American state.

"A quarter of a mile further on we meet the motley crowd which goes to make up the population of Nicaragua—gay caballeros on gayer horses, Indians from the old native capital of Masaya, mulattoes from the distant plantations, and Europeans from the shops by the roadside. We lift our hats to señoritas, who, having dawdled away half the day, stockingless and stayless, in their hammocks, come to end it at prison-like windows, where sweethearts and lovers exchange cigaritas and carry on safe flirtations through iron-barred shutters.



LAKE MANAGUA AND THE VOLCANO OF MESSIA.

"The numerous churches are of that mixed order of architecture which may be styled the Moresque-American type, which has descended, with little change, from the early Spanish days. These buildings are long and low, with two square turrets at one end; within are the *black* and white saints of the religious; without, the bullet-marks of the equally patriotic. As the sun sets, vespers chime to the uncovered populace from bells three hundred years old, with scarcely legible dates, and Latin inscriptions upon them, and revolutionary shots through them. Half deaf from the clanging and the banging, we turn into the plaza —that central square common to all Spanish towns. Stores, hidden away under dark, shady arcades, are on three sides; on the fourth, a ruined cathedral and the government barracks, where innumerable generals and colonels dictate multitudinous orders to mythical brigades and regiments.

"At early dawn the next morning we follow all the masculine portion of the community and take our morning bath in the breakers, which roll up on the smooth beach. The lake shore is a busy place just after sunrise. The washwomen are there in full force, striving, after the manner of their kind in these regions, to demolish inoffensive linen with huge pounding-stones. Garments of all descriptions lie tessellating the sand. Canoes and pirogues, drawn up clear of the rollers, are loading or discharging their cargoes of oranges, potatoes, bananas and plantains. The water-carriers are filling their casks, a few hundred yards distant. The picture of the Scriptural Orient is here reproduced in the Far Occident: Rebecca, with her earthen pitcher balanced carefully on her head, and Isaac with his herd of thirsty cattle.

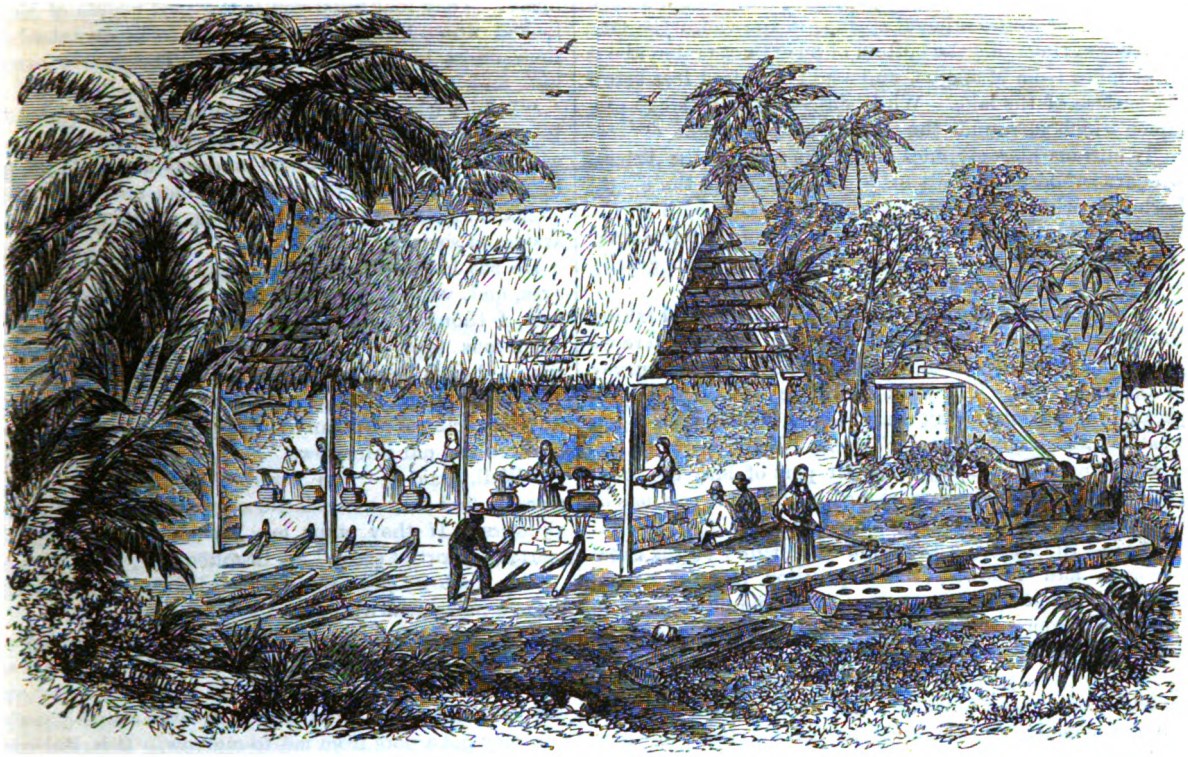
"A little further on, we come to the Indian burying-ground, where many specimens of ancient pottery have lately been found. Turning our horses' heads once more toward the city, we are soon in the narrow streets which stretch for a mile inland toward the village of Xaltera.

"Xaltera, like Masaya and several other aboriginal towns, still contains a population of almost full-blooded natives, the laws, habits and customs of the place being different from those of the adjacent country.

WILLIAM WALKER, ADVENTURER, AND PRESIDENT OF NICARAGUA.

"The next morning we are on our way to Managua, situated on the western shore of the lake of the same name. Our visit to the capital is rendered especially interesting from the fact that the Nicaraguan Congress is in session. Like our own, this body is composed of two Houses. The President is elected for six years, and is disqualified from serving two consecutive terms. We are honored by an audience with the present head of the sovereign state of Nicaragua, at the *Palacio*, as this republic terms its executive building.

"Don Vicente Quadra is an elderly man, given to the use of much Spanish hyperbole, and full of expressions of good-will toward the future canal. From him, as well as from many officials, we are continually hearing that everything in the land is at the disposition



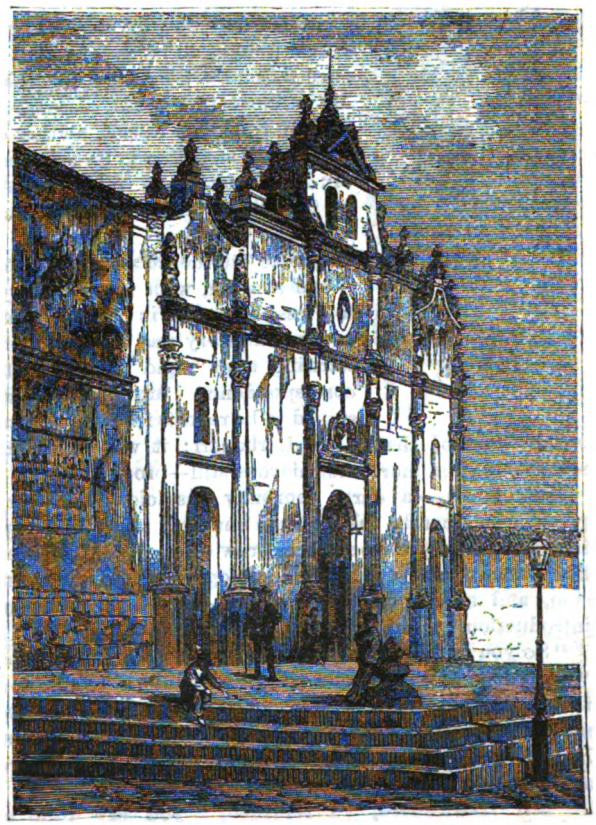
MAKING PANELA-SUGAR IN NICARAGUA.

of any one who shall advance the interest of ship communication between the Atlantic and Pacific. One point is especially prominent, the great diversity of opinion covertly held on this subject by representatives from different sections of the country. The members from Granada and the western shores of the lake are generally descendants of the Dons and Caballeros, and are extremely conservative in their views; while the deputies

CHURCH ON THE MAIN PLAZA, GRANADA.

from Leon, coming from a department which has large dealings with the outside world, are the real friends of the canal, and would do their utmost to develop the resources of the state.

"As Leon is a town of over 30,000 inhabitants, her influence is considerable. It is but fair to state, however, that, if there be a feeling of mistrust on the part of the upper class against advancement, and consequently against the United States as the promoter of the canal question, it has been brought about in a great measure by the atrocities committed in the Granada and Rivas districts by Walker, and the bombardment of Greytown by the *Cyane*.



CHURCH OF LA MERCED, GRANADA.

"One morning, while at the capital, we saddle our mules, and ride over to the mineral springs in the vicinity. One of these springs fills the bottom of an extinct crater, about three miles from Managua, and eight hundred feet below the surface of the lake. While descending the steep precipice which surrounds the waters, we pass some exceedingly curious hieroglyphics cut in the rock by the Aztecs, who are supposed to have made settlements in the neighborhood, prior to the Spanish invasion. Our bath in the thick, muddy alkali pool is anything but refreshing, though its power af healing any climatic disease is greatly vaunted by both natives and foreigners.

"The following day we returned to Granada, and taking the steamer, crossed the lake to Fort San Carlos, where we found the remainder of the expedition ready for the survey of the San Juan. The work on the eastern section progressed more slowly than had been anticipated, as foggy weather and early Summer rains interfered with our observations; but during the latter part of May the three parties, which had been working on different sections of the river, were all reunited at Greytown."

Having thus given a sketch of the history of the canal problem, and followed the expedition from ocean to ocean, I will not dwell upon the commercial advantages to be derived from a ship channel through the Isthmus. The certain growth of our mercantile marine, and the necessity of avoiding the perils of Cape Horn, navigation will ultimately decide that $70,000,000 is a small price to pay for the incalculable advantages to be derived from the new route.

Let us hope, therefore, that the "secret of the strait," so diligently sought by the bold sailors of the past centuries, may, in this nineteenth, be discovered at last by the energy and science of the American people.

SAPPHIRE EYES.

HE was solitary and mysterious, and I was thought to be so, and that at once tells how we drifted together. My solitariness I grant, because it existed from two causes, neither of which was anything to be ashamed of: I did not desire to be pestered by the village scandalmongers, and was writing some papers for a magazine on the subject of botany—endeavoring, with mild insanity, to dress the matter in popular form; and my mystery was nothing more startling than rapid and weighty correspondence. My mail was assumed to be reports from my fellow-conspirators of the Italian Carbonari; it was in reality something even more mischievous still—proof-sheets.

Hawksmere—a dark, morbidly suspicious and very proud man—nearly fell over me one day, as I was studying some plants beneath the brow of one of the hills on his domain; and our mutual apologies—I for my intrusion, and he for his awkwardness—served as sufficient introduction.

"So you are Mr. Osmond," he said, with a faint smile. "They malign you in the village horribly; do you know that? My brother, a wise man in his way, has informed me in confidence that you are no less a personage than Rocco in disguise. Your seclusion has at once ruined and glorified you."

"Mr. Hawksmere," I returned, "you are quite as lucky. They look upon you as the good people of Motiers looked upon Rousseau—as a fiend, to be exorcised from their midst by showers of stones. The stones came to him, and, perhaps, they will come to you—in time."

"I don't fear them. But it is like this accursed world! Because I don't choose to be intruded upon by a set of wretches, who could have no innocent motive, I am sure, in visiting me, I am to be stoned when accident and circumstances force me among them. Oh, this is a rare system of society!"

He set his teeth, a vicious light burned in his black eyes, and, with the metallic ring of his voice yet in my ears, I thought him by no means unsuggestive of a very dangerous type of misanthropy. Perhaps at another time I should have felt a pleasure in studying him; but now some green stuff in my hands reminded me that the humbler science of botany had a prior claim, and I made haste to end our interview.

"Well," said I, "you perceive that my pursuits could scarcely find very enthusiastic sympathy among our good villagers. If they stone me, I shall consider myself a martyr—a sort of second St. Stephen."

This shadowy jest brought back his smile again, and he made a movement as if about to pass on.

"Ah, yes! Botany—and very creditable employment it is. You want to be relieved of me evidently, so I shall go. But, I say, Mr. Osmond"—he had taken a few steps, but now returned, speaking very earnestly—"perhaps you may get a note from me to-morrow. It is uncertain: yet remain at your cottage till nine. Will you do this?"

I assented, and he went away, his tall figure casting fantastic shadows on the grass, and the recent interview leaving a strange shadow in my soul. Somehow, I began to fear that I had made the acquaintance of a bad man. I returned to my green stuff, but it had lost its charm.

Next morning, the note came at seven, which was, of course, two hours earlier than I had looked for it. I think I do best to give it below. The writing was whimsical and odd, and the style, as you see, very much to the point:

"DEAR OSMOND: I had been rather interested in you previously, but our three minutes' conference yesterday has brought you so fully within the circle of my thoughts, which are my life, that I must have you for a time bodily within the sphere of my actions—which (you will scarcely understand this as yet) are my death. Come to Mordyke, and burn your cottage behind you before leaving, so that, like Cæsar's soldiers and their burnt fleet, once in Britain, return is impossible. Once you know what advantages I have here, your will be content to remain. Be assured of this."

At a proper hour, I went over with the fullest intention of thanking Hawksmere for his kind offer, and declining it. But the black portals that closed behind me, after I had made my way up the long avenue, shut me in from that instant as an inmate of Mordyke—sombre, strange, beautiful place that it was.

I was confronted by a massive staircase of ebony marble when I reached the end of the hall; but had scarcely placed my foot on the lowest stair when I heard the ponderous and magnificent chords of an organ, far above me, and the tones of a female voice dying away into sobs of unearthly melody, then rising from them and gathering into a grandeur that transfixed me.

I felt a touch on my shoulder, and shuddering, I turned, and saw Hawksmere. He seemed to have risen out of the earth, his approach had been so silent. His face was actually gray, and his eyes shone with lurid brilliancy, as he held up his finger, and cautioned me to lose no portion of the divine melody sweeping into our enraptured ears from the upward distance.

At last it ended, and, motioning me to follow him, he ascended. He turned to the left, and entered a strangely-shaped room, and there, standing at a window, I beheld a lady, whom I knew instantly to be his wife.

Could she have been the singer? Something in her face told me not. She was not handsome, or intellectual-looking; but had a pale, tired countenance, and a weary, querulous manner, that could not have made a favorable impression upon any one. We greeted each other, however, with assumed pleasure, and then Hawksmere explained to her the object of my visit.

"But," said I, interrupting him quickly, "this is all a mistake. I have merely come now to thank you, and decline."

"Stay!" he returned. "You have not yet been made acquainted with the inducements I shall offer. Come after me."

We passed out, and then to the right, and presently entered another chamber. An arch rested beyond. The furniture was magnificent; but what surprised and interested me most was the library, and, on the long table, a botanist's collection of the most complete character of any I had ever met.

"Yours," he said, pointing to it, "if you will remain here a week! Decide quickly."

"But," I persisted, "I don't see what can be your motive in wishing to possess the society of such a very dreary fogy as I am. You don't know me, Hawksmere. Perhaps you consider me an original. If you do, you were never more woefully mistaken. Off paper, and, perhaps, on it, I'm a bore of the worst kind."

He laughed—such a laugh as it was—and touched the collection again.

"Here is the work of a lifetime—of old Boerdst's lifetime—all yours for the little favor I ask. Listen to me, and I will tell you a long story in a few words. It will give you the key to everything."

We sat down, and placing his hand on my knee, he looked steadily into my face and began:

"I was once a very good man, and, of course, a fool; and that was long ago. I believed in all the world, and loved my neighbor as myself. I met a woman, and worshiped her. We quarreled, because I was the incarnation of fiendish jealousy; and, both being too proud, we never made our difference up, until—until, Osmond"—he shaded his eyes, and I saw two bitter tears course slowly down his hollow cheeks—"until it was too late!"

This was really the first time I had ever seen human being in such depths of distress. The man by me was perfectly abject in his grief, and no stoicism could have prevented me from feeling much pity for him. Yet I uttered no words.

"Desperation," he continued, recovering himself, "is the essence of my character. I will not analyze for your benefit just now what I mean by this. I can only say that that subtle spirit in me which dares everything, feels bound by no law, human or divine, springs forward through every peril to the accomplishment of a purpose, be it a saint-like sacrifice, or a demoniac revenge—was what prompted me to seek a punishment for the haughty cruelty of Marie de Fontanges. I went to a country inn, where I had often baited my horses, and married the master's daughter. Yes, I married Clara Graham, whom I scarcely knew, and whom, at the moment I placed the ring on her finger and swore I loved and would always love, in my heart I detested, despised! And then I took her home, and into society, and flung her in the face of the one human being for whom a barter of my soul to eternal perdition would have been a small price!"

I stared at him in growing horror. He had risen, and was pacing the room furiously.

"By the next day, my mad rage and thirst for revenge had spent itself. You know what is said of the feeling after an opium dream—the torturing dejection, grief, fright, remorse; but, oh, man, man, the comparison would be feeble here!"

"This lady—Mademoiselle de Fontanges?"

"She did not marry—she saved me that, Osmond; and it was merciful, indeed; but the reproach of those eyes—those thrilling eyes of sapphire—filled all my wretched soul. I fled from mankind with the partner of my misery, and came here. I carried the ghastly corpse of a blasted love and an eternal hate chained to me, even to this spot. The eyes haunted me still; I could not rest, sleeping or waking; I was mad with longing; I hungered for a sight of her—of Marie, my darling soul! What have I just said? That the essence of my character is desperation. I proved it once more; I begged her to come to me at Mordyke! Yet, Osmond, reflect that this was done when I was certain that looking on her was hourly death—that looking on my wife beside her would be enduring by minutes the eternal agonies of the condemned!"

He fell into a chair exhausted. The folding-doors under the arch suddenly swung together, and shut with a loud crash.

"What was that?" he cried, starting up, and crossing to the spot whence the sound had proceeded, rapidly. I followed him, in strange trepidation.

"It must have been a listener," I said.

He drew wide the massive portals, and there stood a woman.

She was everything exquisite, and entrancingly beautiful, and with these words I have said all. Her eyes were marvelous, indeed. I halted, in mute rapture.

"Did you hear what has just passed?" asked Hawksmere, excitedly.

She looked at him in great surprise, and answered: "No, Digby. I have just come from the organ. Have you been discussing secrets?" A very low musical laugh followed the last words; but she was evidently concerned about Hawksmere's wild manner.

The introduction which followed was not necessary. I had instantly recognized Marie de Fontanges. Those thrilling sapphire eyes must have betrayed her anywhere.

We fell into desultory conversation; but I made very close observation of the bearing of the two, now that I had heard the singular position of affairs existing between them. One thing I was most anxious to detect, and this was, whether she still loved him, and as passionately as he loved her. The truth was but too plain; her devotion was no less intense than his; only, perhaps, rather better concealed.

I do not know that we talked about anything very interesting; but the conversation lasted some time, and then Mademoiselle de Fontanges withdrew. Her fascination had not failed to affect even me, who had seen but this little of her, and by whom her sex had been, up to this hour, very mistakenly viewed. But what can you expect of a man who engages to make the technicalities of the science of botany popular?

At the moment she had quitted the apartment, Hawksmere seized my hand with eagerness.

"I perceive that her beauty has thrilled you," he said, "and that you do not wonder at my madness. Ah, it was to confide in you, my friend, that I begged you to come here. Conceive the suffering I have endured in keeping my secret so long pent up in my own breast! You will remain now, of course?"

NICARAGUA, AND THE PROJECTED AMERICAN INTEROCEANIC CANAL.—EXPLORING THE RAMA RIVER. SEE PAGE 129.

It was impossible to longer deny him, and he immediately sent over to the cottage for my things, and I was duly installed as his guest.

The dinner was late, rather to my inconvenience; but, eaten under such peculiar circumstances, that what was lost on one hand was certainly gained on another. I had determined to notice most closely the bearing of Mrs. Hawksmere toward Marie, as I shall take the liberty to call her; and this I did. The wife was pale, silent, and suffering very apparent agitation; Marie seemed gayer than when I had met her in the morning. Hawksmere appeared irritable and uneasy.

At last I was allowed to slip away for a short walk about the grounds and a cigar. Half an hour passed, by which time I had dawdled some distance off and back, and I was going in, when the tall drawing-room window in front of me was raised, and Mrs. Hawksmere stepped out upon the piazza.

Her cheeks were fire, but her lips pale as ashes. Her husband followed her.

"This is very foolish," he said, as if at a loss for words.

"Foolish!" she echoed, with all the scorn she could command. "Ay, it is true that I am a fool. But there shall be an end, Hawksmere!"

"Do you threaten me?"

"Not you—not you!"

She clinched her white, little fingers and bit her ghastly, pallid lips till the blood started.

Another figure appeared in our midst, that of Marie. Smiles—but now strange, dangerous smiles—were dancing in her grand eyes still.

"Perhaps, madam," she said, tauntingly, "it is I who am in peril?"

Could I, with any propriety, continue to witness this scene? I would have given anything in reason to have not been present at all; nay, how ardently did I begin to wish that Hawksmere's life and mine were lying yet apart! I made haste to relieve myself of my acute embarrassment, and them of my presence.

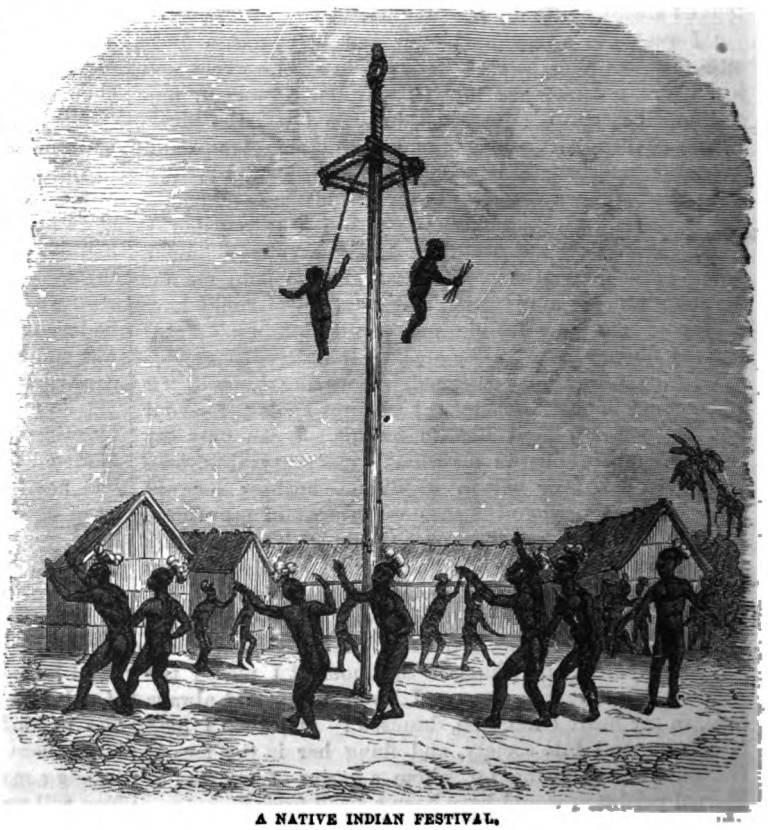
"Let me retire," I said, in much disorder. "These words you have just uttered are not for my ears. I regret that my studies have not claimed me sooner." And speaking thus, I left them and sought my room.

It is not necessary to mention that Boerdst's collection was to me, that evening, without the least interest. Mortification dyes my cheeks with blushes when I add that I so far forgot myself as to shake my fist at his plants, and call Boerdst an opprobrious name. But there are few of us who do not sometimes err.

I am fond of tobacco, though I never indulge myself extravagantly, and was this evening toiling at my seventh pipe, when—two hours having now elapsed—I heard, in the distance, some one praying. My door was ajar, and, though I could not distinguish the words, I could easily recognize the voice of Mrs. Hawksmere and the wailing, humble intonation of the human utterance when it beseeches heaven.

I irritably shut out the sound and resumed my soothing companion. The next interruption was the hasty entrance of Hawksmere himself.

His face was flushed and wild, his clothing all awry, and



A NATIVE INDIAN FESTIVAL.

THE MATA-PALO, OR KILL-TREE.

his language confused. Very evident it was that his dinner had not been so temperate as mine, nor, as to its epilogue, concluded so soon.

He struck his fist upon my table fiercely.

"I shall not endure this torment any longer!" he said, huskily. "For whom or what do I care, here or hereafter! Ah, Osmond, if you would let me give you two short lectures in my creed, you would become a convert. What says the phantom to Macbeth? 'Be bloody, bold and resolute!' It was good advice, and when he began to disregard it he began to fail. That shall henceforth be the motto of my belief."

His wandering eyes now caught sight of the changes I had made in my chamber, by means of the articles brought from my cottage. He examined everything, talking at random all the time, and finally began to finger some bottles. One he put to his lips. I went toward him quickly and plucked it away.

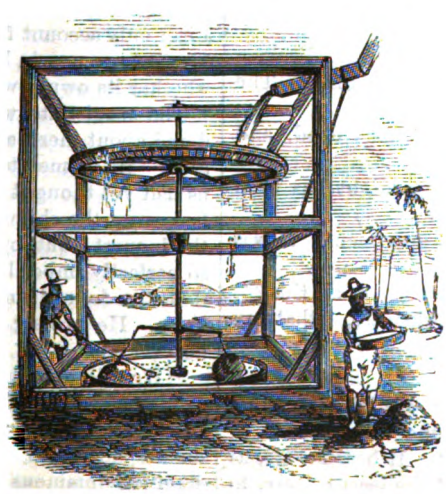
"Beware! That is, like them all, the deadliest poison. It is possible to be botanist and chemist both. Behold the results of experiments with certain of my plants."

"And you," he returned, looking at me sternly, "tempt people in this way, Osmond! Not one vial is labeled. Let us remedy the deficiency to-morrow."

The last word was a cue for a fresh burst of his peculiar philosophy. He reasoned upon life and death, questioning the profoundest doctrines of Christianity; but through all his arguments ran an undercurrent of bitter hatred toward mankind.

I am rather patient—I have sat under lectures three hours long—but this night no orator, no subject, could have held me fifteen minutes. I wanted to think, alone. Never was the natural solitariness of my character so powerfully developed.

The only way to get rid of my companion was to propose a pipe on the lawn; he hated both, and would undoubtedly refuse. And so, indeed, it turned out.



NATIVE NICARAGUAN GOLD-CRUSHER.

"You insisted that I should exercise no ceremony, and be under no restraint. I have the alternatives: a smoke in the open air, or a sleepless night."

I left him in the room and went below. How solemnly beautiful looked Mordyke! Although the air was uncomfortably chilly, I could not resist the temptation of remaining in it some time. At last, however, I returned to the building, and took my way again up the marble staircase. I turned to the right, and directly under the purple light which burned in front of my door, I stood face to face with Marie de Fontanges. She seemed startled for an instant; but

immediately recovered, laughing unrestrainedly in her deliciously musical voice.

"Mr. Osmond," she said, "I owe you a punishment for frightening me so! Good-night."

She passed with a feathery footfall by me and was gone. How intensely silent was all the house! I paused for a moment to note this, and to give a thought to the fierce commotion agitating the souls of its inmates.

Then I re-entered my room.

* * * * * * *

I opened my eyes on the morning sun shining in my windows. A clamorous knocking at my door had awakened me, and I hastened to seek the cause. One of the servants was standing in the corridor, pale and nervous, and he gave me a startling message from his master.

"Mr. Hawksmere begs your presence without delay, sir."

Wondering greatly, I dressed and was hurrying downstairs, when I encountered Hawksmere, disturbed, and perhaps frightened.

"My wife and I," he said, hastily, "have not occupied the same apartment for a long time. She was called this morning, but did not answer. The spring-latch, which can be worked both from the outside and in, is down; and if we wish to obtain entrance we must break open the door. Is not this strange?"

A terrible foreboding seized me.

"Let us do as you suggest," I returned. "Call all as witnesses."

This was not necessary, for the scared domestics were already assembled, shivering and anxious.

We gathered at the entrance to the chamber, whither I had first been taken on the day before, and with the blow of an iron mallet, Hawksmere struck off the lock and flung aside the door.

A ghastly sight presented itself to us. Mrs. Hawksmere lay on the bed, dead. Her husband fell at her side, and took her hand hysterically.

"Who has done this?" he cried, in much excitement. "Some fiend has poisoned her!"

He snatched up a goblet on a chair near the corpse, and gave it to me.

"Retain this," he said; "it contains a medicine prescribed for her sleeplessness—wine of valerian. Perhaps the poison was introduced through its means."

A thought, a fearful suspicion, seized me. I ran quickly to my room, and examined the bottle Hawksmere had fingered on the night before.

It was empty!

A test was applied to the sides of the goblet. From a faint pink color they instantly turned to a dull black. The proof was conclusive.

I went once more to the chamber of the dead, and told all.

"Hawksmere, the drug you tasted last night has been used for this dreadful work!"

A person suddenly swept into the apartment. It was Marie de Fontanges.

"How now?" she exclaimed. "What means all this?"

"It means, madam," returned Hawksmere, "that my wife has been foully murdered!"

* * * * * *

Conceive the dreadful excitement at Mordyke from this moment. There was nothing, after the main horror, so terrible as the general bewilderment. It became me, as the person interested in the deceased the least closely, to recover as soon as possible my presence of mind. This, by force of will, I succeeded partly in doing.

My first action was to send to the village with the news of the murder, and my next to question the servants.

Hawksmere had once referred to his butler as "a wise man in his way," and my own impressions, from the little I had seen of this person, were confirmatory. I sought him out, and took him to my room.

He was—naturally, under the fearful circumstances—quite suspicious and non-committal. I perceived this at once, by a pursing of the mouth, and a stiffness of carriage most unmistakable. My decision was, of course, to begin by reassuring him.

"Baker," I said, very calmly, "you are an intelligent man, and must understand exactly the position in which we all stand here. A murder has been done, secretly, by some one in the house. Investigation will begin below-stairs, and the first matter in question will be as to the motive. Now, this will surely clear all the servants, because Mrs. Hawksmere was much loved among them, and the crime has evidently not been committed for the sake of robbery, since none has taken place. Satisfaction thus furnished so far, the law will analyze circumstances in another quarter. *I*, for example, shall be called upon to clear myself. This I can easily do by means of your master, and by the more powerful evidence of my situation here, and the peculiar facts surrounding it. You understand this readily?"

Baker bowed his head solemnly. His mouth had relaxed by this time, and the stiffness of carriage had become merely an attitude of strict attention. I continued:

"Next, Miss Fontanges will be brought into question. I believe I was the last person who saw her before retiring, and she was then on her way to bed. This will, doubtless, be sufficient to place her out of danger."

Baker expressed the same conclusion.

"Now," I pursued, my voice sinking lower, and my words falling with deliberation, "there will remain but one at whom the finger of suspicion may be pointed—your master!"

"My master!"

"Yes; and here, Baker, I shall pause. If you know anything in this world which will clear Mr. Hawksmere, be prepared at the inquest to name it; for, as sure as I sit in this spot, unless some subtle evidence intervene, he will be tried and convicted, before two months roll over his head, of the willful and cowardly murder of his wife."

Poor Baker was much attached to his master. He burst into honest tears at my last words, and went weeping from the room.

The village authorities arrived with a precipitation which I can only account for by supposing that they felt the raptures of revenge in being now able to penetrate Mordyke, whether its owner wished or no.

The magistrate was a little, fussy, fat man, who wandered about, here and there, poking everything with his cane. He seemed to have a strong suspicion that none of us had yet thought there might be a murderer under the bed or up the chimney. He appointed the afternoon for the inquest; but by half an hour he had shown himself so perfectly imbecile, that I determined to telegraph for a detective from the metropolis. This I proposed to Hawksmere. He sprang at the offer with an eagerness that amazed me.

"We will go to the telegraph-station together," he said.

We passed out of Mordyke's great gates, and into the brown road leading to the village. A crowd had gathered on all sides, and, as we went through them, there was a singularly ominous murmur. I could not imagine what it foreboded until we had gone a few yards further, and then about our heads came a shower of stones.

"Remember our conversation of yesterday?" said Hawksmere.

Well did I remember it, indeed! We paid no attention to the insults of the rabble, but reached the office, and sent the necessary message. Then we returned to Mordyke.

In an hour a stranger arrived. He was a tall person, with a long face, and small, twinkling eyes. He said his name was Slocum. He looked rather like a minister; he was in reality the detective we had sent for.

His manner was most unsatisfactory. He did not exhibit the least symptom of interest in any part of the affair, but sauntered about, his hands in his pockets, whistling. It was especially irritating to find him hob-nobbing with the servants, instead of attending to his business.

All he did in the room of the murder was to gather up the deceased lady's portfolio and drawing-books. This done, he once more returned to the servants' hall, and sat with Baker, drinking out of a pocket-flask of fearfully strong rum.

At last I felt it my duty to remonstrate.

"Squire," said he—we had gone to my room for the conversation—"it's a pesky queer business; darn my skin if it ain't. You don't know anything about it, of course. That's why I hain't thought it worth while to interview you."

I not know anything about it! This was a nice idea, indeed. I told him I knew *all* about it.

He whistled.

"Well," said he, "let's hear."

I gave him every word that I have put down here.

"You seem to sorter think things p'int to the boss, don't you, now? Darned if you ain't cute as a fox, squire. You've put the pieces of the puzzle together till they fit like a Chinese alphabet. But," he added, with a solemn, innocent look upward, "the boss didn't do it."

"Did not? I am truly glad you think so. The opinion of a person of so much penetration and such industrious investigation," I added, with satire by no means concealed, "is doubtless valuable. I hope the jury at the inquest will estimate it as highly as you yourself do."

He bowed with a sincerity that was marvelous. He evidently considered my irony as a hearty compliment most earnestly meant.

"Thank you again, squire. What do you think of the French lady now?"

"Mademoiselle de Fontanges? Sir, you insult me by naming her in such a connection. She is my friend—respected and admired."

"Yes; I forgot. You met her yesterday, I think you said. But don't it look queer to you for two females to have a muss in the afternoon about a man, and for one on 'em to die that same night suddint by pison? By *your* pison, squire; and you saw one on 'em right near your room jist as you was goin' in it. She was scared a little, likewise. Ahem!"

He gave a tremendous cough, and looked at the ceiling rather more innocently than before. The expression of his countenance was sweet and childlike indeed, and I thought how poorly adapted he was to the pursuit he had so perversely chosen.

"Well, squire," he said, presently, getting up, "I guess I'll go down to the village. I don't see as I ken do anythink here till the inquest comes off."

He went away, and I was glad of it. But his words had startled me. Marie guilty! It was too horrible to think of. Yet the faintest shades of dread haunted me in spite of myself. I determined to seek her presence, and note her bearing during the march of the terrible drama in progress around her.

I found her alone in the library. At my entrance she looked up, and as the light of those matchless eyes fell upon me, I could have fallen at her feet in worship no less extravagant than Hawksmere's.

What could I say to her? I did not dare mention Slocum's hint, and yet, what if she were arrested and taken to jail?

Better anything a thousand times!

After we had conversed in brief whispers, I said:

"Mademoiselle, let me ask you to have courage, whatever happens. Would that neither of us had ever come here!"

She started in great surprise.

"You know my story?" she said, quickly.

"Yes, I confess it. Hawksmere has told me all. You are both to be pitied."

This acknowledgment produced at that instant the freedom of a perfect intimacy of years. She poured out her heart to me, and I was enabled to see what Hawksmere's and her own culpable and foolish pride had cost them.

I asked if I should tell the complete truth at the approaching inquest.

She paused a moment in reflection, and then answered:

"Yes—conceal nothing. I have no dread now."

I left her, more mystified than ever. Could she be guilty? And yet, the guilt certainly lay between her and her lover, who seemed as innocent as she. But against him there was such a fearful array of evidence of circumstance!

The inquest was organized at two o'clock. The fat little village magistrate was again in his glory.

Slocum, the detective, sauntered around, still unconcerned. I had made up my mind that his bill, when presented, must be extremely moderate, if he expected to have any of it paid.

What the testimony was may be easily judged. Hawksmere and Marie listened in silence. But when I was called and began, the flutter was great—not only with them, but generally.

I told my story as plainly as I hope I have told it here; and, I need not add, it had its effect.

Every word that dropped from my lips pointed to Hawksmere and the beautiful woman of his love.

I saw what the verdict was to be in the face of every soul in the room.

And all turned out as I feared.

"We find that the deceased, Clara Hawksmere, came to her death by poison, administered at the hands of her husband, Digby Hawksmere, and his accomplice, Marie de Fontanges."

Such was the opinion of the jury. Such was the opinion of every spectator.

Hawksmere advanced, proudly. His dark face was lit up by a strange light, and he looked more noble than I had ever seen him.

"So you think that I murdered my wife—do you?" he said, with a contemptuous smile on all around him. "And that I was aided by this lady near me? Ah, you carrion! it is a victory for you to leave me thus—is it not? But such souls as mine are not bound by you and your cobweb customs and laws. Think of that, vermin!"

He raised a bright-barreled revolver, leveled it at Marie, and fired!

The shot passed by, and harmed her not. He did not observe this, but placed the muzzle of the weapon to his temple, and caught the trigger firmly with his finger.

He would have pulled, and been the next instant in eternity, but for a long, bony, sunburnt hand, which

stretched itself across his shoulder, and plucked the pistol from him.

"Stop, boss," said a voice I well knew. "You're a buster, you air, and you ain't goin' to leave us yet."

"What now ?" cried the fat magistrate, trembling with terror and agitation.

"On'y this, commodore," continued Mr. Slocum, somewhat severely—"that you hev been slightin' me doorin' these proceedin's. Read that, squire."

He handed me a paper written in a woman's hand. Disturbed, and, indeed, frightened as I was, I managed to gasp out the following sentences :

"Yesterday I heard, at the folding-doors under the arch, all that passed between my husband and Mr. Osmond, the botanist. Everything that I had long suspected was then confirmed. This night I listened again, and heard the dialogue regarding the poison distilled from the plants. At the moment the room was clear, I seized one of the bottles and drank its contents, to end my more than miserable existence. The future has no terrors for me greater than the agony I have experienced here. I forgive all.

"CLARA GRAHAM HAWKSMERE."

So she had poisoned herself !

I sprang upon Slocum, and grasped his hand. He shook himself loose instantly.

"Squire," said he, "you're cute as a fox. But you forgot them portfoolyers. Let's licker."

He thrust under my nose his nasty rum-flask. But I certainly could not refuse to taste a drop.

* * * * * * *

This is a cruel story, I know ; but, as I have already remarked, what that is interesting can you expect from a man who engages to make the technicalities of the science of botany popular ?

Yet everything, I am glad to say, ended well ; for, after a long time, Hawksmere and Marie were married, and he became another man.

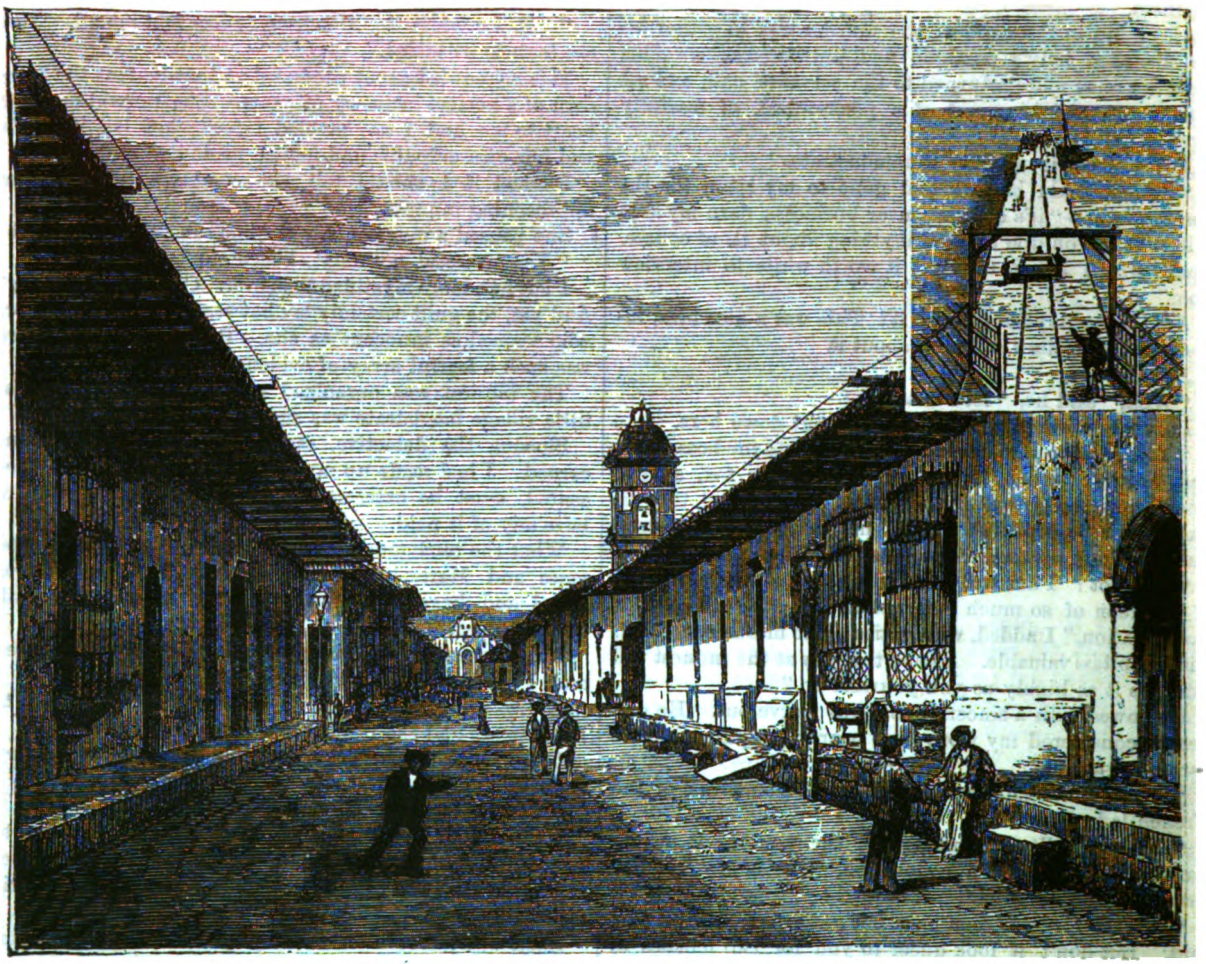
Slocum was at the wedding, and I mentioned casually that I thought Hawksmere had always been partly insane.

He declared he would cure him ; and in about a week reappeared with a box of pills.

I stared in amazement.

"It's his liver," said the detective, confidentially. "I'm interested, privately, in a good speckelation—'Antimonial, Anti-bilious, Antiquarian Pills,' sold only by Josiah Slocum—that's my brother—Marblehead, Mass. Agencies everywhere."

But Hawksmere, like myself, was dubious.



Comercio Street, Granada. Pier in Lake Nicaragua.

NICARAGUA, AND THE PROJECTED AMERICAN INTEROCEANIC CANAL.— SEE PAGE 129.

THE country worst afflicted by carnivorous beasts and venomous reptiles in the world is India. Snakes alone in 1877 killed nearly 17,000 persons, and tigers, leopards, jackals, hyenas and other wild beasts nearly 3,000 more. Efforts were made at the same time to destroy the animals, but without much apparent reduction of the number. About 127,000 snakes and 22,000 wild beasts were killed, and $50,000 were paid in rewards for their destruction.

IVY LODGE.—"AT HER FEET KNELT BLANCHE CARLETON, HER FACE HALF-HIDDEN IN HER HANDS, ROCKING TO AND FRO, AND WAILING WORDS OF BITTER GRIEF."

IVY LODGE.

THERE was quite a commotion in Topham when Ivy Lodge was rented to a family, who gave the agent undoubted vouchers for respectability, wealth and social importance.

Topham proper was a flourishing manufacturing town on the—never mind what—railroad, and the wealth of the place certainly depended upon the noisy, smoky factories, around which clustered the small houses occupied by the employés of these same factories.

Main Street was devoted to the mercantile interests of the town, and here large warehouses, with a fair sprinkling of retail stores, were built from end to end of the thoroughfare. But Topham Hill, nearly a mile back of the town, was the aristocratic circle of stately mansions, where the manufacturers and merchants who made their fortunes in the smoky town retired to enjoy the felicities of domestic life.

Here dwelt in stately grandeur the Masons, the Hardings, the Tohnans, and others, who held themselves aloof from all common associates, and held the retail dealers and their families in supreme scorn. And here had dwelt in magnificence and insolent importance the Crepburns, who had built Ivy Lodge, the grandest of the grand houses, where the most magnificent entertainments were given, and wealth was lavished with a liberal hand.

It had been a matter of deep and sincere regret at Topham Hill when Mr. Crepburn, having satisfied his desire to accumulate riches, retired from business, and announced his intention of residing with his family in Europe for several years. Ivy Lodge had been offered for rent with the most stringent conditions regarding the position of the inhabitants. And, therefore, Topham and Topham Hill were in a flutter when the agent announced that Ivy Lodge was rented to General Carleton and family.

It was early in May when the new arrivals took possession, and the first breeze of discontent was awakened by their coming by a night train, and driving in a close carriage to the lodge, after all Topham was wrapped in slumber. This was bad enough, but causes of dire offense soon cropped out in such profusion that the first one was almost forgotten in those following.

First, it was discovered that every servant in the house was German, and spoke no word of English, with the sole exception of an old housekeeper, who grimly defied all efforts to entrap her into gossip. Following this came the overwhelming fact that the Carletons denied themselves to all visitors, and lived a life of entire seclusion.

All sorts of rumors were at once in circulation, but gossip, having no reliable peg upon which to hang her stories, was wild in conjecture and vague in hints. Occasionally the close carriage was seen upon the most retired roads around Topham, and the few favored ones who had obtained a glimpse of it spoke eloquently of the white-haired gentleman and beautiful girl they had seen.

As the Summer wore away, the determined seclusion of the Carletons, and the absolute impossibility of obtaining any reliable information as to their domestic life, or reasons for such strict privacy, was lost sight of in a new subject for comment.

Here was no mystery: merely the advent of a new physician, who took possession of one of the handsom-

houses on the hill, where his mother presided, and he established an office.

He was not a very young man—probably about thirty-five, the matrons decided; but he was a man in whom the sick or afflicted instinctively reposed the most implicit confidence. Grave and dignified in manner, he was tender and gentle in his professional capacity, and courteous in social life. Children smiled when he touched their suffering little bodies, and the aged spoke of him as the most sympathizing friend as well as doctor.

In an incredibly short time, Doctor Milroy was the fashion at Topham Hill. That he was wealthy and single may have had some weight; but his great professional skill was evident, and cordially acknowledged by those who benefited thereby.

The excitement over these new arrivals seemed to reach its climax when it was known that Dr. Milroy had been summoned hastily to Ivy Lodge. Curiosity would not be restrained by any considerations of good taste, and Dr. Milroy found himself besieged upon all sides by inquiries regarding the mysterious family.

"It would seem, mother," he said, after a day of visiting, as he sat down to a cozy dinner-table with a stately, white-haired lady, "as if the good people of Topham thought the high iron railings of the grounds of Ivy Lodge shut in the orgies and giants of our fairy-tale lore. You have no idea what absurd questions I have been asked. I took a wicked delight in pleading professional secrecy, especially when the Misses Mason invented nervous headaches for the express purpose of trying to win my confidence on the subject of the mysterious family."

"What did you find mysterious, Harold?"

"Absolutely nothing. After driving up the avenue to the house, I was shown into a handsome parlor, where an old gentleman was reading aloud to a lady engaged in embroidery. The gentleman rose at once and greeted me, introducing himself as my patient, while the lady, after a courteous salute, retired."

"But your message was urgent."

"The case is urgent. My patient has a chronic disease that is dangerously violent at times. He had been suffering from one of the spasms, but had conquered it before I arrived. Still, he felt the need of some active treatment, and I have undertaken the case."

And in future conversations upon the subject the doctor had no more mysterious matter to relate. Yet as time passed on, Mrs. Milroy felt that her son, in whose love her life seemed wrapped, was changed. The secret of the mysterious house, whatever it might be, was evidently pressing upon the naturally frank nature, and the mother was shut out from the free confidence of old.

Could she have opened a small diary in the doctor's private desk, a few extracts from its pages might have revealed his secret, if no more.

"*Sept.*—, 18—.—I have called again upon the old general, and again I have seen the beautiful, sad face I can never forget. It is strange that this face should impress me as none have ever done before. It may be the wonderful beauty of feature, the rare combination of golden hair and large black eyes, with finely penciled black eyebrows and sweeping black lashes; it may be the deep pallor of the exquisite face, that yet does not look sickly. She is so lovely, so graceful and so young, that it deepens the interest in that intense mournfulness of expression. I have seen bitter grief in my profession, weeping sorrow and deep anguish, yet I never saw a face where profound melancholy was so impressed as it is upon that of Blanche Carleton. It is as if that childlike mouth, so painfully sad, could never smile; as if those great dark eyes, so solemn and wistful, could never lighten or flash with the gayety suited to her years. She is not more than twenty, though her heavy mourning dress makes her appear older.

"The old general seems pleased to have some one from the outside world to converse with, and a charming companion he is. He has traveled far and wide, and is evidently a scholar as well as a hero. I shall accept his invitation to spend an evening with him occasionally, and perhaps see more of the sad, sweet face of his daughter."

"*Sept.* —, 18—.—I have had a long evening of pleasant social conversation with General Carleton and his daughter. When I first entered the room, the lady rose from her seat, as usual, to leave us; but upon her father's assurance that my visit was not professional, she resumed her work. As we conversed, she lifted those wondrous eyes, and, little by little, joined us. I was amazed at her thoughtful words, her earnest interest in the discussions her father started.

"It is rare to see a girl, young and beautiful, able to enter into the subject of politics, domestic and foreign, of scientific discoveries and researches, and the works of such writers as Carlyle, Macaulay, and the thinking authors of English literature. Yet when her father was at a loss for a line from Tennyson, it was her sweet, low voice that quoted it. But not once did her face lose its deadly whiteness, not once did the lips smile, or the eyes lose their mournful pathos.

"What can have clouded that young life so deeply, yet left the father comparatively cheerful, in spite of his broken health? Can that cheerful house inclose some hideous secret, that—— Pshaw! I am as bad as the old maids of Topham, and their name is legion."

"*Sept.* —, 18—.—Have I found a clew to the mystery of Ivy Lodge? Surely I am not so silly as to have my brain turned by Topham gossip; yet the events of the morning point to some strange secret in General Carleton's household. I had promised to call during the week, to learn the effect of the new remedies I am trying for the insidious, dangerous disease that is sapping the old gentleman's life; and, having a spare hour, I walked over to the house.

"The man at the porter's lodge opened the gate in silence, and I walked slowly toward the house. As I passed a small summer-house, I heard a voice—a voice I have heard in low, sweet tones—raised in cries of anguish, so profound that my heart seemed to stop as I listened. Involuntarily I approached a few steps nearer, and saw a middle-aged woman seated in the summer-house, while at her feet knelt Blanche Carleton, her face half-hidden in her hands, rocking to and fro, and wailing words of bitter grief.

"'Stephen! Stephen! come back to me! See the blood upon his hair! See the horrible bullet-hole in his breast! Stephen! Stephen! they have killed you! My love! my love! Oh, my heart! will it never break, and let me die! Stephen! Stephen!'

"Ever the refrain to her heart-rending cries was 'Stephen! Stephen!'

"But the horror of the scene was that, for the time at least, the beautiful girl was mad.

"The splendid golden hair, that makes a glory around her pale face, swept the floor as she knelt. She had put aside her mourning, and wore a white dress, while a long lace vail was wrapped like a shawl around her.

"I dared not intrude. Shuddering with horror, I went to the house. General Carleton was alone in the library,

and I remained with him nearly an hour. As I passed from the room to the hall-door, Blanche Carleton, with her usual mourning-dress and quiet, sad manner, met me with a courteous 'good-morning!'

"The paroxysm of distress was evidently over, but I could not forget the words of anguish I had heard.

"Was it a brother, or a lover, she mourned so constantly, and at times so madly? Were the pale face and black dress tokens of sisterly love, or did her heart grieve over lost love? How did Stephen die? I must find some answer to the mystery, for, mad, sudden, unavailing as my love may be, I feel that it is given to Blanche Carleton."

"*Sept.* —, 18—.—Another delightful evening at Ivy Lodge, and I know that whatever the past may hold of pain or sorrow for her, of misery for me, that I love Blanche Carleton. Why? Ah, me! Love will not be defined and explained. Do I love her beauty, her sadness, her madness? I love her! I could kneel and worship the pure, saint-like face. I could pour out my heart's blood, if it would wash out the sorrow from her life. I am mad to give her every throb of my heart, knowing nothing of her life, yet I could die if only once her lips were pressed to mine, and I knew she loved me."

"*Nov.* —, 18—.—Six weeks since I have written in my diary—six weeks of delirious happiness, for I have seen Blanche every day, sometimes twice or thrice.

"General Carleton has been very ill, needing my care every day, and his daughter has been his constant attendant and nurse. In the hours we have passed in trying to alleviate his suffering, I have learned to know more of the noble nature of the pale, devoted daughter. Every interview has made my love more tender, and a hope sprang up weeks ago that she is learning, too, to love me. Rarely, yet sometimes, I have won a sweet smile from her lips, and I am certain the vail of sorrow is slowly lifting. Still more deeply is the certainty impressed upon me that her mind is again clear and sound. It is a mystery my professional skill refuses to solve, the sudden recovery I witnessed after so severe an attack as that in the summer-house; but I feel that it was temporary, and the mind is again even and true.

"General Carleton is gaining strength so fast that I shall soon be obliged to cease daily visits; but I shall continue to see Blanche as often as possible, to woo her love, to ask her, for my sake, to forget the Stephen she has honored so deeply."

"*Dec.* —, 18—.—I am writing in a dream! What have I seen to-night? How can I live? How can I indite the mad thoughts that whirl through my brain? Blanche! Blanche! She will die! I have seen the wound her own hand made in the white bosom; I have drawn the knife away that her own rash act plunged into her breast. I left her sleeping, and I must return to see her die! She cannot live. Too truly has she driven the gleaming steel home! Only a few hours more of earth for my love, my darling!

"When the terrified servant told me Miss Carleton had stabbed herself and I must come, I did not believe fate could be so cruel. Did I drive her to the desperate end? Did she love me, and fear to offend the lover for whom she had mourned? I must return. Heaven grant my own reason does not desert me! She will die—die a suicide's death, fill a suicide's grave! My Blanche! God help me in the next hour!"

"*Dec.* —, 18—.—I am at home once more, and on the page before me are the ravings of a few short hours ago. I was mad with despairing misery, and now tears of tender pity and intense thankfulness fill my eyes. Let me write the record of the night calmly, thanking heaven for my deep happiness.

"I returned to Ivy Lodge after a brief visit to my office, in which I vainly tried to gain some semblance of calmness. I found my patient raving in wildest delirium, and the constant cry of the white lips was 'Stephen! Stephen!' General Carleton was with his daughter, and in an adjoining room I could hear the sound of bitter but subdued weeping. As the strength of the dying girl gradually deserted her, I could see that reason was once more returning to the wild, burning eyes. Softly the light returned to them, till, resting her look on the general, she whispered:

"'Father!'

"The old man bent over the child, whose own hand had brought her to the grave, too deeply moved to speak.

"'Will day ever come?' she said, in a low voice. 'It has been a long, dark night.'

"'A long, dark night, my darling,' he answered, tenderly; 'but day is coming soon, very soon.'

"'Mamma!' she said, to my amazement, for I had heard Blanche say her mother had been two years dead.

"'Mamma will come with daylight,' said her father, and I knew then he meant the perfect day of Paradise.

"'Father,' she said again, 'did Stephen die?—has he gone from me for ever?'

"'Dearest, Stephen is with your mother.'

"'And I shall see him!' she cried, rapturously. 'Blanche! Blanche!'

"And then, to my utter bewilderment, my Blanche came from the adjoining room, her face convulsed with grief, and bent over the dying girl.

"'Blanche,' she said, gently, 'dear, dear sister, Stephen is coming! Day is nearly here. Mother, Stephen, and daylight! I will be patient! But it was a long, dark night!'

"And softly murmuring, she sank to sleep, to awaken again in the arms of her beloved dead.

"I caught Blanche as she reeled fainting from the bed, and carried her gently to her own room. When she revived I gave her an anodyne, and left her with her sister's nurse, while the old gentleman, seeing my bewilderment, led me to the library, and there explained the mystery.

"'We were wrong, perhaps, doctor,' he said, 'to keep our painful secret from you; but Blanche shrank so from having it known that I yielded to her desire for seclusion. It is scarcely necessary to tell you my dear girls were twin sisters, though Blanche was always stronger and more intellectual than poor Rose. Rose was delicate from a child, and I think her mind was never perfectly balanced. Both Mrs. Carleton and myself were fond of travel, and we spent the most of our married life in Europe, where both the girls were educated. We were in Paris, where Rose became attached to a Stephen le Clerc, a French nobleman, who was all I could desire for my child's happiness. The wedding-day was appointed, when the Franco-German war broke out, and Stephen joined the army. The order allowing Americans to leave the besieged city was promulgated when our poor child was fast becoming demented from the horrors around us. Stephen obtained permission to escort us to the city limits, and was seated beside Rose in the carriage, when some infuriated member of a mob, supposing he was deserting his country, shot him through the heart, and, firing again, wounded him in the face. He fell across the lap of his betrothed and died. From that hour reason left the brain of my poor child, and the horror of

this, added to her previous privation, caused the death of her mother.

"'We came here, after vainly trying every means of cure for the poor bewildered brain, and in the large house and grounds, under the care of a nurse, my poor girl has been comparatively quiet. We cannot tell what caused the sudden frenzy of this morning; but, before the nurse suspected her design, she had seized a carving-knife from the table in the kitchen, and had plunged it ir to her side. It might have been she saw the knife from the garden, for she ran hastily across the walk and grasped the knife through an open door.

"'You may know, doctor, of the deep sympathy between twin sisters; but unless you can see it yourself, you can never realize how deeply Blanche has suffered. I have never seen her smile since Stephen died, and every wail of her sister's grief was a stab in her own loving heart. She has been a most devoted sister in these dark years, but I trust will live through this last trial. I build my hope on you, for my child loves you.'

"So I left her sleeping, with her father's words to treasure in my heart."

Spring was opening again when the gossips ot Topham ascertained that General Carleton and his daughter were about to return to Ivy Lodge, after a Winter spent in Florida. Miss Carleton, who was in deep affliction after the death of an invalid sister, upon whose account she had lived in such strict seclusion, was reported to be recovering, and Topham ready to offer friendly sympathy.

But Topham was scarcely prepared to offer up its favorite physician at the Carleton shrine, however it might forgive former injuries, and Topham scarcely approved of seeing Dr. Milroy's constant attentions to the beautiful girl at Ivy Lodge.

Christmas snows were on the ground when Topham was propitiated by invitations to a wedding at Ivy Lodge, where Dr. Milroy was the proud bridegroom of a beautiful bride, whose sweet face had lost its deathly pallor, and the deep mournful expression of the sad past.

The old general and Mrs. Milroy both reside with the young couple, and there is a cheerful happiness fast obliterating the painful memories connected with Ivy Lodge.

CHRONOLOGY OF PLANTS.

A FRUIT is represented on the sculptures of Assyria which has been conjectured to be the pineapple. Whatever it may be, it cannot possibly be the pineapple, which is a native of Peru, and has not been known in the Old World for more than a hundred years.

On the paintings of Ajunta there is a fruit which can only be taken to represent a custard apple, which it cannot really be, as the custard apple is a native of South America, and was only introduced into India after the discovery by Da Gama of the passage round the Cape of Good Hope.

A large number of American plants were introduced into the East by the Portuguese, and it is very desirable to collect the first notices of these plants by native writers and European travelers in India. Before the Portuguese, the Arabs succeeded in introducing an immense number of Egyptian and East African plants into India; and the first notices of them in India by Hindoo and Mohammedan writers would be of the highest interest.

After the English and Dutch had found their way to the East Indies, in the seventeenth century, the flora of the tropical world was laid before the view of all Europe, and scientific societies were everywhere formed. Systematic botany was gradually built up by the labors of Morison, Hermann, Ray, Magnolius and Tournefort, and the migrations of plants from country to country were carefully and indelibly recorded, and so widely published as to have become a subject of popular knowledge.

DOMESTIC BLISS.

DOMESTIC BLISS.

THERE is a sacred spot on earth,
Which antedates the joys above:
It is to sit when toil is o'er
With those we love.

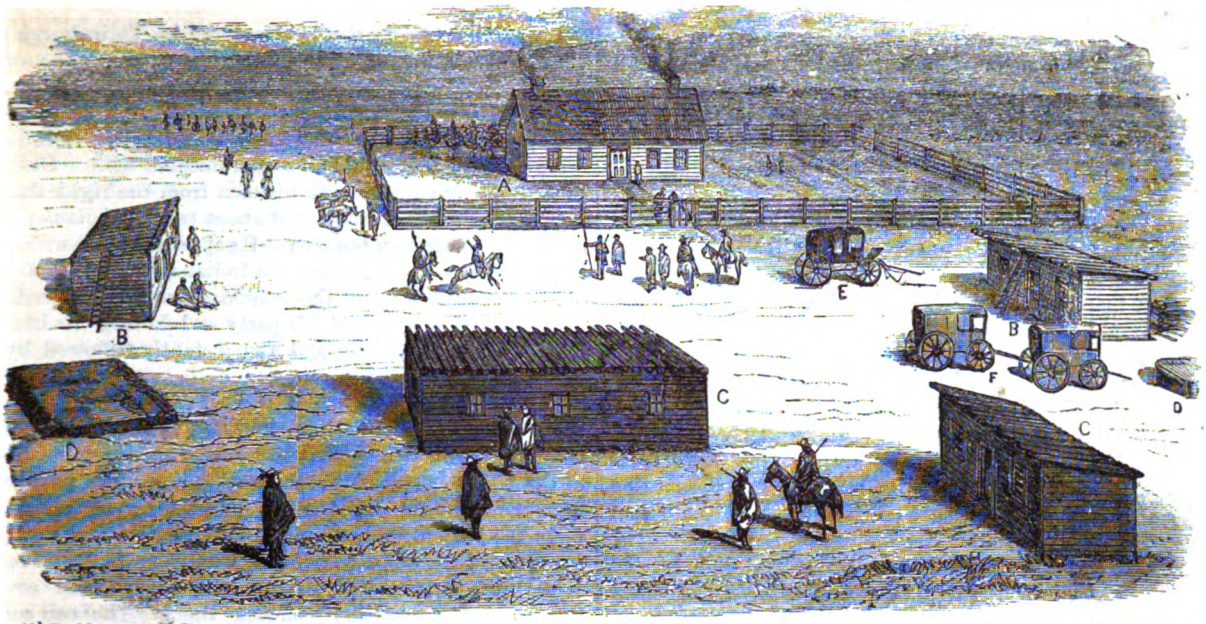
Oft in my waking dreams I sit,
With the dear darlings of my life,
And gaze upon those treasured gems—
My child and wife!

The fleeting pleasures of the world
Like darkening shadows, fade away,
And give us glimpses of the bliss
Which scorns decay.

Oh, wedded love! God's dearest gift
To render all his creatures blest;
'Tis only 'neath its smile we taste
A perfect rest.

DO NOTHING as if it were trifling; slur no part of your work; in everything seek to do your best. Whatever is worth doing, is worth doing well.

ALL prosperous men can give good counsel, and like to do it—it costs them nothing. It is easy to declaim against feasting when the stomach is full.



(A) Residence. (B) Store-houses. (C) Dwelling and Mess Houses of Mexican Employes. (D) Underground Store-rooms for Vegetables. (E) Carriage Presented by Governor McCook. (F) Farm and Freight Wagons.

RESIDENCE OF OURAY, CHIEF OF THE TABEQUACHE UTES, AND HEAD-MAN OF THE UTE NATION.

THE UTE MASSACRE.

FLASHED along the wires a ghastly tale of massacre; flashed along the wires the death-moans of brave men; flashed along the wires the shrieks of despairing women; flashed along the wires the cries of desolate children—came the shock on a bright October day, and a thrill of agony swept over the land, as, with quivering lip and bated breath, we spoke of the fiendish malignity of the bloodthirsty Utes!

The dispatch announcing the attack on Thornburgh's command ran thus:

MILK RIVER, Col., Sept. 29th, 8:30 P. M.
Via Rawlins, Oct. 1st, 1879.

Assistant Adjutant-General's Department of the Platte, Omaha, Neb.

This command, composed of three companies of cavalry, was met a mile south of Milk River by several hundred Ute Indians, who attacked and drove us to the wagon-train, which had parted with us, with great loss. It becomes my painful duty to announce the death of Major Thornburgh, who fell in harness; the painful, but not serious, wounding of about twenty-five men and teamsters. I am now corraled near water, with three-quarters of our animals killed. After a desperate fight since twelve o'clock, M., we hold our position at this hour. I shall strengthen it during the night, and I believe that we can hold out till reinforcements reach us, if they are hurried through. The officers and men behaved with the greatest gallantry. I am also slightly wounded in two places.

PAYNE, Commanding.

A UTE SQUAW.

In addition to this flashed the terrible tidings that Agent Meeker and all the whites at the agency had been murdered—Mrs. Meeker and Josephine, her daughter; Frank and Harry Dresser, Edward L. Mansfield, W. H. Post; Mr. and Mrs. Price and two children; Frank Shepherd, George Eaton, and a son of T. F. Thompson.

A wave of agony swept across the length and breadth of this vast continent, as these terrible words came to be realized. Then the hot blood of anger leaped high in every heart, and rose the cry for "vengeance!"

The Utahs, or Utes, are a large tribe of Indians belonging to the Shoshone family, and roaming over a great part of New Mexico, Utah, Colorado and Nevada. They are hunter-tribes, hardy, athletic and brave, where game abounds; but some bands in sterile parts, where there are only sage-rabbits, roots, seeds, etc., are wretchedly poor. The men wear long braided cues, while the hair of the women is short. Most of the work is done by women, and the Indians, in some bands, sell their wives and children to neighboring tribes. They are filthy in their habits; and their arms range from the original club, bow and lance to good rifles.

Of late years the principal bands, for they vary, are the Tabequache, Muache, Capote, Weeminuche, Yampa, Grand River and Uintah bands, in Colorado and New Mexico; the Pi Edes, Pi Utes, Elk Mountain Utes and Shebe Ucher, in the south and east of Utah; and the Weber Utes, Timpanagos, Sanpitches, Pahvants and Goshutes in other parts of the territory. They have generally been friendly to the whites, though at times some bands have plundered emigrants on the plains. The bands in Utah were at first friendly to the Mormons, till, after an attack by Walker's band, a body of

CARRYING A PAPOOSE.

volunteers defeated them, killing and taking many. A treaty was made with the Capotes in 1855, but some bands became hostile again. The Mohuaches declined to join the Mormons against the United States, but there was some fighting between the Utes and the miners at Pike's Peak; and Winnemucca defeated Major Ormsby at Truckee River in a well-fought battle.

By a treaty, June 8th, 1865, some of the bands ceded all their lands, the largest concession ever made by a tribe, and agreed to go on reservations; but a bad spirit soon became manifest. Black Hawk, a chief of the Pah Utes, for several years carried on a bloody warfare. Sanpitch, chief of the tribe so called, was arrested for aiding Black Hawk, and killed in endeavoring to escape; and in October, 1866, Colonel Alexander defeated Ankotash, a Mohuache chief, killing many.

In 1866 a treaty was made with the Grand River Utes and Tabequaches to secure roads, etc. The reservation plan was carried out with so little judgment, that great suffering and general demoralization resulted. The treaty of 1865 guaranteed them $25,000 a year for ten years, $20,000 for twenty years, and $15,000 for thirty years. The Goship Utes have $1,000 a year for twenty years, under treaty of October 12th, 1863.

It was found that valuable mines existed on the Ute reservation in Colorado; and under the Act of April 23d, 1872, for reducing the reservation, the Secretary of the Interior was authorized to contract with the tribe for a part of it. The Indians on the reservation at last consented, and they ceded 4,000,000 acres for $25,000 a year for ever. Very soon, however, Miller, one of the Indian agents, was killed by two Utes; and this, with theft of stock by the Capotes, led to a collision between them and the United States troops.

This outbreak is but a repetition of the old story. Parties of miners invaded the reservation in June last, prospecting for precious metals; then some of the Indians sallied out from the reservation, committing incendiary acts. Troops were called for, and things calmed down for awhile. Finally, seeing Agent Meeker plowing new ground around the agency buildings, in White River, the chiefs became madly alarmed and obstreperous. A call was made for troops on the 8th of September, and during the last week in that month three companies of cavalry started with a supply train from Rawlins, on the Union Pacific Railroad, for the White River Agency, over a hundred miles to the south. Within twenty-five miles of their destination, the troops were met in a difficult cañon on Milk Creek by the hostile bands. By a cleverly contrived attack, a large body of Indians got in the rear of the troops, who were advancing to charge their first assailants.

The field of battle was admirably chosen for defense by the Indians, and had it not been for Major Thornburgh's advance guard, commanded by Lieutenant Cherry, discovering the ambuscade, the entire command would have been annihilated. He saw a small party of Indians disappear over a hill half a mile in front, and at once divided his party to reconnoitre, and only discovered the Indians when he had flanked their position by about two hundred yards. Lieutenant Cherry rode back at full speed with one or two men who were with him, and notified Major Thornburgh, who had already begun the descent into the deep ravine which was intended to engulf the command. The Indians were dismounted and lying down along the crest of the high, steep ridge for a hundred yards from the point where the deadly assault would have commenced. The troops were withdrawn a short distance, dismounted, and deployed in line of battle.

Lieutenant Cherry was here ordered by Thornburgh to take a detachment of fifteen picked men and make a reconnoissance and communicate if possible with the Indians, as it was thought that they only desired to oppose his approach to their agency, and would parley or have a "big talk" if they could be communicated with. Cherry moved out at a gallop with his men from the right flank, and noticed a like movement of about twenty Indians from the left of the Indian position. He approached to within a couple of hundred yards of the Indians, and took off his hat and waved it; but the response was a shot fired at him, wounding a man of his party and killing his horse. This was the first shot, and was instantly followed by a volley from the Indians.

The work had now begun in real earnest, and seeing the advantage of the position he held, Lieutenant Cherry dismounted his detachment and deployed along the crest of the hills to prevent the Indians flanking his position, or to cover the retreat, if it was found necessary to retire upon the wagon-train, which was then coming up slowly, guarded by Lieutenant Paddock, Company D, Fifth Cavalry. Orders were sent to park the wagons, and cover them with the company guarding them. The two companies in the advance were Captain Payne's, Company F, Fifth Cavalry, and Captain Lawson's, Company E, Third Cavalry, which were dismounted and deployed as skirmishers, Captain Payne on the left and Captain Lawson on the right. From Lieutenant Cherry's position he could see the Indians were trying to cut him off from the wagons, and at once sent word to Major Thornburgh, who then withdrew the line slowly, keeping the Indians in check until opposite the point which his men held, when, seeing that the Indians were concentrating to cut off his retreat, Captain Payne, with Company F, Fifth Cavalry, was ordered to charge the hill, which he did in gallant style, his horse being shot under him and several of his men wounded.

The Indians having been driven from this point, the company was rallied on the wagon-train. Major Thornburgh then gave orders to Lieutenant Cherry to hold his position and cover Captain Lawson's retreat, who was ordered to fall back slowly with the horses of his company. Cherry called for volunteers of twenty men, who responded promptly and fought with desperation. Their names were given in a later dispatch, as nearly every man was wounded before he reached the camp. Two men were killed. Cherry brought every wounded man in with him. Captain Lawson, the brave old veteran, displayed the greatest coolness and courage during this retreat, sending up ammunition to Cherry's men when, once, they were nearly without it. Major Thornburgh started back to the wagon-train after giving his final orders to Captain Payne to charge the hill and to Captain Lawson and Lieutenant Cherry to cover the retreat. He was shot dead when barely half-way there, as his body was seen by one of Captain Lawson's men, life extinct, lying on his face.

Captain Payne, then in command, at once set about having the wounded horses shot, to be used for breastworks, dismantling the wagons of boxes and bundles of bedding, corn and flour sacks, which were quickly piled up for fortifications. Picks and shovels were used vigorously for digging intrenchments. Meantime, a galling fire was concentrated upon the command from all the surrounding bluffs which commanded the position. Not an Indian could be seen, but the incessant cracks of their Sharp and Winchester rifles dealt fearful destruction among the horses and men.

On Wednesday, October 1st, the besieged men were suddenly alarmed by heavy and responsive firing, but

approaching their position. Sharper and nearer came the rattling, desultory discharges, and soon afterward, dismounted and leading their horses, which fell fast under the Ute rifles, they saw a colored troop of cavalry approach and force its way into the barricade. It proved to be Captain Dodge's company, numbering forty-five men, of the Ninth (colored) Cavalry. Their approach had been most dangerous and difficult, but hearing of the situation, they had persisted without halting and without fear.

During the remainder of the six days' siege, they shared the miserable perils and discomforts with patience that cannot be too highly praised.

At five o'clock on the morning of the 5th, General Merritt relieved the command, having marched his men about 170 miles over "the worst road ever traveled" in a little more than forty-eight hours. He found the command much as reported in the original dispatches. The casualties were twelve killed and forty-three wounded. All the animals of the command were killed, except twelve mules and three horses of the four companies of cavalry.

General Merritt reached the agency on the 13th of October, and found it in ruins, with the embers of the buildings still smoldering. A hideous spectacle was displayed before the command. Agent Meeker's body, dragged a hundred yards away from the blackened ruins of his house, was found lying on the ground with a trace-chain tightly drawn in a loop around the throat. One side of the head had been crushed by some heavy missile, and the whole aspect of the old man's remains proved the mingled ferocity and brutality of his assassins. Seven bodies of men littered the premises. Three were burned to a crisp, and four were killed and stripped, or partially denuded. Those recognized were Mr. Post, formerly secretary to the Greeley Colony, shot through the head twice; Mr. Shepherd, shot through the left breast; Mr. Price, a man of about thirty years of age, in the employ of the agency, whose wife was employed as cook—shot through the head; E. W. Eskridge, a lawyer by profession, previously engaged in the banking business at Marshalltown, Iowa; Mr. Thompson, and Frank Dresser. There were no signs of the females or children of the agency, and strong men blanched as they thought of the fate worse than death that awaited the captives.

For days no tidings came of the missing women and children; for days nothing came but conflicting telegrams, that seemed but to add to the horrible suspense; for days Merritt's name was in the mouth of man, woman and child. The women and children might be detained as hostages. Woe—dire woe to every living Ute, if those women suffered wrong! At length, on October 21st, flashed the news from Charles Adams, Special Agent, to Mr. Secretary Schurz at Washington.

"I arrived last night at Ouray's camp, and am now making preparations to go to the camp of Douglass, between Grand and Gunnison Rivers, with an escort of Indians, to secure the captive women and children, who, I have assurances, are safe, and will be delivered."

At last flashed the news that, after a captivity of twenty-two days, during which they passed through a terrible ordeal, Mrs. Meeker, with her daughter Josephine, and Mrs. Price and her two children, had arrived at Los Pinos agency.

Let the heroine, Josephine Meeker, daughter of the murdered agent, tell the terrible story in her own way:

The first I heard of any trouble with the Indians at my father's agency, was the firing at Mr. Price while he was plowing for Indian crops, according to Government instructions. The Indians had the idea, and said, that as soon as the land was plowed it would cease to belong to the Utes. Secretly, however, the Utes were preparing for the massacre, for just before Eskridge left with the Indians, a runner was seen rushing up to the tent of Douglass with what I have since learned was news of the soldiers fighting. Half an hour later, twenty armed Indians came to the agency from the camp of Douglass, and began firing.

I was in the kitchen with my mother, washing the dishes. It was after noon. I looked out of the window and saw the Utes shooting the boys who were working on the new building. Mrs. Price was at the door washing clothes. She rushed in and took Johnnie, the baby, to fly. Just then Frank Dresser, an employé, staggered in, shot through the leg. I said:

"Here, Frank, is Mr. Price's gun."

It lay on the bed. He took it, and, just as we were fleeing out by the door, the windows were smashed in and half-a-dozen shots were fired into the room. Frank Dresser fired and killed Johnson's brother. We ran into the milk-room, which had only one small window, and locked the door and hid under a shelf. Firing went on for several hours at intervals. There was no shouting, no noise, but frequent firing.

While waiting in this horrid suspense, Dresser said he had gone to the employés' rooms, where all guns were stored, but found them stolen. In the intervals of shooting Dresser would exclaim:

"There goes one of the Government guns!"

Their sound was quite different from those of the Indians. We staid in the milk-room until it began to fill with smoke. The sun was half an hour high.

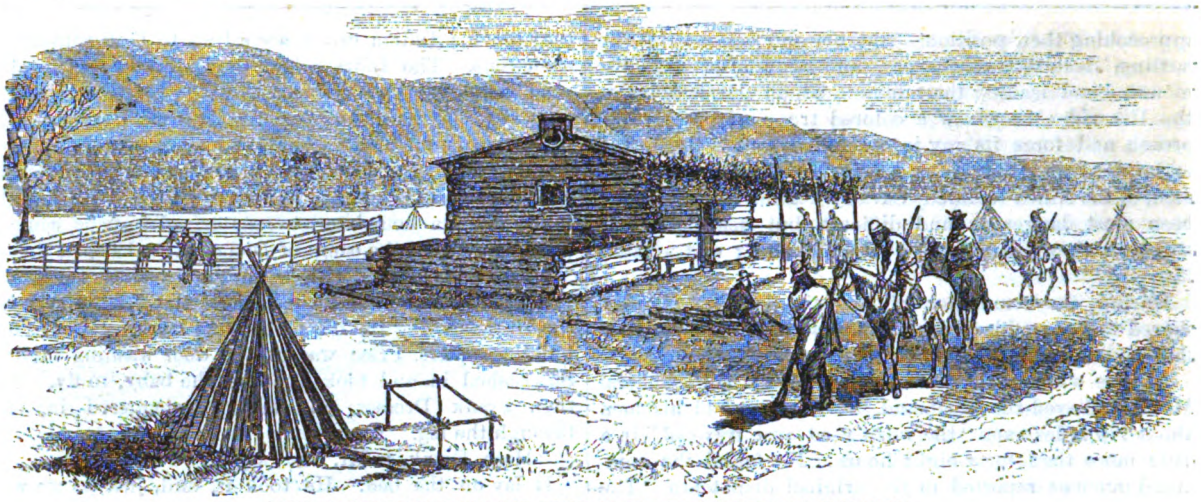
I took May Price, three years old, and we all ran to father's room. It was not disturbed. The papers and books were just as he left them. "Pepys' Diary" lay open on the table. We knew the building would be burned, and ran across Douglass Avenue for a field of sage-brush beyond the plowed ground. The Utes were so busy stealing the annuity goods that they did not see us at first. About thirty of them, loaded with blankets, were carrying them toward Douglass camp, near the river. We had gone one hundred yards when the Utes saw us. They threw down the blankets and came running toward us, firing as they came. Bullets whizzed as thick as grasshoppers around us. I do not think they intended to kill us—only to frighten us—but they tried to shoot Frank Dresser, who had almost reached the sage-brush.

Mother was hit by a bullet, which went through her underclothing and made a flesh wound three inches long. As the Indians came nearer they shouted:

"We no shoot. Come to us!"

I had the little girl, and the Indian named Pursune said for me to go with him. He and another Ute seized me by the arms and started toward the river. An Uncompahgre Indian took Mrs. Price and her baby, and mother was taken to the headquarters of Douglass. We came to a wide irrigating canal which father had had the Indians build. I said I could not cross it. The Indians answered by pushing me through the water. I had on only moccasins, and the water and mud were deep. The baby waded too, and both of us came out wet to the skin.

As we were walking in, Chief Johnson came and pushed away Pursune, and, in great anger, told him to give me up. I understood some of the language. Pursune refused to surrender me. Hot words ensued, and I feared the men would fight for a moment. I thought I would ask Douglass to take me, but as both were drunk, I kept silent, and afterward was glad I did not go.



THE HOUSE OF JOHNSON, SUB-CHIEF OF THE UTES ON THE AGENCY FARM.

MISS MEEKER AND HER COMPANIONS WHEN THE ATTACK BEGAN.

THE FLIGHT TO THE SAGE-BRUSH.

Douglass finally went away, and we walked on toward the river. Before reaching the stream, not more than two hundred yards away, both my conductors pulled out bottles and drank twice. No whisky was sold at the agency. The bottles were not agency bottles. The Indian, Pursune, took me to where his ponies were standing by the river, and seated me on a pile of blankets while he went for more. The Indians were now on all sides. I could not escape. Pursune packed his effects, all stolen from the agency, on a government mule which was taller than a tall man.

He had two mules, stolen from the agency. It was now sundown. Packing was finished at dark, and we started for the wilderness of the south. I rode a horse with a saddle, but no bridle. The halter strap was so short that it dropped continually. The child was lashed behind me. Pursune and his assistant rode each side of me, driving the pack-mules ahead. About twenty other Indians were in the party.

Mother came later, riding bareback behind Douglass, both on one horse. She was sixty-four years old, feeble in health, wounded, and not recovered from a broken thigh caused by a fall two years ago. Chief Douglass gave her neither horse, saddle nor blankets. We followed the river, and on the other side Pursune brought me a hatful of water to drink. We trotted along until nine o'clock, when we halted for half an hour. All the Indians dismounted, and blankets were spread on the ground, and I laid down to rest, with mother lying not far from me.

CAPTURED AND CARRIED OFF.

Chief Douglass was considerably excited, and made a speech to me with many gestures and great emphasis. He recited his grievances and explained why the massacre began. He said Thornburgh told the Indians that he was

DOUGLASS THREATENING TO SHOOT MISS MEEKER.

going to arrest the head chiefs, take them to Fort Steele and put them in the calaboose—perhaps hang them. He said my father had written all the letters to the Denver papers and circulated wild reports about what the Indians would do, as set forth by the Western press, and that he was responsible for all the hostility against the Indians among the whites in the West.

He said pictures of the agent and all his family, women and children, had been found on Thornburgh's body just before the attack on the agency, and the pictures were covered with blood, and showed marks of knives on different parts of the bodies. The throats were cut. The one

of the agent had a bullet-hole in his head. He said I was represented in one of the pictures as shot through the breast. Douglass said my father had made these pictures, representing the prospective fate of his family, and sent them to Washington to be used to influence the soldiers and hurry troops forward to fight the Indians.

This remarkable statement, strange as it may seem, was afterward told me by a dozen different Indians, and the recital and the particulars were always the same.

While Douglass was telling this, he stood in front of me with his gun, and his anger was dreadful. Then he shouldered his gun and walked up and down before me in the moonlight, and imitated the employés who had kept guard at the agency for three nights before the massacre. He mocked them, and sneered and laughed at them, and said he was "a heap big Indian." Then he sang English songs which he had heard the boys sing in their rooms at the agency. He sang the negro melody, "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," and asked me if I understood. I told him I did. He had the words and tune perfectly committed.

He said father had always been writing to Washington. He always saw him writing when he came to the agency. It was write, write, write all day, he said. Then he swore a fearful oath in English, and said if the soldiers had not come and threatened the Indians with Fort Steele and the calaboose, and threatened to kill the other Indians at White River, the agent wouldn't have been massacred.

Then the brave chief, Douglass, who had eaten at our table that very day, walked off a few feet, returned and placed his loaded gun to my forehead three times, and asked me if I was going to run away.

I told him I was not afraid of him nor of death, and should not run away.

When he found his repeated threats could not frighten me, all the other Indians turned on him and laughed at him, and made so much fun of him that he sneaked off and went over to frighten my mother. I heard her cry, "Oh!" and I supposed that she thought some terrible fate had befallen me. I shouted to her that I was not hurt; that she need not be afraid; that they were only trying to scare her. The night was still, but I heard no response. The Indians looked at each other.

All hands took a drink around my bed; then they saddled their horses, and Pursune led my horse to me, and knelt down on his hands and knees for me to mount my horse from his back. He always did this, and when he was absent his wife did it. I saw Pursune do the same gallant act once for his squaw, but it was only once, and none of the other Indians did it at all.

We urged our horses forward and journeyed in the moonlight through to the Grand Mountains, with the Indians talking in low tones among themselves. The little three-year-old May Price, who was fastened behind me, cried a few times, for she was cold and had had no supper, and her mother was away in Jack's camp, but the child was generally quiet. It was after midnight when we made the second halt in a deep and sombre cañon, with tremendous mountains towering on every side. Mother was not allowed to come up. Douglass kept her with him half a mile further down the ravine. Pursune had plenty of blankets, which were stolen from the agency. He spread some for my bed, and rolled up some for my pillow, and told me to retire.

Then the squaws came and laughed, and grinned and gibbered in their own grim way. We had reached the camp Douglass had chosen for the Indian women who had been sent to the cañon previous to the massacre. Jack's camp, where Mrs. Price was kept, was five or six miles away in another cañon.

When I had lain down on the blankets, two squaws, one old and one young, came to the bed, and sang and danced fantastically and joyously at my feet. The other Indians stood around, and when the women reached a certain part of their recitative they all broke into laughter. Toward the end of their song my captor, Pursune, gave each of them a newly stolen Government blanket, which they took and then went away. The strangeness and wild novelty of my position kept me awake until toward morning, when I fell into a doze, and did not awake until the sun was shining over the mountains. Next day Pursune went to fight the soldiers, and he placed me in charge of his wife with her three children.

That same day mother came to see me, in company with a little Indian girl. On Wednesday, the next day, Johnson went over to Jack's camp and brought back Mrs. Price and her baby to live in his camp. He said he had made it all right with the other Utes. We did not do anything but be around the various camps and listen to the talk of the squaws whose husbands were away fighting the soldiers.

On Wednesday, and on other days, one of Supanzisquait's three squaws put her hand on my shoulder, and said:

"Poor little girl, I feel so sorry; you have no father, and you are away off with the Utes so far from home."

She cried all the time, and said her own little child had just died and her heart was sore. When Mrs. Price came into camp another squaw took her baby, Johnny, into her arms and wept over him, and said in Ute that she felt very sorry for the captives.

Next day the squaws and the few Indians who were there packed up and moved the camp ten or twelve miles, into an exceedingly beautiful valley, with high mountains all around it. The grass was two feet high, and a stream of pure, soft water ran through the valley. The water was so cold I could scarcely drink it. Every night the Indians, some of whom had come back from the soldiers, had councils. Mr. Brady had just come up from the Uncompahgre Agency with a message from Chief Ouray for the Indians to stop fighting the soldiers. He had delivered the message, and this was why so many came back.

On Sunday most of them were in camp. They saw they had the soldiers hemmed in a cañon, and were merely guarding them. Pursune came back, wearing a pair of soldier's blue pantaloons with yellow stripes on the legs. He took them off and gave them to me for a pillow. His legs were protected with leggings, and he did not need them.

I asked the Indians before Brady came where the soldiers were. They replied that they were "still in that cellar," and the Indians were killing their ponies when they went for water in the night. They said:

"Indians stay on mountains and see white soldiers; soldiers no see Indian. White soldier not know how to fight."

One of their favorite amusements was to put on a negro soldier's cap, a short coat and blue pantaloons, and imitate the negroes in speech and walk. I could not help laughing, because they were so accurate in their personations. On Sunday they made a pile of sage-brush as large as a wash-stand, and put soldiers' clothes and a hat on the pile; then they danced a war-dance, and sang as they waltzed around it. They were in their best clothes, with plumes and fur dancing-caps, made of skunk skins and grizzly bear skins, with ornaments of eagle-feathers. Two or three began the dance, others joined, until a ring as large as a house was formed. There were some squaws, and all had knives. They charged on the pile of coats with their knives, and pretended that they would burn

the brush. They became almost insane with frenzy and excitement. The dance lasted from two o'clock until sundown. Then they took the coats, and all went home.

On Sunday night Jack came and made a big speech, also Johnson. They said more troops were coming, and they recited what orders they say had been brought from Chief Ouray. They were in great commotion, and did not know what to do. They talked all night, and the next morning they struck half their tents, and put them up again. Part were for going away, part for staying. Jack's men were all day coming up into camp. They left on Tuesday for Grand River, and we had a long ride.

The cavalcade was fully two miles long. The wind blew a hurricane, and the dust was so thick we could not see ten feet back on the line, and I could write my name on my hand in the dust. Most of the Indians had had no breakfast, and we traveled all day without dinner or water. Mother had neither saddle nor stirrups, but merely a few thicknesses of canvas strapped on the horse's back, while the young chiefs pranced round on good saddles. She did not reach Grand River until after dark and the ride for an invalid and aged woman was long and distressing. The camp that night was in the sage-brush. In the morning, Wednesday, we moved five miles down the river.

A part of the agency herd was driven along with the procession, and a beef was killed each day. As I was requested to cook most of the time and make the bread, I did not suffer from the filth of ordinary Indian fare.

While at this camp Pursune absented himself four days and brought in three fine horses and a lot of lead, which he made into bullets. Johnson also had a sack of powder. The chief amusement was running bullets.

No whites are admitted to the tents while the Utes sing their medicine songs over the sick, but I, being considered one of Pursune's family, was allowed to remain. When their child was sick his family asked me to sing with them, which I did. The medicine man kneels close to the sufferer, with his back to the spectators, while he sings in a series of high-keyed grunts gradually reaching a lower and solemn tone. The family join, and at intervals he howls so loudly that one can hear him a mile; then his voice dies away and only a gurgling sound is heard, as if his throat were full of water. The child lay nearly stripped. The doctor presses his lips against the breast of the sufferer and repeats the gurgling sound. He sings a few minutes more, and then all turn around and smoke and laugh and talk. Sometimes the ceremony is repeated all night. I assisted at two of these medicine festivals. Mrs. Price's boy became expert at singing Ute songs, and they sang to each other on the journey home. The sick-bed ceremonies were very strange and weird, and more interesting than anything else I saw in all my captivity of twenty-three days.

We staid on the Grand River until Saturday. The mountains were very high, and the Indians were on the peaks with glasses watching the soldiers. They said they could look down on the site of the agency. On Saturday morning the programme was for twenty Utes to go back to White River, scout around on the mountains and watch the soldiers; but just as they were about to depart there was a terrible commotion, for some of the scouts on the mountains had discovered the troops, ten or fifteen miles south of the agency, advancing toward our camp. The Indians ran in every direction, the horses became excited, and for a time scarcely a pony could be approached. Johnson flies into a passion when there is danger. This time his horses kicked and confusion was supreme. Johnson seized a whip and laid it over the shoulders of his youngest squaw, named Cooz. He pulled her hair and renewed the lash. Then he turned to assist his other wife pack, and the colts ran and kicked.

While Mrs. Price and myself were watching the scene a young buck came up with a gun and threatened to shoot us. We told him to shoot away, and Mrs. Price requested him to shoot her in the forehead. He said we were no good squaws because we would not scare. We did not move until noon, traveled till nightfall, and camped on the Grand River in a nice grassy place under trees by the water.

Next day was Sunday, and we moved twenty-five miles south; but mother and Mrs. Price did not come up for three or four days. Again we camped on the Grand River, under the trees. The rain set in and continued two days and three nights. I did not suffer, for I was in camp; but mother and Mrs. Price, who were kept on the road, got soaked each day. Johnson, who had Mrs. Price, went beyond us, and all the other Indians behind camped with Johnson. On Friday, Johnson talked with Douglass, and took mother to his tent. Johnson's oldest wife is the sister of Chief Ouray, and he was kinder than the others. His wife cried over the captives and made the children shoes. Cohoe beat his wife with a club and pulled her hair and departed, leaving her to pack up. He is an Uncompaghre Ute, and Ouray will not let him return to his band.

The Indians said they would stay at their camp, and if the soldiers advanced they would get them in a cañon and kill them all. They said that neither soldiers nor horses understood the country. The Utes were now close to the Uncompahgre district, and could not retreat much further. Colorow made a big speech, and advised the Indians to go no further south. We were then removed one day's ride to Plateau Creek, a little stream running south of Grand River. Eight miles more travel, on two other days, brought us to the camping-ground where General Adams found us. This was near to Plateau Creek, but high up, and not far from the snowy range.

On Monday night an Uncompahgre Ute came in, and said that next day General Adams, whom they called Washington, was coming after the captives. I felt very glad, and told the Indians that I was ready to go. The next day, about eleven o'clock, while I was sewing in Pursune's tent, his boy, about twelve years old, came in, picked up a buffalo robe and wanted me to go to bed. I told him I was not sleepy. Then a squaw came and hung a blanket before the door, and spread out both hands to keep the blanket down, so I could not push it away; but I looked over the top and saw General Adams and party outside on horses.

The squaw's movements attracted their attention, and they came up close. I pushed the squaw aside and walked out to meet them. They asked my name and dismounted; said they had come to take us back if we cared to go. I showed them the tent where mother and Mrs. Price were stopping, and the general went down, but they were not in; for, meanwhile, Johnson had gone to where they were washing on Plateau Creek, and told them that a council was to be held, and that they must not come up until it was over. Dinner was sent to the ladies, and they were ordered to stay there. About four o'clock, when the council ended, General Adams ordered them to be brought to him, which was done, and once more we were all together in the hands of our friends. General Adams started at once for White River to see the soldiers, at the request of Douglass, and went to Chief Johnson's and staid all night.

(A) Piles of Ashes. (F) The Agency Farm. (G) Graves of the Agent and Employés where they Fell. (J) House of Sub-Chief Johnson. (M) Grave of Indian Agent Meeker. (P) Grave of Post, the Clerk and Postmaster.

THE RUINS AFTER THE FIRE AND MASSACRE AT THE WHITE RIVER AGENCY.

OURAY, HEAD-CHIEF OF THE UTE TRIBE.

DOUGLASS, HEAD-CHIEF OF THE WHITE RIVER UTES.

Next morning we left for Uncompahgre, in charge of Captain Cline and Mr. Sherman. The captain had served as scout in the Army of the Potomac, and Mr. Sherman as chief clerk at Los Pinos Agency. To these gentlemen we were indebted for a safe and rapid journey to Chief Ouray's house on the Uncompahgre River, near Los Pinos. We rode on ponies forty miles the first three days, and reached Captain Cline's wagon on a small tributary of the Grand. Here we took the buckboard wagon and traveled next day to the Gunnison River, and the next and last day of fear we traveled forty-five miles, and reached the house of good Chief Ouray about sundown.

SARAH, SISTER OF OURAY.

Here Inspector Pollock and my brother Ralph met me, and I was happy enough. Chief Ouray and his noble wife did everything possible to make us comfortable. We found carpets on the floor and curtains on the windows, lamps on the tables and stoves in the rooms, with fires burning. We were given a whole house, and after supper we went to bed and slept without much fear, though mother was still haunted by the terrors she had passed through. Next

SQUAWS DANCING AROUND MISS MEEKER.

JOHNSON FLOGGING THE SQUAW COOZ

morning we breakfasted with Mrs. Ouray, who shed tears over us as she bade us good-by. Then we took mail-wagons and stages for home.

Three days and one night of constant travel over two ranges of snowy mountains, where the road was 11,000 feet above the sea, brought us to the beautiful park of San Luis.

We crossed to Rio Grande at daylight for the last time, and a moment later the stage and its four horses dashed up a street, and we stopped before a hotel with green blinds, while the driver shouted, "Alamosa!" The moon was shining brightly, and Mount Blanco, the highest peak in Colorado, stood out grandly from the four great ranges which surround the park. Mother could scarcely stand. She had to be lifted from the coach; but when she caught sight of the cars of the Rio Grande Railroad, and when she saw the telegraph poles, her eyes brightened, and she exclaimed: "Now I feel safe!"

Such is the story of Josephine Meeker. It tells its own tale of terror—it tells its own tale of heroism—it tells its own tale of mortal agony.

Miss Meeker is a blonde, with blue eyes and golden hair. She is tall and graceful, while her manner is a bright earnestness.

Now let an old lady of sixty-four years of age, who, although badly wounded and clad in nothing but a calico dress and a single shawl, was compelled to make a terrible journey of five hundred miles on barebacked horses over almost inaccessible mountains and alkaline deserts, tell *her* ghastly story of unendurable suffering and infamous torture.

Mrs. Nathan C. Meeker, wife of the murdered agent, is small in stature, with black hair tinged with white, and blue eyes. She was born in Cheshire, Conn., and is the daughter of a sea captain. She moved with her parents, when in tender infancy, to the Western Reserve in Ohio, and was reared, with many brothers and sisters, out in that wilderness, in all the hardihood of pioneer life. She is the mother of five children, having been married, at the age of twenty-nine, to N. C. Meeker.

Let the brave old lady speak:

I was in the kitchen with my daughter, washing dishes, about half-past one o'clock. We had just finished dinner. Some of the Indians had eaten with us, and Chief Douglass had been picking around the table and joking with my daughter Josephine, while we were washing the dishes. There came a volley of firearms—a succession of sharp explosions. It was startling, and I knew what was coming. My daughter and I looked into each other's faces. Mrs. Price, who was washing clothes at the door, rushed in, exclaiming: "What shall we do?"

Josephine said, "Keep all together"; and the girl was as cool as if she were receiving callers in a parlor.

The windows were shot in. Our first move was to get under the bed in Josephine's room to avoid the bullets, which were whizzing over our heads. Josephine had the key of the milk-house, and proposed to go there. The bullets were flying like hailstones, and we locked ourselves into the milk-house, which had double walls filled in with adobe clay, and there was only one little window. We staid there all the afternoon, and heard no sounds but the crash of the guns.

About five o'clock in the afternoon the firing ceased and all was still. Suddenly we heard the low crackle of flames and smelt smoke. Then we saw it coming through the cracks in the ceilings, and knew that the destruction of the agency buildings had begun.

While in the building we barely whispered, and tried to keep Mrs. Price's babies still. As the fire was increasing, we left the milk-house cautiously, and Josephine reconnoitred the enemy.

"It's a good time to escape," she said. "The Indians are busy stealing agency goods."

We went around in front of the agent's office, and found the doors open and things undisturbed, except that some of my husband's clothing lay on the front stoop. We saw no one, living or dead, and no sign of any one having been killed. We ran in a line with the buildings, toward the sage-brush, so as to keep the buildings between us and the Indians, who were at the warehouse pulling out the goods; but we had not gone far before we were discovered, and the Indians made for us, firing as they ran. The bullets fell all around us, and one struck me on the thigh, plowing through the flesh, just under the skin. It stung me like a wasp, and I thought it time to drop. I fell to the ground. The Indians captured Josephine and Mrs. Price first, as they were behind me, with Mrs. Price's babies.

A chief, whose name I could never learn, came to me and said he was "heap sorry." He asked me if I could get up. I said "Yes." He then asked if I would go with him. I said "Yes." He said he was "heap mad; soldier killed Indian"; he saw them shoot, and he was "heap mad." They would "no kill women and children." The Indians had so ordered it. He said that he would take me to Chief Douglass's house, and asked if I had any whisky. I said "No," and he asked if I had any money. I answered that there was some in my room in the building, then on fire. The Indian told me to get it, and he would wait for me. He was afraid to go into the burning building. I got the money, the Indian urging me to hurry up, as he had a great way to go that night. We went to Douglass's camp, and the Indian made me count the money. There were $30. The Indian took it and gave it to Chief Douglass. I had two silver dollars, and Douglass gave them to the Indian who captured me. The Indian then went away.

I told Douglass that I must have some blankets. He sent an Indian named Thompson to the burning building with me, and I got a hood, a shawl and one blanket. I handed around bedding, etc., among the Indians rather than have them destroyed. The Indians took them, and I afterward saw them in camp when I was suffering for the want of blankets to keep me warm. I went back to Douglass and said that I wanted my medicine and my "spirit book." I had doctored Douglass and his family. He said, "Go"; so I went back a second time, and got a large copy of "Pilgrim's Progress" and a box of medicines. The box was so heavy that an Indian refused to carry it. It was lost, but he took the book. When I got back to Douglass and told that chief the Indian had said that the medicine-chest was too heavy to carry, Douglass looked disappointed and sorrowful, and said:

"Couldn't you have split the box a little, so you could have brought part of it?"

In going back this last time, I saw the body of my husband stretched out on the ground in front of the warehouse; all the clothing was gone but the shirt. The body was not mutilated. The arms were extended at the sides of the head. The face looked as peaceful and natural as in life, but blood was running from the mouth. I stooped to kiss him, but just as my lips were near his I saw an Indian standing stone still, looking at me, so I turned and walked away. Douglass afterward said that my husband was shot through the side of the head.

Preparations to leave immediately were made. It was

now dark, and Douglass lost no time in getting started. Being lame from having had a thigh dislocated three years ago, and not being used to riding, I asked to ride behind Douglass. The moon came out so clearly that the night seemed like day. We forded the river and trotted off toward the mountains to the south. Douglass's breath smelt strongly of whisky.

As we rode, a villainous-looking Indian trotted alongside and slapped me on the shoulder, and asked how I would like to be his squaw. Chief Douglass listened and laughed. He said the Indian was an Arapahoe, and I would kill Utes if I married an Arapahoe. We left the trail and came to a little cañon in the mountains, with high rocks on all sides.

As I lay on the ground, not knowing when I should be butchered, I thought of my young daughter Josephine, who was not far away, and wondered if she had already been slaughtered. My face was partly covered, but suddenly I heard Douglass's voice. I turned and saw Chief Douglass standing close by me, with the muzzle of his gun pointed directly at my face. I involuntarily cried out. Josephine heard me, and her voice came out of the night, saying:

"I am all right, mamma; don't be afraid!"

Douglass lowered his gun, raised it again and took aim. I said nothing, and he walked away. An Indian standing near said:

"Douglass no hurt you. He only playing soldier."

After resting for half an hour we remounted and rode until midnight, when we reached the Ute women's camp. Douglass ordered me roughly to get off the horse. I was so lame and in such pain that I told him I could not move. He took my hand and pulled me off, and I fell on the ground, because I could not stand. An Indian and a squaw soon came and helped me up and led me to a tent. When I went to bed Douglass and his wife covered me with blankets, and I was more comfortable that night than at any other time during my captivity. Early next morning Douglass awoke me, saying:

"Runner just come; Indians killed heap soldiers; Douglass go to front; gone five days"; and he said I must stay in his tent and wait until he returned.

One squaw went through the pantomime of roasting me alive—at least, I so understood it.

Douglass returned from fighting the soldiers on Saturday night. He was morose and sullen.

In a day or two Johnson became very cross, and early one morning we began to move again. It was a very long and terrible journey that I made that day. I rode a pony with neither saddle nor bridle nor stirrups. There was only a tent-cloth strapped on the horse's back and an old halter to guide him with. It was the most distressing experience of my life. Not a single halt was made, and my pain was so great that the cold drops stood on my forehead. I could only cling to the pony by riding astride.

We reached a camping-ground half an hour after dark and pitched our tents in the valley. The moon was small. I was so faint that I could not get off the horse nor move until a kind woman assisted me to the ground. I was too ill and exhausted to eat, and I went to bed without any supper. We stayed at this place several days. As the soldiers approached, the Indians moved further south at intervals of two or three days, until they reached the pleasant meadows on Plateau Creek, below Grand River, where General Adams found us. Before we reached this last place Douglass permitted Josephine to come to see me every day, and the long hours were more endurable. The courage of the brave girl and her words of hope cheered me very much. My life would not have been safe had it not been for her influence with the Indians. She could speak some of their language, and she made them cease terrifying me with their horrible threats and indecent stories. She finally forced Douglass to give me a saddle, so that in the last days of journeying I had something besides a bareback horse to ride upon. It gave me great joy on one of the evenings of those terrible first days to have her, as we passed each other in the moonlight, sing out cheerily:

"Keep up good courage, mother; I am all right. We shall not be killed."

One day I was told that a white man named Washington would come soon. At last an Uncompahgre Ute came from Chief Ouray, and spoke very kindly to me, and as he sat by the fire, said:

"To-morrow five white men coming, and some Indians."

Among them would be "Chicago man Sherman, a great big peace man." General Adams said they were going to have a talk, and the captives would go home. The Uncompahgre said that a wagon would be waiting at a certain place below the plateau.

Next day we were washing at the creek, when Chief Johnson came and said a big council was to be held and we must not come up to the tents until the end of the meeting. Dinner was sent to us by the squaws, and we began to have hopes of release, after being deluded with false predictions many times before. Finally we saw the foremost of the white men on the top of the hill by the tent.

When I first saw General Adams I could not say a word, my emotion was so great. We had borne insults and threats of death, mockery and ridicule, and not one of us had shed a tear—but the sight of General Adams, Captain Cline, Mr. Sherman and their men, was too much for me. My gratitude was greater than my speech.

We owe much to the wife of Johnson. She is Ouray's sister, and, like him, she has a kind heart. Ouray had ordered us to be well treated, and that we should be allowed to go home.

The council was a stormy one. Various opinions prevailed. The war party wanted us held until peace should be made between the Indians and the Government. They wanted to set us against the guilty murderers, so as to save them through us. After a few hours of violent speeches, Mrs. Johnson burst into the lodge in a magnificent wrap, and demanded that the captives be set free, war or no war. Her brother Ouray had so ordered—and she took the assembly by storm. She told the pathetic story of the captives, and advised the Indians to do as Ouray requested, and trust to the mercy of the Government. General Adams said he must have a decision at once, or he would have to leave. That settled it, and we were set free.

Can a more horrible story of physical suffering, borne with the fortitude and heroism of a Christian martyr, be told? Oh, the unendurable mental and physical torture!—the unendurable agony of mind and body! The thoughts of the murdered body of her husband, whose cold lips she dared not kiss; the thoughts of her young and winsome daughter in the presence of a fate worse, a thousand times worse, than death! the dislocated limb, the gaping wound! It makes one shudder to contemplate this very supremity of anguish.

It makes one shudder to think of the sufferings of these women, whose heroism illumines the dark and bloody chapter as with a glorious radiance. Mrs. Price, too, shared "the horrors of those days of terror," her babe at her breast, her elder child in the care of the devoted

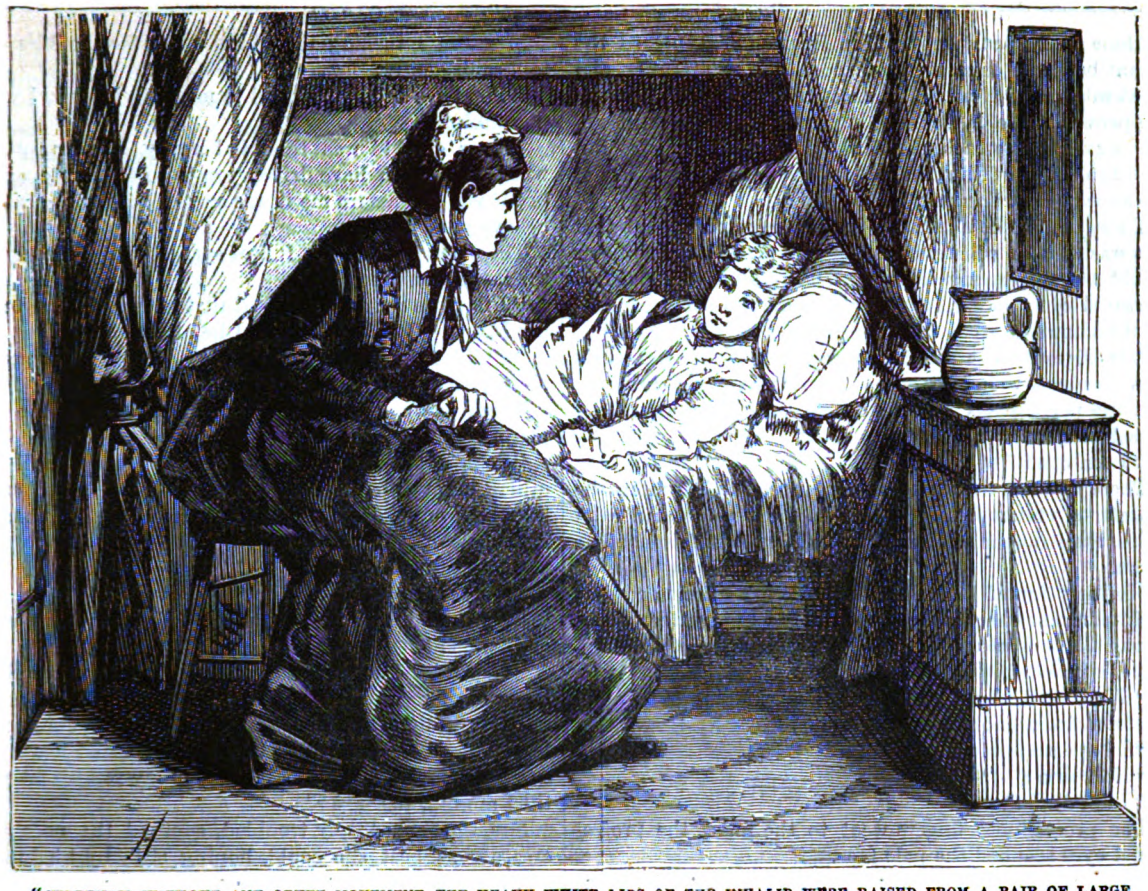
Josephine Meeker. The reaction was something terrible; and even now the ghastly recollections of the massacre and captivity threaten at times to deprive these ladies of their reason.

The atrocity of the crimes committed should not prevent those individuals who are innocent from being treated as such, according to Article 17 of the treaty, viz.:

"*Provided*, That if any chief of either of the confederated bands make war against the people of the United States, or in any manner violate this treaty in any essential part, said chief shall forfeit his position as chief, and all rights to any of the benefits of this treaty. *But, provided further:* Any Indian of either of these confederated bands who shall remain at peace and abide by the terms of this treaty in all its essentials, shall be entitled to its benefits and provisions, notwithstanding his particular chief and band have forfeited their rights thereto."

The services thus far rendered by Ouray have been of inestimable value; and while the White River Utes have shown the very worst aspect of savage life, Ouray has shown courage and humanity and virtues of the better type, which should somewhat relieve the name of Ute from the odium cast upon it by the northern bands, for whose brutal and barbarous acts, whatever the provocation, no justification can be found.

THE CAPTIVES AFTER THEIR RESCUE.



"SUDDENLY, WITHOUT ANY OTHER MOVEMENT, THE HEAVY WHITE LIDS OF THE INVALID WERE RAISED FROM A PAIR OF LARGE BROWN EYES. THEN A VOICE, FAINT AND WEAK, BROKE THE SILENCE: 'HOW DID I COME HERE?'"

TWICE SAVED.

"WILL she live, do you think?"

The speaker was an elderly lady, whose hand, while she spoke, softly stroked the hair from the face of a younger lady, lying in the narrow berth of a stateroom. The physician, whose fingers clasped the delicate wrist of the invalid, spoke with slow deliberation:

"I think she will live. The whole system is terribly prostrated, but there is certainly a change for the better today. Give her the same medicine every hour, and when there is any consciousness send for me."

The doctor left the stateroom as he spoke, and the lady bent again over the pale face upon the pillow. A face of delicate beauty, but most remarkable in its youthful lines, clear complexion and long, sweeping eyelashes of jetty hue, contrasting with heavy hair of purest white. Not gray, not streaked, but snowy white, silvered by some sudden shock, for the face was that of a woman under twenty-five. The throb of machinery, the steady jar of the steamer's motion, the swash of the ocean waves, were the only sounds to break the stillness of the night, save the occasional tramp of one of the crew crossing the deck or saloon.

Suddenly, without any other movement, the heavy white lids of the invalid were raised from a pair of large brown eyes. Slowly the eyes traversed the tiny room, till they rested upon the face bending over her. Then a voice, very faint and weak, broke the silence.

"How did I come here?"

"We found you in the water, when the steamer was leaving New York."

"In the water?"

Dreamily, as if scarcely yet fully conscious.

"You were in some boat, were you not? We will telegraph to your friends when we reach Liverpool."

"Liverpool! Where am I?"

"On board the *City of Paris*, European bound. We are nine days out."

"Nine days! Have I been here nine days?"

"Yes. You have been very ill. You must not talk any more now. Try to sleep. When you awake, you shall tell me your name, and how you came to be in the water."

"Name? I have no name. I am dead!"

With which strange answer the invalid closed her eyes and sank into profound slumber.

Mrs. Egerton watched her until the deep, regular breathing assured her she really slept, when she crept into a lower berth and tried to sleep also. But sleep would not come. The mystery in the berth above her own kept her wakeful. She had taken the stranger into her own stateroom when she was rescued from the water, off Staten Island, and had nursed her tenderly through nine days of stupor and burning fever. The dress her own hands had gently removed from the insensible form was that of a refined lady; delicate of texture, daintily made and trimmed, finest lace on the underclothing, and every garment of perfect fit and finish. There was no jewelry except a wedding-ring, and above that a diamond guard of quaint design. The dress had been a simple muslin of finest quality, without any hat, mantle or shawl.

Mrs. Egerton herself was a widow of large wealth, on her way to Italy to take charge of an orphan niece of twelve years of age, whose father had died suddenly of malarious fever. The child had been taken under the care of some Americans, in Florence, until her aunt should arrive.

Alone in her stateroom, Mrs. Egerton had placed the vacant berth at once at the disposal of the stranger, and constituted herself nurse. A most tender and efficient one she proved while her charge hovered over the confines of the grave, from which she had once been rescued. But with the hope of life, the widow was sorely perplexed at the strange assertion just made to her.

There had been no doubt in Mrs. Egerton's mind that this was a case of accidental drowning, and the sufferer would at once return to her friends. Probably she had ventured out too far in the boat alone, or some careless pilot had run down the smaller craft.

Mrs. Egerton was quite prepared to pay the stranger's expenses back to her friends, to provide her with clothing; but the perplexities of the present emergency quite appalled her.

"I am dead!"

There was not the slightest evidence of delirium in the monstrous statement. Quietly, with clear eyes and calm pulse, the stranger had stated this self-evident falsehood as a fact.

Morning found Mrs. Egerton wakeful, after a restless night, and her charge, though pitiably weak, perfectly conscious. The doctor came in very early, and, in a cheery voice, spoke to his patient.

"Well, well. I suppose now you are longing to be upon a return steamer, on your way home?"

"I have no home."

"No home?"

"I am dead!"

The professional fingers went to the pulse, the professional eyes scanned the pale face.

"I am not delirious," was the quiet answer to the scrutiny. "I threw myself into the water to die. I wanted to die, and I have died to home and friends. I am grateful for the kindness that rescued me, that nursed me back to life, but I do not want to live. Probably I shall throw myself overboard as soon as I can walk to the side of the vessel."

All this was said in a faint tone, perfectly even and calm, with a quiet pulse, steady eyes, and no appearance of agitation.

"How old are you?" asked the doctor, abruptly.

"Twenty-two."

"Twenty-two, and your hair white?" cried Mrs. Egerton.

"My hair white?" with an air of languid curiosity.

"Certainly," said the doctor, lifting one of the heavy braids; "see for yourself."

"It was black when I drowned myself!"

"H'm, h'm. And your husband, is he dead, too?"

"God forbid!"

"H'm. He must be a brute to drive you to suicide."

A slow smile lit up the beautiful face. Then it faded, and she spoke, slowly:

"I was not driven to suicide. My husband was never unkind to me. I wanted to die. I will not answer any more questions. If you think I am ungrateful, and not deserving of any more care, you cannot do me a greater kindness than to throw me back again into the water."

"We will get you well, first," was the reply. "I suppose it is useless to ask your name?"

"Since you saved me, I will take any name you choose."

"Mary Jones?"

"Yes."

"Well, Mrs. Jones, try to eat some breakfast I will send you."

The doctor bustled away, muttering: "Monomania."

Mrs. Jones, turning the white, weary face to Mrs. Egerton, said, gently:

"You have been very good to me, and, indeed, I am not ungrateful."

"Poor child!" was the kind reply, "I cannot think what sorrow can have driven you to so desperate an act; but if you can assure me it was sorrow only, not sin, I will believe you."

The great brown eyes, full of earnest truth, met hers, as the invalid answered:

"I have no sin upon my soul that makes me fear to meet my Maker. If I had, I should be afraid to die."

"Child, child, you must not die! Promise me you will not repeat your mad act."

There was a long interval of silence. Then the weak, plaintive voice spoke.

"It is not for my own sake, but because it will make others happy, that I want to die. But if I am lost, and they believe me dead, they may be so still. So, madame, if you wish, I will live."

"And return to your home?"

"Never!"

"But, child, how will you live? Have you any money or friends?"

"Neither the one nor the other. You see, it would have been better to let me die. Oh," and for the first time the unnatural calmness broke away, and a passionate burst of tears followed, "what shall I do? How can I live? I am so young! Can I bear the burden of my misery for years, till I am old, perhaps?"

Mrs. Egerton, deeply troubled, soothed the poor young creature as best she could, hoping still, by kindness, to win her confidence. She was a good woman—one of those who put willing, helpful hands wherever sorrow or poverty pleads for them. The sense of responsibility for this young life, so strangely thrown into her own, was strong upon her. The very helplessness of her charge appealed to her in a voice to which she never turned a deaf ear.

"You must not sob so," she said, very gently. "You will make new friends, and you shall be cared for. Try to rest again. Ah, here comes your breakfast."

As the few remaining days of the voyage wore away, Mrs. Jones gained strength, and every hour added to Mrs. Egerton's interest. There could be no doubt that the trouble that overshadowed this young life had no taint of sin upon it. Every word, every action, told of purity, refinement and culture. Little movements, almost imperceptible, spoke eloquently to the old lady of high breeding, and as she began to converse, there was every evidence of a well-stored mind. She was very frank, too, except about herself, and Mrs. Egerton became more and more reluctant to thrust her out upon the cold world.

When the vessel arrived at Liverpool, and the ladies were in a hotel there, waiting for a few days' rest before starting for Florence, Mrs. Egerton resolved to take a bold step.

"Mary," she said—for tacitly the doctor's cognomen was accepted—"I have told you about my niece, Estelle Craige, waiting for me in Florence. She will be my charge until she is twenty-one, and inherits her father's property. I shall need a resident governess for some years. Will you take that position?"

"But I never taught anything in my life."

"You will not need to teach much. I shall have teachers for Estelle, but you must be a companion and guide for her, help her in her studies, be her friend."

"You are all kindness," said Mary, gratefully. "I will try to be worthy of the trust you put in me. But you will return to New York?"

"Not for some years. I have long wanted to make a European tour, and I shall make it leisurely."

It was a peaceful life upon which the young stranger entered, and, but for her own tempest-tossed heart, would have been a happy one.

Estelle Craige, a pretty, winsome girl, became very fond of her new governess, and for six years Mrs. Egerton moved from city to city, giving her niece every advantage of education, and to both niece and governess all the enjoyment within her power to offer.

Gentle ever, deeply grateful and quietly resigned, Mary Jones gave ever the impression to the strangers whom she met of a young widow whose sorrow was recent. By her own choice she wore black—not mourning, but unrelieved by any color, only softened by white lace at the throat and wrists. Her liberal salary enabled her to gratify her tastes for fine garments, but never would she wear the bright colors suitable to her age.

To Mrs. Egerton she seemed ever filling the promise she had given her:

"If you wish, I will live."

She lived, filling her duties to Estelle with patient care and efficiency, but without any of the animation of youth. A young woman, utterly hopeless—that was the strange combination daily before Mrs. Egerton. With returning health came a vivid beauty, that lost nothing by the quaint appearance the snowy hair added to the great dark eyes and clear complexion. Music was the only study she took under her own supervision for Estelle, and in which she forgot for a time her own selfhood. In the quiet cathedral towns she would steal to the great organs, and waken the very soul of music under her inspired fingers. The few who heard her voice in song kept the memory in their hearts, where the pure, sweet tones found ever a resting-place.

While the power of music held her in thrall, the weary patience of her dark eyes was lost in the light of genius burning there; the lips, habitually folded in ever-present sorrow, parted in half-smiling rapture, and the whole face changed its pathetic sweetness for an irradiation of angelic happiness.

But these hours of rapture were rare, and in the interval no machine could have been more reliable, more passive, than Estelle's governess.

In her own gentle way, she was proud of her pupil, who was certainly developing into a pretty woman, full of animation, accomplished and attractive.

One evening in Spring, when the trio were sojourning in a quiet town in the south of France, Mrs. Egerton received letters from a party of American friends who were "doing Europe," and proposed to visit her. As she read the letters she looked up at Mary.

"I suppose you will run away and hide, as usual," she said, smiling. "I wish you would conquer your shyness, and help me to entertain my friends."

A deadly pallor upon the sweet face answered her, and she said, hastily:

"Well, well. Never mind. Estelle is a young lady now. And, by-the-way, Estelle, there is an old friend of mine coming, who was one of your dear father's favorites."

"One of papa's friends?" the girl said, with quick interest. "I shall like him, then."

"I think you will. He is a young man still, not more than thirty-two or three, and one of the truly noble men that are only too rarely found. I have not seen him for many years, for, as you know, I have lived at the South ever since my lungs began to trouble me. The last time I saw him was in Washington, and he was expecting to be married. By-the-way, he married some one else, after all."

"Some one else! Are you not talking in conundrums, auntie?"

"No, dear. Let me see. It was nine years ago, and Edwin told me quite a pretty romance. I always was romantic, Estelle, and his story interested me."

"So you are longing to tell it to me?" said her niece, saucily, nestling down in a low chair to listen.

"His father was a retired merchant, who had lost heavily in speculating, till from positive wealth he was reduced to quite a small income. But his former partner, more fortunate, had increased his wealth, till his only child, a daughter, was heiress to half a million of dollars. The two fathers were urging Edwin to marry Constance Willoughby—what is that?"

Only a small table, with work-baskets upon it, suddenly overturned. Only the governess, with her face hidden, picking up cotton and scissors with trembling fingers, and her face pale as death.

"Never mind," Estelle said. "Ring for Adele, Mrs. Jones. Tell me the rest of the story, auntie."

"Edwin Harvey, my dear, was not made of the stuff that takes wives to order, and had fallen in love with Grace Emerson, a village school-teacher in a Massachusetts village, where he had spent a Summer. He told me of his love, his determination to marry Grace and live by his profession—he was a lawyer—and never sell himself for gold. He was certainly very much in love."

"Noble fellow," said Estelle.

"Well, dear, about a year later, he married Constance Willoughby."

"Oh, auntie!"

"I never knew how it all came about. But, dear, I suppose he married Grace, after all, for since I came abroad I heard that Constance died suddenly, leaving him all her wealth. Her father died soon after her marriage."

"Well," said Estelle, "if he was mean enough to marry one woman for her money, and another when he got control of the fortune, he is not one of *my* heroes."

"I don't know the particulars. He certainly was a noble fellow. Perhaps Grace died."

"And he is coming here?"

"Yes, with the Armstrongs."

"When?"

It was the governess who spoke now, and Mrs. Egerton, looking up, was strangely reminded of the first time she had seen the beautiful face, it was so ghastly in its pallor.

"To-morrow," she said. "You are not well, Mary?"

"No; I am dizzy, faint. May I go for a walk?"

"Certainly. But it is so warm now."

"Let me go. I am smothering here, in the house."

"I will go, too," Estelle said.

"No. Let me go alone. I shall be better in the air."

Dizzily she staggered across the room, and went to her own. Mrs. Egerton, thinking of her expected visitors, told Estelle more about the young man, who had come once more into her life, after years of separation. His mother had been her friend, and Estelle's father had given the interest of an older friend to the lad, when Estelle was a mere child.

"It is odd to think how well I knew almost every thought of his heart for years," said Mrs. Egerton, "and how entirely he dropped out of my life afterward."

"I suppose he was ashamed to face you," said Estelle, "after raving of his devotion to one woman, and marrying another with a fortune."

"I don't know, dear. I shall be glad to see him."

Talking quietly, but deeply interested in all that was said, Mrs. Egerton took no note of time till the twilight gathered, and a sudden tempest of wind and rain burst

upon them. At once, both thought of the governess. Inquiry resulted in finding that Mrs. Jones had gone in the direction of the woods skirting the town, and had not returned. Hours of anxious watching followed, and then kind Mrs. Egerton sent some of the men from the hotel to seek for the hapless wanderer.

"Go for a physician," said Mrs. Egerton, "and send Adele here."

With rapid hands, the old lady, for the second time, removed the wet, clinging dress from the insensible form of her *protégée*, for the second time applied restoratives, and brought back the life-blood to the chilled, numbed

THE LIST OF THE DEAD.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 170.

It was nearly day-dawn when they returned, carrying a lifeless figure, drenched by the rain.

"We found her under the trees," they said, "and she is dead."

But Estelle, tearing open the soaked dress, put her ear to the heart, still faintly fluttering.

"She is not dead. Her heart beats," she cried.

limbs. Wearily the great dark eyes opened once more upon the loving face bending over her.

"Did not the lightning strike me? Will nothing kill me?" she said, with heart-breaking pathos.

"Mary!" There was grave reproof in the tone of her benefactress. "Mary, I thought you had put aside those wicked thoughts."

"But—— Oh, where can I hide?" she cried, wildly. "I must go away. I tried to go, but the storm came. I cannot stay here." And she rose to her feet, only to fall back fainting.

The physician, comprehending no word, but seeing the wild excitement, administered an opiate when consciousness returned, and the governess slept, with Estelle watching her, when the early morning train brought the Armstrongs and Edwin Harvey.

MOZART'S EARLIEST MUSICAL EFFORTS.— SEE PAGE 166.

There was the usual bustle of arrival, and the travelers, after breakfasting, went to their own rooms. Estelle, wearied by a night of watching—a new experience for her petted life—was also in her own room, lying down. Edwin Harvey came to Mrs. Egerton's sitting-room. She heard his rap and step as she bent over the patient, lying, still sleeping, in the next room, and came out to meet him, leaving the door partly open.

"Do I disturb you?" he asked. "I so longed to see you alone, I could not wait."

"I am glad you came," was the quick reply—"glad, because you, and you alone, can solve a strange doubt that has come only to-day in my mind. Tell me, Edwin, your old friend, who loved you when you were a curly-headed boy, why did you marry Constance Willoughby, loving Grace Emerson?"

"I did not. It is a long, sad story. Can you see no change in me?"

"You have aged twenty years since we parted. I should take you for a man of fifty, did I not know your real age."

"It is sorrow that has changed me, not years. Sorrow and remorse."

"Remorse?"

"For keeping from a loving, faithful heart the bitter secret of my own."

"Tell me all, Edwin. If the strange doubt in my heart proves a truth, I may help you."

"There is no hope for me. But I will tell you. You know how deeply I loved Grace Emerson? I believed her the incarnation of all womanly sweetness and purity, and her love for me I thought equaled mine for her. I had to choose between her love and my father's blessing, and I chose her. Constance was to me then a mere child, a companion of my boyish holidays, a pretty plaything, full of affection, but wakening in my heart no strong emotion. In those days following my visit to Washington I often wrote to Grace, but I did not know then my father, too, wrote to her. She was a simple country girl, and she had supposed me a sort of prince, coming from the city. While every pulse of my heart was true to her, she wrote to me a long letter. In it she told me my father had written to her of Constance, and she refused to marry me and condemn me to poverty, when I might marry an heiress. It was a masterpiece, that letter, breathing only devotion to me, noble self-sacrifice to my interests, and a total renunciation of her happiness to mine. I answered it, refusing my freedom, and renewing every vow of love. My letter came back to me, with all the letters I had ever written to Grace, all my gifts to her. Tossing the package into my secretary, I went to see Grace, to find——"

"Well?"

For there was a long pause.

"To find her married to a wealthy banker, who had fallen in love with her pretty face. She had fooled me to the utmost. All her pretty, innocent airs to cajole me covered a heart all vanity and ambition. My father's letter had told her I would be no prince, but a poor man, and she had cast me off, covering her falsehood, even then,

YOUNG MOZART DEVELOPING HIS TALENT.

with a mask of self-sacrifice. You know my nature. You know how utterly love would die in my heart, crushed under the bitter contempt I felt for such hypocrisy. Smarting, sore, humiliated, I went home, to find my father dying of pneumonia. Upon my sorrow for my father, my wounded heart, there crept softly a gentle influence, tender, sweet, womanly pity, that was infinitely precious. Mr. Willoughby insisted on my being his guest for a few months after my father died. He owned a princely mansion on Staten Island, and I could still go to my office every day. It was lovely Summer weather, and we could sit upon the porch or stroll in the garden, in the evening hours. In the sweet home atmosphere, Constance Willoughby grew into my heart, not with the fierce, unreasoning passion that had once shrined Grace there, but with the strong, enduring love founded upon respect and deepest tenderness. I can never describe her to you. With the most witching beauty, she was perfectly modest, unconscious as a babe of her power to win admiration. Possessing a well-stored mind, musical talent of no mean order, she was as gently reserved and maidenly as the simplest country girl. I cannot tell you how I loved her. I know now that Grace never held my heart as Constance did. In a month, I could look with cold contempt upon my dead love for Grace. In six years I have not conquered my love for Constance, my wife, my only true love."

"She is dead?"

"That is the sad story that has made me an old, heart-broken man. I married Constance, with no thought of her money, but loving her utterly. We returned to my old home in the Winter months, living at Staten Island in the Summer. There Mr. Willoughby died, leaving his wealth to Constance. We had not been married more than a year, when, coming home one evening, I found Constance pale, shivering, and shrinking from me with a timid fear, almost abhorrence. I questioned her in vain. All night she sat beside the window, refusing to explain this strange change in her loving manner, and so evidently distressed at my tenderness toward her, that, in very pity, I left her alone. In the morning, she shrank from my farewell kiss, but asked me if I would send her father's lawyer to see her. Wondering, yet thinking she would explain later, I left her, sending the old lawyer to see her. In the evening, when I returned home, the servants told me Mrs. Harvey had gone over to Staten Island, but had left a package upon my dressing-table. In that package I found all my letters to Grace, including the last, and her own hypocritical farewell to me. Upon the pile was a note from Constance. You shall read it."

As he spoke he placed in Mrs. Egerton's hand a folded paper. Opening it, she read:

"I have read all these letters. You shall be happy, if I can make atonement for the wrong I did you when I became your wife. I believed you loved me. I loved you so truly! I cannot live knowing your heart is not mine. To-day I made my will. All I have will be yours. You will marry Grace, and from my grave I will bless you both. I shall go from my old home in the rowboat in which you and I have so often spent a pleasant hour. The boat will be found, but I shall rest under the waves. If my body is washed ashore, bury me beside my father. CONSTANCE."

Silently Mrs. Egerton refolded the paper, and handed it back.

"The boat *was* found," said Edwin, "but my wife rests under the water."

There was a moment of profound silence; then Mrs. Egerton rose, and, taking Edwin Harvey by the hand, she led him into the room where Estelle's governess still slept.

With a cry that was indescribable, Edwin sank upon his knees beside the bed, hungrily scanning the beautiful face, while Mrs. Egerton, her doubt solved, went softly from the room, closing the door.

Long, in utter silence, Edwin knelt by the side of the sleeping wife whom he had so faithfully mourned for six years. A silence that might be felt reigned in the room, the sounds from outdoors coming muffled and subdued through the closed windows.

While he knelt, the large brown eyes opened wearily, with an utter misery in their depths. Like sunlight, a glory suddenly lighted them, and a voice, thrilling with love, whispered:

"My husband!"

"Always your true, loving husband!" was the tender reply.

"I am dying now. Oh, they will be cruel to waken me to life again, if I can die dreaming of Edwin," the sweet voice murmured.

"You are not dreaming," Edwin said, taking the little form in his strong embrace; "you are awake, Constance, and I am here, loving and faithful."

Into the soft brown eyes sprang a terror beyond words.

"Awake, Edwin!" Constance cried. "How came you here? Where is Grace?"

Then in brief, strong words, Edwin told his story once more, while the terror died out of the white face, and love unutterable shone from the soft eyes.

"But can you love me now? I am so changed!" Constance said, piteously. "See, my hair is white; it grew white while I was in the water."

For answer Edwin pressed his lips upon the white tresses, and while they lingered there Mrs. Egerton came into the room. Holding her hand, Constance said:

"If there are, indeed, happy years for us, Edwin, we must thank Mrs. Egerton for them. Twice she has snatched me back from the grave."

"But not until to-day did I know that I saved Constance for you," said Mrs. Egerton, gently. "Your gain will be my loss, Edwin, for if Mrs. Harvey is restored to life to-day, I presume Mary Jones dies for ever."

And while Constance rested her head upon Edwin's shoulder, Mrs. Egerton told the story of the last six years, and Edwin Harvey blessed her for the precious life she had twice saved.

LITTLE MOZART IN LONDON.

BY ARTHUR GAYE, M. A.

NOWADAYS we do things—some things—very thoroughly. There are always plenty of people ready to tell us what we do inadequately, or not at all, but I think we scarcely get the credit that is our due in certain matters wherein we labor most conscientiously and unceasingly until the task is accomplished. When I say "we" thus familiarly, I mean, of course, that small but indefatigable contingent which makes these matters its especial study and delight, and I am thinking just now of the contingent of biographers and historians.

In a biography of the present day, there is apt to lurk a thoroughness which is almost appalling, and no class of literature is given to the world with such incontinent, and, as some complain, indecent haste. Scarcely has an eminent man vanished from the scene of his eminence, occasionally even before his race is fully run, but in almost every case long before the daisies have had a chance of softening the ugliness of that poor heap of clods which tells among us that another, eminent or obscure, is gone over to the majority, an announcement appears of the

forthcoming "Life," and we may think ourselves lucky if we get only a "selection" of "letters" to boot. And so often what a "Life"! The biographer holds nothing sacred; omnivorous is he, and ruthless. He cannot even content himself with applying Chesterfield's maxim, "*Approfondissez*"—Go to the bottom of things—but when actually arrived at the bottom, must needs grub about and stir up until everything becomes turbid. Our historians are not much better. They cannot let the bloody Marys and stolid Georges of past ages rest in peace, and are not happy unless they can contrive to rake up musty records and triumphantly confute all that previous writers have labored to say on the subject.

It used to be said that we must go to Germany for thoroughness in any branch of literature, but for a downright, nothing-omitting, everything-exposing, pitiless biography or history, commend me to a man who lives within easy reach of Paternoster Row.

Talking of Germany and biographies, probably one of the best and fairest "Lives" ever written is that of Mozart by Otto Jahn, though, for some unaccountable reason, it is not that, I believe, but another, which has been lately deemed worthy to appear in an English dress. Jahn is wonderfully full without ever being offensively personal, and he has succeeded in recording, in one or other of his four fat volumes, all, or nearly all, that can be gleaned of his gifted countryman's history. Not quite all, however; for in the Mozarteum, or Mozart Museum, at Salzburg, certain notes are preserved which throw a little light on that, to us, especially interesting period of his life, the period, namely, of his visit to England. These few little scraps have, so far as I know, never yet been published to the world; and considering that the Mozart family remained in England for no less than fifteen months—*i. e.*, from April 10th, 1764, till the end of July, 1765, and that the generally known particulars of their residence in England are contained for the most part in a single letter read before the Royal Society at least four years after their departure, I may, perhaps, be excused for fancying that some notice of them will be welcomed by all *Mozartsverehrer*.

First, then, there is an amusing account of the passage from Calais to Dover. In those days there was no *Castalia*, and the sailing-packets were as likely as not to take half the day to get across. On this occasion the elements were not favorable. Mozart *père* appears to have been very seasick, which did not vex his soul very much, and to have had a good round sum to pay for the transportation of himself and family, which vexed it considerably. However, they all reached London in the fullness of time, father, mother, son and daughter—that "Nannerl" whose name must always be connected indissolubly with her brother's. "The first night," says Leopold, the father, "we spent at the White Bear, and the next day we moved into our lodgings at Mr. Couzin's, *Hare* cutter, in Cecil Court, Martin's Lane."

Speaking of their first reception at Court, he continues: "The favor extended to us by both their Majesties is indescribable; their kindly behavior scarcely allowed us to believe that they really were the King and Queen of England. We have met with extraordinary politeness at all the Courts we have visited, but what we have experienced here beats everything. A week ago we were walking in St. James's Park, and, although we none of us had on the same clothes as when they last saw us, they recognized us and nodded, and not only that, but the King let down the carriage window, and, putting out his head, smiled and greeted us, especially Master Wolfgang, with nods and waves of the hand."

Master Wolfgang's father was a very precise person, wrote the neatest of hands, and made a great point of noting down whatever was in the least degree likely to prove useful in time to come. It is to this careful propensity that we owe the subjoined list of his London patrons and acquaintances, no less amusing than it is explicit:

Le Roy et la Reine, S. James's Park in Queen's Palace
Mr. Milord Eglinton.
Mr. Milord March.
M. L'Ambassadeur de Danemarck, Bothman, in Great Marlborough Street.
Mr. Lord Fitzmoritz, Dover Street.
Duches de Hamilton.
Duches of Ancaster in Barckley Square.
My Lady Haringthon et sa très jolie familie, Stable-yard, S. James's Park.
Mr. Kirckman, Pianoforte Maker, Broad Street, Golden Square.
Milord Thanet, Grosvenor Square.
Doctor Arne and his son, composers.
Miss Brent } singing womans.
Miss Young }
Lady Clive, Berkley Square.
Mr. Randal, in Five-field Row, in Chelsea, and his wife and children, with whom we stayed seven weeks, viz., from August 6th till Sept. —th.
Mr. William Groote, Apothecary and Chymist, the corner of Nassau Street, St. Ann's, Soho.

I have retained his own spelling and grammar, where he has written in English, translating where the notes are in his native language.

It is interesting to observe who were the patrons and patronesses of musical art in those days. All trace, I am afraid, of Mr. Couzin, the *Hare* cutter, in Cecil Court, has disappeared long since; but the name of Kirckman, Anglicized into Kirkman, still remains in high repute; and it is pleasant to find the name of our own favorite, Dr. Arne, included in the list of those who probably did homage to little Mozart and his sister.

Besides these notes and jottings, there is also to be seen in the Mozarteum a newspaper, about eight inches by five in size of page, and rejoicing in the comprehensive title of "Extract-Schreiben *oder* Europaeische Zeitung." It is the number for August 6th, 1765, and contains the following paragraph, headed "London, 5th July." It is worth translating at length:

"The famous pianoforte-maker of this city, Burkard Tchudy, a Swiss by birth, lately had the honor of making for His Majesty the King of Prussia a piano with two rows of keys, which is much admired by all who have seen it. It has been noticed by everybody as something quite out of the common, that Dr. Tchudy has connected all the keys with a single pedal in such a way that the *crescendo* and *decrescendo*, which pianists have so long been desiring, can be produced at will. Dr. Tchudy, too, was clever enough to get his wonderful instrument played for the first time by the most wonderful performer in the world, namely, the seven or nine-year-old professor, Wolfgang Mozart, the marvelously gifted son of the Salzburg Capellmeister Leopold Mozart, and already as famous throughout Germany and France as he now is here. It was something quite entrancing to hear this little virtuoso's sister, only fourteen years of age, play with astounding facility the most difficult sonatas, while her brother accompanied her, improvising, on another piano. They both do wonders. The British Museum has not only begged for copies of the sonatas already published in Paris and London, as well as for portraits of this talented family, to add to its remarkable collection of curiosities, but has also received, at its own urgent request, some original MSS. by this little genius, among them a little chorus for four voices, with English words."

So runs the *Europaeische Zeitung*, and remains, now yellow with years, the solitary representative of Salzburg journalism a hundred and twenty years ago, yet still eight inches by five and as important and affable to "our readers" as ever, while those whom it sought to celebrate,

Wolfgang and "Nannerl," have long since carried their music elsewhither.

Probably the only record of the residence of the Mozarts in England at all familiar to English readers is that contained in the "Philosophical Transactions," vol. lx., for the year 1770, No. 8, pp. 54 sqq. But people are not much given to reading Philosophical Transactions, and it may well be that even this account with the interesting incidents therein described is little known. Jahn, however, with that far-reaching thoroughness prevailing, as I said above, among biographers, has not suffered it to escape him—indeed, prints it *verbatim* in his "Life." One or two extracts will serve our purpose here. It is entitled "Account of a very remarkable young musician. In a letter from the Hon. Daines Barrington, F. R. S., to Matthew Maly, M.D., Sec. R.S. Received Nov. 28, 1769. Read Febr. 15, 1770. This was the Daines Barrington to whom so many of Gilbert White's letters are addressed. He seems to have been somewhat skeptical as to the age of the two children, and even went the length of writing to Salzburg for Wolfgang's certificate of birth or baptism (probably the latter), before he could be convinced that the father had not imposed upon him when he asserted that the lad was but eight years old. Determined as a true Briton to see that there was no humbug about it, Mr. Barrington put Wolfgang's genius to the severest test he could devise, placing before him a MS. duet, which it was absolutely impossible that he could ever have seen before. The score was in five parts, viz.: accompaniments for two violins, the two vocal parts, and a bass, the vocal parts being written in the contralto clef, while the others of course were in the treble and bass respectively.

MOZART.

But Mozart was not to be beaten: he first played the symphony in what the writer of the account calls "a most masterly manner," and then proceeded without hesitation

to attack the duet itself, taking the upper line himself, while his father sang the lower. His voice of course was weak and childish, but "nothing," we read, "could exceed the masterly manner in which he sung." The father, on the other hand, was occasionally "out," and then the son would look back "with some anger," and set him right. He also threw in the violin accompaniments wherever effective. Mr. Barrington cannot find words in which to express his own amazement, or the enormous difficulty of the task. Finally, he endeavors to explain the latter by the following sufficiently perplexing comparison: "Let it be imagined," he says, "that a child of eight years old was directed to read five lines at once, in four of which the letters of the alphabet were to have different powers. For example, in the first line A to have its common power, in the second that of B, in the third that of C, in the fourth that of D. Let it be conceived, also, that the lines so composed of characters with different powers are not ranged so as to be read at all times one exactly under the other, but often in a desultory manner. Suppose, then, a capital speech in Shakespeare, never seen by him before, yet read by a child of eight years old with all the pathetic energy of a Garrick. Let it be conceived, likewise, that the same child is reading, with a glance of the eye, three different comments on this speech, tending to its illustration, and that one comment is written in Greek, the second in Hebrew, and the third in Etruscan characters. Let it be also supposed that by different signs he could point out which comment is most material upon every word, and sometimes that perhaps all three are so, at others only two of them. When all this is conceived, it will convey some idea of what the boy was capable of, in singing such a duet at sight, throwing in at the same time all its proper accompaniments."

YOUNG MOZART AS A DIRECTOR.

He was next tried with equally remarkable results in *extempore* playing, and Mr. Barrington institutes a comparison between him and other youthful prodigies; such as Handel, and one John Barratier, which latter "is said to have understood Latin when he was but four years old, Hebrew when six, and three other languages at the age of nine." He comes to the conclusion that little Mozart is the most precocious of all. Though a genius, however, he was still a child, and on one occasion, "whilst he was playing, a favorite cat came in, upon which he immediately left his harpsichord, nor could we bring him back for a considerable time." So, too, "he would also sometimes run about the room with a stick between his legs by way of a horse." Nor was as yet his young life embittered by that jealousy among the brethren of the craft which doubtless was one of the main causes of his early death. On the contrary, all musicians whom he met, whether amateur or professional, appear to have done willing homage to the little master. Even Joh. Christ. Bach himself, the youngest son of the great John Sebastian, and teacher of music to the Queen, noticed him most affably, and on one occasion took him on his lap and played a sonata with him, each taking a certain number of bars in turn.

We can then easily understand the father's proud feeling when he wrote at about this time: "You can form no idea of it. What he knew when he left Salzburg is just nothing by the side of what he knows now." And again: "'Tis enough that my girl is one of the cleverest performers in Europe, for all she is but twelve years old, and that the giant (*grossmächtige*) Wolfgang, with his eight years, knows all that could be looked for in a man of forty."

During his stay in England, Mozart wrote six sonatas

with accompaniments for violin or flute, and dedicated them to Queen Charlotte. He also composed several orchestral symphonies, which "Nannerl," with her nimble fingers, had to copy out for him.

And this is all that remains on record of our "distinguished visitor" while on English soil. He staid, indeed, for some weeks, if not months, near Canterbury, but the name of his host has not been handed down to us.

And there is but one further incident to mention, if indeed it be admissible at all, inasmuch as it had no connection with the visit to England. Nevertheless, here it is: Lange, Mozart's brother-in-law, the actor and artist, made a sketch of the musician's ear, and by the side of it painted an ordinary ear. This sketch is in the possession of Herr F. X. Jelinek, Curator of the Mozarteum. Under the two ears may be read, in Mozart's handwriting, "*Mein Ohr*" and "*Ein gewöhnliches Ohr*" respectively. The word "*Mein*" has been scratched out and "Mozart's" substituted by Lange.

The most noticeable feature of Mozart's ear, according to the sketch, was its extreme flatness to the head, which doubtless accounts for the extraordinary sensitiveness of that organ in him.

Here, then, I will leave our little visitor, having, I hope, placed on record a few additional details respecting him, which, if insignificant in themselves, will nevertheless perhaps be read with pleasure by those, and they must be many, who are ready to welcome anything new concerning that greatest of all musical prodigies, who began life under such happy auspices, and yet after barely reaching *il mezzo cammino della nostra vita* was, practically, worried to death, and was buried, like Moses, no one knows where. In the midst of the petty jealousies and professional unkindnesses which marred his later years, he must have often looked back with fond regret to the days of his boyish triumphs and unclouded happiness, when under the hospitable roof of Mr. Couzin, *Hare* cutter, Cecil Court, Martin's Lane.

THE LIST OF THE DEAD.

The "List of the Dead!" Oh, fatal scroll!
How many fond hearts bleed!
How many cheeks grow white with fear,
Lest the one lov'd name be read!

Her trembling hand the paper lifts,
Her eyes glance o'er the List;
With shrinking heart she reads the names
Of "Killed," of "Wounded," "Missed."

His name she reads; her heart stands still;
Tears blind her stricken eyes;
Her head falls lifeless on her arm;
Her soul within her dies!

DUCK-HUNTING BY MOONLIGHT.

Of all the sports in the world. commend us to duck-shooting. Last Fall, in company with a friend, the writer took a trip to Princess Bay, in quest of the esculent fowl just mentioned. Arriving at Keyport, a pretty little Jersey seaport, we sought the good offices of Sam Wesley, a well-known duck-hunter, and one of the characters of the village.

"Wall," said Sam, in answer to our interrogatories, "Turkle Pond at evenin' is just about full of 'em; but the wust of it is, ye can't git 'em after ye've killed 'em. It'll be moonlight to-night, an' I think as good a plan as eny is to take a boat, go a mile or so up-shore, lay in the marsh, and kill 'em as they come up to feed. Black ducks is plenty now—I got forty-six yesterdee."

Following Sam's suggestion, we procured a light boat, and started for the hunting-ground. Myself and companion were provided with the most approved style of fowling-piece and accoutrements, while our guide was armed with the most curious-looking weapon ever fashioned by man. It was a double-barreled instrument, about four feet in length, and, judging by the size, must have weighed at least twelve pounds.

"In the name of wonder, Sam, what do you call that—that *thing?*" we inquired.

"That," said Sam, resting on his oars and contemplating the article with pride, "is a genuine old double-bar'l'd 'Queen Anne.' My great-granddaddy shot ducks with that wery identical fowlin'-piece, an' I never used no other. She fires with flint-locks, as ye kin see; an' I wouldn't trade her for fifty of yer new-fangled guns."

While we were examining the curious piece of mechanism, Sam remarked that there was a "diver" swimming ahead. Our companion was about to fire at the black object plowing rapidly through the water, when Sam caught his arm.

"You'd be throwin' away yer powder. That duck 'ud be ten feet under water afore the shot 'ud reach 'im."

Drawing the charge in the left barrel, Sam aimed at the duck, and snapped the cap. As quick as a flash the duck dived.

"Take the oars, one o' ye, an' row slow."

In a minute or so the diver came to the surface, a short distance from where he disappeared. Again a cap was snapped, and again the duck dived with lightning-like rapidity. These manœuvres were kept up for some time, until the diver ceased to take alarm.

"Now," said Sam, in a whisper, "he's got used to cap-snappin', an' won't dive. Now I'll let him have the right bar'l."

Sam fired, and the diver sprang into the air, fluttered helplessly a moment, and then fell with extended wings upon the water.

"Row quick," cried Sam, "or he'll sink!"

We rowed up to him, and lifted him in—a remarkably fine specimen of his species.

"The diver's fine eatin'," said Sam—"a good deal better'n the loon. Ye kin hear one now, if ye listen sharp."

We listened attentively, and presently heard a cry sounding something like the bark of a dog, ending with a wild, maniacal laugh.

"Ugh!" said Sam. "I don't like to hear it. Kind o' ugly to listen to on a dark night. It——"

"Hear the thunder!" broke in our companion, suddenly.

"Umph!" said Sam, with a snort. "Why, bless yer dear innercent soul! that ain't thunder—that's black duck! Some un's started a flock, ah' they've rose. It's the beatin' of their wings on the water wot makes that thunderin' noise. There they go, now," and he pointed to a long, low, swiftly-moving black cloud which was going down the bay. "But wait a bit, young feller! There's a covey o' duck right ahead. Here," said Sam, glancing contemptuously at the writer's piece, which he was holding in readiness, "take my gun. She shoots sure, an' there's no fear o' missin'."

To humor him, we complied with his request, though it was like handling a twelve-pounder field-piece.

"Wait until they rise on the swell," was the direction. "If they take to wing, aim at the highest one, an' ye'll be pooty sure to fetch 'em all."

We followed his directions conscientiously and to the letter. The ducks rose on the swell, and then rose in the air. We were conscious immediately after of a rattling crash, an immense volume of smoke, and of taking a violent seat in the boat with a bruised shoulder.

"Confound your old 'Queen Anne'! 'Manton-twist' is good enough for us!" we exclaimed, a little impatiently.

"Guess ye fired both bar'ls," said Sam, with a grin.

However, we had the satisfaction of picking up six fat ducks, which was a compensation for the mishap.

"Duck-*shootin'* is great sport," ventured Sam, in a burst of confidence. "A durn sight better sport than nettin' 'em wholesale, an' then wringin' their necks arterward. Why, bless yer innercent souls, ducks is nothin' to wot they was twenty years ago. Ye mayn't believe it, but I've seed *three acres* of water covered with black duck, swimmin' so thick that ye might throw a handkercher enywhere amongst 'em an' not git it wet. For late years they haven't been so thick, but then a feller can't complain. I rec'lect old Cap'n Applegate used to hev a long swivel-gun mounted on the shore durin' duck season. The old man used to load her with half-a-pound o' powder, then he'd jam in a fistful o' paper, and then he'd put in 'bout a quart o' No. 4 shot with another fistful o' paper. Then the old feller 'd sit an' watch until a big flock o' ducks come along, an' then he'd git a keerful aim an' let her bang. Great Peter! he'd fetch 'bout a thousan' of 'em, fur the old gun had a powerful gift o' scatterin'—— D'ye hear that?" said Sam, breaking the thread of his narrative. "'Houk! houk! houk!' That's a flock o' geese, an' it's the old gander hollerin' that way. No use goin' for 'em—they fly too high. But we mought as well put in here."

The boat's bow was turned toward a little cove in the marsh, and we pushed a short distance into the rushes.

"This is as good a place as eny," whispered Sam. "We kin lay here behind the 'cat-tails,' where they can't see us an' we can see them. Le's see—tide's on the ebb, an' they'll begin to come ashore. They feed at night, an' come ashore when tide's low, so they kin git at the young shoots an' worms easier."

By this time the full moon had risen, and it was quite light. We could very plainly hear the "quack, quack, quack" of our victims, as they moved slowly in toward us.

How our nerves tingled and our hearts beat as we sat silently waiting for them! Presently we caught sight of a dark group paddling along. My! how nervous we were! They came within a hundred and fifty yards of us, and then stopped. They seemed to hold a short consultation, and then moved in a lateral direction. Misery! Disappointment! But they stop again, and come right toward us!

Nearer and nearer they come, with eccentric movements. Our fingers are on the triggers, and we mentally pray that Sam won't use the "Queen Anne." We safely part the rushes, thanking our good fortune that the wind is toward us. We both aim, one to the right, and the other to the left. At a preconcerted signal we fired, and killed eleven of the flock. After picking up the spoils, we took up a position more to the left.

We did not have to wait long before a still larger flock came in view. Again the exasperating movements were gone through, and then they calmly sailed into range. It occurred to us that they looked larger than the others we had seen, and we were about to speak of it, when the old "Queen Anne" was poked over our shoulder.

"Let me go fur them," whispered Sam, eagerly. "I acterly believe that they're Canuck geese. Haven't seen eny aroun' here in six years."

We gave way to the old man, and nervously watched his proceedings. Gracious! how we dreaded that ancient weapon! The geese sailed gracefully down in single file, with an old gander on the lead. Sam's eyes were fixed on them, and he slowly raised his piece. Taking a long aim, which was most painful to our shrinking tympanums, he pulled trigger, and the old thing let go with an awful crash.

We were confident of finding old Sam flat on his back in the boat when the smoke had cleared away, and were much astonished to find that the shock had no effect whatever.

"Old Nancy's reliable," said Sam, with a triumphant air. "She fetched five or six of 'em that time, certain."

We pulled out, and found that Sam's shot had laid five birds low. Then, at his suggestion, we pulled out into open water. After sailing around awhile, we killed seven more ducks. By this time it was well on toward midnight, and there was a heavy sea-fog coming in.

"We're nearly five miles from town," observed Sam, "an' I can't see the light on the guardboat off the P'int. That shows the fog's travelin' fast, an' if we don't want to git cotched, we'd better be gittin' down-shore."

Sure enough, the fog *was* driving in fast. We could see it rolling in in heavy, black banks, and already the breeze was freshening. It was something of a disappointment to have to give up our sport so soon, but we had to submit to the inevitable.

Sam bent to his oars, and the boat fairly jumped under the vigorous strokes of the handy oarsman. But it was of no use; the wind traversed faster than we did, and in a short time we were in the very thick of the fog. It came in so dense that the light of the moon was almost shut out, and at intervals it was so dark that we could scarcely see ten feet ahead. By-and-by we got fairly bewildered. We knew that the shore should be on our left, but somehow we could not hear the waves washing up on the beach.

We were certainly going in the wrong direction. Sam stopped rowing, and sounded with an oar. It touched bottom; and turning the boat's head around, we rowed a hundred yards or so, and sounded again. Good! the water was getting shallower. We kept on, and in a few minutes had the satisfaction of hearing the rollers.

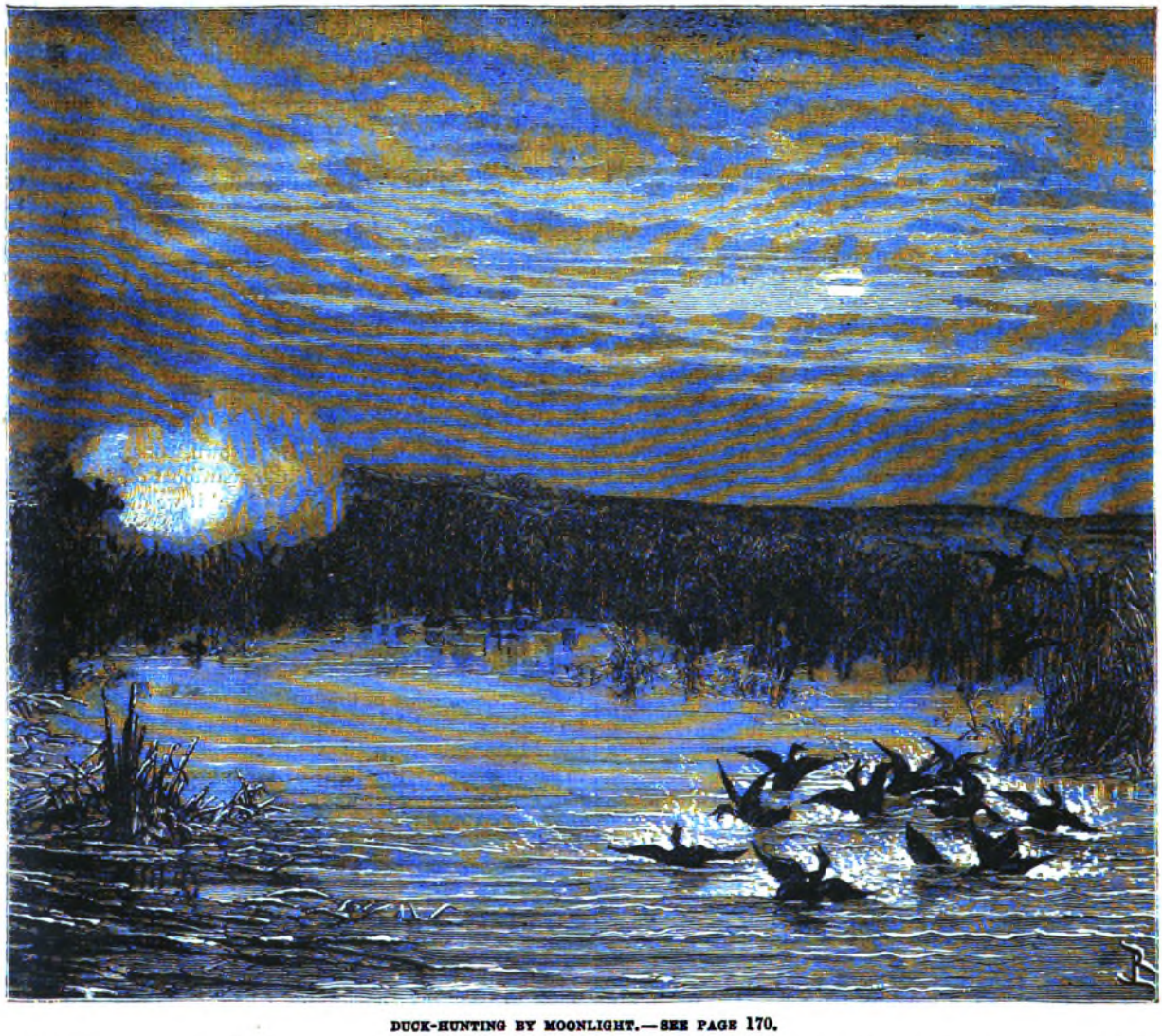
"Now," advised Sam, "I think we'd better go ashore, an' haul the boat up an' make her fast. The crick's just below, an' ef we try to cross it we mought git out of our bearin's agin. We kin go up to old Mushrow's an' git a stateroom till mornin'. If I hain't mistaken, we hain't fur from there now."

So we hauled the boat up, and, taking the oars, started for "Old Mushrow's." In order to reach the road to the hospitable Mushrow's, we were obliged first to ascend a high clay bank—there was no going *around* it, for it was a mile or so long.

"It's like climbin' a hill o' soft soap," remarked our guide, "but it's got to be did. Mind yer foot-hold," said he, when he had got nearly to the top, "fur if ye slip, down ye go."

No sooner were the words out of his mouth, when Sam's feet went from under him, and he slid gracefully and rapidly to the bottom, his knees making deep grooves in the plastic soil. The old man toiled up again with an oar in one hand and the old "Queen Anne" firmly grasped in the other. Then he took the lead, and brought us over heaven knows how many sloppy fields, over rail-fences and among tree-stumps, against which we rasped our skins; and just as *we* were about to give up, we spied a light.

The way we made for that light was a caution. It



DUCK-HUNTING BY MOONLIGHT.—SEE PAGE 170.

didn't take us long to reach it, the reader may be assured. Then we had to stand and hammer at the door for some time before we were admitted.

The sight of the rousing fire in the old-fashioned fireplace repaid us for all our vexations; and when we were extended on the floor, wrapped in blankets, with our feet toward the grateful blaze, we were the most comfortable beings imaginable.

In the morning we partook of a hearty breakfast, and then took leave of our kindly host. We found our boat all right, and shoving off, we headed for the village.

On counting over the spoils, we found that we had one diver, five geese, and twenty-four black ducks, making thirty in all—which, considering drawbacks, was a good night's sport, after all.

A MURDER DISCOVERED THROUGH THE WIDOW'S AFFECTION.

This fine instance of the untiring ardor of a wife in her search for her husband, and in solving the mystery of his disappearance, is also interesting in another point of view. The case exhibits a pertinacity of justice in unraveling crime at a period—the reign of Charles II.—when it becomes all the more creditable, as showing that even then, whatever might be the political partiality of the judges, they were at least firm and resolute in doing their office between man and man.

The strange story, in the report handed down to us, is this:

Thomas Kidderminster was the only son of Walter Kidderminster, of Tupsley, in the County of Hereford, and was at first a man of position; but being wronged out of his paternal estates by the intrigues of his stepmother, he was compelled very early in life to enter into the service of the Bishop of Ely, who employed him as his steward, till the commencement of the Civil War, and the time when the prelate himself was committed to the Tower for his unshaken loyalty.

Mr. Kidderminster afterward had the management of other gentlemen's estates in Cambridgeshire. At last, thinking it prudent to convert his property into money, and to endeavor to settle upon or to sell his estate, which he claimed, in Herefordshire, he sent his wife, then *enceinte*, to London, and telling her he would return in ten days, he departed through Cambridgeshire to Essex, with a number of writings, taking with him about five or six hundred pounds in gold.

Traveling in a by-road for safety, Mr. Kidderminster took a guide with him; but on reaching Chelmsford at night he discharged him. Mr. Kidderminster himself

put up at the White Horse Inn, at Chelmsford, where it appears he had lain at other times, and was very well known; but there he was murdered on the same night, in April, 1654.

The last place his wife heard of him was Cambridge. A report was spread that he was gone to Amsterdam, where she sent to inquire for him, but was assured he was not there. After some time, she heard he was at Cork, in Ireland. Thither she also sent, and made a most diligent and exact search for him both in Cork and throughout Munster. Again there was a rumor that he was in Barbadoes, and again did she have inquiries set on foot at Barbadoes.

She continued constantly carrying on investigations after her husband, till her sister one day, in 1662 or 1663, reading the newspaper, suddenly cried out:

"Sister, here's news of your husband!"

The intelligence was in these terms:

"The bones of an unknown person, supposed to be robbed and murdered some ten years back, are found buried in a back-yard in Chelmsford. Whosoever can give any information of any person missing, let them give notice to Mr. Talcott, coroner, in Feering, or to the constable of Chelmsford, or to Mr. Roper, bookseller, over against St. Dunstan's Church in Fleet Street."

A MURDER DISCOVERED THROUGH THE WIDOW'S AFFECTION.—"HE DRANK TO HER, AND MADE HER DRINK."

Upon Mrs. Kidderminster comparing the time of her husband's being missing with the time in the newspaper of the supposed murdered body's lying concealed, it appeared to be extremely probable that it referred to him. She immediately went to Mr. Roper's, and by his advice set off for Chelmsford, and for want of conveyance went on foot with a friend.

They proceeded on their journey as far as Stratford, where, a little beyond the town, they lost their way, turning to the left hand of the road. At last they came to Romford, and, by that time being very weary, went into a house at the further end of the town, the sign of the Black Bull, where they accidentally found one Mary Mattocks, who lived at Horn Church.

Mrs. Kidderminster being now quite worn out, and not able to go on foot any further, inquired whether any horse could be hired in that town. Mrs. Mattocks being present, interposed, and answered that there was no horse to be hired, nor any convenience of coach or wagon to be had upon that day. They asked Mrs. Mattocks how far it was to Chelmsford; she answered, fifteen miles. Mrs. Kidderminster asked her again, whether she knew Chelmsford. She replied that she did—very well; for she was born and bred there. "If she knew the White Horse?" "Very well; and one Turner, a very honest man, kept it. But he that kept it formerly was one Sewell, who, if he had had his deserts, had been hanged long ago, for there was certainly a gentleman murdered in the house."

Mrs. Kidderminster was induced to make further inquiry, and told Mrs. Mattocks that her husband was missed much about that time. Mrs. Mattocks informed her that the ostler who lived in Sewell's time at the White Horse now lived at Romford. With an intention to gather from him what circumstances she could, she sent for him, but he refused to come; for the messenger having heard part of the discourse, communicated it to him, which made him unwilling to appear.

Mrs. Mattocks then advised Mrs. Kidderminster to go to one Mrs. Shute, her aunt, at the sign of the Cock, at Chelmsford, and she could give her such intelligence as would answer her expectation.

Upon this Mrs. Kidderminster and her friend resumed their journey toward Chelmsford. Mrs. Mattocks, after their departure, told the people of the house that a guilty conscience needs no accuser, and that she had heard the ostler had a hand in the business, and had received sixty pounds and a suit of clothes.

Mrs. Kidderminster went directly to the White Horse Inn, where, after some conversation with Mr. Turner, then master of the house, he advised them to go to Mrs. Sewell's, at the Shears, in Colchester Lane. When her friend went out to Mrs. Sewell and inquired for the White Horse Inn, Mrs. Sewell asked what business he had there; to which he answered that he was come to inquire about a gentleman that had been murdered there some years ago. To this Mrs. Sewell replied:

"Ay, this is Turner's doings. He has put us to great trouble about it already, but I will be avenged on him."

They now returned to the White Horse, where Mr.

Turner gave his account concerning the discovery and disinterment of the corpse, and the subsequent proceedings, which was this:

Mr. Turner had pales between his neighbor's meadow and his orchard. A great wind having blown them down, he resolved to make a mud wall; in digging which they found a skull with all the teeth in it but one, and a hole on the left side of the skull, about the size of a crown. Several country people came to see it, who had observed new turf laid upon the place. Upon digging on they perceived that the corpse had been crammed in double. The coroner sat upon the bones, and the jury found a verdict of murder committed, a blow upon the side of the head being evidently the cause of the person's death.

At this time Sewell, who formerly kept the inn, and his wife and two daughters, were alive, as also the ostler and maid-servant who lived in their family. Mr. Turner, to vindicate the reputation of the house, applied to the justices of the peace of the county, who issued out warrants against Sewell and his wife, who were taken up; but, upon their examination, they denied all knowledge of the matter. The magistrates, however, bound them to appear at the next assizes, and Mr. Turner to prosecute.

Sewell died about a fortnight before the assizes, but it was suspected he was poisoned by his wife. He showed visible signs of a troubled mind. He often desired his wife to allow him to speak to some of the chief men of the town, for otherwise he could not die; which his wife would not permit.

At the assizes, Mrs. Sewell appeared, and nothing being positively proved against her, she was continued under bail till next assizes, at which time the Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, Sir Orlando Bridgman, went the circuit. His lordship, finding that no clear account of the person murdered could be ascertained, nor who were the murderers, ordered that notice should be inserted in the newspapers, by which means Mrs. Kidderminster had the first intimation of it.

Such was Mr. Turner's account. But to return to Mrs. Kidderminster's own proceedings. She quitted Chelmsford and made inquiry at Romford for the ostler, Moses Drayne.

She asked him to describe a man who left his horse behind him when he was ostler at the White Horse, in Chelmsford, and what clothes he wore. He answered that the gentleman was a tall, big, portly man, with his own hair, dark brown, not very long, curled up at the ends; that he wore a black satin cap, and that his clothes were of a dark gray; which she found agreed with her husband's figure. She then asked him what hat he wore; he replied:

"A black one."

"Nay," said she, "my husband's was a gray one."

At which words he changed color several times, and never looked up in her face afterward, but told her that one Mary Kendall, who had been a servant at Chelmsford at the time of the gentleman's stay there, could inform her much better. She now left him; but before she quitted the town she went again to the Black Bull, and spoke to the master of the house, who advised her to speak again with Mrs. Mattocks, for she would be her best evidence.

Accordingly Lord Chief Justice Bridgman was informed of what Mrs. Mattocks could prove; and he advised Mrs. Kidderminster to return to Romford and get Mrs. Mattocks to make oath before a justice. Justice Mildmay, of Mildin, issued a warrant for the apprehension of Moses Drayne, the ostler, who was immediately committed. After which Mrs. Kidderminster found Mary Kendall, who could not be prevailed on to make any discovery. She was, however, traced to London, and was committed to Newgate. Here she was told by her fellow-prisoners that her running away was an argument of guilt, and that therefore she would be hanged; upon which she confessed all to Mrs. Kidderminster, and told her she would not have continued so long in an obstinate denial, but that Sewell's daughters had threatened her that if she confessed they would swear against her, and have her hanged first.

Sewell's wife in the meantime died of the plague; but Mrs. Kidderminster, with the special consent of the Lord Chief Justice Bridgman, caused Mary Kendall to be removed from Newgate to Brentwood, the day before the assizes.

The trial of Moses Drayne came on; he pleaded not guilty. Mary Kendall gave in evidence:

That she was a maid-servant in the inn where the gentleman was murdered, and that she, having dressed herself in her best clothes, had leave of her master to go to Kilden, where her father lived; and upon her return home that night, her mistress bade her fetch a pair of sheets, and lay them upon the bed in the room called the King's Arms. When she came in the room, she found the gentleman standing with his back toward the fire, and with his hands behind him. He drank to her and made her drink up the glass of beer, and bade her go and fetch him a napkin, to make him a cap. He asked her whether she was the man of the house's daughter, or his maid. She answered she was his servant. The master and mistress being in the room all this while, and having supped together with the gentleman, he, in the presence of the maid and the mistress, delivered his cloak-bag to the master of the house, and told him there was in it near six hundred pounds, and writings of considerable value. Then her mistress bade her go to bed and lie with the younger children, in the further end of the house, that being not her usual lodging; here she was locked in that night, and her mistress unlocked the door in the morning. She said that between one and two o'clock in the morning she heard a great fall of something; that it shook the room where she lay, though it was in the furthermost part of the house. When she came down in the morning, she found her master and mistress and the ostler sitting very merrily at the fire, with a flagon of drink before them, none of them having been in bed that night, nor the two daughters, Betty and Priss, who were appointed to lie in the same room where the maid used to be. She, not seeing the gentleman stirring in the morning, after some time, asked her mistress if the gentleman was gone.

"Yes," answered she, "though you were so good a housewife that you could not get up;" and blamed her for lying in bed so long.

She asked her mistress whether the gentleman had left anything.

"Yes," said her mistress, "he left you a groat," and put her hand in her purse and gave it her.

"Then," said the maid, "I will go and make clean the chamber."

"No," said the mistress, "my daughters and I have set that to rights already; do you what you are about, and then go to your flax-wheel."

The chamber door was locked for eight or nine weeks afterward, and no person permitted to enter it but themselves. Once she asked her mistress why that room was locked, and not kept clean for guests as usual. The mistress answered that "they had no guests fit for that room, for it was kept for gentlemen."

Some time afterward, on a Sunday, her master gave

her the key to fetch his cloak out of his chest in his chamber; there she saw the gentleman's suit of clothes, and his cloak-bag, which she saw him deliver to them. About nine weeks afterward, her mistress sent her up into the room where the gentleman had been murdered, to fetch something, it being the first time she had been in that room since it had been locked. She searched over the room, and looked upon the tester of the bed, and there she saw the gentleman's hat, his hanger, boots, and the satin cap which she took off the gentleman's head and hanged up his hat, and laid it upon the table, when she made a cap of the napkin and put it on the gentleman's head. She took the gentleman's hat, his hanger, boots and cap, and carried them down to her mistress and the ostler.

She asked her mistress, "You said the gentleman was gone to London in a coach; did he go without clothes, or did you lend him some? for I saw his clothes in my master's chest, and these things are his too."

The ostler said, "Those things are mine."

The maid answered, "You are a rogue. I am sure they were the gentleman's; I know not whose they are now."

Her mistress, hearing the maid and the ostler quarreling, she fell upon the maid, and there arose violent words betwixt them, when her mistress broke the maid's head in three several places, so that the blood ran about her ears. She talked louder, and asked her mistress "whether she intended to murder her, as she did the gentleman?" Then her master, hearing this disturbance, came to them, and persuaded her to hold her tongue and be quiet.

She further desposed that the ostler received sixty pounds of the gentleman's money; for that some short time after the murder he lent sixty pounds to a woman who kept the Grayhound Inn in the same town; and that that must be the money, for the ostler was worth nothing of his own at the time of the murder; and that the ostler had the gentleman's clothes, which she had seen in her master's chest; and that the ostler sent them to one Clarke, a dyer, in Modsam, to have them dyed into a liver color. The dyer asked him, "Why he would have the color altered, since they were of a better color before?"

The ostler answered that he would have them dyed because he did not like the color. And about a twelvemonth after, he dyed the gray hat black. Then she deposed further, that her master raised himself to a good condition on a sudden; for before, he was so poor that his landlord would not trust him for a quarter's rent, but would make him pay every six weeks; and that he could not be trusted for malt, but was forced to pay for one barrel under another. That shortly after, they bought a ruined malt-house, and new-built it, and usually laid out forty pounds in a day to buy barley. There was seen, upon a sudden, a great change in the daughters' condition, both as to their clothes and otherwise; and they were observed to have gold in great plenty.

Mary Mattocks deposed that while Goodwife Shute and she were drying their clothes in the churchyard, Mary Kendall came there also to dry her basket of clothes, saying:

"My mistress Sewell has beaten me cruelly to-day, and broken my head in three places, and almost killed me; but I have told her pretty well of her roguery."

"What roguery?" said Goodwife Shute.

"It is," said she, "concerning the gentleman they murdered there!"

"Murdered there!" said Goodwife Shute; "dost thou know of any murder done there?"

Her kinswoman going away, she held her by the apron, that she might stay to hear what she would say.

"No, Goody Shute," she said, "I don't know it, but there is a great suspicion of it."

She then told them the story, that in the heat of the quarrel her master pulled her out of the room, and cried:

"Mary, will you leave off prating and be quiet? Can't you be quiet, but you must talk at this rate? Your mistress is a perverse woman, and I'll give you twenty pounds, and you shall be gone, and live no longer with her."

"And," said she, "Goody Shute, I have the twenty pounds, and I do intend to be gone."

Said Goody Shute, "Mary, Mary, take heed what you do. I would give them the twenty pounds again, and go and acquaint some justice of the peace of it; for the twenty pounds may hang thee twenty years hence."

So they parted.

By the next morning all was hushed up at home, and she, Mary Kendall, came to Goodwife Shute, and begged of her to say nothing of their yesterday's discourse; for what she had then said proceeded from passion, or else she had never said it.

Said Goodwife Shute, "If I do not hear it questioned, I shall say nothing of it; but if at any time it comes in question, I will both say it, and make you say so too." But Mary Kendall, being re-examined to this matter, denied the receiving of the twenty pounds.

There were two women, one of them a washerwoman of that town, and the other a Quaker, that lived in the next house to Mr. Sewell, who both gave evidence at the trial. The washerwoman was going by the house very early, between one and two in the morning, to wash in the town, and the Quaker was sitting up for her husband, who was not then come home. They both of them made oath that about those hours they heard a noise in Mr. Sewell's house, and a man's voice, crying:

"What! will you rob me of my money, and murder me too? If you take my money, spare my life!"

They then heard something that fell very heavy, and a noise as it were of chairs and stools thrown about the room, and all the lights put out, and after that no further noise was heard.

The next morning these women inquired at the inn what might be the occasion of the noise the night before, for they thought they heard somebody cry out "Murder!" But they were answered they must be mistaken, for there was no noise there, nor was any person in the house but their own family.

William Denton, Mr. Kidderminster's servant in the Isle of Ely, was produced as evidence to prove the horse, and the gentleman's clothes and hat, which he did.

Upon this evidence the jury found Moses Drayne, the ostler, guilty; and after sentence he was remanded to prison, where he was about to make a sincere confession; but his wife coming in in the meantime, took hold of him, and bade him hold his tongue and confess no more; for if he died for it, he should hang nobody else.

Moses Drayne having confessed that Betty, the eldest daughter, had a share in the murder, and Mary Kendall having sworn at the trial that the two sisters were not in bed that night the murder was committed, Mrs. Kidderminster moved the coroner to procure a warrant from the justice of the peace to apprehend the two sisters; which being done, they were bound over to appear at the next assizes. When the assizes came, both the daughters appeared, and a bill of indictment was preferred against them to the grand jury, before whom Mary Kendall gave the same evidence that she had done before at the trial of Moses Drayne, and there was also what he had said in prison. But the grand jury, thinking the proof not sufficient to find the bill, returned an ignoramus, and the two sisters were discharged by proclamation.

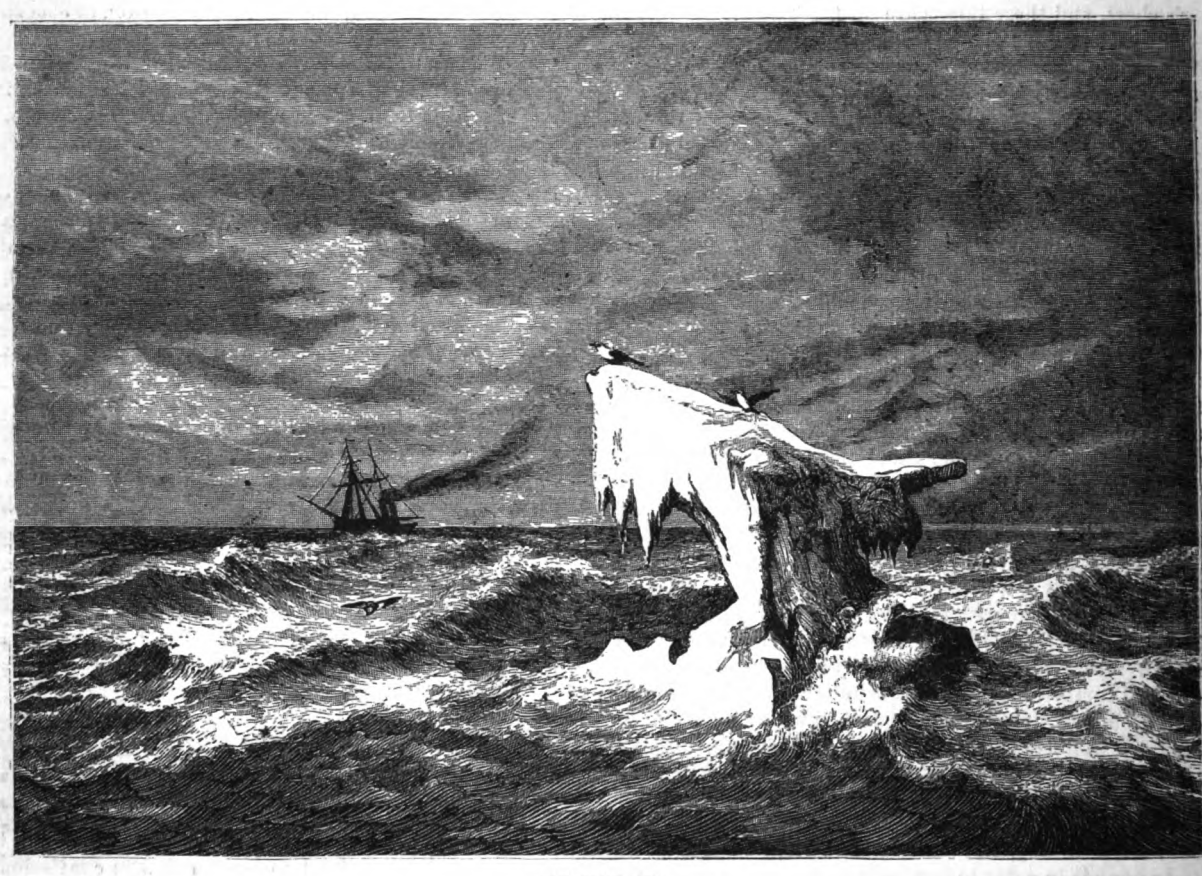
THE AUSTRIANS IN THE ICE.

THE VOYAGE OF THE "TEGETTHOFF" TO KAISER FRANZ-JOSEF'S LAND.

By Godfrey A. Hudson.

The wisest and best informed of the ancient Greeks and Romans had very vague ideas of those regions of the earth which lay far from the neighborhood of the Mediterranean, the Euxine, the Red Sea and the Euphrates. The half-mythical adventures of the Argonauts have most likely a real foundation in fact; but the utmost limit of their piratical voyage was the northeastern extremity of what we now call the Black Sea; so that they could not have gone further north than about to the parallel of 40° N. But they, and those who sailed thither after them, brought back strange reports of a people who dwelt much further north, whom they called *Hyperboreans*, "Dwellers beyond the North Wind." According to some accounts, they lived in a land of perpetual sunshine. Other accounts made their land one of almost perpetual darkness. Putting both accounts together, we have what was really the truth: that their year consisted of a day and a night, each lasting for some six months. This theory was incredible to Herodotus, who, in his wide travels, had never seen any such thing. He could not believe that there were people who slept six months at a stretch, and then kept awake for another six months.

The Phœnicians were the most adventurous voyagers of the early ages. Centuries before Christ they had established trading posts upon the African and European coasts of the Mediterranean, whence they made voyages far to the north. They traded with what they called the *Cassiterides*, or "Tin Islands," which probably meant the southern end of Great Britain, and the adjacent islets, whence they brought back stores of that metal, which entered largely into the composition of the bronze which answered many of the purposes for which we now use steel. They were very careful not to let the rest of the world know where were the regions with which they carried on so lucrative a traffic.



THE FIRST ICE.

In time the Greeks came in for a share in the honors of voyaging and the profits of trade with distant regions. Pytheas, a Hellenic navigator, dwelt at Marseilles, somewhere about the time of Alexander the Great or his immediate successors—say, about 300 B.C. He made at least two long voyages to the far north, of which he wrote accounts, fragments of which have been preserved by later writers. He appears to have sailed along the western and northern coasts of Europe. In one of his voyages he sighted a country which he styles *Thule*, which was most probably Iceland, though some have tried to identify it with Norway or even with Jutland, in Denmark. Some of his reports seemed quite incredible to men of southern Europe. Thus, he says, that after sailing six days beyond Thule into an unknown sea, he found that daylight did

STILL LIFE IN THE FROZEN OCEAN.

not wholly disappear at any time during the twenty-four hours. Soon after, his progress was impeded by a strange condition of the ocean, which seemed to be "neither water, land nor air, but a mixture of all three; the water being so viscid that the vessel could not make its way through it." To us of this day, the matter is clear enough. He had encountered the edge of a floe of "field-ice." Wise geographers of after centuries—such as Strabo and Polybius—set down Pytheas as an arrant liar; and spoke of him much as we speak of Baron Munchausen. But the extant fragments of his narratives show him to have been not only a bold navigator, but a keen and sagacious observer. He was, as far as appears, the first man who determined the latitude of a place by means of the shadow cast by the sun; and he was also quite aware of the preponderating influence of the moon upon the tides.

Most of the early navigators added piracy to their other avocations. Homer speaks of the Phœnician voyagers as being wont to "do all manner of injury to man." The stern rule of the Romans put a check to these marauding voyages. If the Romans plundered the regions which they subdued, they endeavored to put down plundering on the part of others. When the Roman Empire went down, piracy revived. The narrow seas and navigable waters of Europe became so many highways for the Northern Vikings, or sea-robbers. When after a weary interval of a thousand years civil society began to be re-established, the spirit of voyaging for trade and discovery was again aroused. The voyages of Columbus were at once the cause and the effect of this. His first expedition had for its immediate object the finding of a direct passage by sea for the trade between Europe and the Indies. And when it was found that a vast continent lay straight across the direct route, men began to hope that a passage might be found around it. It was assumed that the northern extremity of America, like the southern, terminated, at no very high latitude, in a point or cape, and that by sailing around this the mariner could enter the Pacific, and thence make his way to India by a route shorter than those around Cape Horn and the Cape of Good Hope. To the English and the Dutch such a passage would be of great advantage; for Spain, then in the height of

FORMATION OF THE DEPOT AT "THE THREE COFFINS."

her power, monopolized the trade by the other routes, and made short work with all others who intruded upon the lands and the waters which she claimed as her exclusive possession.

To this persistent effort to find a northwest passage are owing primarily all modern voyages of discovery in the Arctic regions. Among the most notable of these are those of the Cabots, 1497-1502; Willoughby, 1553; Frobisher, 1576-78; Davis, 1585-87; Barentz, 1594-96; Hudson, 1607-10; Baffin, 1616; Behring, 1741; Cook, 1776; Ross and Parry, 1818-21; Parry and Franklin, 1824-29; Franklin and Crozier, 1845-48.

When Hudson entered into the great bay which bears his name, the conclusion was at once jumped at that here was a great opening from the waters of the Atlantic to those of the Pacific; and that by way of Hudson's Bay the northwest passage would be found. In 1743 the British Parliament offered a standing reward of £20,000 to the crew of any vessel which should first make the passage that way; and some years afterward the offer was so extended as to include any northern passage for ships, with an additional reward of £5,000 to any vessel which should reach the North Pole. The Hudson Bay theory has been shown to be true in so far as this, that connected with this great gulf is a winding passage unobstructed by land, through which a vessel might make its way, were it not for the perpetual ice. This was demonstrated by Lieutenant McClure, who in 1850-54 led the crew of the exploring ship *Adventurer* eastward through the ice-encumbered seas connecting the Pacific and the Atlantic, and finally met an expedition under McClintock which had been pushing westward, mainly with a view to ascertain the fate of Sir John Franklin and his companions. Both of these commanders received high honors and rewards.

But the demonstration of the actual existence of a northwest passage showed also that it was useless for any practical purpose. There was not one chance in ten thousand that any vessel would ever be able to make its way through the ice by which it is closed. For some years before, and ever since, all attempts at Arctic exploration have been made with purely scientific purposes; for the various "searching expeditions" for Sir John Franklin—such as those led by Kane, Hayes and Hall—though fraught with thrilling interest, are but episodes in this general design.

The ideal aim of recent Arctic expeditions is to reach the North Pole, and thereby to solve certain important geographical problems, among which is whether there is an open sea girdling the Pole. If any one will look upon an artificial globe—or, lacking that, upon a map drawn upon a "polar projection"—he will see that there are several routes by which a vessel may attempt to reach the Pole. One lies through Baffin's Bay and Smith's Sound, between Greenland and what appears to be a frozen archipelago lying off what is probably the northern coast of the American Continent; a second way lies between Spitzbergen and the eastern coast of Greenland; a third is by way of Behring's Straits. The first of these routes is the one which has been most frequently attempted; the second has been tried several times, notably by the North German expedition of 1869-70; the third way is now in process of trial by the *Jeannette*, a steam yacht fitted out by the New York *Herald*. It must be borne in mind that the most northern point ever reached by man is, as far as we now know, latitude 83° 10′, which was attained by a sledge-party of Nares's expedition in 1876. Between this point and the Pole is a distance of about 500 English miles; what lies within this space is as yet wholly a matter of speculation and conjecture.

The design of this paper, and of one which will follow it, is to present a *résumé* of the voyage and besetment of the Austrian ship *Tegetthoff*, during the years 1872-74, which presents some features quite as remarkable as any other Arctic voyage of which we have any record.

Although the geographical position of the Austrian Empire, and other circumstances, had prevented its Government from taking any prominent part in the solution of the great geographical questions of the day, a desire had sprung up to do something in the way of Arctic exploration; this was intensified by the failure of the German expedition. Count Wilczek volunteered to contribute about $20,000 toward defraying the cost, and the Imperial Government took the rest upon itself. Early in January, 1871, the construction of a steamer for this purpose was begun, and the persons who were to have charge of the expedition were selected. These were Carl Weyprecht, a lieutenant in the Austrian navy, and Julius Payer, a lieutenant in the army; the former to have the command of the vessel itself, and the latter to have command of any sledge expeditions which should be undertaken. Both were comparatively young men, Weyprecht having been born in 1838, and Payer in 1841. Both had served with distinction in their respective arms of the service; and Payer had also been a member of the late German expedition. Both were men of high scientific attainments; and Payer, who is the historian of the expedition, is also an accomplished artist. The numerous illustrations which accompany his narrative, a part of which will be here reproduced, are from his pencil.

While the *Tegetthoff* was in course of construction and fitting up, it was thought advisable that Weyprecht and Payer should make a preliminary voyage in the seas lying between Spitzbergen and Novaya Zemlya (Nova Zembla), in order to gain some idea whether the climate and condition of the ice were such as to give fair hope of success to the expedition during the next year. This pioneer voyage was made in a little sailing cutter called the *Isbjörn* ("Ice Bear"). This voyage was begun on June 20th, 1871, and ended on October 4th. The general results were favorable. The sea was much less encumbered with ice than had been anticipated, and the *Isbjörn* went as far north as latitude 78° 38′ without meeting with serious obstacles. This was almost 150 miles further north than any vessel had ever been known to have reached in that direction.

The general scope of the expedition of the *Tegetthoff* was now settled. Its object was to be simply that of Arctic exploration. The existence of an open polar sea, or the possibility of reaching the Pole by boat or sledge expeditions, was neither affirmed nor denied. The general idea was to go in a northeasterly direction as far as they could during the first year. Where they should winter was to be left to circumstances; most likely, as they thought, it would be somewhere on the coast of Siberia. If the ship was to be abandoned, the crew were to try to reach the coast, and thence make their way to more southern regions by some of the great rivers. Among the possibilities in the case was that the return to Europe would be overland from Behring's Straits; and in anticipation of such an event, they were provided with an Ukase from the Czar ordering all Russian authorities to give every aid and succor to the adventurers.

The *Tegetthoff* was a steamer of 220 tons burden, with an engine of 100 horse-power. She took on board coal sufficient to supply daily wants for warming and the like, and also to keep up steam for some sixty days. All told, there were on board twenty-four souls, with most of whom we shall have to become acquainted. They had also eight dogs, who play a not inconsiderable part in the adventures. One of them, "Jubinal" by name, was a huge

red fellow, born somewhere in Siberia, beyond the Ural Mountains. "He was," says Payer, "the victor in all fights, the leader of the sledge-team, and could drag four men on a hard, level path without any effort." The others were of Lapland or Newfoundland breed. The *Tegetthoff* was built and equipped at Bremerhaven. On the morning of June 13th, the vessel glided quietly down the Weser, and was soon out in the North Sea. The immediate point of destination was Tromsö, in Norway, which is, with the single exception of the neighboring Hammerfest, the most northern town in Europe. Here they were to take in some supplies and to make any repairs which might have become necessary. The narrative of this portion reads like an idyl:

"Light winds from the south carried the *Tegetthoff* on her lonely course over the North Sea. In undimmed brightness the blue sky stretched overhead; the air was balmy and mild. In the gray distance frowns the iron rampart of countless cliffs encircling the barren wastes of Norway. Occasionally a sea-gull comes near us, or some bird rests on the mast-head; now and then a sail is seen on the horizon—but save these, no life, no event. On board the *Tegetthoff* are heard all the languages of our country: German, Italian, Slavonic and Hungarian. The crew is light-hearted and merry. In the evening a gentle breeze carries the lively songs of the Italians over the blue sea, glowing under the midnight sun; or the monotonous cadence of the *Ludro* of the Dalmatians recalls the sunny home which they are so soon to exchange for its very opposite, which remains a sort of mystery to all their powers of fancy. Thus begins peacefully our long voyage into the frozen ocean of the North."

The *Tegetthoff* reached Tromsö on the 3d of July. Here was taken on board a person who was to be rather notable in the ensuing months. This was Captain Olaf Carlsen, a pious old Arctic voyager, who was to act as "ice-master and harpooner." On the morning of Saturday, July 13th, officers and crew heard Mass from a French priest; and bidding adieu to the friends whom they had found or made there, they bade farewell to the quiet little town of Tromsö. "The Hamburg mail steamer," says Payer, "was entering the harbor as we left it, and the passengers greeted us with loud and long cheers. We steamed through the narrow Grötsound into the open sea, Carlsen acting as our pilot. Then the engine-fires were put out, the sails set, and the first and last voyage which the *Tegetthoff* was destined to make began."

They were now heading northward, and before ten days had passed they came upon the ice, in about latitude 74°. "Though surprised," says the narrative, "at finding the ice so far to the south, we never imagined that this was anything else but a collection of floes which had perhaps drifted out from the Sea of Kara through the Straits of Matotschkin. But only too soon the conviction was forced upon us that we were already within the frozen ocean, and that the navigation in the year 1872 was to differ widely from that of the preceding year. The temperature of the air and the sea fell rapidly, and during the two following weeks it remained almost uniformly below the freezing point, without any essential difference between day and night." From Payer's narrative we extract some passages descriptive of this part of the voyage:

"For some days we had been in a world utterly strange to most of us. Dense mists frequently encircled us. There is no more melancholy sound than that which accompanies the decay and waste of the ice as it is constantly acted upon by the sea and the thaw, and no picture more sad and solemn than the continous procession of icebergs floating like huge white biers to the south. Ever and anon there rises the noise of the ocean swell breaking amongst the excavations of the ice-floes, while the water oozing out from their icy walls falls with a monotonous sound into the sea; or perhaps a mass of snow, deprived of its support, drops into the waves, to disappear in them with a hissing sound as of a flame. Never for a moment ceases the crackling and snapping sound produced by the bursting of the external portions of the ice. Magnificent cascades of thaw-water precipitate themselves down the sides of the icebergs, which sometimes rend with a noise like thunder. The fall of the Titanic mass raises huge volumes of foam, and the sea-birds, which had rested on its summit in peaceful confidence, rise with terrified screams, soon to gather again on another ice-colossus.

"But what a change when the sun, surrounded by glowing cirrus clouds, breaks through the mist, and the blue of the heavens gradually widens out! The masses of vapor, as they roll up, recede to the horizon, and the cold ice-floes become in the sunlight dark borders to the 'leads' which gleam between them, on the trembling surface of which the midnight sun is mirrored. Where the rays of the sun do not directly fall upon it, the ice is suffused with a faint rosy haze, which deepens more and more as the source of light nears the horizon. Then the sunbeams fall drowsily and softly, as through a vail of orange gauze; the shadows grow fainter and fainter, and all nature assumes a dreamy aspect. In calm nights the air is so mild that we forget that we are in the home of ice and snow. A deep ultramarine sky stretches over all, and the outlines of the ice and the land tremble on the glassy surface of the water.

"When the sun sinks at midnight to the edge of the horizon, then all life becomes dumb; and the icebergs, the rocks, the glaciers of the land, glow in a rosy effulgence, so that we are scarcely conscious of the desolation. The sun has reached its lowest point. After a pause it begins to rise, and gradually its paler beams are transformed into a dazzling brightness. Its softly warming light dissolves the ban under which congelation had placed nature; and the icy streams, which had ceased to run, again pour down their crystal walls.

"Only the animal creation still enjoys its rest. The polar bear continues to repose behind some wall of ice; the flocks of sea-gulls and divers sit around the edge of a floe, calmly sleeping with their heads under their wings. Not a sound is to be heard, save perhaps the measured flapping of the sails of the ship in the dying breeze. At length the head of a seal rises stealthily for some moments from out the smooth waters; lines of auks, with the short, quick beat of their wings, whiz over the islands of ice; the mighty whale again emerges from the depths, and far and wide is heard his snorting and blowing, which sounds like the murmurs of a waterfall when it is distant, and like a torrent when it is near. Day reigns once more with its brilliant light, and the dreamy character of the scene is dissolved."

The *Tegetthoff* slowly made her way through the ice-floes, not unfrequently being brought to a full stop, and again with all her steam-power forcing her way through the barrier, until at length she entered a reach of coast-water, twenty miles broad, and steered due north, skirting Novaya Zemlya, whose mountainous coasts were still in sight. Behind them lay a belt of ice more than a hundred miles wide. Then they fell into more ice-floes, through which the steamer could scarcely make her way.

On the 12th of August the mist at noon was so thick that they made fast to a great ice-floe. When the mist lifted they were astonished to perceive a vessel upon the horizon

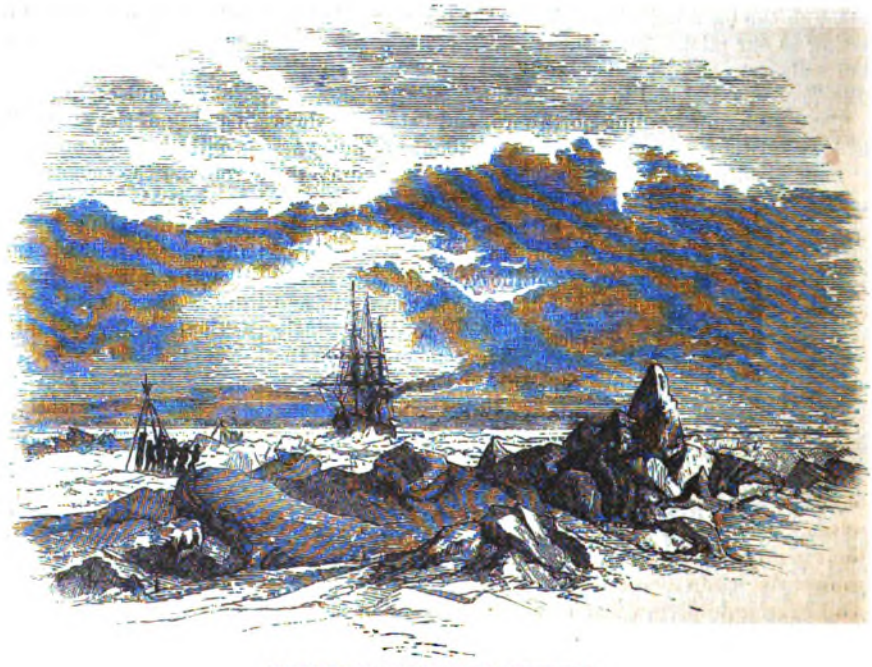
THE "TEGETTHOFF" AND "ISBJORN" SEPARATE.

which was endeavoring to attract their attention by firing from a mortar. As the vessels approached the Austro-Hungarian flag was seen flying at the peak of the stranger, which proved to be none other than the *Isbjörn*, the same in which Weyprecht and Payer had made their pioneer voyage a year before. She had come from Spitzbergen for the purpose of establishing a depot of provisions on the coast of Novaya Zemblya; had caught a glimpse of the *Tegetthoff* two days before, and had followed and overtaken her. Among those on board was Count Wilczek, the munificent patron of the expedition. "That in a sailing vessel, and without any sufficient equipment," says Payer, "the *Isbjörn* had succeeded in following and overtaking the *Tegetthoff*, which had penetrated so far with difficulty, and by the aid of steam, was a proof of both skill and resolution." It was also an evidence of the uncertain character of the navigation through the ice. The two vessels kept company, mostly through tolerably clear water, until the next day, when they came upon closer ice, and fastened themselves to some firm land-ice close to the Barentz Islands. Here they lay eight days, in order to establish the depot and to determine its exact geographical position.

"The Barentz Islands," says the learned Professor Höfer, who was one of the party on the *Isbjörn*, "are flat, girt with cliffs, and separated by narrow straits from the coast. The rocks consist of a black friable slate, frequently alternating with strata of mountain limestone of the carboniferous period, varying in thickness from one to twelve yards. These strata are filled with a countless number of fossilized inhabitants of the sea, of species which are utterly foreign to the climate as it now is, and whose cognates live only in warm seas. This is an indisputable proof that there was once in these high latitudes a warm sea, which could not possibly co-exist with such great glaciers as those which now immerse themselves in the seas of Novaya Zemlya. That portion of the earth, now completely dead and buried in ice, once knew a period of luxuriant life. In its seas there reveled a world of life, manifold and beautiful in its forms, while the land, as the discoveries on Bear Island and Spitzbergen prove, was crowded with gigantic palm-like ferns. This carboniferous age of the earth's history was the rich and fertile youth of the high North, which lived out its time more rapidly than the Southern zones, now in all their vigor and maturity."

We quote from Professor Höfer a description of the present vegetation of the Barentz Isles; for it is virtually the last which we shall meet with in this voyage of the *Tegetthoff*:

"Before us lies a small grayish-brown fragment of the earth. The cold, level ground is covered with sharp-edged pieces of rock, which appear to be macadamized, so closely are they rammed together. Here and there, about a fathom's length from each other, lie brownish-green masses like mole-hills. When we examine them more closely, each mass resolves itself into a vast



ATTEMPTS TO GET FREE IN SEPTEMBER.

number of small plants of the same species (*Saxifraga oppositifolia*), whose little stalks are covered with dark-green leaves, which are alive, and also with brown leaves, which have been dead for years, but wither in the cold much more slowly than with us. From this small heap tender rosy blooms raise their little heads, bidding defiance to the bitter snowy winds which sweep over the miserable plain. Another species of saxifrage (*Saxifraga cæspitosa*), with shorter stalks and yellowish-white flowers, growing in thick clumps, forms, together with the first-named variety, and the more rarely appearing *Saxifraga rivularis*, the hardiest representatives of this family of plants so frequently found in the Polar regions. If to these we add the *Draba arctica*, with its yellow flowers, forming in valleys large patches of sward, the yellow flowering poppy, and a rare willow (*Salix polaris*) which with some few leaves peeps forth from the soil, we have described nearly the whole flora of that desolate waste, in which a mere passing glance would scarce detect the existence of vegetable life among the *débris* of rocks and the heaps of snow.

"Mosses are found here and there in the moister fissures of the rocks, and especially on the coast, where old drift-wood or the bones of whales and other animals afford the nourishment they need; and in some places the mosses spread themselves out into small carpets. Lichens love to shelter themselves under the clusters of the different kinds of saxifrage, though sometimes they are found by themselves. One peculiarity of the flora of the far North is their growth in clumps. Only thus can these tender organisms maintain their existence against the stern elements. And this, indeed, is a characteristic of all Arctic creation, which is found in the animal world also, when its means of nourishment are hard to find. Examples of this are seen in the herds of reindeer, of lemmings, of walruses and seals, and in the vast flocks of birds; all of which illustrates the principle that common danger begets common defense."

The short season of navigation was fast drawing to a close. Everything indicated that there was no time to be lost. On the 20th of August, farewells were said, and the *Tegetthoff* steamed out into the gathering ice-pack, leaving the *Isbjörn* behind. During the night the progress of the steamer was stopped by a barrier of ice. Steam was blown off, and the ship was made fast to a floe. Five walruses, who had been watching them from a rock, leaped into the little ice-hole around the vessel. As if at a preconcerted signal, the ice closed in all around the doomed *Tegetthoff*, which was never again to float in the water. She was beset, and fast prisoner in the ice, in latitude 76° 22′, more than two degrees south of the place where the *Isbjörn* had sailed safely a fortnight later the year before.

AN AURORA DURING THE ICE-PRESSURE.

Well was it for the adventurers that they could not know the future which lay before them. "We must have been filled with despair," says Payer, "had we known that evening that we were henceforward doomed to obey the caprices of the ice; that the ship would never again float on the waters of the sea; that all the expectations with which our friends, but a few hours before, saw us steam away to the north were now crushed; that we were no longer discoverers, but passengers against our will on the ice. From day to day, through many long months, we hoped for the hour of deliverance. At first we expected it hourly, then from week to week; then at the seasons of the year and changes of the weather; then in the chances of new years. But that hour never came; yet the light of hope, which supports man in all his sufferings, and raises him above them all, never forsook us amidst all the

depressing influence of expectation cherished only to be disappointed."

The *Tegetthoff* was beset by the ice on the 20th of August, 1872. For a year and ten days the ice-field in which the vessel was held fast drifted slowly back and forth, north and south, east and west, but with a general northward tendency; its course, or, rather, the lines which would have been marked by the keel of the vessel, crossing and re-crossing each other like the threads of a spider's web. The incidents of that year will be passed in somewhat rapid review.

The long Winter had set in unusually early, and with unusual severity. At the close of August the temperature of the frozen ocean is usually about freezing point; now it was almost constantly much below it. "A cold, bleak air," says Payer, "enveloped us; there was abundance of snow; the sun showed himself rarely, and for some days he had sunk at midnight under the horizon. The ship and her rigging were stiff with ice, and everything indicated that Winter had begun. As the masses of ice which inclosed us consisted only of small floes, we were led to hope that the strong east wind would soon disperse them. But the very contrary really happened; for the low temperatures, the calms and falls of snow bound the floes of ice only the more closely together, and within a few days congealed them into one single field, in the midst of which the ship remained immovable."

The record for several months reads almost monotonously. We condense into the briefest space some of its salient points. Early in September the temperature was some twelve degrees below the freezing point. The sun now remained for six hours below the horizon, and the formation of young ice in a single night often reached such a thickness that the only hope for deliverance that year lay in the setting in of heavy equinoctial storms to break up the ice-fields. On the 2d, the cabin lamp had, for the first time, to be lighted at half-past nine in the evening; and next day they began to heat the interior part of the ship. During the following night, the stern of the *Tegetthoff* was gently lifted out of the water by the pressure of the ice from below. "Of the formidable nature of such a pressure," says Payer, "we had as yet no presentiment. Though our situation seemed desperate, it was not attended by immediate danger; and, condemned as we were to inactivity, we found the amusement and occupation we needed in skating on the young ice, which covered many of the newly formed ice-holes between the floes. Besides the duty of making and recording meteorological observations, the training of the dogs, the bringing ice to the kitchen to be transformed into water, the manufacture of oil, expeditions on foot to explore our surroundings, were the only forms in which our energies could be exerted. Absolute loneliness surrounded us. Even the Arctic sea-gull and the gray stormy petrel were rarely seen."

On the 9th and 10th there was a heavy storm from the northeast which partially broke up the floe, and for a week the voyagers tried by sawing and blasting to complete the work which the elements seemed to have begun. "But," says Payer, "blasting with powder, whether above or below the surface ice, proved ineffectual. Even old fissures in the ice appeared to defy further disruption. Segments which had been laboriously made by sawing froze together again almost immediately; and even the application of steam was powerless to set our floe in motion, and force the breaking-up of the parts which had been sawn through. It was of no avail that, up to October 7th, we kept open a trench around the ship, by destroying in the day the ice which had been formed during the night. The expected disruption of our ice-field never happened. Dark streaks in the sky still proclaimed that we were in the neighborhood of open water; and though they seemed to indicate only 'leads' of no great breadth or extent, they helped to sustain our hopes. But these were soon doomed to be disappointed; for even these 'leads' closed up, and at the same time the temperature fell to an unusually low degree." On the 19th of September, the thermometer stood at more than forty degrees below the freezing point. There were, moreover, frequent falls of drifting snow. "As long as fissures remained," says Payer, "we had opportunities of seal-hunting; but by the end of September the ice-holes were overspread with spongy ice, which hindered the movements of our boats within them. The alternate openings and closings of the water-ways around us seemed in our monotonous life a harmless spectacle; for the lofty walls of piled-up ice had not as yet the language of imminent and threatening dangers."

On the 22d of September there was a fissure in the ice about thirty paces from the ship, and all thought that the moment of deliverance had come—but it did not come; neither did the equinoctial storms come which were looked for to break up the ice-floe. All the time they were slowly drifting northward, and on October 2d they had passed the parallel of 77°. Four days afterward they made their first acquaintance with an individual of a class to whom they were in time to owe much. Payer's record reads thus: "On the 6th of October our first bear was killed, and divided among the dogs, for as yet we had not learned to regard the flesh of these animals as the most precious part of our provisions. A fox, also, the first seen during this expedition, showed himself during the previous night. He had evidently come from Novaya Zemlya, and his curiosity had led him close to the ship, from whence he was driven by the dogs."

The slightest incidents came to be regarded as matters worthy of note. Thus, says Payer, "On September 29th, a snowfinch flew from the coast of Novaya Zemlya to the ship, hopped about the deck for a little time, and after delighting us all by his little song, again left us. Some few sea-gulls still wended their flight to the spaces of water in our neighborhood. Skimming over the top of the mast, they seemed to gaze down upon us; and then, with a shrill cry, darted away like arrows toward the south. There was something melancholy in this departure of the birds; it seemed as if all creatures were retiring from the long reign of night which was before us."

Something must be done to break the weary monotony of life; "and so," says our narrator, "we fell on the plan of building houses of ice around the ship. The activity of a building-yard reigned on our ice-floe. Heavy ice-tables were broken or sawed through; the dogs in the sledges carried the fragments to their appointed places, and with these blocks we raised crystal walls and towers. Snow, mixed with sea-water, furnished an inexhaustible source of the most excellent mortar; and while we worked most laboriously at these meaningless erections, we earned, at least, by our labor, the reward of sleep free from care."

During September and the latter part of October, while they were slowly drifting northward, they were in sight of the almost Alpine coast of Novaya Zemlya; over which almost daily rose the gigantic luminous arches of the parhelia, the recognized precursors of stormy weather. While land was in sight, although there was no possibility of reaching it, there still seemed some connection between them and the world beyond the limits of their drifting ice-floe. "But now," says Payer, "the land was gradually disappearing

from our sight. During September we had moved slowly; but with October we drifted at a greater speed, so that by the 12th of this month we saw nothing but a line of heights some thirty miles off, toward the south. At last every trace of land disappeared from our gaze; a hopeless waste received us, in which no man could tell how long we should be, nor how far we should penetrate."

Sunday, October 13th, was a notable one in the history of the expedition. "To the superstitious among us," says our author, "the number 13 was clothed with a profound significance. The committee of the expedition had been constituted on February 13th; on the 13th of January the keel of the *Tegetthoff* had been laid down; on the 13th of April she was launched; on the 13th of June we left Bremerhaven; on the 13th of July we left Tromsö; after a voyage of 13 days we arrived at the ice; and on this 13th of October the thermometer marked 13 degrees below zero."*

On the evening before, the cabin lamp was seen to oscillate, showing that the floe was in motion, and during the night there was a violent movement of the ice around them. As they were sitting at breakfast a fearful noise was heard. Rushing upon deck, they found that the floe had burst apart directly under the ship, which was now surrounded and "squeezed" by the ice. The after part was fiercely "nipped," and the rudder, which was the first to encounter the assault, shook and groaned. All hands sprang upon the quivering ice, and tried to bind the fissures together by ice-anchors and cables, filling them up with snow, in the vain hope that the frost would complete their work.

"But," says Payer, "just as in the rising of a people the wave of revolt spreads on every side, so now the ice uprose against us. Mountains reared themselves from out of the level fields of ice, and the low groan which issued from its depths grew into a deep rumbling sound, and at last rose into a furious howl as of myriads of voices. Noise and confusion reigned supreme, and step by step destruction drew nigh in the crashing together of the fields of ice. Our floe was now crushed, and its blocks, piled up into mountains, drove hither and thither. Here they towered fathoms high above the ship, and forced the protecting timbers, as if in mockery of their purpose, against the hull of the vessel; there masses of ice fell down as into an abyss under the ship, to be engulfed in the rushing waters, so that the quantity of ice beneath the ship was continually increased, and at last it began to raise her quite above the level of the sea." Half an hour before noon, according to their custom, a portion of the Bible was read on deck to the crew. The portion read was a part of the tenth chapter of the Book of Joshua. "But," says Payer grimly, "if in those days the sun stood still, it was more than the ice now showed any inclination to do."

The terrible commotion continued, and preparations were made to abandon the ship. A little after noon the *Tegetthoff* heeled over on her side, and huge piles of ice threatened to precipitate themselves upon her. Half an hour later she righted, and the crew went below to their dinner. But in a few moments another violent strain was felt upon the vessel, and the men rushed upon deck, some with their unfinished food in their hands, others stuffing it into their pockets. It seemed that the time had come when the vessel must be abandoned. Calmly and quietly each officer fulfilled the duty which had been assigned to him in such an emergency. Weyprecht got the boats ready; Lieutenant Brosch (who, as is elsewhere noted, "had entire charge of the victualing department, and deserved the heartiest thanks for the skill and self-sacrifice with which he performed the duty"), cleared out the supply of provisions to be taken in them. "I myself," says Payer, "attended to the sledges, the tents, and the sacks for sleeping in, and distributed to the crew their fur coats. We now stood ready to start, each with a bundle—whither, no one pretended to know; for not a fragment of the ice around us remained whole; nowhere could the eye discover a still perfect and uninjured floe to serve as a place of refuge. Not a block, not a table of ice was at rest; all shapes and sizes of it were in active motion—some rearing up, some turning and twisting—none on a level. A sledge would at once have been swallowed up; and in this lay the horror of our situation. For, if the ship should sink, whither should we go, even with the smallest stock of provisions? Amidst this confusion, how reach the land, thirty miles distant, without the most indispensable necessaries?"

The dogs seemed to comprehend the peril of the situation. They had sprung on chests, and stared on the waves of ice, as they rose and roared. "Every trace of his fox-nature," says Payer, "had disappeared from Sumbu. His looks, at other times so full of cunning, had assumed an expression of timidity and humility; and, unbidden, he offered his paw to all passers-by. Little Pekel sprang upon me, licked my hand, and looked out on the ice, as if he meant to ask me what this all meant. The large Newfoundlands stood motionless, like scared chamois, on the piles of chests."

By four o'clock the pressure moderated; a calm ensued, and they could survey their position. The damage, after all, had been slight. The knees and cross-beams still held, and there was only seven additional inches of water in the hold, and this was soon pumped out. This result was owing to the strength of the ship, and to her fine lines, which enabled her to rise when "nipped" and pressed; while her interior, so well laden as to become a solid body, increased her powers of resistance.

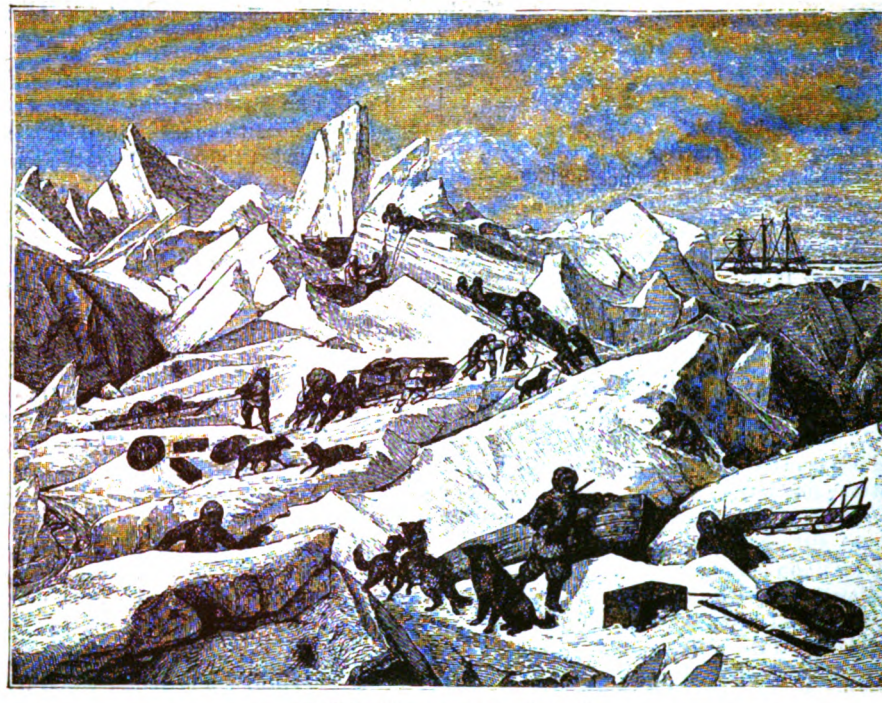
"But," says Payer, "though thankful and joyful for the issue, our minds were clouded with care and anxiety. Henceforth we regarded every noise with suspicious apprehensions, like a population which lives within an area of earthquakes. The long Winter nights and their fearful cold were upon us. We were drifting into unknown regions, utterly uncertain of the end. When night came, we fell asleep with our clothes on, though our sleep was disturbed every now and then by the onsets of the ice, recurring less frequently and in diminished force; but daily—and for one hundred and thirty days—we went through the same experiences, in greater or less measure, almost always in sunless darkness."

The speedy restoration of the floe was now their first desire. They thought that severe frost and heavy falls of snow would effect this. They had yet to learn that severe cold, even unaccompanied by wind, will break up fields of ice from the contraction it causes. They also consoled themselves with the hope that the ice-pressures, which they thought due to the proximity of land, would cease when they had passed the eastern end of Novaya Zemlya, and should enter the Sea of Kara. But this hope died away, for observation showed that they were drifting, not northwestward into that sea, but northeastward into unknown seas. We group together some characteristic incidents of that long drift, using, with much abbreviation, the words of Payer:

"*October* 21. At night we were alarmed by a loud noise,

* Thirteen degrees below zero, according to Réaumur's scale, equivalent to about zero on Fahrenheit's scale, or 32° below the freezing point of water.

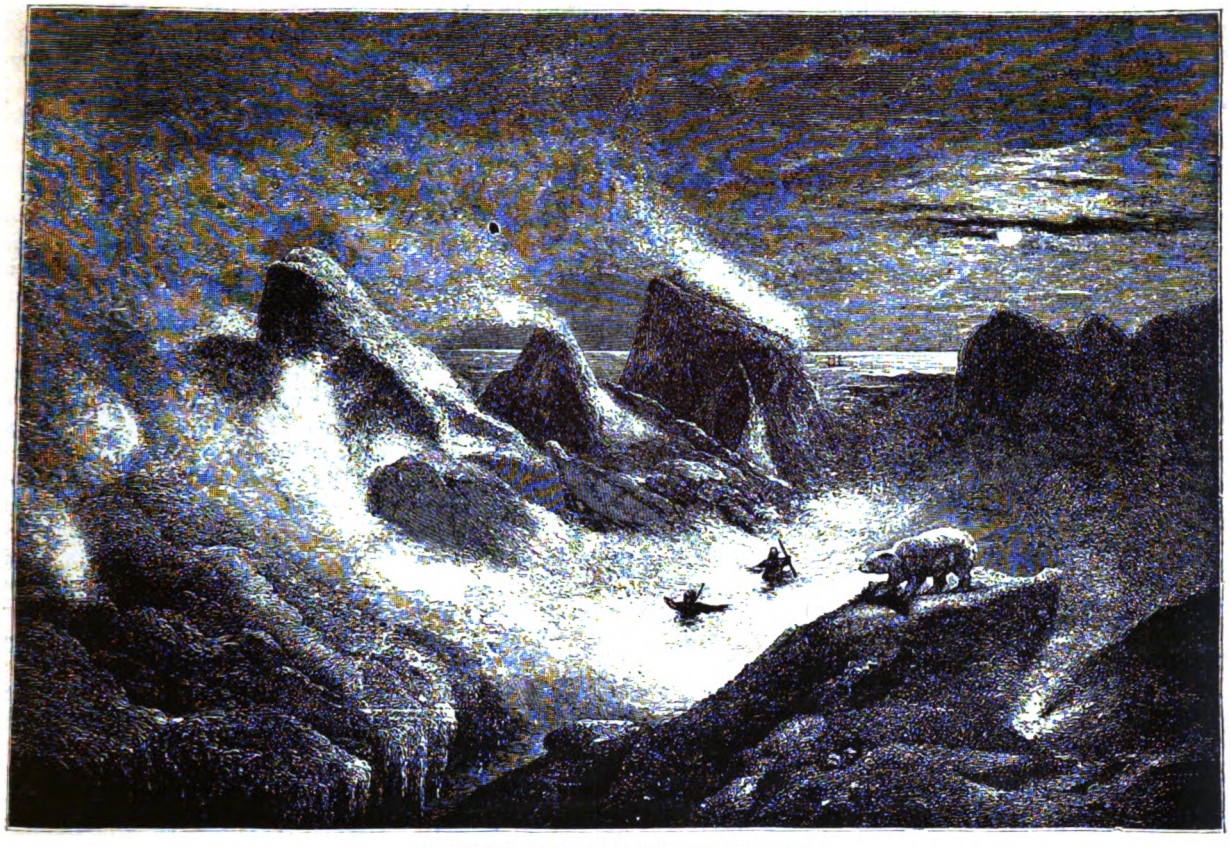
and in a few minutes all were on deck. A fissure had opened on the starboard side of the ship, connecting with one which had formed astern. In an hour this fissure had widened about four feet, and we worked by the light of lamps to fill it up with snow and pieces of ice. The low temperature (—21° F.) led us to expect that this chasm would be bridged over without further effort on our part. The moon stood surrounded by a vast halo in the heavens, and illuminated the awful loneliness of our abode. When any one comes down from the deck into the cabin, the eyes of all are turned upon him to read in the expression of his face what is going on above; for each dreads to hear it announced that the ice is in motion. In the afternoon, when the fissure closed, we heard the old dull sound from the ice, the ship strained violently, and all were on deck ready to leave. About nine o'clock in the evening, the motion of the ice was again felt. Full of fears as to what the night would bring, we go early to rest. No one knows how short that rest may be. The frozen pumps are daily thawed by boiling water. —*October* 24. The daylight is now so feeble that the lamps have to be kept lighted during the day, with the exception of two or three hours in the forenoon. Many of the crew are suffering from frost-bites on their hands.—*October* 28. To-day the sun took leave of us. Only with its upper edge had it appeared above the horizon. A coal-house has been finished upon the ice, but what reliance can be placed upon such an abode in such a position? A storm may carry away the planks which form its roof; sparks may set fire to and consume it; and at any moment it may sink through the ice into the gulf beneath. —*October* 30.



ICE-PRESSURE IN THE POLAR NIGHT.

At half-past three o'clock in the morning there is a dreadful straining and creaking in the ship. At once we spring from our berths, and stand on deck with our fur garments on, and with our bags. New fissures have appeared, which rapidly enlarge themselves. The two boats and the coal-house are now surrounded by upforced masses of ice, and separated from us. At noon there is a renewed and excessive straining of the ship, and such a rushing sound in the ice that it seems as if the whole frozen sea would in the next moment boil and rise in vapor. During all the afternoon the noise continues, and the fissures send forth dense vapors. Almost every night our sleep is disturbed by a horrible awakening within a great creaking, groaning coffin. Men can accustom themselves to almost anything; but to these daily recurring shocks, and the constantly renewed question as to the end and issue of it all, we cannot grow accustomed. It is not dangers that we fear, but worse far; we are kept in a constant readiness

THE CARNIVAL ON THE ICE.



FRUITLESS ATTEMPT TO RESCUE MATOSCHKIN.

to meet destruction, and know not whether it will come to-day, or to-morrow, or in a year. Every night we are startled out of sleep, and, like hunted animals, up we spring to await amid an awful darkness the end of an enterprise from which all hope of success has departed. In the day-time, leaning over the bulwarks, we look out on a continual work of destruction going on; and at night, as we listen to the loud and ever-increasing noises of the ice, we know that the forces of our enemy are increasing."

In the beginning of November they were enveloped in deep twilight; but the dreary waste had been transformed into a scene of magical beauty. The rigging of the ship, white with frost, stood out clearly against the gray-blue of the sky. The broken ice, now covered with snow, looked like rocks of azure-tinted alabaster. At noon vails of frosty vapor rose up from the ice-holes, and one might almost fancy that the frozen ocean was boiling. Every preparation for wintering in the ice was now completed. The topmasts were struck, but some sails were kept set, so that the ship might get under way, should the ice break up. Everything also was in order, so that they could take to the ice at a moment's warning, should this be necessary. During the month the temperature was nearly uniform, usually about —13° F., the lowest point being —32° F. In the beginning of the month the nights were dark, and it was only occasionally that an aurora was seen. In clear weather, day could just be distinguished from night; but even at noon the gloom was so great, says Payer, "that the mists could not be seen, only felt; and it was no longer possible, without the light of a lantern, to make even the slightest sketch, or to take aim with the rifle. Hence, when we met with bears we could not be certain of our aim, if they were at any distance from us; and on one occasion Sumbu was mistaken for a fox, chased, and, but for my coming up, would have been shot."

December passed much as November had done; about half the days being specially noted as marked by great agitation of the ice-floe. The moon returned about the middle of the month, and by its light sledge expeditions were extended six or eight miles from the ship, over snow and hummocks, to some recently frozen ice-holes, which presented a scene of strange beauty. Bears were frequently shot, one of them within five paces of the ship. Generally there was no perceptible difference between the light of noon and midnight; the sky was usually overcast, and the light of the occasional auroras rarely exceeded that of the moon in its first quarter. Their first Christmas in the ice is thus described:

"For a short time, about noon, we were made uneasy by a movement and pressure of the ice. But the alarm passed away, and we gathered together for a choice and gorgeous feast, both on Christmas Eve and Christmas Day, and each of the cabin-mess had a bottle of good wine to himself. Each of the crew received half a bottle of wine,

PEKEL, SUMBU AND JUBINAL.

a quarter of a bottle of a mysterious decoction prepared by our excellent Dr. Kepes, which he called 'artificial wine,' and, in addition thereto, an allowance of 'grog,' so weak, however, that even a baby might have drunk it without harm. Dried fish, roast bear, well kept and seasoned, nuts and the like, contributed in their way to heighten the joyous feelings which this day, at least, animate even the most miserable of men. The dogs, at other times so insatiable, had for once enough and to spare, and carried off the fragments to bury them in the snow. The contents of a chest full of presents, which we had brought with us, were distributed by lot, and great was the delight of those who won a bottle of rum or a few cigars."

New Year follows Christmas in the Arctic regions as elsewhere. Payer's journal for that day reads rather sadly: "The last day of 1872 afforded us no very happy thoughts as we looked back upon its events. It had been to us a year of disappointments. The comparison drawn between our actual condition and the expectations we had so ardently cherished seemed full of the bitterest irony. This day, also, about noon, a pressure from the ice alarmed us for a short time. This passed away, and cheerfully and hopefully we awaited the first hour of the new year. With a bottle of champagne—one of the two still left—we meant to greet its coming in. But the champagne proved a delusion. Klotz, who had charge of the precious bottle, meant it to be well iced, and exposed it for four hours to a temperature of —30° F., and the consequence was that the bottle burst and the champagne was frozen solid. At midnight the crew serenaded us, and we afterward marched forth in a body, with torches, and walked around the ship, whose rigging glowed in the light of the tarred torches."

This New Year's Day was also marked by a scene in which the dogs played the leading parts. They were allowed to come down into the cabin, where, says Payer, "their eyes were so dazzled by the light of the lamp, that they evidently took it for the sun; but by-and-by their attention was directed exclusively to the rich remains of our dinner, which appeared to satisfy their notions of the wonders of the cabin, from which they had heretofore been excluded. They behaved themselves with great propriety, all except Jubinal, who appeared to be indignant that we had allowed him to live so long on dried horse-flesh, while we were reveling in luxury. He accordingly made his way into Lieutenant Brosch's cabin, where, discovering a mountain of macaroni, he immediately attacked it, and warned us off by growling fiercely till he had devoured it all. Sumbu, when outside the cabin, most inexcusably suffered himself to be made drunk with rum by the sailors; and everything which he had scraped together for weeks and buried in the snow was stolen from him by the other dogs."

On that day Carlsen, the pious old Norwegian ice-master, made this entry in the log-book, in his native Norse: *Onsker at Gud maa vere med os i det nye aar, du kan intet vare imod os*—"May God be with us in the new year, and nothing can be against us." "In this new year," says Payer, "with its happier issues, was verified again the eternal truth, that Providence acts in ways not to be fathomed, and that it is folly in man to mark out his own path beforehand to his own mind. The sun of this new year, whose beams were to light us to new lands and discoveries, was still low beneath the horizon."

We condense into a brief space a *résumé* of the account which our author gives of life on board the *Tegetthoff:*

The officers' mess-room was warmed by a stove which burned only from twelve to twenty pounds of coal a day. This stove had one troublesome enemy in the shape of a hole as big as a man's head in the door of the mess-room, through which a cold stream of air poured itself, and filled the whole space to a depth of three or four feet. Hence, while in the berth next to the stove there was a temperature ranging from + 85° to + 130° F., in the others the cold would do no discredit to the Pole itself. Poor Midshipman Orel, who occupied the hottest berth, was often compelled to rush upon deck when an ice-pressure came, and in so doing he had to pass in a minute or so through a variation of more than 150° of temperature. But this hole was absolutely essential for ventilation. "If the door be opened, there rolls in a mass of white vapor; if any one opens a book which he has brought with him, it smokes as if it were on fire. A cloud surrounds those who enter; and if a drop of water falls on their clothes, it is at once converted into ice, even at the stove."

The berths for the four officers and the doctor are around the sides of the room. In the centre is a table; in a recess is a library of four hundred volumes in various languages. Peterman's *Mittheilungen* stands close by the side of Shakespeare, between whom and Milton are a whole tribe of romances. Under the cabin is the magazine where are the supplies of alcohol and petroleum, and 20,000 cartridges—so, what with the number of lamps constantly burning in various parts of the ship, the danger from fire was by no means to be overlooked. Once, indeed, they narrowly escaped being blown up, when Carlsen accidentally fired off a rifle in this magazine of combustibles. The daily meals of the officers were: for breakfast, cocoa, biscuit and butter; for dinner, soup, boiled beef, preserved vegetables, and *café noir;* in the evening, tea, hard biscuit and butter, cheese and ham. The standing drink was snow-water, though every month the doctor prepared a cask of "chemical wine," made of water, alcohol, tannin, sugar and glycerine. "One thing more there was," says Payer, "which, alas! incommoded us much too little—wine; that is, wine made in Austria and from grapes. The want of room in our cabin prevented us from laying in a large stock, and what we had was frozen in a cellar below the mess-room in the middle of December. Each, however, had a bottle of rum as an allowance for eighteen days. Many of the articles of food must be thawed before the process of cooking begins. The tins with preserved meat stand for hours in boiling water, and the things for supper on the cabin stove, in order to be thawed. A plate of cheese that steams, butter as hard as a stone, which has thrown off the salt it contained in great lumps; ham as hard as the never-thawed ground of the *tundra* of Siberia—form an icy repast, especially if we use knives so cold that they break with the least exertion of force."

The quarters of the crew, as described by Payer, are worth looking at: "Passing by the steaming kitchen, we enter their mess-room. Here, in a narrow space, we find the toilers of the sea and the mountains, eighteen in number; a little band who for the first time encounter darkness and cold, the horrors of which are increased to men born and bred in the sunny South. It could be no little thing to such men to be torn from sleep almost every night by the movement of the ice; to sit day after day in the long night of Winter without any real intellectual occupation, and yet not to become demoralized, but remain calm and composed, and ever ready to obey and oblige. Can higher be said in their praise?"

We think not. We do not recall, in all the narrative of Payer, a single instance of misconduct on the part of a man of the entire crew. Much of this was of course owing to the rare qualities of the two officers in command. We will catch a few glimpses of them in their relations with the crew: "Every Sunday, at noon, we celebrated Divine

service. Under the shelter of the deck-tent the Gospel was read to the little band of Christians gathered together by the sound of the ship's bell, in all that grave simplicity which marked the worship of the early Christian Church. The service over, we sat down to the Sunday dinner, which was graced by a glass of wine and cake. Carlsen, the ice-master and harpooner, and Lusina, the boatswain, were our guests by turns." Carlsen was evidently a Lutheran; Lusina was, we suppose, a Catholic. "Carlsen," continues Payer, "always appeared in his wig, trimmed with extra care, and, on the high festivals of the Church, decorated also with the cross of St. Olaf. Lusina was ready to talk with enthusiasm on any subject whatever, prefacing his stream of words with some sententious remark, or with some far-fetched introduction. During our meals the conversation turned on our plans for the future. We talked of polar bears; we discussed the probability of our reaching Siberia; but very seldom did we venture to speak of what filled the minds of all—our captivity in the ice. Political combinations formed our favorite theme. The events of 1870 were related as the latest news, and we thought anxiously of the issue of the war between Germany and France, and feared lest Austria should be compelled to take part in it."

In the course of time a sort of school was set up, to obviate as far as possible the evils of too much enforced leisure among the men. "Weyprecht, Brosch and Orel," says Payer, "undertook the Italians and Slavonians, I the Tyrolese. To avoid all confusion, I retired with my smaller body of pupils to the shed on deck. Here, with the thermometer far below freezing point, the seeds of wisdom were sown in the hearts of these simple sons of nature; but, alas! the climate was not favorable to its growth. After many painful disillusions, they were made to comprehend that the Pole was only the intersection of lines in a point, of which nothing was to be seen in reality. If in this little lecture-room an exercise had to be examined, and the scholars were obliged to hold their breath in order that the teacher, who spoke out of a cloud, might be able to see the slate; or when the pupils, engaged in a division sum, had suddenly to stop to rub their hands with snow, was it a matter of wonder if the school did not flourish exceedingly?"

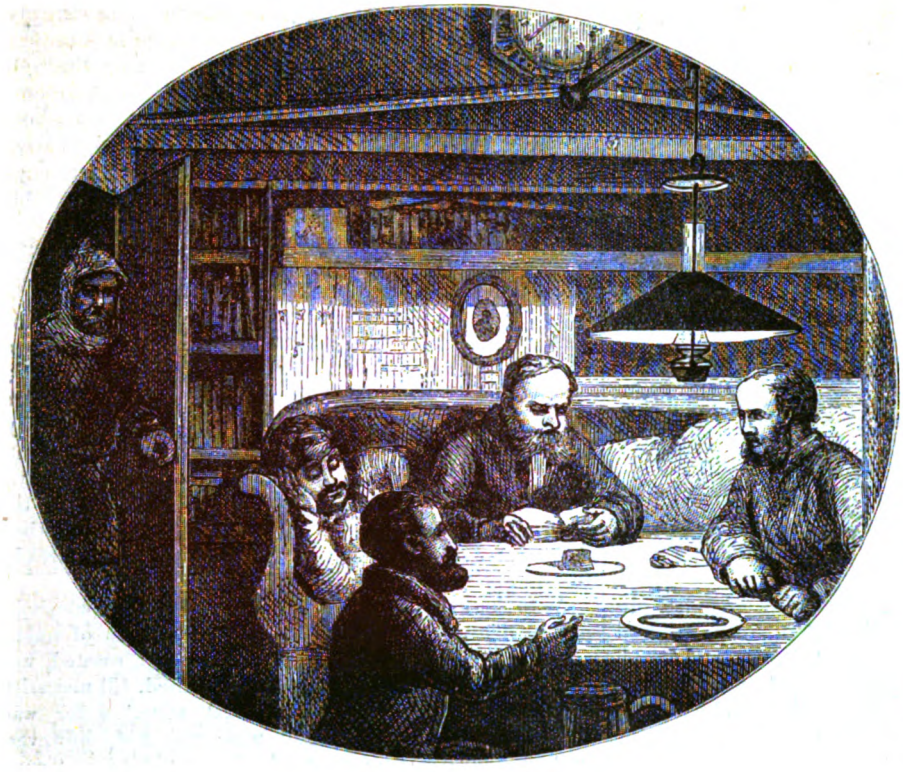
"Except for an hour, from five to six o'clock in the evening," says Payer, a little later on, "when they were encouraged to take exercise in the open air, the rest of the time of the crew was spent in school, or in the duties of the watch, or in the work of the ship. Our supply of Slavonic books was, unfortunately, not very ample, and besides, not all the crew were able to read; the greater, therefore, was their tendency, like men of southern climes, to harmless noise; and I believe that some of our people never ceased to speak during the whole expedition. Lusina speaks Italian to the occupants of the officers' cabin, English with Carlsen, French with Dr. Kepes, and Slavonic with the crew. Carlsen has adopted for the 'Slavonians,' as he calls our people, a kind of speech compounded of Norwegian, English, German, Italian and Slavonic. The crew, with the exception of the two Italians, speak Slavonic among themselves."

There were some marked characters among the heterogeneous crew. In a brief space Payer hits off the characteristics of several of them, of whom we are sorry to say that five had run away from their wives. There were Marola, the steward, and Fallesich, who had worked on the Suez Canal, who were great singers; Palmich, with his lance, whose very glance transfixed everything; Vecerini, the Job of the party, and the merry Sussich and Catarinich, with Latkovich and Lettis "the philosophers," Zaninovich, "the pearl," and Stiglich, "the immovable confessor of passive obedience, and the unlawfulness of resistance." These were all Italians or Slavonians. More interesting than any of these were the two Tyrolian *jägers*, Haller and Klotz, both of whom had served in the army; Klotz also having been the useful companion of Payer when a couple of years before he had been engaged in the survey of the glaciers of the Orteler Alps.

"Klotz," says Payer, "was not indeed the most useful, but the most interesting, person of the little community. A lofty calm worthy of an Evangelist graced his outward man. Of still greater stature than Andreas Hofer, he wore, like him, a large black beard. As a hunter, a guide, a collector of stones, and a lonely enthusiast, he had moved about the Tyrolese mountains, leading a life of visions. At home he was regarded as an incomparably bold mountaineer; and the ropes of the ship were to him so many convenient footpaths. His reputation as a physician was great in his native land; and on board ship he failed not with his good offices. Haller, his fellow-countryman, shared with him the office of armorer and the duties of hunter and driver of the sledge-dogs; and when we began our sledge-journeys, both of them were ready to relieve the others in dragging."

As to the food of the crew, we are told that "it consisted principally of preserved meats, different kinds of pulse, and the products of the chase. Bear-flesh, roasted, was liked by all; the seal was at first despised, till necessity corrected taste. Besides 'artificial wine,' water was their strongest drink." Real wine was not, however, quite unknown to the crew; for Payer notes that "wine is an important preservative against scurvy; and notwithstanding our small supply, we served it out to the crew twice a week, at the rate of two bottles for eighteen men." Among other remedies for scurvy, they had several hundred tins of preserved vegetables, a cask of cloud-berries, which had been procured at Tromsö, and a hundred bottles of lime-juice. The expedition suffered less from scorbutic diseases than most others which have spent so long a time in the Arctic regions—a comparative immunity which Payer attributes to the fact that they were "fortunate enough to shoot no less than sixty-seven polar bears—a larger number than had fallen to any previous expedition."

During the month of January, 1873, ice-pressures of more or less severity occurred almost every day—one of the most terrible being on the 22d. "When we awoke in the morning, the crashing of the masses of ice was fearful, and the ship trembled like a steamer under very high pressure. When we hastened on deck, we were greeted by the long howls which issued from the ice. Ten paces astern of the ship, the ice had in a moment been heaved up into mountains. With the greatest difficulty, amid the profound darkness that prevailed, the boats were got on board, and many stores reshipped; though some of our coal had to be sacrificed. A tent formed of sails was engulfed, and our water-hole displaced by the pressures. It was only after many attempts that we succeeded in finding a thinner ice-table, which we pierced till we found water. On January 26th, tremendous pressures again roused us from sleep. In half an hour every preparation was made to leave the ship; and I believe that many of us, while waiting the issue, longed that the ship might be crushed, so that we might escape from the torture of continually preparing to abandon her." The pressure passed away, and "once more we breathe freely, and can contemplate the wonderful change that has come on everything around us. A few minutes have sufficed to create a maze of mountain-chains from a plain of ice. The flat



IN THE MESS-ROOM.

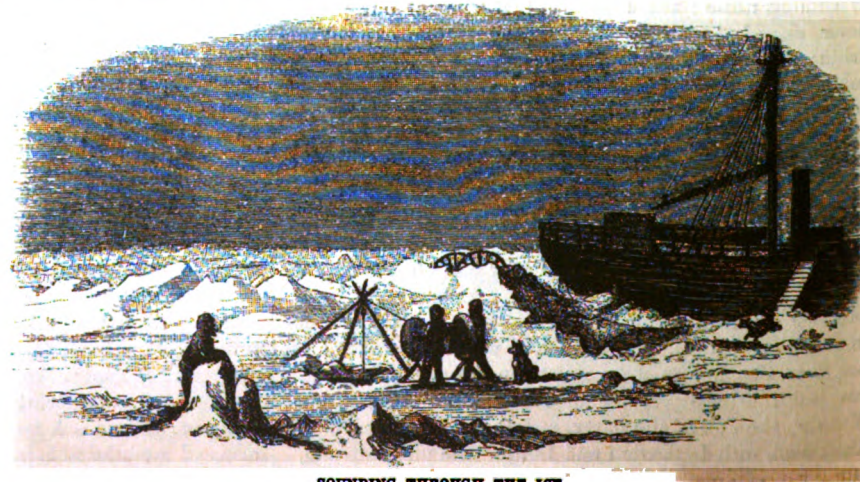
surfaces covered with snow, which we saw yesterday, have gone. Ice-ruins are visible on every side. Abysses gape between the shattered masses, and show the dark sea beneath. Gradually a calm has crept over all; equilibrium is restored in the desolate realm of ice; new 'leads' and ice-holes have been opened up; but for the *Tegetthoff*—no liberation."

But the long night of their first Winter in the frozen ocean was coming to a close. They supposed that they were wintering nearer the Pole than mariners had ever done before; though, as they afterward learned, Hall at about the same time was a little further north than they were. At noon on January 10th, a decided brightness was visible. Ten days later a brilliant carmine tint was seen on the southern horizon an hour before noon. On the 12th, the first death occurred in the expedition, one of the dogs, Matoschkin, being killed by a bear.

During February, the cold grew more intense. The quicksilver in the thermometers froze, and for the last week of the month remained solid. On the 17th, petroleum froze, at a temperature of —49° F., in the globe of the lighted lamp. The last day of the month was the coldest of all, the thermometer marking —52° F. The ship was beset on August 21st, in lat. 76° 22′, long. 62° 3′; on the 27th her position was in lat. 79° 12′, long. 71° 38′. During the six months the floe had thus drifted through 2° 50′ of latitude, about 135 miles, and through 9° 35′ of longitude.

The sun made its long-awaited appearance above the horizon on the 19th of February. Payer thus describes the scene: "As of old the worshipers of Belus watched the approach of the sun on the willowy banks of the Euphrates, so we, too, standing on the mountains of ice, or perched on the masts of the ship, waited to hail the advent of the source of light. At last it came! A wave of light rolled through the vast expanse of heaven, and then uprose the sun-god, surrounded with purple clouds, and poured his beams over the world of ice. No one spoke for the time. Who, indeed, could have found words to embody the feelings of relief which beamed on the faces of all, and which found a kind of expression in the scarcely audible exclamation of one of the simplest and least cultured of the crew—'*Benedetto giorno!*' 'Blessed daylight!' The sun had risen with but half his disk, as if reluctant to shine on a world unworthy of his beams. A rosy hue suffused the whole scene, and the cold Memnon-pillars of ice gave forth mysterious whispers in the flood of heat and light. Now indeed with the sun had a new year begun—what was it to bring forth for us and our prospects? But, alas! his stay was short. He remained above the horizon for a few minutes only; again his light was quenched, and a hazy violet color lay over distant objects, and the twinkling stars shone in the heavens.

"While we watched the sun's return, we had also an opportunity of looking on each other by daylight. How shocked and surprised were we with the change which had been wrought on us in that long polar night! Our sunken cheeks were overspread with pallor; we had all the signs of convalescence after a long illness—the sharpened nose, the sunken eye. The eyes of all had suffered from the light of lamps, which had burned for months—



SOUNDING THROUGH THE ICE.

those especially who had used them for hard work. But all these consequences were of short duration under the beneficent influences of the daylight and the spring sun, which soon brought color into our faces. Cheerfulness gradually returned to all on board the *Tegetthoff*, as we reveled in the warm beams of the sun. We built a house of ice, without a roof, and open to the south; and thither the healthy and the sick, on calm, fine days, used to repair from the dreary ship, and sun ourselves like lizards. But within the ship it was still night."

Nobody doubted in the least that the time of the deliverance of the *Tegetthoff* from her icy thrall was approaching. It must be borne in mind that they were even now scarcely forty miles north, though considerably to the eastward, of the point which the *Isbjörn* had reached in her pioneer voyage without being seriously incommoded by the ice, almost at the close of the season for voyaging. Nobody doubted that the imprisoning floe would before very long break up, and the *Tegetthoff*, once more in her proper element, could go where she pleased. How these anticipations were disappointed has yet to be shown. For the present, we confine ourselves to brief excerpts from the memoranda of the next six months:

For one thing, bears soon began to grow numerous and bold. The chase of these was not without peril. One day, late in February, Palmich, Haller and Klotz set out after one which had ventured close to the ship. The thermometer stood at —40° F., and before long the hunters came back unsuccessful. The face of one was frost-bitten, and the feet of the others had no feeling in them. It seemed that there was nothing left but amputation; but after several hours' rubbing with snow, sensation returned, and with it no little suffering. Swellings as large as a man's fist rose on their feet, which were only reduced after the application of ice for several days. "The end of February," says Payer, "reminded us of the carnival-time in the land of the South, and the crew appeared in such masks as they could command; but their masquerading formed a sad and mocking contrast with the gravity of our position. The men bestowed all their art on Sumbu, who was dressed up as the demon *Lindwurm*, and deported himself in a manner highly befitting his costume."

With March the Spring had, at least in name, begun; but instead of the gleams of early vegetation, there was only a blinding white waste, with driving clouds of ice-needles, while parhelia of almost daily occurrence shone through the frosty mists. During most of the month the thermometer usually marked —36° F. April brought no very favorable change, although the temperature moderated greatly. Snowfalls were frequent; and the ice was so deeply covered as to render sledging impracticable. Among the changes produced by the softening of the weather, none was so agreeable as the return of daylight to the cabin of the ship, so that the lamps, which had been kept constantly burning for five months, might be extinguished.

THE HOLY LIGHT.— SEE POEM ON PAGE 191.

At the beginning of May there were premonitions which seemed to indicate a speedy breaking-up of the ice-floe. "On the 2d," says Payer, "when we heard in the distance the now familiar sound of the ice-pressures, we heard them not only without dismay, but as the voice of a joyous message. Three-quarters of a year had passed away since we were first caught in the ice. The hour of our liberation

seemed at hand. If we once got free, it lay within the bounds of possibility that we might reach, if not the somewhat mythical Gillis's Land, then at least the uninhabited Arctic coasts of Siberia. Siberia had, in fact, become the rosiest of our hopes. Some, indeed, still indulged in extravagant expectations, and counted on the discovery of new lands, even while we were drifting with the ice. But our wishes for the most part had become so subdued that the discovery of the smallest cliff would have satisfied our ambition as explorers."

Birds had now come to make their appearance. Late in March the first of these winged visitors had appeared—little "divers," which flew over the ship to the open spaces of water to seek their food in the countless crustacese which there abound. Then came gulls, and on the 24th of May the advance-guard of the auks; "and from that date," says our author, "we were constantly entertained by the whirring sounds of their flight. As they keep one direction in their flight, we could shoot only those which passed over the ship. They were a useful addition to our table, though they had to be steeped in vinegar to make them palatable. The majestic Burgomaster gull appeared somewhat later; and later still, the ice-birds frequented the shores of the lakes around us, and hovered about the remains of the bears we had shot. These birds settled with the greatest boldness in the immediate neighborhood of the ship, and day and night filled the air with their wild, shrill cries."

In the meanwhile preparations had been made to put the steam machinery of the *Tegetthoff* in working order. About the first of May an event occurred—four Newfoundland puppies were littered. Three of them died; the survivor, who received the name of "Torossy," came to be not only a great pet with the men, but a favorite of all the other dogs, and in many ways an important member of the expedition. The tragic fate which finally befell him is one of the most touching of the minor episodes of the narrative.

By the end of May the ship began slowly to settle, and the water rose between the ice and the hull on the fore part of the ship; but it was soon apparent that these changes were not sufficient to set the vessel free, and persistent efforts were made to aid these natural operations. There was constant digging and sawing and blasting on the floe all through the months of May, June, July and August; "labors," says Payer, "in which the whole crew of the ship, with the exception of Orasch, the cook, and the sick, took part; labors, alas! which admonished us of the impotence of man when he contends against the power of Nature. Only on the port side of the ship were our efforts to dig through the floe at all successful. On the starboard side the floe had been so enormously increased by the tables of ice forced upon one another, that we had not pierced through the ice after sinking a shaft eighteen feet deep." Still later, they bored to a depth of twenty-seven feet, and still struck upon solid ice. During the latter half of the Summer the ice had melted away from the sides of the ship so far that there was danger of its overturning, and they were obliged to shore it up by strong timbers braced against the masts. The *Tegetthoff* looked no longer like a ship, but like a building ready to tumble down.

Toward the close of June the temperature rose to from ten to twenty degrees above the freezing point. On these days the air seemed to have the mildness of Southern climes, and felt oppressively sultry when there was no wind. Wreaths of mist moved along the icy wastes, which glowed with sunlight, while the long dark lines of ice-wall lay in deep shadow. The air was filled with flocks of birds, and great sea-gulls, shunning companionship, sat for hours on the top of an ice-cliff, or in the middle of a floe. We quote a description of a Summer day in the ice:

"No one who has not actually seen it can imagine the blaze of light in the Arctic regions on clear days, or the glow which sometimes floats over the cold ice-floes, with their outlines in constant vibration, while refraction transforms the icebergs into innumerable shapes. The sun's power is sometimes so great as to blister the skin in a few hours, and the glare of the snow and ice produces snow-blindness if the eyes be not carefully protected. At a little distance, the sea appears to be of a deep black color, though it still preserves its ultramarine hues in the narrow 'leads'; even the pure blue of the heavens may be called almost black when compared with the dazzling sheen of the ice. In the middle of June there was an incessant dripping and oozing in the ice-world, and streams of thaw-water flowed into the open fissures. By the end of the month the surface of the ice resembled snow, and even at some depth it was viscous, instead of brittle and hard as glass, as it is during the colder season. The moisture, from which there was no escape, became exceedingly troublesome. In spite of our stout leather sea-boots, we never had the comfort of dry feet during the whole of the Summer; and this we felt the more, as our labors to free the ship, which we had commenced at the beginning of May, forced us to be constantly amid the snow and ice."

During July the weather was generally gloomy and unsettled, the mean temperature being about three degrees above the freezing point in the shade, but far higher in the sun, when it happened to shine, which was but rarely. Thus, on the 9th, the thermometer in the shade stood at +34° F., while in the sun it was +110° F. "But," says Payer, "neither wind nor temperature made any change in our position. The sun, on which our liberation depended, was seldom visible, and the winds, on which we had counted, failed to blow. There was observed a vertical decrease of five or six feet in the thickness of the ice; but this diminution was from the surface downward; while in the sea itself there was little or no thawing, because the temperature of its surface was still below the freezing point. Nothing was to be seen from the deck but ice; and Klotz, coming down one day from the topsailyard, described our position with a melancholy laconic brevity: *Nix als Eisch, und nix als Eisch, und nit a Bisserl a Wosser*—'Nothing but ice, and nothing but ice, and not a bit of water.' Fissures, indeed, were formed every now and then, but they closed up again almost as soon as opened."

The warmest day during this brief Summer of 1873 seems to have been August 4th, when the thermometer in the shade marked about +42° F., or ten degrees above the freezing point. Life on the narrow space of the floe had quite assumed the character of that of mere insects, who dwell on the leaf of a tree, and care not to know its edges. Excursions five or six miles were regarded as displaying an extraordinary amount of enterprise and discovery. But for some time a dark mass of ice had been seen at a much greater distance, and one day a party started to find out what it was. After traveling some twenty miles they reached it, and discovered it to be a huge iceberg, upon whose broad back were two moraines. "These," says Payer, "were the first stones and pieces of rock which we had seen for a long time; and so great was our joy at these tokens of land, that we rummaged about among the heaps of rubbish with as much zeal as if we had found ourselves among the treasures of India. Some of the party found yellow *pyrites*, which they fancied to be gold, and gravely considered whether they would be able to take a quantity of it back to Dalmatia. Our walk to this 'dirt iceberg' was an event in our monotonous life, and

was often repeated. These expeditions enabled us also to form some estimate of the size of our floe, the diameter of which could not be less than thirty or thirty-five miles."

August 18th was the birthday of the Emperor of Austria; and on that day, says our author, "the ship was dressed with flags, the only form left to us of expressing our loyalty. Our dinner was as sumptuous as the circumstances permitted; though fasting would have been more appropriate, as the third day after this was the anniversary of that sad and gloomy day on which we were inclosed in the ice." Since the beginning of February they had been drifting generally to the north and northwest, driven hither and thither, as they supposed by the winds rather than by any current. Toward the close of August there was a succession of calms, and the floe lay almost motionless, in about the furthest eastward point which was reached.

The 30th of August, 1873, found them in lat. 79° 43′, long. 59° 33′. "That day," says Payer, "was a memorable one. It brought a surprise such as only the awakening to a new life can produce. About midday, as we were leaning over the bulwarks of the ship, and scanning the gliding mists through which the rays of the sun broke ever and anon, a wall of mist, lifting itself up suddenly, revealed to us, afar off in the northwest, the outlines of bold rocks, which in a few minutes seemed to grow into a radiant Alpine land. At first we all stood transfixed, and scarcely believing what we saw. Then, carried away by the reality of our good fortune, we burst forth into shouts of joy: 'Land, land at last!' The news of the discovery spread in an instant. Every one rushed on deck to convince himself with his own eyes that the expedition was not, after all, a failure. There before us lay the prize that could not be snatched from us. Yet not by our own action, but through the happy caprice of our floe, and as in a dream, had we won it. For thousands of years this land had lain buried from the knowledge of man; and now its discovery had fallen into the lap of a small band, themselves almost lost to the world, who, far from their home, remembered the homage due to their sovereign, and gave to the newly discovered territory the name of 'KAISER FRANZ-JOSEF'S LAND.'"

But even then gloomy thoughts would intrude, when they thought that their floe was still drifting, and that they were at the mercy of its movements. For the present, at least, there was no possibility that they could set foot upon the land which they had discovered. Even if they should leave their floe, and reach the land over the ice, the floe, with the inclosed ship, would drift away, and they would be cut off, without hope of rescue.

In the beginning of September, they began to drift a little to the south, and almost lost sight of the land. But by the end of the month the drift was again toward the northwest, carrying them to latitude 79° 58′, the ultimate point which the *Tegetthoff* and its floe were to reach. The weather during September was stormy and gloomy, though the temperature was unusually mild, with frequent falls of snow. Early in October they were driven close to land, and the floe seemed to be breaking up. On the 1st of the month, the distance from the ship to its edge was 1,300 paces; on the 3d, it was 875; and on the 6th, only 200 paces. The shocks which the floe now received caused the ship to quiver and shake. There was every reason to expect that the ice would suddenly break up, and everything was kept in readiness to abandon the ship should it be necessary. On the 31st, they were driven within three miles of a low headland, and found themselves surrounded by icebergs. If these should drift, they would crush everything in their way. They were now in latitude 79° 51′ N., longitude 58° 56′ E. Here the floe appears to have grounded, and here they were to pass another Winter.

The experiences of this second Winter; the abandonment of the *Tegetthoff* in the following May; and the marvelous journey over the ice, and the ensuing boat-voyage of ninety-six days, which resulted in their reaching the shores of Novaya Zemlya, will form the subject of another paper.

THE HOLY LIGHT.

HILDEBRAND the hermit sits
  Gazing out beyond the bay;
Round and round the curlew flits,
  Dash'd with flecks of snowy spray.
Suddenly an angry roar
  Comes across the dark'ning foam;
Women gather on the shore,
  Watching vessels far from home.
Sullen murmurs fill the air,
  Preludes of an awful night;
And the hermit breathes a prayer,
  As he trims the Holy Light.

Weary toilers on the deep,
  In whose heart their bread is cast,
Men for whom the women weep,
  Will be welcomed home at last;
Guided by that silver spark,
  Hope will fill their honest breasts;
Safe they'll steer their bonny bark
  To the haven where she rests.
Noble vessels outward bound,
  As they travel out of sight,
Cheers and blessings fling around,
  Farewells to the Holy Light.

Now the boats are safely home,
  And the village is asleep;
Who are these that darkly roam,
  Laughing at the angry deep?
Wreckers, waiting for the prey
  Flung them by the faithless waves,
Haunt by night the lonely bay,
  Hide by day in hollow caves;
And these robbers of the dead
  View the beacon burning bright—
Watch the breakers far ahead,
  And they curse the Holy Light.

Hildebrand the hermit sees
  Shadows tremble on the sand,
And he sinks him on his knees,
  For he fears the wrecker's hand.
Hildebrand unbars the door,
  Wanders from his lonely cell;
All is silent on the shore,
  And he fancies all is well.
Silently the village sleeps
  Through the fury of the night;
Stealthily a woman creeps
  Underneath the Holy Light.

Fiercely howls the baffled storm,
  Sulkily the waves retreat,
Washing up one lifeless form
  To a lonely woman's feet.
Round the neck and features stiff,
  Greedily her fingers play;
All is darkness on the cliff,
  All is darkness round the bay.
Now the stars break, one by one,
  Morning breaks—ah, God! the sight,
When the woman finds her son
  Dead, beneath the Holy Light!

DANCING TO THE MUSIC OF ART.

"NOT GUILTY!"

By ETTA W. PIERCE.

Chapter III.—(Continued).

Colonel Dysart was just raising a glass of sherry to his lips. An unseen power arrested his hand suddenly—the wine fell with a crash upon the table, ran unheeded along the cloth, and dripped down on Meg's smart dress An ashy hue of horror, dismay, wrath—heaven only knows what other emotion—overspread his thin, haughty face. He actually glared at Moultrie.

"I beg your pardon"—how strange and thick his voice sounded!—"did I hear you aright? Fortescue—did you say Fortescue?"

"Gerald Fortescue," repeated Moultrie, in surprise.

"Then," almost shouted the colonel, and his voice shook with strong excitement, "I decline to receive him! I recall all that I have said! No man of that name can pass my gates, or enter beneath my roof, or touch my hand. *He cannot come here!*"

Blank consternation. Miss North grew pale, but did not speak a word. Evidently she understood the colonel; but Meg and Moultrie sat dumbfounded. The latter started up from his chair, at last, coloring high.

"Really, sir, this is most extraordinary. Will you have the goodness to explain yourself?"

"Unhappily, I cannot!" replied the colonel, stiffly.

Meg thrilled with shame and indignation. What was the meaning of this boorish conduct? Coming, as it did, from the ever-courteous, colonel, she could scarcely believe her own senses.

"You have offered a gratuitous insult to a friend whom I highly esteem!" cried Moultrie, hotly.

Miss North rose quickly, in the *rôle* of peacemaker.

"Danton! you do not understand. It is a private affair. It would be quite impossible for Colonel Dysart to receive your friend. Had you mentioned his name at the beginning of your story, we should have known that, at once. It is also impossible for him—for *me*—to tell you the cause. Forgive this wretched blunder, and shake hands—let none of us ever speak of it again."

"If there is one thing above all others which I hate," said Danton Moultrie, "it is a mystery!"

"So do I," murmured Meg, *sotto voce*. "What in the world has poor Mr. Fortescue done?"

"Nobody can regret this mistake more than I," faltered the colonel. "I would make the matter plain to you if I could, sir, but I cannot—I cannot!"

They looked at each other. Moultrie was haughty and defiant, the colonel sorrowful and conciliatory. Constance North gazed from each to each with pleading eyes. Finally they did shake hands, but rather feebly; and a wet blanket seemed to have dropped on every one.

Meg dared not ask a question. The dinner ended abruptly. The carriage, which had been brought to the gate, was sent quickly away. It was a most unpleasant incident; nobody spoke of it again, and nobody could forget it.

NOT GUILTY.—"AT LAST THEY GLIDED UP TO AN OLD, ROTTING WHARF, AND MADE THE BOAT FAST."

Meg seated herself in a corner of the drawing-room, and there remained, unnoticed, all the evening, while the colonel and Moultrie indulged in an amicable game of chess, and Constance played difficult selections from Chopin and Schubert. At last, disgusted and heart-sore, the girl stole away to her own chamber. Even nunky had forgotten her—Constance had pushed her out of his heart.

She went to bed, but not to sleep. Years after she would remember the misery of this night, even when greater miseries had racked and torn her heart. A white moon was shining on the sea; it peered in at her window, as if to search out the secret which she sought to hide, even from herself. She tossed from side to side of her belaced and beruffled pillows. She heard Constance's voice upon the stair, and Moultrie's.

"Good-night, my darling," he said, tenderly. Then silence settled down upon Beach Hall.

In the wee small hours, Meg sat up in bed. The moon was now sinking; her head ached, her heart ached. She was oppressed with a great terror and dismay. She whispered her confession to the darkness:

"I am in love with Constance's lover!—the man whom she will marry in a few days, at the furthest. Oh, shame! Oh, misery!"

For a long time she sat there, staring into vacancy. What should she do? Did Constance—did Danton Moultrie, suspect her disgraceful secret? They might suspect, but they should never *know*. And then a strange resolution sprang up in her heart—something born of her humiliation and deep despair. Before another night she would show Moultrie that he need not avoid her—that he could play fast and loose with her no more. She would take a step which should save her from discovery, and ease the wretchedness which seemed gnawing her very vitals.

Somewhere toward morning she fell asleep, and when she awoke, breakfast was over at Beach Hall. For this she gave silent thanks—she did not care to meet Miss North and her lover just then. A servant brought her a cup of chocolate, and carried an order to the stables for Miss Dysart's pony-carriage—she was going out for a morning ride.

She dressed herself very simply, and descended the stairs to the colonel's library. The door stood open, and the colonel himself was within, reading his morning papers. She flung her arms around his neck, and kissed him with right good will.

"Where are Constance and Mr. Moultrie?" she faltered.

"Gone to ride, pet."

"I am going to ride, also, and when I come back I may bring you news. Nunky, pray tell me, who *is* Mr. Moultrie's yellow fever friend—the Gerald Fortescue whom you cannot abide, and about whom I surely thought you two would come to blows last night?"

The colonel's face grew strange and stern. His whole manner changed.

"Hush!" he cried, in a horrified tone; "I shudder to hear that name from *your* lips, child! Never speak it again—hate it!—abhor it!—fly from the person who dares to mention it in your presence!"

"And why should I do that?" she asked, aghast.

"Because I command it—I, who have tried to fill the place of father and mother to you! Faugh! the mention of that man is as poison in my mouth! Moultrie might have asked him here safely enough; he would never have accepted the invitation; he knows that he could not cross the threshold of Beach Hall alive!"

Meg said nothing, because she did not know what to say. Presently his excitement subsided. He gave her a keen, suspicious look.

"Has Constance been telling you anything?"

"Constance?—no," answered Meg, with an injured air. "I am not her confidante. How is it that she knows all your secrets, nunky, while I—I—am shut out in the cold?"

"What do you mean by secrets?" he demanded, harshly. "Nonsense, child! Constance is older than you, and far more discreet. Some time I may tell you about Gerald Fortescue, but not now. There, kiss me again, and be careful that Jap does not run away with you."

So he dismissed her. At the gate waited a trim basket-carriage, and a pony as black and sleek as a cricket—gifts from the colonel to his niece and heiress. Meg sprang into the vehicle, picked up the reins, and drove smartly off toward the town.

It was four miles away, and she had plenty of time to think over what she was about to do; but her resolution did not waver. She reached the wood where Danton Moultrie had received the injuries which forced him to postpone his marriage. Overhead, the pines murmured in the wind, and their delicious fragrance mingled with the salt odor of the sea, which rippled on the shore not a mile distant. Long shafts of light, like arrows, slanted through the tree-tops, and fell across the road; birds sang, sky-flowers bloomed; Castor followed at the carriage-wheels, but his little mistress was deaf and blind to all the beauty and joy of the world this day.

She emerged, at last, upon a level, monotonous road, brightened by frequent glimpses of the bay, and snapping her lines over Jap's fat back, swiftly approached the town of Blackhaven.

Down the principal street of the place went the pony, and stopped before a dingy law-office.

Here Meg leaped to the ground, gave Jap to an urchin who was playing marbles on the sidewalk, and resolutely mounting a flight of dirty steps, she opened a door on a still more dirty landing, and found herself in the office of Messrs. Bond & Deed, the two lawyers of Blackhaven.

A remarkably cheerless room, sunless and musty. The floor was not over clean, the chairs were literally on their last legs. A disorderly table, covered with law-books, and newspapers, and stumps of cigars, occupied one corner. In another stood an uncommonly high desk, and, perched upon a stool before it, sat Robin Leith, with some papers spread before him, copying away as if for dear life.

As the door opened he looked up; he saw her standing there in her wide hat and crisp white dress, fresh as a rose, lovely as morning.

He stared in blank amazement; then his face assumed an apoplectic hue; he sprang down from the stool. It was the first time that he had seen her since that parting in Dawson's shanty.

"Miss Dysart," he stammered—"Meg!"

She closed the door and advanced toward him.

"The last time we met, Robin, I was in a fearful temper—do you remember? I told you that we must be strangers henceforth. All the same, I am here to-day to ask a favor of you. Are you quite alone?"

"Yes," he answered, setting her a chair, which she declined to see. Leith was not ignorant of the turn which affairs were taking at Beach Hall. For a fortnight the gossips of Blackhaven had been busy with the names of Danton Moultrie and Colonel Dysart's heiress.

He stood before her now in an ink-stained linen coat, his hair on end, a pen sticking out from behind his ear, his lean, unhandsome face full of surprise and expectancy.

"Whether you wish it or not," he answered, "I am—I shall always be your friend. What can I do for you, Meg?"

The blood streamed into her face, her heart failed her, but only for a moment; then she flung back her handsome head defiantly, and replied:

"There is not another girl in Blackhaven who would do this thing—not another in all the world, perhaps. You will be greatly shocked. Prepare yourself—*one—two—three!* Robin, will you marry me?"

He stood like one who could not believe his own ears—stared at her blankly.

"Weeks ago," she continued, with a little, hysterical laugh, "you asked the same question of *me*. I know it is not customary for young ladies to return such compliments, but I could think of no other way in which to acquaint you with my change of views. Don't look at me in that fashion, but answer!—will you marry me, or not, Robin?"

And this to a man who had been for months—ay, years, wildly enamored of her! His time had now come. He had only to take that for which he had long yearned with a sleepless, intolerable yearning.

His face put on a look which Meg Dysart had never seen upon it before.

"What has led to your change of views, Meg?" he said, in a thick, labored voice. "It is certainly my right to ask."

She colored to her temples. Her lovely mouth was drawn a little, as if in pain.

"I cannot tell you that—you must be content with facts. Explanations I will not give."

"You asked me to marry you, Meg. Look me in the face, and answer me honestly. Do you like me a whit better than you did six weeks ago?"

She looked him in the face, and the hysterical laugh arose to her lips again. Rob Leith, with his wild head and ink-stained coat, cut, at that moment, a most ridiculous figure.

"No," she answered, frankly—"I do not like you a whit better than I did six weeks ago, Robin."

"There is no prospect that you will ever like me?"

"None that I can see."

"Then, in heaven's name, why do you mock me like this?"

She made an impatient gesture.

"I am not mocking you! How stupid you are! I am in earnest—terrible earnest; cannot you see that? I offer you my hand—it is the best that I can do. Will you accept it?"

"No!" answered Robin Leith, sternly—"a thousand times no!"

She had expected a different reply. She looked as if she had received a cold *douche*.

"You will not marry me?" she cried, coloring high with chagrin and mortified vanity.

His dark eyes were full of pain. It was plain that he did not find it easy to answer her as he was about to do.

"I will not marry you, Meg. I should be a fool and a scoundrel if I would. I do not need to be told that Danton Moultrie is at the bottom of this matter. You are unhappy—you are miserable, poor child! How can I help you?"

He pressed toward her with eager sympathy; but she waved him angrily back.

"You cannot help me—I have no need of your help; and I forbid you to so much as name Danton Moultrie to me. We are now quits. Six weeks ago I rejected you—to-day you have rejected me. Good-by. I like you better than I ever did before, Robin!"

And she fled through the door, and down the dirty stair, threw a coin to the urchin who was holding Jap, and rode swiftly off down the hot, silent street. Once in the shelter of the wood, she laughed and cried together. She was humiliated—she was relieved.

"Miss Margaret Dysart, heiress and beauty," she said to herself, mockingly, "you have asked a man to marry you, and he has declined the honor. What do you think of that? Poor Robin! He has some sterling sense, after all."

It had been her intention to go back to Beach Hall, and announce her engagement to Constance and Danton Moultie. Now she could do nothing of the kind. Certainly she would never reveal to living mortal this abortive attempt to wed a rejected suitor.

Thoughtfully, very thoughtfully, Meg urged Jap through the fragrant pine wood, and finally turned his docile head into a rough road leading down to the beach.

Burning and breathless the sands stretched out under the fervid sun. It was now high noon. Meg left the pony-carriage in a sheltered spot, with Castor to guard it, and walked aimlessly off over the lonely shore.

"Shall I go quietly back to Beach Hall?" she asked herself, dismally, "or leap into the sea, and so make an end of it all?"

The tide was receding, and at low tide Gull Beach was not a favorable place for drowning. She seated herself at last on an old boat that was lying, bottom up, on the shingle, and, with her gloved hands clasped about her knees, stared drearily out upon the low, blue, shimmering bay. And so Danton Moultrie, sauntering alone over the beach, after his ride with Miss North, found her.

She heard his approaching step, and looked up. Her eyes were full of tears. Her red lips drooped like a grieved child's. The shade of sadness on that saucy, piquant face was the last thing needed to complete its witchery. Danton Moultrie was but a man—one, too, of a selfish, fiery temperament. Before those tearful eyes, all his good resolves were scattered to the winds. He forgot Constance North—he forgot his honor, his plighted word. He was at Meg Dysart's side in an instant—he bent over her.

"What! You here, alone, and *crying!* Meg, Meg!"

She sprang to her feet.

"Where is Constance?" she stammered.

"Constance! I do not know—I do not care! Why do you ask? I have sinned against her irretrievably. Her very name is hateful now to my ears. Heaven help me! Meg, I *must* speak!"

She saw it all in his passionate, reckless face. White as death, she uttered one faint protest.

"No—no! Do not—do not!"

He seized her hands, almost roughly.

"Before I saw you, I fancied that I loved Constance. You have made a traitor, a coward of me! What shall I do? I love you, and you only! To marry her now is impossible—I will not perjure myself to that extent. Why did I ever see you? Meg, Meg! Oh, my beautiful darling!"

They stood alone on that lonely beach, with only the waves and the gulls to see them—two wild, impetuous hearts that refused at this moment to know or think of anything but themselves. Meg made one feeble effort at resistance; she broke from him with a frightened cry.

"Leave me—leave me!"

"Not till you tell me the truth—not till you say that you love me!"

He extended his arms. She felt herself drawn toward him, as steel to the magnet, and threw out her miserable hands, as if to hold him off.

"Speak!" he urged, with cruel tenderness. "Oh, my little love, speak!"

"It is wrong!" sobbed Meg; "it is wicked, but—I love you!"

The words were out, and could not be recalled. He snatched her to his breast, clasped her as if he would never let her go—this fickle lover, this man who could ask the love of one woman even upon the eve of marriage with another! He murmured over her that reckless cry which has rung through the world for ages:

"All for love, and the world well lost!"

CHAPTER IV.

A LETTER.

THE moon was up. Constance North stood at her window, and looked out into the garden. Dinner was over—a very disagreeable meal it had been to Constance. She was a sharper woman than her lover thought her to be. She saw much that he fancied was hidden from her eyes. Suspicion was now taking the form of certainty in her mind. Stolen glances, whispered words, Meg's guilty blushes, had told her the truth at last. Danton Moultrie was false to her!

A cold woman, the exact opposite of poor, headstrong Meg, yet, whatever heart she possessed belonged exclusively to the handsome Southerner. As she stood there at the window, a hard look appeared upon her face, a certain expression leaped into her yellow-brown eyes which might have made her recreant lover quake, had he been there to see.

He was walking the terrace below, smoking an after-dinner cigar. She watched the tall, elegant figure as it moved back and forth in the moonlight. Presently he flung away his weed, descended the steps, and sauntered off into the shrubbery. As he went, he hummed a reckless old song, four lines of which were wafted back through the still night to her ears:

> "If labor be pain, and thought be sorrow,
> Wisdom should guide us out of their way;
> Pleasure to-day, and care to-morrow,
> To-morrow that never can be to-day."

Miss North listened, and set her teeth.

"You false traitor!" she whispered; then swiftly tied a bit of lace over her flaxen puffs, threw a square of white wool about her shoulders, and descended to the garden. She stepped cautiously from path to path, until she heard somewhere at hand the low murmur of voices. Then Miss North parted the shrubbery, and by the bright moonlight discovered two figures standing before her in the shadow of an espaliered wall—a man and a woman.

The latter was shrinking back in shadow, but her white dress and pretty garden hat were perfectly familiar to Miss North. The man stood out boldly in the moonlight. He was holding the girl's hand clasped fast in his own.

"Meg, my darling, we cannot go on like this—at least, *I* cannot. Think of the position in which I stand here. I am likely to betray myself at any moment, and then there will be no end of a row. You *must* listen to reason. There is but one course for us to pursue under present circumstances."

Miss North heard every word of this speech. It gave her no particular surprise. She remained motionless, almost breathless, and waited for further revelations.

"Oh, I cannot—I dare not!" faltered Meg; and she tried to draw back from him. He gathered her up to his breast.

"You cannot marry me? Do you not see that this is the only way by which to cut the Gordian knot of my difficulties, child?—the only way in which we can ever be happy? Should I break my engagement with Miss North, she will influence the colonel against me, and he will be sure to refuse his consent to our union. No; we must take the matter into our own hands. Constance will yield gracefully to the inevitable—never fear. She is not the woman to break her heart for any man. To-morrow night, Meg, you must be my wife!"

She shivered.

"To-morrow night! Oh, no!—that is too soon!"

"If not at once, Meg, then never! Let Colonel Dysart discover our secret, and he will separate us for ever. Could you bear that—could *I* bear it?"

A dry little sob answered him.

"Now, listen to reason, darling. There's a village down the shore, whither I went yesterday with the colonel; a lonely, secluded place—Sagamore, I think they call it. It has an inn close to the waterside, and there our marriage can be solemnized. To-morrow I will arrange the matter with the resident parson, and when I have made you mine beyond recall—when neither your uncle nor Constance can take you from me, we will return here, and strive to inspire the two with a proper view of the whole matter."

"Oh, are you sure that you love me better than Constance?" sobbed Meg.

"Positively sure, darling! Constance and I were never suited to each other; we could never have been happy together—I see it all now. My love for you has shown me how shallow was the sentiment which I had for her."

He bent his handsome head and kissed her passionately; and Constance North, ambushed in the neighboring thicket, saw it all.

"To-morrow night—do not fail me!" he urged. "I fear that will be none too soon. There is something of the sly cat in Miss North's nature—she is watching us. I will meet you on the beach at dark. It will be better to row over to Sagamore; in that way we shall be likely to escape notice, and baffle pursuit; the scent, you know, does not lie in water."

"How wicked I am!" shivered Meg, with her head on his heart. "I never liked Constance, but I did not mean to take her lover from her."

"Meg, Meg, we were *made* for each other!" cried Moultrie. "Would it be right for me to hold myself bound by a vow that has become false and hollow? My precious child, do not talk like that. There, I dare not keep you here longer—we may be seen. All is arranged, remember—to-morrow night, at dark, upon the beach."

Miss North waited for nothing more—she had heard enough. Swiftly she returned to the house. As she was crossing the hall, Colonel Dysart called her name. She stepped into the library, where he was sitting alone. From her appearance, one would never have suspected that she had just been playing the eavesdropper to a false lover. There was no agitation in her face or manner. She had never looked more composed in her life.

"My dear," said the colonel, in an anxious tone, "do you think Moultrie was much cut up by my conduct in regard to Fortescue? Strange that those two men should know each other! You cannot imagine the shock which that discovery gave me. Did he mention the matter to you?"

"No," she answered, quietly. "Danton likes his friends, no doubt, but he likes his own ease more. He will not give himself unnecessary thought about Fortescue, simply because unnecessary thought is very unpleasant to him."

"Love has not blinded your eyes, I see," laughed the colonel; "he *is* a little indolent, even in wooing and wedding, Constance."

"Indolence is a prominent trait in the Southern character, guardy; but even had he taken grievous offense, it would have been impossible for you to receive Gerald Fortescue in this house—*I* know that."

The colonel's face grew dark.

"Constance, I would cut off my right hand sooner than touch his. Tell me, do you think Meg suspects anything? You understand the child better than I."

"She suspects nothing—she has other things than Gerald Fortescue to think about. The time will soon come, guardy, when you will be obliged to tell her the truth—you cannot hide it from her much longer."

"Hush!" said the colonel, sternly; "she shall never be told while I can conceal it from her. Poor child—poor child——"

Moultrie's step on the piazza without put an end to the conversation. He entered with a front as cool and calm as Miss North's own. He could dissemble as well as she. Each had a part to play—each played it well.

Meg, less of a hypocrite than either, did not appear at all. The colonel eyed the lovers rather sharply, but saw nothing wrong between them. Their manner seemed a trifle more affectionate than usual.

At the foot of the broad, shallow stair they said good-night, at last.

"Danton," purred Miss North, as she detained him, gently, "do you love me?"

He looked down into her upturned face with cool effrontery.

"Love you? Surely! How can you ask the question?"

"Liar!" She did not speak the word aloud, but she whispered it to herself as she turned away, and a wicked smile hovered upon her lips. Ah, she had good reason to smile, for in her own strong hand she held the winning card of this game which her fickle lover was playing.

Meg appeared at breakfast next morning—she dared not draw attention to herself by a prolonged absence from the family circle. But she was no adept in dissimulation. She avoided Moultrie, she was nervous and pale, feverish, and variable. She said nothing to any one, least of all to Constance.

The latter person was in excellent spirits, cheerful, amiable.

Guests were expected at dinner—friends of Colonel Dysart. Miss North made an exquisite toilet, then seated herself at her dressing-table and wrote a letter.

It was brief—that is, it did not cover more than a half-sheet of highly-scented note-paper, but she crowded much into that small space. She was pitiless now, and would show no mercy to her beautiful rival. When her task was finished she called her maid.

"Take this letter to Mr. Moultrie's room," she said. "Put it upon his table, in a conspicuous place, mind, where he will be sure to see it." And to herself she added, with a cruel little laugh, "Now let us see what he will do!"

The dinner was very much like all others at Beach Hall—rich and tedious. At its close, Meg was asked to sing, and could not refuse. People talked to her, and she answered at random. Her heart was in a wretched tumult. A dozen times she faltered in her purpose. She could not take this perilous road to happiness. She could not so wrong and grieve the colonel; and then one look from Danton Moultrie's blue eyes scattered all her misgivings, and established her wavering resolution. She was madly in love for the first time in her life, and conscience and judgment and duty must give way before the irresistible power of her fatal passion.

Darkness fell. Her dinner-dress of violet silk, with frills of old lace and opal ornaments, would make a very respectable wedding toilet. Dear old nunky! As he sat, serene and unsuspecting, in the midst of his guests, she stole one last look at him, and thought that, before many hours, she would return and plead for his forgiveness.

Constance was talking to a fat man in a corner—talking and smiling, like one whose mind was perfectly at ease. Meg gave her one furtive, farewell glance, slipped away, threw on a long wrap, a hat and thick vail, and under the firs, through the high gates, hurried off, with a guilty, throbbing heart, to Gull Beach.

Meanwhile, Danton Moultrie had escaped to his own room for a few hasty preparations. He was late. A garrulous dowager below-stairs, with an unappeasable curiosity regarding the state of affairs in the South, had kept him an unwilling captive since dinner. As he gathered up some private papers from his table, he espied a letter, superscribed with his own name, but bearing no postmark.

He was too hurried and anxious to give it more than a glance. He thrust it unopened into his pocket—at a more convenient season it would be read. Unobserved, Moultrie then descended to the garden, and, by a circuitous path, went off to meet Colonel Dysart's heiress upon the lonely shore.

It was a hot, breathless night, foreboding tempest. The sea was like glass; a profound silence reigned everywhere. Meg was first at the tryst. From afar he saw her walking the shingle with a nervous step. As he approached, she flung back her vail, and showed him a white, agitated face.

Like all other girls, Meg had had her dreams about matrimony—dreams of white satin and orange-flowers, point-lace and bridesmaids, lights and music; but never of darkness and solitude and guilty flight—no, never of anything like this.

"My darling! so you are here before me?" said Danton Moultrie. "I thought that old beldam in the drawing-room would never let me go."

She shrank back a little.

"I am afraid," she murmured—"afraid to take this step. Let us go straight to the colonel and tell him everything. He loves me, he wishes only for my happiness; he will forgive us."

"Meg, are you mad? Turn back *now?* My darling, I thought you loved me!"

His hurt, disappointed tone pricked her to the heart; his reproachful look scattered her last compunctions. He held out his arms to her.

"Dearest, will you turn back?"

"No, no!" she sobbed. "No; I will follow you to the ends of the earth!"

Near by, on the sands, a boat waited. They entered it silently, and pushed off from the shore.

Moultrie's arm was still weak, and she assisted him with the oars. The moon was not up, and so many clouds had gathered in the sky, it was plain that she could shine but feebly to-night.

Far in the ominous west, bars of coppery red, like streaks of blood, still marked the track of the sunset.

Moultrie and his companion said little, after the manner of persons who have much to think about. He was far more composed than she—it was his nature to be composed under all circumstances.

Three miles ahead, on a point of rock, a lamp burned in a tall tower. Toward this they moved, as straight as the

crow flies. It was the Sagamore Beacon, and the little fishing-hamlet which was their destination lay behind it, among the rocks and sands.

A low muttering of thunder disturbed the silence; then a bell rang somewhere on the shore. Its deep tones echoed with strange solemnity over the darkening bay, and made Meg shudder. Through the gathering clouds one or two stars peered down upon her, like disapproving eyes. The oars splashed softly in the black water; little ripples danced and leaped in the wake of the boat; the tall, red-eyed beacon seemed to beckon them on.

Again and again Moultrie looked anxiously behind, as if dreading pursuit; but his fears were groundless—the bay was deserted and lonely; his own little craft was the only sign of life upon it.

At last they glided up to an old, rotting wharf, and made the boat fast.

"The clergyman is to meet us in the inn-parlor," said Moultrie, as he drew Meg's hand through his arm. "Probably he is waiting there at the present moment, for we are late. By Jove! I wonder if they have yet discovered our flight from Beach Hall?"

She did not answer, only shivered under her long wrap. He conducted her along a dull, narrow street smelling loudly of fish, past some low, weather-beaten houses, to a little inn that stood looking out with a meditative air upon the darkening bay.

It was a solitary, dilapidated place. A slip-shod waiting-maid led them into a parlor furnished with cane-bottomed chairs and lighted by a feeble kerosene lamp. The clergyman had not yet arrived.

"I thought to find him here before us!" said Moultrie, in an exasperated tone.

Meg fell into the nearest chair, and threw back her vail—she seemed suffocating. Her lover paced the bare, dingy room with nervous strides.

"It's rather shabby to keep us waiting," he grumbled; "especially when there is danger of pursuit. I do not understand it!"

Ten minutes passed—twenty; but no clergyman appeared.

"Something must have happened to the man!" cried Moultrie; and he rushed from the room, only to return at the end of a few moments, with a wrathful, disgusted face.

"The deuce!" he exclaimed. "The landlord tells me that some fisherman in the town is dying—worse luck! and the parson has not yet come from the death-bed. I suppose we cannot hurry a matter like this. We must wait with what patience we can, and trust the kind fortune which has aided us thus far to keep Colonel Dysart off our track."

He sat down beside her in the dreary room, but he could not be patient. They might be pursued, overtaken at any moment, and parted for ever. It was a terrible thought, and Meg's lovely face blanched with nervous fear.

The muttering of thunder grew louder outside. Moultrie drew his marriage license from his pocket, looked at it, put it back, and rushed again for the door.

"This is unbearable! I am going out to find the man. After all, the living are of far more importance than the dying. You are not afraid to remain here alone for a few moments, darling?"

"No," she answered. Yet her heart sank in a strange, foreboding way.

"I will return with him immediately, even though I am compelled to lay violent hands upon his reverend person. There, good-by—no, that is a foolish word to say, under these circumstances. Kiss me, my own love!"

Their lips met for the last time. Neither could know that it *was* the last time; but there was something almost prophetic in the reluctance with which his hand relinquished hers, and he turned to leave her.

"You are sure you will not be lonely while I am gone?" he said, with infinite tenderness.

"Oh, very sure," she answered, bravely.

Then she was alone. Running to the window, she pressed her pale face against the pane, and watched him go hurriedly off from the inn, in search of the laggard clergyman.

All necessary directions had been given him by the landlord. The house where the dying man was receiving spiritual consolation was a half-mile away on the outskirts of the little hamlet. The street leading thereto was straight, however, and not calculated to mislead stranger feet. Moultrie had gone about a third of the distance, when he suddenly drew out his handkerchief to wipe away the moisture which the heat and excitement of this momentous night had brought to his forehead, and oh, strange fatality! with the delicate cambric came a small white envelope—it dropped to the uneven sidewalk. He picked it up. It was Constance North's letter, and he recognized the handwriting at once.

He experienced a sudden thrill of mingled curiosity and misgiving. Had she discovered all? Why did she write, when she might have confronted him at any moment, *front-à-front?* An oil-lamp was burning in the dull old street. He paused beneath it, tore open the envelope, and, with blanching lip and horrified eyes, read the words that would part him for ever from Meg Dysart.

CHAPTER V.

A MARRIAGE.

THE first ten minutes passed rapidly by; the second ten dragged somewhat. A great dread was upon her. Suppose Colonel Dysart should appear, fuming and furious, and hurry her back to Beach Hall before Moultrie could return? Meg shuddered; the noise of steps on the stair made her heart stand still. But no; Colonel Dysart did not come, and, alas! neither did Danton Moultrie and the clergyman.

Utter darkness had now fallen on the earth. The wind was rising, the sea moaning on the rocks and sands. A terrific peal of thunder shook the inn; a zig-zag streak of pale blue lightning flashed across the window full into Meg's paler, bluer face. The storm broke, and a furious, bellowing storm it was. Where—where was Danton Moultrie?

A great dash of rain made the dingy panes rattle. The wind shrieked across the bay, and some poplar trees before the inn writhed wildly in its gusts. Stygian darkness covered shore and sea. The only thing visible therein was the red ember of the beacon burning near by on its point of rocks.

And Meg? She did not move; she scarcely breathed. She was the color of chalk, and her pretty hands lay upon her lap, clinched and bloodless. The rain beat, the gale roared, the room was full of the infernal glare of the lightning. She neither saw nor heard these things—she was waiting for her lover.

Presently the slip-shod maid rapped at the door, and receiving no answer, opened it shyly.

"Are you afraid, Miss?" she asked; "the landlady

wants to know if I shall not sit with you till the gentleman comes back?"

"No, I am not afraid," answered Meg, and then the door closed, and she was again alone.

For a full hour the storm raged; the clocks struck ten ere it began to die away. And still Danton Moultrie did not return. Till her dying day Meg would remember that dismal parlor, with its kerosene lamp and battered furniture, that watch by the rain-lashed window, the sulphurous flashes of light, the great throbs of her own heart, the terrible length of the slow moments, the misery and despair which grew and increased, and assumed a shape more and more fearful with every tick of the clock on the mantel—verily, she could never forget any of these things!

Another rap at the door.

"Here's a note for you, miss," said the waiting-maid, thrusting in her untidy head, "which a boy has just brought to the inn. He couldn't get here any sooner, because of the storm."

She held out a folded paper. Meg took it mechanically, opened it mechanically, and read these words, scrawled in pencil on the leaf of a note-book:

"My Poor Child: Forgive me, if you can; at any rate, forget me! It will be better for me never to see you more. God knows I love you madly, but a revelation has been made to me to-night which renders our marriage impossible. I dare not trust myself to look upon your face again. Go back to Beach Hall; tell the colonel that I only am to blame, and he will forgive you. Misfortune I do not fear, but I cannot bear disgrace, for I come of a race that has never known that word. Colonel Dysart has erred greatly in his treatment of you—his kindness has been of the mistaken order. I blame him for his studious concealment of the frightful facts which I have learned to-night. Oh, my darling! you will hate and despise me, and I deserve nothing better at your hands; but, though it breaks my heart to say it, farewell for ever!

"Danton Moultrie."

She stood for a moment with the paper crushed in her hand. She did not comprehend half its contents—the "revelation," the "frightful facts," the "disgrace," to which he alluded, were all Sanskrit to her. But the opening and closing words—ah, they were plain enough! She was deserted—he had forsaken her—left her there at that strange inn, in storm and darkness! And as the bitter, cruel truth burst fully upon her, Meg uttered a heart-rending cry, and swayed, and fell, like one dead, to the floor of the inn-parlor.

When she recovered consciousness, she was lying on a bed in a dingy little chamber, and over her bent the waiting-maid and an astonished landlady.

"Are you better?" asked the latter. "It was the thunder, perhaps, which made you ill?"

Meg lifted herself up. It all rushed back upon her in a moment. She held his note in her hand—she remembered that she was deserted.

"Yes; I am better—I am quite well," she answered, wildly. "Will you be so good as to leave me alone?"

They left her. Then she smoothed out Danton Moultrie's message, and read it again slowly, laboriously; and as she did so, a great indefinable chill crept over her—she shivered with prophetic dread. *What* "revelation" had made marriage with her impossible? What could he mean by "frightful facts," that had been concealed from her? Either he was mad, or her own wretched brain was turning. Was she not the beloved orphan niece, the petted heiress of that best and noblest of men—Colonel Dysart? Had she not lived her seventeen years of life most blamelessly?

There was a mystery here which she could not—which, in her great anguish of heart, she did not try to—fathom. It was enough for her to know that she was forsaken; that, as he had been false to Constance, he was also false to her; that just retribution had overtaken her in the very moment when she thought her happiness secure; that she had looked her last on Danton Moultrie's cruel, handsome face—and then she threw herself prostrate upon the floor of the chamber; and face downward in the dust, lay there motionless, voiceless, more dead than alive, all the remainder of that terrible night.

Day broke, at last, in mist and cloud. A threatening sky bent over the wrathful, tossing sea. As the miserable light of dawn crept into her room, Meg experienced a sudden revulsion of feeling. For hours she had thought only of Danton Moultrie—she now began to think of herself.

She staggered to her feet, and went forward to a mirror that hung on the wall. Could that changed, ghastly face be her own? It seemed as if a dozen years had passed over it since yesterday. The beautiful mouth was pinched and drawn; there were deep hollows under the big eyes. Her rich, disordered dress added to her wild look. Grief makes sad havoc with the fairest face. She started back at sight of her altered self.

"He has broken my heart!" she said, hoarsely; "disgraced me with my friends and kindred, covered me with humiliation and despair. The world—*my* world—will be slow to forgive me for eloping with another woman's lover—slower yet to overlook the fact that he left me unwedded in this place. I know not what has parted us—that I shall learn hereafter; but had he loved me as I, poor fool! loved him, nothing earthly could have taken him from me. Danton Moultrie!" she clinched her slim hands as though he stood before her listening to her cry, "we shall meet again, some day—I know it—feel it! When that time comes, take heed to yourself, for, as you have shown me no mercy, I will then show none to you. As you have racked and stabbed my heart, I will then rack and stab yours. It is a vow—I pray heaven to record it!"

Presently the landlady brought up Miss Dysart's breakfast. She gave the girl a curious, distrustful glance. It flashed upon Meg that her arrival at the inn with Moultrie, his sudden disappearance, the failure of the expected marriage, her own wild looks and wilder bearing, must have set every tongue in the house a-wagging.

She had given these people food for a year's gossip, at least, and a thrill of shame and terror ran over all her quivering body. With such dignity as was left to her, she turned to the landlady.

"Do you know my name?"

"No, miss. The gentleman who came with you last night did not mention names."

Meg flung back her head like some princess of the blood.

"I am Miss Dysart, niece of Colonel Dysart, of Gull Beach. There are few people hereabout that have not heard of *him*. I wish to remain in this house till my uncle shall come for me, which will be in a few hours. Is there a person here who can take a message to Beach Hall?"

A sudden change in the landlady's manner proclaimed that Colonel Dysart was not unknown to her. She made an awkward bow.

"Beg pardon, miss. I never happened to see you at Sagamore before. Yes, our boy Tom is going to Blackhaven in an hour, and he will pass close to Beach Hall."

Meg ordered writing materials, and, leaving her breakfast untasted — food would have choked her now — she poured out a full and piteous confession to the man who had been as a fond, indulgent father to her all the days of her life. From Constance North she could not expect forgiveness; but the colonel, surely *he* would pardon the child of his love.

"Come, and take me from this place," she implored. "I cannot return to Beach Hall alone. I have still a little pride left. Oh, nunky, stand betwixt Constance and your wicked, erring girl; shelter me beneath your wing! I have sinned, and I have been punished. Come quickly! I am alone in this strange inn, and every moment will seem an eternity until I see your face."

Into her own letter she slipped Danton Moultrie's, without a word of comment. The colonel should read for himself what the fickle Southerner had written her. She sealed the envelope, gave it with her own hand to the boy Tom, charged him to deliver it promptly at Beach Hall, and then, in her dismal chamber, sat down to wait for Colonel Dysart.

* * * * * * *

The first day dragged by in wet and storm, but he did not come. In her tumbled silk gown and mockery of opals, Meg watched by the window till darkness fell like a curtain, and shut the street without and the lashing, foaming bay from her sight.

"He is ill," she said to herself, "or absent from home, maybe, looking for *me*."

All night she walked her floor, half mad with fear and impatience. The morning broke, but brought no Colonel Dysart to forgive his erring niece. With white lips, Meg said to the landlady:

"Are you *sure* that my letter was delivered at Beach Hall?"

"Very sure," answered the woman. "Tom told me he gave it to a servant who promised to put it in the colonel's own hand."

Great heaven! what could detain him so long? Did he dream of the misery she was suffering? Was he quite pitiless? All through the second day she waited in vain. No "nunky," no message of pardon or recall arrived from Beach Hall. When night fell, she threw herself upon her bed, utterly exhausted.

"I wish I might never wake again!" she said, fervently.

Indeed, death would have been welcome to her then. Her undisciplined heart had not yet learned to "suffer and be strong."

She slept deeply, dreamlessly, for she was quite worn out; but she awoke at dawn, and quickly summoned the waiting-maid.

"Has my uncle arrived during the night?" she asked, breathlessly.

"No, miss," the girl answered.

"It is very strange," murmured Meg; "I know not what to think of it."

She drank a cup of tea, and ate a few morsels of food: the body must be nourished, even when the heart is breaking. This day was exactly like its predecessor. The landlady ached to question her guest, but something in Miss Dysart's proud, white face kept her silent. Appalling thoughts began to crowd upon the girl's mind. Perhaps he did not mean to forgive her: he could be hard and stern when he liked, and, without doubt, Constance would do her utmost to poison his heart against the absent culprit. Perhaps he would *never* come for her—never seek to see her again. What was she to do, then? Ah, her wild love for Danton Moultrie was likely to cost her dear!

Another morning dawned, and slew Meg's last hope. For four terrible days she had waited and watched in vain. She could bear the suspense and fear no longer. Since he was too angry to come to her, she must humble her pride and go to him. On her knees she must sue for his forgiveness.

A foreboding of evil weighed heavily on her heart. Surely something dreadful had happened at Beach Hall. He was dead, maybe, and Constance would not tell her!

From Sagamore to Blackhaven a stage ran daily. It would start from the inn at nine o'clock. She called the landlady, paid her reckoning—fortunately her purse was well-filled—put on her outer garments, tied her vail over her ghastly face, cast one bitter glance around the little room where she had suffered so much, and taking her seat in the clumsy old vehicle, rolled away toward Beach Hall.

"Bless my soul!" cried the landlady, as she watched the departure of her strange guest; "nothing half as curious as this ever happened under *my* roof afore. The whole village is talking. Why, they say the man that brought her here was another woman's husband—but that's too awful to repeat. One thing is clear—the girl is just wild."

"Poor young thing!" answered the slip-shod maid.

"And she so handsome! Tom says the gentleman went over to Blackhaven in all the storm that night, and took a train for some distant place. They must have had a desperate quarrel."

Over the long, hot, sandy road the stage rumbled on, past sweltering brown marshes, past fishermen's cottages, past farmhouses and green fields, to Gull Beach. Meg Dysart counted every thud of the horse-hoofs, every turn of the wheels, that carried her toward the colonel. Oh, what would he say to her? What would Constance say? No matter. Let them pour their fiercest vials of wrath upon her devoted head. Anything was preferable to the misery and suspense which she had endured in the last few days.

The stage stopped at Beach Hall. She alighted, gave her fare to the driver, and went up the broad avenue under the dear old fir-trees. Her heart throbbed fiercely. Four days had passed since her flight with Miss North's lover, and now she had returned, humiliated, deserted, unwedded, her pride broken, her happiness wrecked—ready to plead abjectly for her old place in the colonel's heart and home.

As she approached the house, she was struck by the profound silence which brooded about it. The shutters along its imposing front were closed. No living thing was to be seen, save the dog Castor, stretched at ease on the sunny terrace. At sight of his young mistress, he leaped up with a joyful bark and rushed upon her in violent, loving welcome. As she caressed him, a big tear fell upon his honest black head. It was good to feel that even a dog was glad to see her again at Beach Hall.

She mounted the steps, and with a faltering hand rang the bell. After a weary while, the door opened, and the stout figure of Weston, the colonel's housekeeper, appeared on the threshold. Meg had thrown back her vail, and her pale, changed face was like some frightened ghost's. The woman gave a cry of consternation.

"Good gracious! Miss Meg, is it you?" holding up her fat hands. "Oh, my dear! *How* you do look! Where is your—your husband?"

Meg stepped into the hall.

"I have no husband," she answered, sharply.

The housekeeper stared.

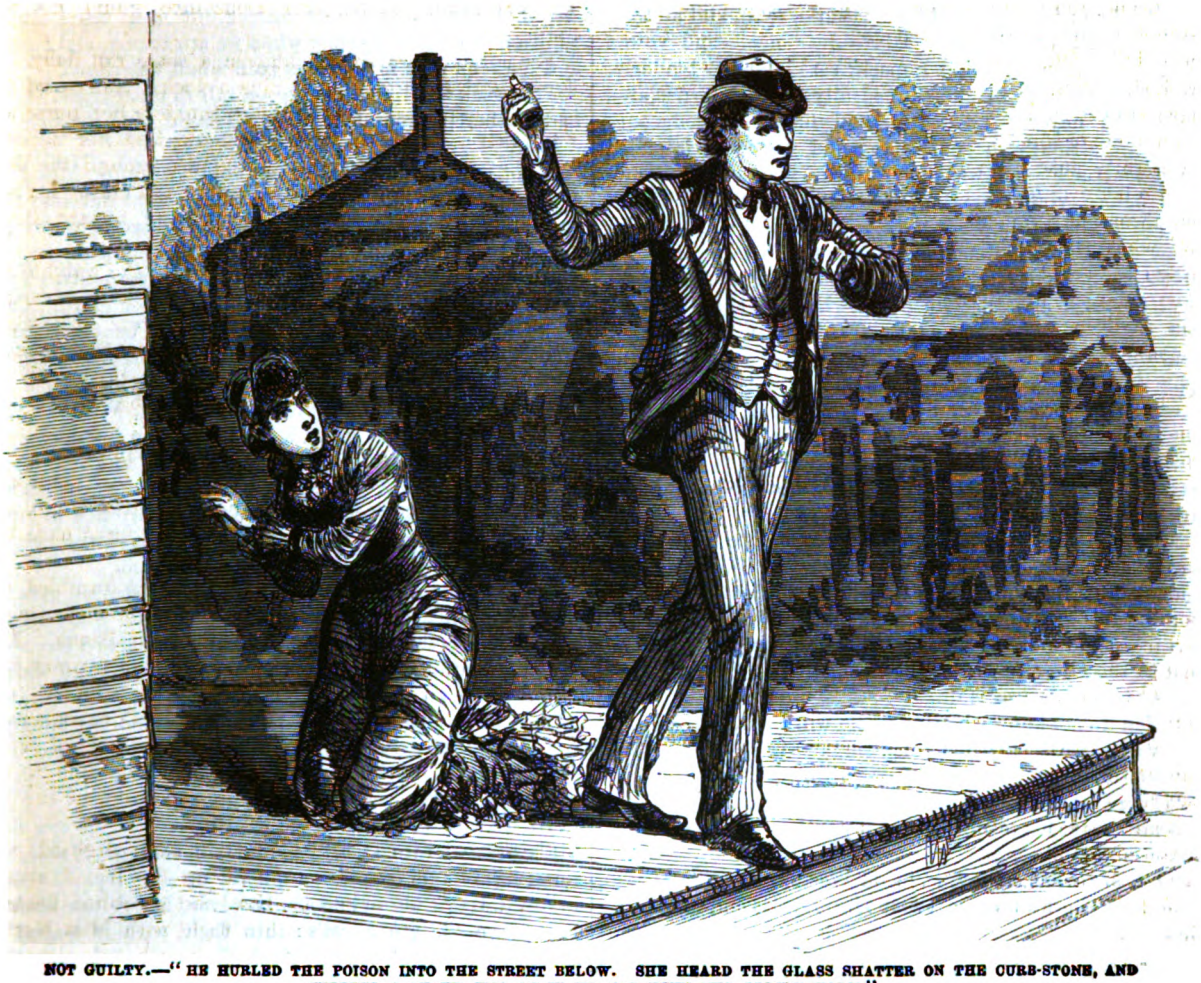
"You never mean to say that you have come back unmarried and alone, my dear?"

The hot color flamed into Meg's white face.

"I am unmarried, and I am alone! I wish to see my uncle. Is he ill? Oh, Weston, don't conceal anything from me—is he very ill?"

The housekeeper grew suddenly embarrassed.

"Ill? lor', no! certainly not."



NOT GUILTY.—"HE HURLED THE POISON INTO THE STREET BELOW. SHE HEARD THE GLASS SHATTER ON THE CURB-STONE, AND UTTERED A SHARP CRY, AS IF HE HAD DONE HER BODILY HARM."

"Is he very angry with me, Weston?"

"I fear he is, my dear."

Meg took a feeble, irresolute step toward the door of the colonel's library.

"Where is he? where is Miss North? Let me go to them at once."

Weston looked blank.

"Oh, my dear, they are not here—neither of them."

"Not here! oh, then the colonel did not receive my letter—that explains everything."

"Yes," stammered Weston. "Yes, my dear, a letter was brought to the door four days ago. I saw it myself, but I don't know what was done with it. I ventured to ask Miss North if you was married, and she bade me mind my own business. Oh, she is a deep one—is that woman! She has driven us all well-nigh out of our wits. Don't you know—haven't you heard—what happened here yesterday?"

A cold hand seemed clutching Meg's heart.

"No! speak, Weston—you have ill news for me?"

"I have, indeed, my dear. Miss North is married."

The hall, the woman's face, seemed to reel before Meg's sight.

"Married!" she gasped. "To Danton Moultrie? Did he dare to come back, and could she forgive him?"

"My dear, nobody at Beach Hall has seen Mr. Moultrie since he went away with you. Miss North was married yesterday to your uncle, Colonel Dysart, and they have gone away on a wedding journey!"

CHAPTER VI.

THE SECRET.

THE next that Meg knew she was seated in a chair in the colonel's library, and Weston stood over her, holding a glass of wine to her lips.

"My dear, I was too sudden. Drink this—it will revive you."

Meg pushed the wine aside. This new and unexpected catastrophe overwhelmed her.

"Tell me about it, Weston."

The housekeeper bristled with indignation.

"Oh, my dear, Colonel Dysart, old soldier and old bachelor though he was, used to hard campaigns, I dare say, and to the wiles of womankind, could make no stand at all against that designing creature. I think she made up her mind to marry him as soon as you went off with Mr. Moultrie—perhaps before that time—who knows? Your uncle isn't a bad match for her—young girls marry middle-aged men every day in the week. You know how fond he always was of Miss North—that made her task easy."

"Yes," groaned Meg. "Yes."

"You hadn't been gone from the house an hour that night, when the alarm was raised, and everybody knew at once that you had fled with Mr. Moultrie. The colonel wanted to pursue and bring you back, but Miss North—oh, she is a precious hypocrite!—said, No—Mr. Moultrie loved you, and you loved him; she would yield her own

happiness to yours; her future was laid waste, her heart was broken; no one cared for her in the least, and all that. The colonel called her a saint—dear me!—and vowed that one person, meaning himself, cared for her tenderly, and always would. He was dreadfully cut up; he declared he would never forgive you, and he swore vengeance against the Southern gentleman; and yesterday it ended in a marriage—she was determined, you see, to secure him before you came back. Nobody was invited, of course. The bride wore a traveling dress, and off they went at noon to the Blackhaven station, he looking troubled and dejected, she smiling and triumphant, as she might well be, with a doting husband, who'll be sure to leave her a rich widow before many years. They didn't tell a soul where they were going, nor when they would return. They just left you to your fate, and went their way. It was all her work—he wouldn't have done it, but for her; she leads him as she likes. It's my private opinion that she asked him to marry her. At any rate, she's mistress now of this house, and oh, my dear, it's useless for any of us to think again of peace or comfort here."

Meg clinched her little teeth. Constance had made a *coup de maître*, indeed. She was now the colonel's wife, and what mercy could Meg expect at her hands? Dark possibilities arose before her. The magnitude of this misfortune could not, as yet, be estimated, but it was plain that she had lost the colonel's love, and her happy, luxurious home at Beach Hall.

"You do not know when my uncle will return, Weston?" she said in a disheartened tone.

"No, miss."

"I shall remain here till he comes. I wish to see him, and hear from his own lips what my future position in this house is to be."

"I know what *my* fate is," said Weston, sturdily; "it's to leave. There's no love 'twixt Mrs. Dysart and me—so I shall go."

Meg retreated to her own chamber. She found the handsome room exactly as she had left it on the night of her flight. She was too wretched for tears. This new calamity thrust even Moultrie's desertion into the background of her thoughts. What did the hasty marriage of the colonel and his ward mean? Trouble—trouble! She felt instinctively that a desire for vengeance, a lust for power—the supreme power over her uncle and his fortune—had been the sole motives which instigated Constance North in the matter. All her influence would now be brought to bear against the girl who had won the fickle heart of the Southerner from herself. Without doubt, she would not rest till her rival was driven out into the world to earn her own bread.

Meg determined to wait quietly at the Hall till the pair should return, and then receive her sentence from the colonel's own lips. Weston and two maids were in charge of the place. Luckily, Meg had always been a favorite with the servants, and her dubious position, the dark uncertainty of her future, did not prevent this kindly trio from showing her all proper attention and obedience.

Danton Moultrie's luggage had been sent out of the house, the furniture was in covers, the blinds were fast, the gates shut to visitors. Whatever anguish of mind Meg might endure in her old haunts, she was, at least, secure from prying, curious eyes.

A week of undisturbed tranquillity ensued. Like a ghost the girl wandered about the silent house. Weston waited upon her assiduously. Castor followed her everywhere with loving fidelity. Sometimes she sat in the darkened library, reading the colonel's books, or thinking her sad thoughts—she had plenty of them in these days. Sometimes she passed whole hours looking off upon the restless sea—the sea that always seems to mirror our own moods—that smiles and ripples joyfully when we are happy, and moans and darkens with mysterious pain when we are sad.

This week was like a respite—a lull in the tempest which had gathered around Meg. It passed, and brought a deluge.

A hot, stifling day. After her solitary dinner, Miss Dysart, oppressed with a great heaviness, went out into the garden, and seated herself under the plumy evergreens. She had put on a plain black dress, the simplest in her wardrobe, and stripped herself of all ornaments. This sombre attire suited best her present frame of mind. Castor's faithful nose rested on her feet. With bent head, and small, ringless hands clasped about her knees, she sat in the heat and silence, lost in a miserable reverie.

Where was Danton Moultrie this day? Whither had he fled? Unstable as water, had he forgotten her already? Very likely. A spasm contracted her lovely mouth. Alas! it is not always easy to overthrow our idols, even when we have discovered their clay feet. Meg's experience in love, that grand passion about which poets rave and wise people grow idiotic, had been hard and bitter indeed.

The grasshoppers droned in the beds of scarlet geraniums, the hot wind murmured in the firs. Suddenly a shadow fell betwixt Meg and the sun; she heard the soft *swish* of feminine garments, a step on the graveled walk; Castor made an uneasy movement. Meg looked up, and lo! not three yards from her rustic seat stood her enemy, Constance Dysart. She sprang to her feet, growing deadly pale.

"Constance!"

Mrs. Dysart waved one hand expressively. She was elegantly dressed in a street costume of cool gray, and, as usual, her blonde face was a marvel of serenity. As she surveyed Meg's altered looks, however, her yellow-brown eyes narrowed, like a cat's; into their corners leaped a gleam that boded ill for her rival.

"No heroics, I beg," she said, dryly. "I felt sure that you would be here, and I have come to talk with you."

"Where is my uncle?" demanded Meg; "I wish to see him, not you. I wish to talk with him, not with you. You are nothing to me; he is my relative and guardian, and he loves me, or, at least, he did, before he married you."

Mrs. Dysart lifted her handsome shoulders.

"My husband is not with me—I am alone. He absolutely refuses to meet you again. I fear you have put too great a strain upon his love, of late. It will be impossible for you to see or talk with him at present, for to-morrow we sail for Europe."

Blank consternation appeared upon Meg's face.

"Europe! Oh, Constance, tell me, did he read my letter?"

"Yes; and destroyed it before my eyes," answered Mrs. Dysart, smiling covertly at the change in the other's tone. "He said, 'She has chosen her own way, and she may walk in it; I wash my hands of her. I will never willingly look on her face again.'"

A pang, sharper than any born of Moultrie's base desertion, stabbed through Meg's heart. She staggered back.

"Did he say that?" she gasped—"nunky, who was always so fond of me? I cannot believe it! He would not be so hard and bitter with the last of his name and race!"

A cruel smile curled Mrs. Dysart's thin lips. She stood with the cool shadow of the firs upon her exasperating face, and hurled this answer, like a bomb, at the speaker:

"You have not the smallest claim upon his name—you

are not of his race—not a drop of his blood runs in your veins. It is time that you knew this; I have come a long way to-day to tell you of it."

An awful ring of triumph was in her voice. Meg's heart seemed to stand still.

"Constance!" she said, blankly, "what do you mean?"

"To enlighten your darkened mind, at last," replied Mrs. Dysart, with a little hard laugh. "I have known these facts for years, but the colonel insisted, very foolishly, I think, that you should grow up in ignorance of them. Now, listen. You were never a favorite of mine, as you know; but by my guardian's express orders, I was obliged to tolerate you, and hold my peace. Fortunately, you were at school much of the time, and the demands of friends and society called me often from Beach Hall; consequently no open rupture occurred between us, and I was able to keep silent. Then Danton Moultrie arrived from the South"—a change passed over her face as she pronounced the name of her false lover—"and your gypsy prettiness fascinated him—won him from me. I have nothing to say regarding his conduct or your own, but I wish you to know that I was fully aware of your intended elopement. I overheard your plans. I might have informed the colonel, and prevented your departure, but I did not choose to do so—no, I preferred to write a few statements, and place them where they would be found by your adoring lover. I felt certain of the result—certain that his passion would dissolve in thin air the moment he saw those lines; and I did not misjudge him. There was some unaccountable delay in the reading of the letter, but it accomplished the desired end—it parted you from Danton Moultrie."

This in a cold, unmoved tone, as if she was conversing upon the most ordinary topic. Meg's small hands closed convulsively, one about the other.

"You—it was you, then? I might have known it!" she cried. "Explain this riddle, Constance. What statements did you make to Danton Moultrie? I wish to know—I *will* know—it is my right!"

Mrs. Dysart nodded.

"Quite true! The course which the colonel has pursued with you I have always condemned as weak and foolish. He meant to tell you the story some time, I suppose, but not till he was forced to do so. I repeat that you have no claim whatever to the name you bear. The colonel has sheltered and educated you, called you his niece before the world—treated you, no doubt, as if you *were* such; for sixteen years you have been a pampered pensioner upon his bounty, the object of his lavish and rather sentimental charity—in short, you are a fraud, an impostor! and this I told to Danton Moultrie as plainly as I now tell it to you."

Meg stood as if turning to stone—she neither moved nor spoke. The hot drone of insects arose from the neighboring flower-beds; the scorching sun beat down upon the odorous firs.

Mrs. Dysart sank gracefully upon one end of the rustic bench, opened an exquisite fan, and swayed it slowly back and forth.

"What a fatiguing day! I think I must be as red as a lobster. Acknowledge that I have put myself to great pains for your sake. It will be a mercy if my complexion is not quite spoiled. Well, to continue. After acquainting Mr. Moultrie with the facts just named, I proceeded to tell him about your father."

"My father!" echoed Meg, in a bewildered voice. "He has been dead for many years."

"That is another of the delusions under which the colonel has placed you," sneered Constance Dysart. "He is alive, and, for all that I know to the contrary, well."

"Alive and well!" She repeated the words in slow amazement.

"Exactly."

"Where is he?"

"You had better not inquire."

"Where is he?" she insisted, sharply—"who is he?"

Mrs. Dysart shut her painted fan with emphasis.

"His name is Philip Harmon. He is in the State Prison at Charlestown, serving out a life-sentence for the atrocious murder of a young and beautiful woman—his wife and your mother!"

Deep silence. The grasshoppers chirped shrilly; the firs stirred in the hot wind; the blonde face on the garden bench put on a baleful smile. Meg had reeled back a step, and lifted one hand to her bewildered head.

"Constance—Constance!" she cried, wildly, "you do not—you cannot mean it!"

"Every word. Sixteen years ago Philip Harmon was condemned to die on the gallows. At the last moment a reprieve was granted him, and later, the sentence was changed to imprisonment for life. About that time his friend, Colonel Dysart, a very quixotic person, adopted you as his niece."

Meg answered not a word.

"Now you see why Danton Moultrie would not marry you," went on Constance, with cool exultation—"why he fled from you as from a pestilence. The passion which could lead him to forget his honor, his plighted word, his former affection for me, was not strong enough to stand such a shock. I am amply avenged. I have made a very advantageous marriage myself, and I have accomplished your overthrow from the place to which you had no right, and which you have occupied altogether too long."

"I must see Colonel Dysart!" said Meg, firmly.

"Impossible!" answered Constance. "You are very dull of understanding! Have I not told you that he sails for Europe to-morrow, and that he is determined never to look upon you again? A will which he had made in your favor years ago, I saw him destroy on the night preceding our marriage. You will have no share in his fortune—no further part in his life. *I* shall take care of that."

"You mistake my purpose. I shall not stoop to beg, even of him. I desire nothing but the information which I am sure he can give of that—that man whom you call my father."

"Go to the criminal records, where such histories are preserved in horrible detail!"

With a sudden movement, Meg cast herself at the feet of the blonde woman.

"Constance, I beg you to let me see him!" she implored, wringing her desperate hands. "Look! I am on my knees to you. Let me see him long enough to thank him for all the care and patience and tenderness which he has lavished so freely upon one who had no claim upon him. He cannot refuse me the comfort of one last word. Let me look in his face; let me touch his hand; let me say, 'God bless you for your goodness unto me!'—and I will ask no more. It is not anger which stands betwixt his heart and mine; it is not that I for once forgot my duty to him; it is not that he has ceased to love me; but it is—*you!*"

Constance had maintained her composure long enough—now it fell from her face, like a mask, and left every feature convulsed with hate and fury. In rage this serene beauty was not a pleasant object to look at.

"You shall *never* see him!" she cried; "and he shall never forgive you! Betwixt your heart and his, I will always stand. Danton Moultrie was the only person I ever loved—you took him from me. Did you ever read that line of Shakespeare:

'Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned'?

If I could crush you still lower, I would gladly do it—I would, if possible, hunt you to the deepest slough of poverty, misery, disgrace. You can remain no longer at Beach Hall. Weston and the servants will be discharged to-day, and the house closed indefinitely. Go out into the world, and work for your bread—that is all, thank heaven! that is left to you. Drop the name of Dysart, and take that which your father made notorious by his atrocious crime sixteen years ago. But I warn you, never cross my path again, for the greatest delight of my life will be to injure you!"

Meg arose to her feet. Something like contempt dawned on her white, rigid face. She was not altogether crushed.

"Your sentiments do you credit, Constance," she said, with quiet scorn; "they are a credit to your sex. You have sacrificed yourself to a noble purpose. You are welcome to the colonel's fortune, and to all the happiness which comes to you from my overthrow. I do not fear your hate, or any further injury which you can do me, for you have already done your utmost. I shall not knowingly cross your path again, and I shall leave Beach Hall immediately—heaven forbid that any roof which is now yours should longer shelter me! Farewell!"

She turned with dignity, and walked away toward the house, never looking back. The thunderbolt had fallen; the mystery over which she had pondered for weary days was solved. Great heaven! what a solution! She felt stunned, and unable, as yet, to comprehend anything clearly. Like a person in a dream, she entered the old mansion—her home no more. In the hall she met Weston.

"Oh, my dear!" cried the housekeeper, "have you seen her—do you know? We are all to leave by nightfall, and the place is to be closed. She has taken the reins into her own hands already. I knew, when I saw her alight from the carriage alone, that she was bent on mischief. Where do you suppose she left the colonel? Oh, there's no greater fool in the world than an old man who marries a young wife!"

"I have seen her—I am going at once," answered Meg, through dry, pale lips.

"My dear, *where* are you going?" cried Weston, with deep sympathy. There had been a scene, she knew, betwixt the new mistress of Beach Hall and her discomfited rival. "You, so young and handsome and high-bred, to be thrust out like this—it is shameful!"

"Where am I going, Weston? I do not know, and it does not matter much," answered Meg, wildly; and she hurried to her own chamber.

She was now to leave for ever the place where, two weeks before, she had reigned queen. Day was dwindling, but she must go immediately. It was little that she could take with her, save her jewels and the money that remained in her purse. Her rich dresses, all the costly gifts which the colonel had lavished upon her in the old, happy days, must be left behind. She packed a hand-bag with a few necessary articles, and put on the same outer garments that she had worn in her flight to Sagamore. She could not trust herself to say good-by to Weston. Noiselessly she stole down the stair. Constance was somewhere near, perhaps, watching her departure. Unchallenged, she opened the hall-door, and, an outcast from the earthly paradise which she had lost through her reckless love for a man shallow and careless and fickle, Meg slipped into the shadow of the fir-trees, and, turning her back for ever on the old house, on the old life, on everything that she had known and loved, she fled, with a wild, white face and a breaking heart, out into the great world.

CHAPTER VII.

A RESCUE.

HE bent her steps toward the beach. The sun was shining low on the blue bay, a few birds hopped about the brown shingle. She stood quite still for some moments, taking a mute farewell of the lonely, silent shore; then she went on, past the door of Dawson's shanty, past the spot where Danton Moultrie had drawn from her that fatal confession of love, and away into the sandy road leading to Blackhaven.

She had no plan nor purpose in mind. Her head felt light and confused, her limbs were like lead. She could not think nor reason, but an agonizing sense of loss goaded her forward like a spur.

"I am not Meg Dysart," she said to the roadside pines, as she passed; "not the happy, care-free heiress of a rich and good man, but a homeless, nameless refugee, the daughter of a monster! I can scarcely believe it myself, but it is true."

Whither should she go in this dark crisis of her life? Among all the friends who had flattered and petted her as Colonel Dysart's niece, there was not one to whom she could now turn for shelter and assistance.

Four miles to Blackhaven. Her old elastic step was gone. She walked slowly, wearily. The hot sun faded from shore and sea, the day died. It was in the brown twilight, and while the spires of the town were still distant, that a grizzly Shape met her in the way, looked at her with eyes full of frightful fascination, beckoned her with ghastly, luring hands.

"No, no!" she cried aloud, and tried to walk away from the Thing; but it followed, it kept pace with her stumbling steps, it would not leave her.

Eight o'clock struck before she reached Blackhaven. Where was she to pass the night? What was she to do on the morrow—she who had never before been called upon to take serious thought for herself? She did not know it, but she was ill, bodily and mentally, and quite incapable of acting with decision.

She turned into one street, walked its length, entered another; and the dreary Shape still pressed close to her side—she could not distance it, nor shut her shuddering eyes upon its presence.

"I will not listen to you!" she said, wildly; but she *did* listen, and more and more attentively every moment.

Blackhaven was a quiet place at all times; on this particular night it seemed quite dead. Few people were abroad, and no one noticed the unhappy girl, as she wandered aimlessly on, knowing not, caring not, whither she went.

She passed the law-office of Messrs. Bond & Deed; she passed a few stores that seemed altogether destitute of customers, and a small dark square, where a church stood, its slim spire pointing, like a solemn warning finger, unto heaven. Then a strange faintness began to oppress her.

She had reached a corner, where the angle of an old building projected into the street like a surly shoulder. Involuntarily she leaned against the wall for breath. At the same moment a man dashed around the corner, and jostled her smartly. He recoiled at once, and lifted his hat.

"Beg pardon."

She knew that voice. She turned and fled in sudden fright, but not before he had caught a glimpse of her white face, of her wild eyes full of anguish and despair.

Hither and thither she went, like a leaf blown in an untoward wind. And still the grisly Shape which had tempted her for hours kept close to her side. Once it led her toward the water, but at the end of a few rods she turned back, shuddering.

It was now ten o'clock. She paused before the lighted window of a drug-shop that made the only patch of brightness in a dim and silent street. There the tempter held her fast and whispered in her ear:

"When life is stripped of everything that gives it value, and drained of all resources, when present and future are merged in one gray blank, surely it is better to die than live."

The door of the shop stood open; Meg peered breathlessly in. Among the jars and bottles lounged a sleepy, shock-headed boy—no other person was to be seen. With sudden resolution she entered, went up to the counter, threw down some money upon it, and said in a firm voice:

"An ounce of laudanum."

The boy opened his eyes—dull eyes, that could see nothing strange in such a request from a wild, white young woman, at ten o'clock at night. He took a glass vessel from a shelf, filled a vial with the deadly, dark-red liquid, scratched the word "Poison," on the label, and gave purchase and change to Miss Dysart. She grasped the vial quickly, and rushed out into the street. At the door she stumbled against the same man whom she had encountered on the corner. The laudanum was almost dashed from her hand. She fled breathlessly by the person, and on up the street until she reached the square where the church stood. The sacred edifice had a flight of steps and a porch. She mounted to the latter. The thing that she was about to do seemed good to her then—seemed the only refuge left to one who had lost friends, home, hope, love—everything. Mechanically she removed the stopper from the vial. That solemn little porch, with the hot Summer stars shining down upon it, and the seaside town sleeping all around, seemed a good place in which to end her short, miserable life. Would the colonel be sorry to hear of her death? would Danton Moultrie? No. Both had forsaken her—both ceased to care whether she lived or died. She raised the poison to her lips. As she did so, some one sprang into the porch, a swift hand tore the vial from her hold, a voice cried out sternly:

"Meg!—Miss Dysart! what are you doing?"

She stared at him, then burst out with a fretful, angry cry.

"Robin Leith, how dare you!"

"I have been following you for the last hour," he answered. "I saw you at the druggist's. No, you cannot have it, Meg—you are mad. Is it worth while to kill yourself because that contemptible scoundrel has deserted you? I know the story—all Blackhaven knows it. Deuce take him! If I am ever fortunate enough to lay hands upon him, I will not leave a whole bone in his body. Come, let me conduct you home. How is it that I find you walking the streets of Blackhaven at this hour of the night, and alone?"

She tore herself from him, with a wild little laugh.

"Home? I have none. I am cast out. Give me back that vial—I *will* have it! and go your way."

For answer he hurled the poison into the street below. She heard the glass shatter on the curb-stone, and uttered a sharp cry, as if he had done her bodily harm.

"Hush!" he said sternly; "you are not yourself to-night, Miss Dysart. What do you mean by being cast out? Have you had a row with your new aunt? Of course. It was a bitter pill which you gave her to swallow; but, surely, your uncle will protect you—he ought—he must."

"My uncle—I have none," she replied. "I appear before you in a new *rôle*, Rob. Constance has told me my history, and lo! I am no Dysart—I have no claim upon the colonel! For charity's sake, he reared me, called me his niece. I am the daughter of a murderer who is in prison for life. Do not touch me, do not come near me. I feel as unclean as a leper. 'Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall!' That used to be in my Sabbath-school lesson when I was a child. You know what a proud little minx I have always been. Do you wonder that death now seems better to me than life? I am not of the stuff that heroines are made of."

She paused, as if expecting him to answer, but he stood dumb with amazement. Then she went on: "Danton Moultrie could not bear the disgrace—few men, I suppose, could. So he left me. It was not strange—oh, no! but it was very—well, disagreeable." She fell back a step. "Now go, and leave me, Robin," she added, fretfully, "as all the others have done."

It was well that his face was partly hidden by the darkness. He knew the story of her flight with Moultrie; he had heard of her return to Beach Hall unmarried; but these later revelations took away his breath.

"Meg," he stammered, at last, in a thick, labored voice, "do you tell me that you are homeless—*you?* It cannot be."

"It can be—it *is!* Beach Hall is closed. The colonel and his bride—ah, it was a pitched battle betwixt Constance and me, and she routed me with slaughter—will sail for Europe to-morrow. Go, I say! What right have you to interfere with me? I command you to go!"

"I shall do nothing of the kind," he answered, forcibly taking her hand; "you are not fit to be left alone. Come with me, Meg. It is almost midnight; you cannot wander longer about the streets of Blackhaven. My poor child, your hand burns like fire. Come with me."

"With you—whither?"

"I live in the next street. My sister will be glad to welcome you—you know Prue. Our home is not much to boast of, but perhaps you will not mind that."

She flung off his touch with another strange laugh.

"Robin Leith, you have no spirit whatever! Have I not always treated you as a very inferior person—scoffed at you, hurt you all that I could? Why trouble yourself now about my troubles? Your spinster sister would scarcely approve of such interest in a girl who has filled the town with scandal, and whom all her own friends have cast off. No, no!"

She rushed past him, down the steps of the church. He was at her side again in a moment.

"Leave me!" she urged.

"Never!" answered Robin Leith. Then his lean, brown face and shabby figure vanished as suddenly as if the earth had swallowed them up. The silent street, overarched by the stars of that purple, midnight sky, vanished—Meg fell to the ground, senseless as stone.

Into some obscure country beyond the ken of man—

into weary labyrinths of darkness and pain, her soul went, on a long and labored journey. Now she was back at the Sagamore Inn, waiting for Danton Moultrie. The thunder rolled across the gray beach; the lightning played in the blasted tops of the poplar-trees; the red, mocking beacon glared at her balefully from the tower. Then that illusion passed, and she found herself struggling in endless quagmires, following a will-o'-the-wisp, which, when she approached it, turned into the fair, *insouciant* face of her false lover.

"Oh, Robin!" she cried, in a voice as faint and hollow as the murmur of a shell, "you told me he was insincere—you warned me not to give my heart to Constance's lover, and I was angry with you—do you remember?"

Again, her path lay through an endless wilderness, set with thorns and briers—and this time she was searching for the father she had never seen.

"He killed my mother! He is hiding from me—he dare not let me find him!" she screamed out, in delirious agony.

Up and down the world she wandered on vain quests. Pain racked her; a band of burning iron was pressed about her forehead. All the world had forsaken her; her rich young life was utterly wrecked and spent—the time had come for her to die.

But Death does not always appear where he is expected. For days and weeks his hand hovered over the sick girl, but did not fall upon her.

After a weary while, a sound from the actual world in which she still lingered penetrated her dull ears. It was a woman's voice, sharp as a needle. It said:

"Good gracious! I wonder if that girl is ever coming to her senses. It's really awful, the way she goes on. I think we must send for another doctor. Stupid lot! When the female mind is allowed to cope properly with the great science of medicine, you will see that more people will live. At present the male disciples of Æsculapius hold the doors firmly against——"

Meg's weak eyes opened wide. Where was she? She looked around, and saw a room, very small and low and neat. A great deal of white material covered windows, bed and toilet-table. The furniture was ancient, but well-kept. On a spindle-legged table, that looked as if it had come out of the *Mayflower*, burned a shaded lamp (the time seemed to be early evening), surrounded by glasses and vials. At the foot of the bed stood a woman, wiry and angular, as your genuine New England female of middle age is apt to be. She was dressed in a brown gown, made with little regard to the prevailing fashion; and her iron-gray hair, smooth as a squirrel's fur, was screwed to her head with painful tightness. She had sharp, speculative eyes, a long, keen nose, and a shrewd mouth, not destitute of kindliness.

As she met Meg's confused and rather distressed gaze, she stopped in the midst of her sentence, and called out, briskly:

"Robin! dear me! Robin, she has come to herself at last!"

The familiar form of Robin Leith appeared instantly in the doorway.

"Are you sure, Prue?"

"Look at her yourself."

He looked, and met the big, bewildered eyes which had been shut upon the things of life for days and weeks.

"So you brought me here?" she said, faintly.

"Yes," answered Leith.

"I have been ill, have I not?"

"Yes."

"And you have taken care of me?"

He was about to reply by another affirmative, when Miss Prue made an angry dash at him.

"Do you wish to kill the girl? Be off! Like all the rest of your sex, you haven't an ounce of wit!"

Leith vanished with a speed that showed he stood in wholesome awe of the speaker. Miss Prue bent over the bed.

"You have been uncommonly ill, so to speak, my dear; but I perceive you are now better. Take this nice medicine, and go to sleep—you must not talk at present."

And Meg was too weak to do anything but obey.

She awoke next morning, and through an opening in the curtain of a window near her bed she saw a maple-tree casting down clouds of shriveled, yellow leaves.

"Is it Autumn?" she cried, aghast.

"Yes," answered Miss Leith, who was just entering the chamber, with a jug of water in her hand. "It is what the poets call 'the death-time of the year.' How do you find yourself? Better? That is good. I never saw a sicker creature than you have been for the last month. Robin and I have, figuratively speaking, buried you a dozen times over. Fever is a nasty, trying disease—one never knows how it will turn."

"A month! Have I been ill so long?" murmured poor Meg. "And you have sheltered and nursed me. Oh, you good Samaritan——"

Miss Leith was a very modest person. She interrupted, briskly:

"My dear, I hear the knocker—there is some one at the door."

She ran to the window, and peered through the curtain.

"A man!" she cried, in much the same voice as she would have said, "A gorilla!"—"a vile, itinerant man—a peddler! Now, if there is anything which I loathe from the profoundest depths of my being, it is a peddler, my dear."

She raised the window, and shouted, "Shoo! shoo!" as if she was driving some aggressive fowl from her garden-bed.

All undaunted, the man below raised a basket of wares for her inspection.

"The pests are as thick here in Blackhaven as mice in a corn-field," cried Miss Prue. "I will have nothing! Shoo, creature—shoo!"

The peddler grinned, and stood firm. Miss Leith raised her water-jar, and dashed its contents straight down upon him, quenching his smile and his business ardor together.

"This is the only way to extinguish such vermin," she explained, as she closed the window, and turned to the bed. "My dear, I hate men!"

"Do you?" queried poor, weak Meg. "Rob is a man—you don't hate him?"

Miss Leith flung back her head.

"Rob—oh, no! He is a boy—he will never be anything else in my eyes. I brought him up by hand. I was twenty-five years old when my father took it into his silly head to marry a young girl. He did so, and the result was—Rob. Death seized the wife, and the child was left to me. 'Twixt teething and measles, whooping-cough and scarlet fever, heaven only knows the work I had with him! But he pays well now—he pays *very* well," repeated Miss Prue, her sharp little eyes twinkling under her gray brows. "I call him a very good investment for my labor, time and money. All the same, I detest his sex."

"Why?" queried Meg, in a faintly curious voice.

Miss Prue put down her empty jar. Far back in her past there was a story of misplaced affection and dreary disappointment, but that she rarely told to any one. It was her habit to treat the matter in a general way.

"First of all, my dear," she answered, "men are the natural enemies of women. They shut us from all places of emolument in the world, they give us half-rates for our labor, simply because we *are* women; they tax our property without representation; they give us no voice in the laws we help to maintain; they abuse and oppress us. Many of us must earn our own bread, but we cannot do this or that, we may not enter one profession, and another is closed against us. Men hold the doors and push us back—jealous despots! But, thank heaven! this state of things will not last for ever—there's an appearance of dawn in the sky—a millennium in the future; it will come when we have our rights, when women, at last, wield the ballot. Suffrage we want, suffrage we shall have; then iniquity will cease, the gross evils of the day will cease; virtue will abound, the lion will lie down with the lamb, and woman can place her foot on the neck of her fallen tyrant——"

"Oh, dear!" piped Meg, feebly; she had raised one weak hand to her head. "Where is my hair, Miss Leith?"

"Your hair? oh," answered Miss Prue, leaving her rosy dreams of futurity to return to the still cloudy present, "it is, so to speak, among the things that were. The fever raged to such an extent, it was found necessary to remove that crowning glory from your poor head. Now, no more talking. At some future day I may enlighten you further in regard to my views of men."

Meg nestled wearily down into her pillow, and fell asleep again.

After this she began to gain rapidly. The Leiths occupied a tiny house in a narrow street, swept by healthy salt winds. They had nothing to do with their neighbors. A bald-headed old doctor was the only person, save Miss Prue, who crossed the threshold of Meg's chamber. Robin Leith did not venture near it after the girl's return to consciousness.

Was she glad, or grieved, to live? Miss Prue could not tell. Down-stairs in her own sitting-room, she said to her brother:

"That child worries me. Her eyes are as big and solemn as an owl's. She scarcely speaks—a bad symptom. I wish she would talk more, and think less. I hope she isn't meditating another attempt upon her life, Robin."

"Have no fear of that," he answered; "it is not at all probable."

"Ah, I have no patience with Colonel Dysart, when I think of his marriage with that North woman, and his weakness in allowing this girl to be turned out of his house. A person of his years and ability ought to have kept out of matrimonial traps. Heaven never made a smart man, without making a smarter woman to lead him by the nose." Robin shrugged his shoulders.

"My dear Prue, if that is the case, if women lead men, which I do not in the least doubt, why complain about the wrongs of your sex?"

"A true woman scorns to rule by guileful proxy," answered Miss Prue; "it is ignoble. What shall I do about Miss Dysart? Do you think she is mourning for that Southern viper? When our sex wield the ballot, Robin, no man will be permitted to court two girls at once—it is very confusing."

"No doubt," replied Robin, gravely. "Let Miss Dysart talk or keep silent, according to her own pleasure, and don't bother her, Prue."

"Do you remember the night you brought her here in a dead faint? I could have boxed your ears with right good will, but now——"

"Now you are convinced that I did quite right."

"Yes," she answered, gently. "You are always right."

The last yellow leaf fell from the maple outside the window. Its ash-colored arms stretched out, gaunt and bare, into space. By this time Meg had left her bed for an easy-chair. She was greatly changed. Her short hair clustered in close rings about her head. Her thin, wasted face was like some frost-flower in the Autumn fields. A great sadness stamped the delicate lips. Dressed in one of Miss Leith's wrappers, that hung like a bag upon her attenuated figure, she presented a strange contrast to the bright, mocking Meg of old.

One day, as she sat before the fire, with big, brooding eyes fixed on its brightness, and transparent hands crossed on her lap, Miss Prue entered.

"How morose you look, my dear!" she said, in an aggrieved tone. "Of what are you thinking?"

A shudder shook the girl's thin figure.

"Of that night in the streets of Blackhaven. What would have become of me then, had you not taken me in?"

"Don't ask perplexing questions," replied the amiable old man-hater. "I have come to tell you something pleasant. My brother has passed a most brilliant examination, and been admitted to the bar. The ambition of my life is accomplished, so to speak. I have worked hard for the lad, and the lad has worked hard for himself. I am sure there is an honorable career before him."

"No doubt," said Meg, mechanically. What did she care about his career? Miss Prue brought her sewing, and seated herself by the invalid, still talking of her brother's merits. She did not know how this girl had wrung Robin's heart; had she suspected the truth, she might have looked upon her less affectionately. Rob's close lips were slow to divulge secrets.

Twilight was gathering in the corners of the room, when a rap echoed on the door.

"It is Robin," said Miss Prue; "may he come in?"

Meg nodded indifferently. The young lawyer walked into the room, and advanced to the fire. He gave the invalid a grave, attentive look. He had not seen her before for weeks.

"I am glad to find you on the road to recovery, Miss Dysart," he said in a formal tone.

"Thank you," she answered, without deigning him a glance. He was no more to her than the coals dropping in the grate.

"I have been telling Miss Dysart about your examination," said Miss Prue, placidly.

Meg saw that she was expected to speak. With much reluctance she lifted her great, gloomy eyes.

"I congratulate you," she murmured. "I wish you all success in your profession." Then, with a sudden eagerness breaking into her voice: "Robin, have you been to Gull Beach since—since I was ill?"

He leaned against the mantel, and looked down into the fire.

"Yes. Beach Hall is closed. The day after you left it, Colonel Dysart and his bride sailed for Europe. The newspapers chronicled their departure."

"She told me the truth, then," said Meg, bitterly. "How did the place look? Was anything changed? Did you see Castor?"

"I saw no living thing. The servants probably took the dog away. Nothing was changed."

(*To be continued.*)

THE PARIS OPERA—CORRIDOR LEADING TO THE BOXES OF THE GRAND TIER.

BEHIND THE CURTAIN OF THE GRAND OPERA.

By George Augustus Sala.

Surely in the whole modern lyrical repertory there is no more charming opera than M. Gounod's "Faust." It is full of delicious melodies. The story is infinitely romantic, the *dénouement* inexpressibly pathetic. The terrific *epopœia* possesses—as every true tragedy should have—a comic element in the cynical humors of *Mephisto*, and the Ephesian Matron-like readiness of the old woman to console herself for the loss of her husband.

Gretchen is, next to *Amina*, the most fascinating of lyrical heroines; and, although *Faust* is a fool, and a rascal to boot, you cannot help feeling a sneaking kind of admiration for him when he has a comely presence, a handsome costume, and a sweet tenor voice. Still, these only revolve like satellites round the terrific planet of evil—*Mephistopheles*. You must needs loathe him, and shudder at his infernal wiles; but what a fine, first-rate Devil he is! "—— him, I wish he'd won!" cried Lord Thurlow, when he came to the end of "Paradise Lost." *Mephisto* in "Faust" *does* win, so far as his dealings with the *Doctor* are concerned; yet he is checkmated at last.

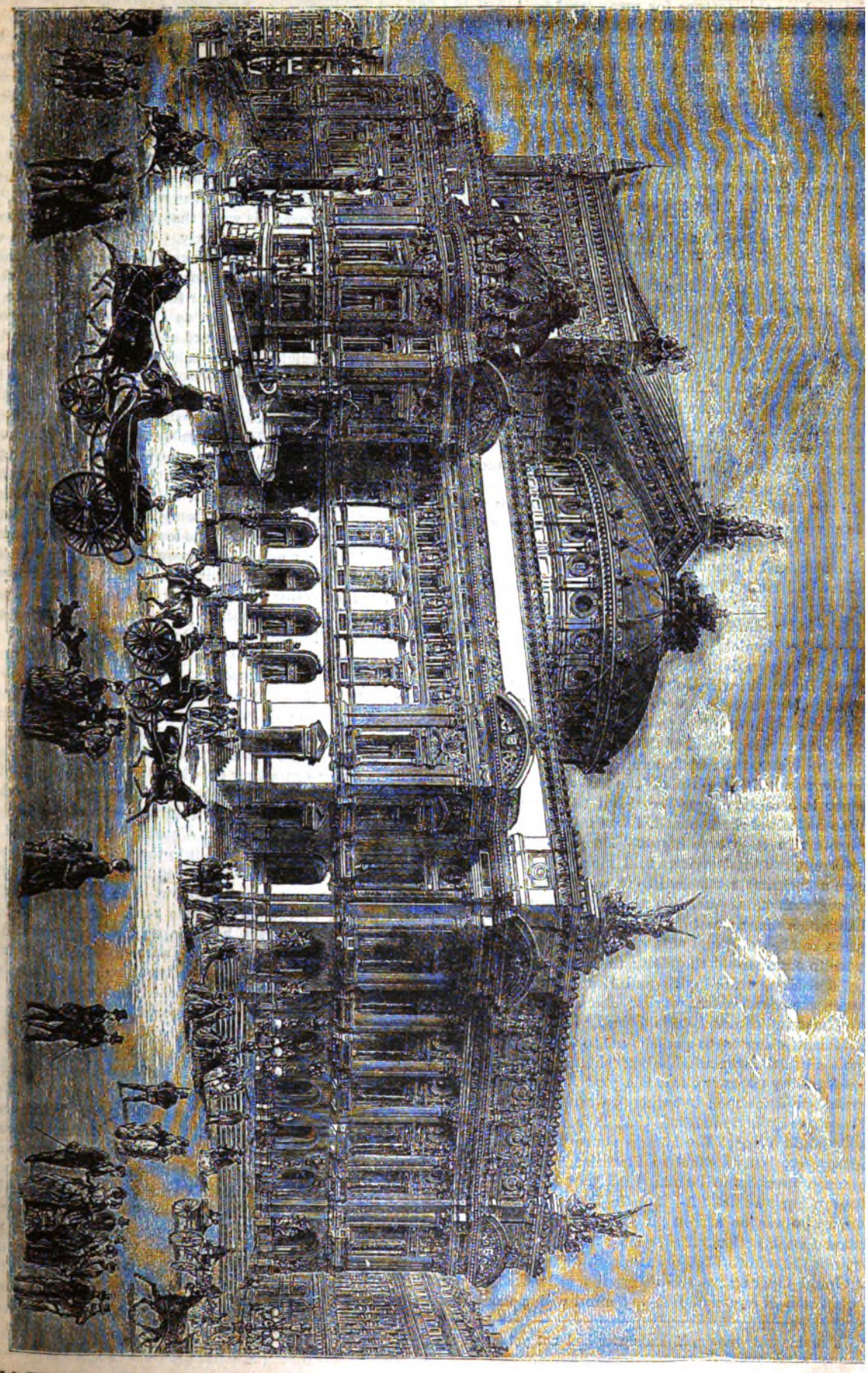
But how is it that, notwithstanding its picturesque libretto, its plaintive "There was a King of Thule," its fascinating Waltz, its quaint Chorus of Old Men, and its resonant March, I have held these many years past the masterpiece of M. Gounod in the liveliest detestation, and that, as a rule, I would much rather listen to the dreariest bore of my acquaintance than witness the performance of "Faust"?

The reason is a very simple one. Fifteen years ago I abode for a season at, say, No. 99 West Fourteenth Street, in the City of New York. On one side of my habitation resided an estimable family, the proud possessors of a Steinway grand pianoforte. On the other side lived an equally estimable family, who were the happy owners of a Chickering grand; and over the way was another family, rejoicing in the possession of an Erard. These households all abounded in young ladies with slim waists and "cataract" curls, and they were all accomplished pianistes. The time was Summer; the weather was tropically hot; the windows were always kept open; and from early morn until far into the night I was fain to listen to the Steinway, the Chickering or the Erard discoursing thus:

"Lum tum, ti tiddlety um tum;
Lum tum, ti tiddlety um tum;
Lum tum, ti tiddlety um tum;
La la la *la*—la la la *la*—la la *La!*"

Everybody with an "ear" can tell what I mean. Was it not Rossini, who, affecting to forget the name of Sir Henry Bishop, always spoke of him as "Monsieur Lara-ta-*tara*tara-tat*ara*tat*a*tara-*tee*," humming the air of "Home, Sweet Home"?

BEHIND THE SCENES.



THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE, PARIS.

I had to bear this torture for many weeks. I fled to Philadelphia, but only to hear the Italian organists grinding forth "Lum tum, ti tiddlety um tum." I went down to the Army of the Potomac to find a Massachusetts regiment marching and countermarching to the same terrible tune. I came back to New York to find that the "extension parlor" of my residence had been engaged by a middle-aged bachelor of musical tastes, who had brought an upright Broadwood, and in the intervals of speculating in gold in Wall Street, was perpetually pounding, not the abhorred "Lum tum," but the equally formidable—

> "La ree ta titti, la re ta titti;
> La ree ta titti ta tee ta tittytee."

Woe is me, Allhama! It was the Waltz. I was possessed. I eloped to Havana, in the Island of Cuba. I sought tranquility in the Spanish Main and quietude in Mexico; but wherever I went, from the cactus-covered plains of Orizaba to the forest glades of Tchapultepec—from the *tierra caliente* of Jalapa to the Falls of Regla—the Waltz and the March, now brayed by a French military band, now strummed on the cracked guitar of an *arriero*, pursued me always. And thus it was that I learned to loathe the opera of "Faust," and to regard M. Gounod as my bitterest enemy.

With the old Chickering and Steinway grievances rankling in my mind, you will not be surprised to hear that, when recently I was offered a seat in a box at the new Grand Opéra, and I found that "Faust" was on the *affiche*, I preferred all kinds of excuses to avoid the entertainment. The repertory of M. Halanzier, Director of the Académie Nationale de Musique, appears to consist almost exclusively of "Faust," "Hamlet," "Le Prophète" and "La Juive."* I should have been delighted to pass an evening with the Prince of Denmark, with John of Leyden and his mother, or with the unfortunate young lady who was wont to be boiled in a caldron of oil at the end of the fourth act, but is now, I believe, reprieved at the last moment. However, against the Waltz, the March and the Chorus of Old Men I stoutly rebelled. I pleaded the excessive heat and a tendency to cerebral congestion. But the box into which I was to be inducted happened, I was informed, to be the very coolest in the whole house. There would be plenty of fresh air, my kind inviters told me; and the box had even an antechamber attached to it, where tea was served. That over-persuaded me. In the anteroom there would probably be a divan; and on that divan I thought that, in a corner, in the dark, and with cotton in my ears, I might contrive to slumber out the Waltz, the March and the Chorus of Old Men, while Youth and Beauty enjoyed themselves in the *avant-scènes*. *Avant-scènes*, indeed! I little knew what kind of box I was destined to occupy.

The friend who was to present me to the lady who was the *abonnée* of this remarkable box (she pays at the rate of five-and-twenty thousand francs a year for it) came somewhat late to fetch me; but when we arrived at Mr. Garnier's colossal pile he insisted that, before we entered our *loge*, I should inspect the famous staircase and the more famous *foyer*. "Avez-vous vu l'escalier?" has become as common a question to be addressed to a foreigner newly arrived in Paris as the "A-t-il lu le livre?" of the French cardinal who was so ardent an admirer of Rabelais. It chanced that I had never seen the staircase, nay, nor the *foyer*, nor the auditorium, nor, indeed, any portion of the new Grand Opéra save the external façade thereof, the last of which is associated in my mind with a somewhat curious circumstance. Just eight years ago I was staying at the Grand Hotel, in a room overlooking the Place de l'Opéra; and on the morrow of the Revolution of the 4th of September, 1870. I was lying grievously sick in bed. From the angle of the apartment in which my bed was placed I had a capital view of the façade of the Opéra; and with peculiar curiosity did I watch the proceeding of a journeyman painter in a blouse, who, perched on a tall scaffolding, was occupied in erasing from the inscription "Académie Impériale de Musique" the adjective "Impériale" and substituting for it the word "Nationale." He took such pains over his work that I got an opera-glass to peer at him the more narrowly. The labor to him was manifestly one of love. He licked his lips—so to speak—over the up-strokes and the down-strokes; and his whole republican soul seemed to pour forth when he came to the great round O. Instinctively, as I ascended the *perron* a week since, did I glance upward at the inscription, and, in the flaming gaslight, "Nationale" seemed to me to have an even coarser sheen than the rest of the legend. There had been a wound, and this was the scar. Ah, if all the other hurts of France could cicatrize so quickly as this has done!

Of the exterior of M. Garnier's monumental playhouse I am not, as I have more than once hinted, an enthusiastic admirer. It is overloaded with ornament, and it is singularly deficient in tasteful columniation. A theatre is primarily and essentially a temple, and a temple should have an abundance of colonnades. The noblest model that could, to my mind, be chosen for a national theatre is the Madeleine, which, as it stands, fails to remind you, either in its exterior or its interior, in the slightest degree, of a church. It was not, to be sure, intended for one. Against the staircase of the Opéra, structurally, not one word, however, can be said. It presents the finest arrangement in curvilinear perspective that I have ever seen; and, illuminated *a giorno* by hundreds of bright yet soft lights, offers a spectacle of well-nigh unrivaled magnificence. To the sumptuous paintings by M. Paul Baudry, on the walls and ceilings, a double interest attaches: first, that of their really surpassing excellence in drawing and color; and next, in the fact that they are examples in a style of art in which not one solitary English painter is proficient.

When old Covent Garden Theatre was redecorated for the purpose of being turned into the Royal Italian Opera, the management were fain to send to Italy for a *plafond* which, painted on paper and cut into gores, was afterward pasted to the opera-house roof. This was in 1847. More than thirty years have elapsed, and we are still—if we wish to essay anything more ambitious than the angularly medieval or some feeble Renaissance moldings and scroll-work in *carton pierre*, picked out with colors and gilding—at the mercy of the foreign decorator, just as our silversmiths are at the mercy of the foreign modeler. M. Paul Baudry has produced, in the staircase and the *foyer* of the Académie Nationale de Musique, a work which is the wonder of the whole art-world. In or out of our Royal Academy, we have not a single painter sufficiently acquainted with the geometrical canons of foreshortening and concave perspective to paint a ceiling. Those canons are clearly and explicitly laid down in scores of books published in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; but those books find no English students. We console ourselves for our impotence by repeating Pope's pert sneer about the sprawling saints of Verrio and Laguerre, and by preparing to scrub out Sir James Thornhill's paintings from the dome of St. Paul's. We choose, in our complacent ignorance, to forget that the grandest achievement of pictorial art in the whole world is the painted ceiling of the Sistine Chapel in the Vatican.

* When this was written, M. Halanzier had not yet produced M. Gounod's "Polyeucte."

The enormous *foyer*, or crush-room, reminded me very forcibly, in the huge masses of gilt scroll-work forming the frames of the paintings, of the Hall of the Ambassadors in the Royal Palace at Madrid. The ornamentation is so heavily *flamboyante*, and so overladen with gilding, as to approach the *rococo*, or to suggest to the spectator that the model mainly followed has been the interior of one of those churches built by the Jesuit architects of the beginning of the seventeenth century, and which are all ablaze with carving and gilding, verde antique and lapis-lazuli.

The first act of "Faust" was just over when we entered the *foyer*, and the immense hall was filled by a crowd of whom I hope it is not disrespectful to say that its aspect very closely resembled that of a mob. Full dress for gentlemen is not, I am aware, insisted upon at any time, even in the *fauteuils d'orchestre* of the French Opera, and there are many parts of the house in which the ladies may wear bonnets; still, I certainly never remember to have seen in the crush-room of the old house in the Rue Lepelletier a multitude comprising ladies in dresses of alpaca, nankeen, and printed gingham, with the commonest trimmings, and in felt hats of the cheapest kind. As for the gentlemen, they were dressed "anyhow"—in frocks and in cut-away coats, in waistcoats much too long, and in trousers much too short. They wore low-crowned straw hats, "Jim Crows," "wide-awakes," "billycocks"—anything you please. Gloves were conspicuous by their absence. Red and blue cotton pocket-handkerchiefs, white-spotted, were freely sported; and shoes were worn low, thick-soled, with strings. These formed certainly sixty per cent. of the native costumes.

I was moreover privileged to gaze upon a numerous contingent of my own beloved fellow-countrymen, who, with the manly independence and *sans-gêne* which so charmingly distinguish them when traveling abroad, did honor to M. Halanzier's management, M. Garnier's building, and M. Baudry's paintings, by appearing in "tourists' suits" of lightly hued blanketing—"in this style fifty-two shillings and sixpence." The wide-awake was the prevailing head-gear of these bold Britons; and in several cases artistic finish was given to the general make-up by the assumption of the celebrated "courier's-bag," slung by a strap over the right shoulder. What is that bag supposed to contain? A "Paris Guide," a brierwood pipe, a pocket-pistol containing some of the celebrated "cocked-hat" whisky, and a box of blue pills.

Pray do not entertain the notion that the audience at the Opéra was miscellaneous and ill-dressed because France is daily becoming—to all seeming—more and more soundly Republican, because Democracy is in the ascendant, or because the admission to the Opéra is cheap. On the contrary, the last is very costly; and unless you feel inclined to get up at seven in the morning and form part of the *queue* on the Place de l'Opéra, on the chance of securing a place at the *bureau de location*, you will not obtain a seat in any part of M. Halanzier's house for less than five-and-twenty francs. In many cases, the *marchands de billets* will make you pay a great deal more. It is all the fault of the Exhibition.

The fashionable world of Paris is still away at the watering-places, or that portion of it which has returned to the capital is sitting in its lordly mansions, holding, as it does, the Exhibition and all its works in lofty, anti-Republican disdain. The Parisian tradespeople are too busily employed in making money, and are too consistently frugal to waste that money in paying extravagant prices for opera tickets; and the mob in the *foyer* is mainly made up of foreigners and of provincials, who have never seen the "G-r-r-r-r-and Opéra" before, and will probably never see it again. They have determined to "see the elephant," and do not mind, for once in a way, how much the sight of the prodigious quadruped costs them.

"I know that I'm charging you too much," once remarked to me a highly intelligent courier, whom I engaged to traverse the Russian Empire from St. Petersburg to Odessa; "but what does it matter?—*you'll never come back again!*"

That is where it is. The receipts at the Académie Nationale de Musique average just now eight hundred pounds a night; but every evening there is a fresh audience of foreigners and provincials. They will, in the majority of cases, never come back again. That is why M. Halanzier's *répertoire* consists of "Faust," "Hamlet," "Le Prophète" and "La Juive," varied by "La Juive," "Le Prophète," "Hamlet" and "Faust."

When the people who are in the habit of "coming back again" do arrive, the prudent director will give them something new by M. Gounod or M. Ambroise Thomas.

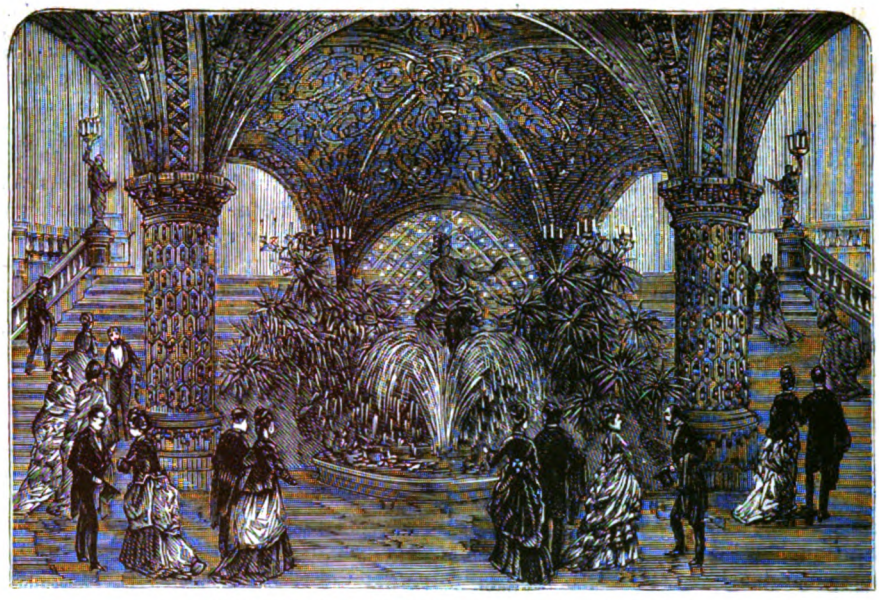
On the evening on which I visited the Opéra, the part of *Faust* was sustained by a gentleman whose services in London would certainly have been deemed overpaid at six pounds per week. The lady who played *Marguerite* was an *artiste*, and was possibly a laureate of the Conservatoire; but her age was mature, and her name wholly unknown to European fame. Tenor and soprano were good enough for an audience of which the bulk "would never come back again."

I had been promised that the box was to be the coolest in the house. Through corridor after corridor, and up staircase after staircase was I conducted, until I began to imagine that our *loge* must be on a level with the topmost tier. Error. We had not yet attained the level of the stage. Suddenly we were confronted by a portly and venerable dame, in printed calico, a kind of superior *ouvreuse*. "Madame d' E———'s box?" "Parfaitement. La loge de Madame d'E——— est sur la scène." Upon my word, the box in which I was to have a seat was behind the curtain! A door was passed, and I stood cautiously on one side to avoid being crushed by the Town Hall of Leipsic on painted canvas and a wooden frame, which was bearing rapidly down on me, steered by three burly men with beards and short blouses. *Gare!* I had a narrow escape of being overwhelmed by the Cascades of Terni. Trying to avoid contact with one of the walls of Elsinore, I stumble over the steps of the throne of an Indian emperor; and, bringing myself up suddenly, I have the mischance to tread on the toes of a *pompier* with a brass helmet and a red sash. I beg the fireman's pardon; whereupon he replies, civilly enough, "Il n'y a pas de quoi"; and propels me amicably against three young ladies in silk tights and satin shoes and floral wreaths, and —well, I cannot recall to mind that they had much else on, who salute me with a saucy but friendly grin. "Take care! there yawns an open trap. Take heed of the 'floats' and grooves. Don't run your head against that gas batten." Thus my friend who is conducting me through the labyrinth.

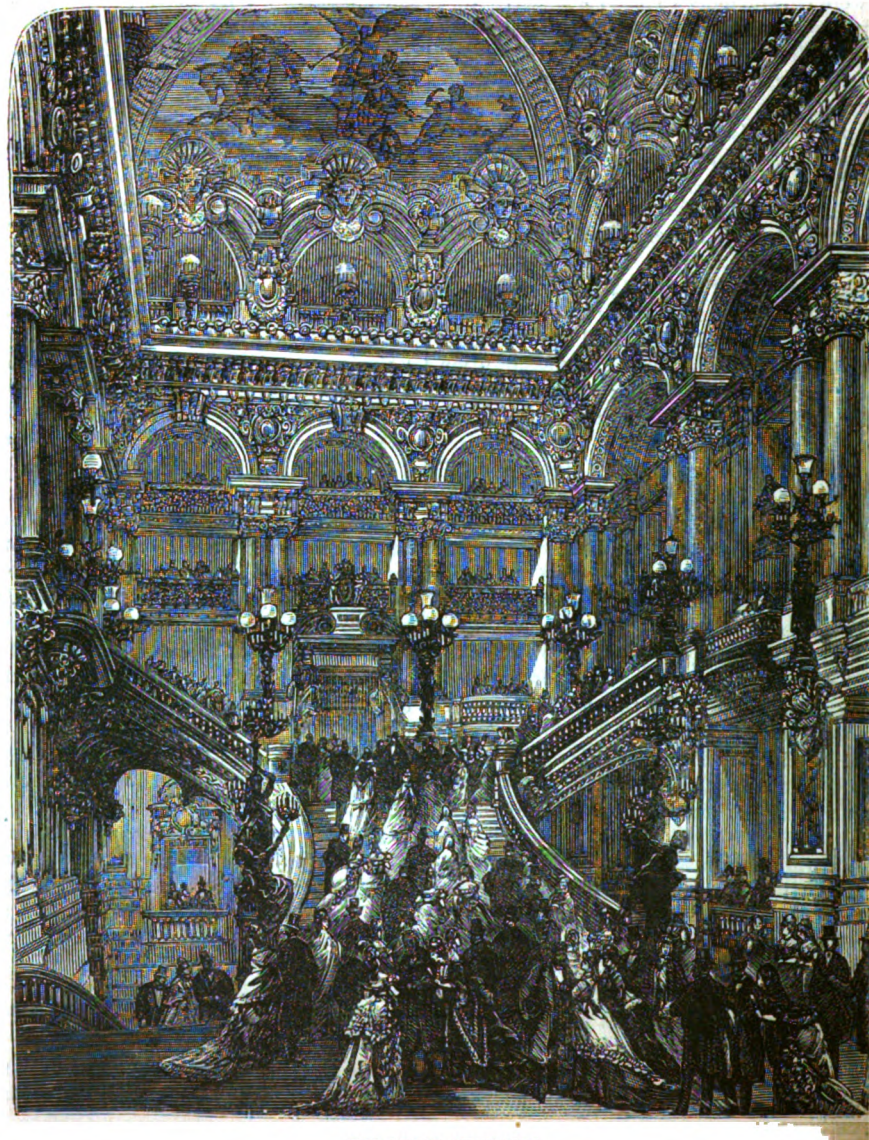
Well, I have picked my way behind the scenes of a good many theatres in my time, even behind those of the Paris Grand Opéra—not here, but in the old house in the Rue Lepelletier. The year was 1855; the occasion, the state visit to the Opéra of Queen Victoria, the Prince Consort, and the Emperor Napoleon III. By great good fortune I gained admission to the *coulisses* on that memorable night, and I remember the fun which the juvenile members of the *corps de ballet* made between the acts of the two towering Cent Gardes who, motionless as statues, stood sentry on either side of the proscenium. So soon as the

curtain was down, an impudent little minx of a *rat d'opéra* ran across to one of the mailed giants; examined him from crested helm to spurred jack-boot; tapped with one little rosy finger-nail the steel of his cuirass, and cried to one of her companions in the *cantonade*, "Tiens! c'est vivant!" (It's alive!) A corrupt epoch. "Et pourtant," philosophically remarked General Fleury in St. Petersburg, in September, 1870, when he learned that the corrupt epoch had collapsed, "il est certain que pendant dix-huit ans nous nous sommes diablement amusés."

The coolest box in the house was, in truth, delightfully airy and spacious, containing as it did *fauteuils* for ten persons. It was richly furnished with mirrors and velvet hangings; but its chief peculiarity and its chief charm were in the circumstance that it was the pit or ground-tier box of one of eight, four of which are on either side of the proscenium, and are literally apertures in the structure thereof, forming an inner frame to the curtain.



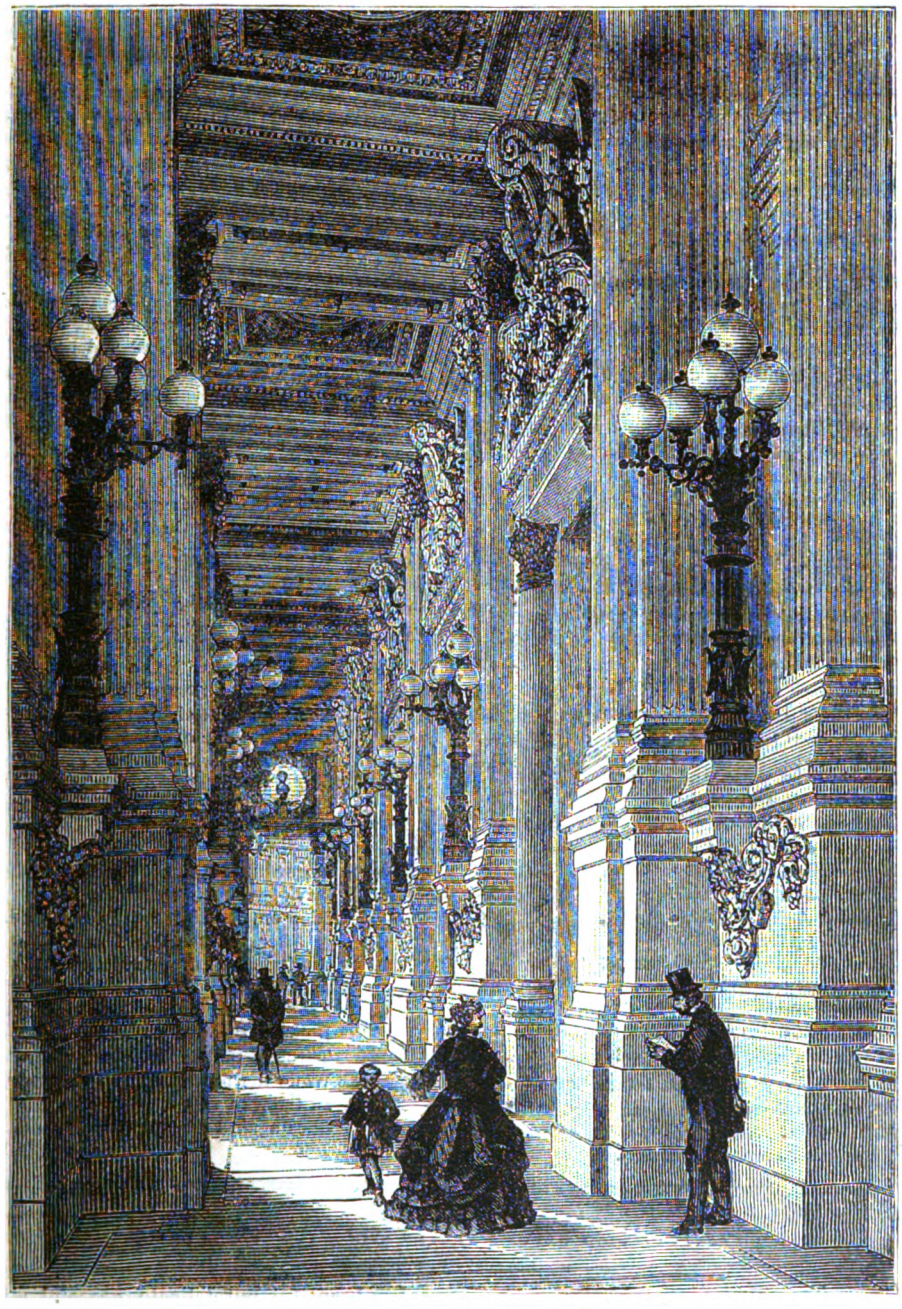
THE "BASSIN DE PYTHE," UNDER THE GRAND PROMENADE.



THE GRAND STAIRCASE.

These exceptional *loges* are painted a deep plain crimson to distinguish them from the richly carved and gilt fronts of the private boxes in the body of the house. When the curtain is down they are wholly invisible to the audience; and the occupants of the dark crimson niches enjoy the much-coveted privilege of lounging behind the scenes, and even of penetrating into that Bower of Choregraphic Bliss—the *Foyer de la Danse*—so graphically described in those edifying novels of the Imperial Epoch, *Un Début à l'Opéra* and *Monsieur de St. Bernard*. What the technical designation of these boxes behind the curtain may be, I do not know. I have an idea that many years ago a noted operatic prima donna, Madame Dolores Nau, told me that they were

called *les loges de l'Administration;* that one was occupied by the manager, another by the Minister of Fine Arts, another by the Prefect of Police, and so forth; and that in the old days, under the Restoration, one of the crimson boxes was always set apart for the use of the *gentilhommes de la chambre*, charged with the control of the Royal theatres, and one of the last of whom, M. Sosthène de la Rochefoucauld, found the ballet-dancers' skirts all too short. I do not know what M. Sosthène de la Rochefoucauld would think of the skirts of the present day. I sat through "Faust," and endured the March, the Waltz, and the Chorus of Old Men as patiently as I might. The only drawback to the advantage of being actually on the stage was the well-nigh blinding glare from the *rampe* or footlights; but this was obviated by means of large Japanese fans, thoughtfully placed by our distinguished hostess at the disposal of her guests. The *Mephistopheles* was exceptionally an excellent artist and singer, with a first-rate voice; and *Valentine*, the soldier, was likewise in every way satisfactory. The chorus-singers—the ladies "running" stout and with looks of immaculate virtue, as it is the characteristic of lady chorus-singers to look the whole world over—sang in admirable time and tune; and as for the orchestra, all I can say of that multitude of musicians is that they seemed to play as with one fiddle, one violoncello, and one trombone. It was the perfection of musical mechanism.



LA LOGGIA OF THE PARIS OPERA.

The front of the house, seen from our darkened nook, was astonishingly brilliant, the gay toilets of the ladies in the *avant scènes* looking like immense banks of rare flowers blooming above the ebony pedestal of the pit, which, contrasted against the glare of the footlights, was simply one dark mass of human heads. Above, the several tiers of boxes were so radiant with brand-new gilding and so bespangled with lustres, that, as a short-sighted spectator, I could only liken the vista to that of a huge screen of cloth of gold powdered with diamonds.

But it was when the curtain had descended, and we were shut out from this glittering expanse, that I could most intensely enjoy myself; first, by watching from the box the ordering of the stage and setting of the scenes; and next, by diving in and out of the *coulisses*, and peering into all kinds of curious corners.

The much-talked-of *Foyer de la Danse* did not interest me much. It is a sumptuous apartment, overpowered by painting, carving and gilding, but intensely gairish and meretricious. A score of remarkably plain-looking *coryphées*, in attitudes the reverse of restrained, were sprawling about the divans; and half-a-score of young *gommeux*, or dandies, and corpulent old men of wicked mien, in high white cravats, were chattering to or glozing over the *danseuses*.

A throng of *comparses*, *rats d'opéra*, and "extras," as we term them, were clustered like so many painted Peris outside the portals of the Paradisiacal *foyer*, into which, I presume, they are not privileged to enter unless their salary exceeds a certain number of francs a month.

The shoes of many of these poor girls left much to be desired. The heel of one satin slipper had been darned, I am certain, at least seven times; and the hose of many of the poor things were full of "Jacob's ladders." Not to be too particular, the majority of the "extras" looked as though they were half starved. Red egg, *fromage de Brie*, threehalfpenny-worth of fried potatoes, and a bit of garlic sausage now and then—such, I apprehend, would be the ordinary *menu* of an operatic "extra"; meagre, sickly, ill-favored, often old, but dancing and posing with wonderfully mechanical skill and *aplomb*. Thus it is not all gold that glitters, even in M. Garnier's auriferous playhouse.

IN THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE—1768-74.

By Etta W. Pierce.

Through the forest peals a cry—
"Tally-ho!"
Lo! the hunt is passing by—
Tally-ho!
Ring, oh royal greenwood, ring!
'Tis the "well-belovèd" King.
At his back a splendid train
Jest and trample, spur and strain—
Dukes and princes, peers of France,
Faith, it is a goodly show!
Feathers flaunt and horses prance,
Gold-lace glitters, bugles blow,
Hounds and huntsmen, on they go—
Tally-ho!

In a green glade of the wood,
Three lean, haggard peasants stood—
Heard the trampling and the cry
Saw the frightened red deer fly,
Watched the train as it swept by—
Tally-ho!
Scrap nor bone was in the pot,
Famine filled the poor man's cot—
Slew his children, one by one,
Underneath God's pleasant sun.
But the King and silken court
Smile and feast, in grand disdain,
Squander realms in idle sport,
Shut their eyes on want and pain,
Blight of vine and rust of grain.
Versailles, with its pomp and show,
Marly fair, and Fontainebleau,
Care not, though the peasants die,
And the price of bread be high.
Crush these common dogs that whine
To disturb our merry mood!
If the people lack for food,
Let them eat the grass, like kine!
Ride on, courtiers, prince and peer,
Ride on, Louis, King so dear;
Three starved peasants, gaunt as death,
Watch you all with bated breath.
Tally-ho!

Weird the dawn, and gray with rain.
In its gloom a funeral train
Through the royal forest passed,
Toward the black crypts flying fast.
Crouched the deer in sombre glades,
Hid the hare in burrowed shades;
Howled the wind; the dripping trees
Toss'd in stormy agonies.
'Neath a black, foreboding heaven
Went the cortége, fiercely driven,
Like some guilty, hunted thing—
The King's dead! Long live the King!
Croaked the raven overhead,
Poured the sharp rain on the dead.
Few the courtiers following after,
Jeweled, powdered and belaced;
There is neither jest nor laughter,
Wild, indecent, is the haste.
Through the morning, thick with gloom
Drive him fast unto his tomb!

In a hollow of the wood,
Lo! three starving peasants stood—
Watched the train as it rushed by,
Lifted high a mocking cry—
"Tally-ho!"
Cry of meaning sinister,
Fit the proud old King to stir
'Neath the velvet of his pall,
Brodered with the lily fair—
Maddest Bourbon of them all,
As he lieth silent there.
Dead and silent, can he know
How that white flower of his race—
Flower of glory and of grace—
Shall be crushed and trampled low!
By the ruthless, red *sabot?*

Dogs will slip the leash at last,
Day of reckoning cometh fast;
Ride on, dead King, join the dead.
After you, the fire, the flood—
Guillotine, all drenched and red,
Kingly garments rolled in blood.
Proud heads lopped, like boughs, away.
Ride on, through the dismal day—
Through the black, lamenting wood,
While the peasants, lean and rude,
In the wild rain lift on high
Once again that mocking cry—
"Tally-ho!"

UNDER THE PAINTED WINDOW.

By Mrs. M. A. Denison.

Madeline Bruce came gliding down the great staircase like a spirit. She was dressed all in white, and as the afternoon sun, shining through the painted window, fell on her bright hair, while she paused to notice a picture, illuminated by the same rich color, she seemed like one of Raphael's angels, standing in a glory of radiance, her lips curving into a smile, her eyes bright and thoughtful.

The wide hall—a stately entrance—was partly in shadow, and everything pertaining to the mansion's adornment was in good taste. The pictures had been bought by a *bona fide* connoisseur—those that were not heir-looms; the walls and ceilings were delicately and artistically frescoed.

On through sunshine and shadow moved Madeline. Not exactly beautiful, but delicate, graceful, striking and high-bred in person, manner and movement. Her face, at times, won from the stranger an admiration that was as sudden as unaccountable, seeing that the moment before he had looked at her with a careless eye.

It was these occasional flashes of beauty, like the wild lightnings on Summer evenings, that reveal the hidden splendor of the clouds, that made Madeline the envy of her less richly endowed companions.

That her taste in dress was perfect, everybody allowed. She wore jewels seldom, but she had a way of placing a few buds, a leaf or a greenhouse spray so that her friends often remarked, "How is it that Madeline, though her

toilet seems so simple, always contrives to outshine us all ?"

It was not contriving to outshine, but merely an intuition that was little less than genius, that made the young girl's toilet always perfect. An added touch by unskilled fingers might have marred the whole effect.

The even tenor of Madeline's life had been broken, or, rather, jarred, that day by an adventure.

She had driven to the Park in company with her father, who had long been an invalid. They had left the carriage to stroll for a time through one of the many beautiful winding paths, when suddenly Mr. Bruce's strength had given way.

Madeline half led, half supported him to a seat, trusting that the indisposition would pass. Not so, however; a deadly pallor overspread the thin features. Poor Madeline thought he was dying.

"What shall I do? Who will help me?" she cried, almost in despair, as the gray head sank lower and lower.

Even as she uttered the exclamation, two gentlemen came in view, walking arm-in-arm. The younger one was jesting, apparently, for he laughed and swung a lithe cane to and fro in his free hand.

"Papa, dearest, speak! Oh, he is very, very ill! What shall I do?"

The pathetic cry reached the ears of the strangers.

"There is trouble there," said the elder gentleman, coming to a stand. "Do you hear that, Dick? Something is the matter with that lady. You had better hurry and see what it is. I will come on."

Before Dick Mayo had reached the pair, he saw that help was needed. The lovely, well-dressed young girl was looking with an eager, strained gaze in his direction.

"Oh, sir, my father is very ill!" she said, as he drew nearer. "Our carriage is at some distance, and I have no one to send for it."

"Permit me," said Dick, raising his hat, and disclosing a boyishly handsome face. "But your father needs aid. My uncle, like those men who carry umbrellas on sunshiny days, always has his medicine-box with him. Perhaps he may be able to help him."

"Oh, thanks! if he will only come!" said Madeline, gratefully, and in another moment the elder gentleman was bending over the almost inanimate sufferer.

Meanwhile Dick had gone for the carriage, guided by a description of the coachman's livery, and soon the two grays were arching their sleek necks under the elm-trees in the shadowed path.

"I see your father is better," said Dick, as he sprang from his perch beside the coachman. "I knew if uncle dispensed his infinitesimals he would be well directly. Permit me, sir, to help you to your carriage." And turning, he offered his arm to Mr. Bruce, while his uncle aided the invalid on the other side.

Of course, after this, nothing was left but to assist Madeline, who blushed slightly as the young man turned his dark eyes—fine eyes they were—upon her, in a respectful, admiring gaze, which recurred to her more than once on her return home.

She had scarcely laid her wraps aside, and placed her father in the hands of his own servant, Gill, before a maid brought a message from her aunt; and so Madeline came slowly down the stairs—slowly and somewhat reluctantly, and passed on to the presence to which she had been summoned.

Miss Drusilla Bruce, commonly called Miss Grudy, was a spare, restless little woman, whose life had been spent in alternately chiding and caressing those over whom she exercised domestic control. It was a wonder that Madeline was not spoiled by this good-hearted but capricious relative. Full of whims and oddities, she yet managed to be respected. She never left the lower suite of apartments for the upper rooms on any pretense whatever, and never appeared before her niece or any of her friends without a queer nondescript of a headdress that gave her a singular, top-heavy aspect—like a small steeple with an immense vane!

For the rest, she was inclined to be sociable and witty, and was at times companionable, though sarcastic, and liable to what she called attacks of the nerves.

Miss Grudy was seated on her throne of state—an immense easy-chair, to which she had caused to be added two long rockers that kept everybody in terror for fear of being run down by them whenever they ventured in her vicinity.

"Walk softly, Madeline," as the young girl entered. "This news has given me an attack of the nerves—my head is splitting. Seat yourself on the sofa, and pray don't twiddle your fingers or trot your feet. There, now, tell me, child—what is it I hear about this accident? Brown says you were thrown from the carriage, and your pa nearly killed. Not that I believe it, for I heard my brother's voice as he came in; but I was sure that new coachman would bring you to grief—sure."

"The coachman had nothing to do with it, aunty," replied Madeline. "There was no accident; papa was taken ill."

"I hope he will listen to me after this. I have told him again and again that a little exercise on foot would be better for him than all this riding, and——"

"But, aunty, we were walking—we left the carriage on purpose."

"Oh, well—yes; and of course you overdid the matter, then; you would walk the feet off a cat. What in the world did you do? I'm sure you've no strength worth speaking of. Gill has to carry him to bed sometimes. Did he fall?"

"No, aunty; he managed to walk to one of the stone benches, and then, providentially, some one came in sight—two persons—two gentlemen, one of whom happened to have some medicines with him."

"Well, you needn't turn so red over it," said Miss Grudy, tartly, flourishing her fan, which she wore in the coldest as well as the warmest weather. "One of them was young, I'll be bound."

"Yes, I—I think one of them was rather young," replied Madeline, deliberately, and casting down her eyes—"and handsome, too," she added, demurely.

"Of course; and he was not the one with the medicine—young men don't generally carry pill-boxes about with them."

"It wasn't pills, aunty, but powders."

"Oh, well, they're all alike. I never take either. Keep the head and feet warm, that's my doctrine, and go to bed when you are taken with the nerves—where I ought to be now. Did you learn their names?"

"Here is a card. It fell into my hands as he passed it into the carriage."

"He—the young gentleman, of course; let me see. Mayo—Richard Mayo—must be the Mayos of John Street—old Dick Mayo's son. If he's a chip of the old block, I don't envy him his pedigree. If Dick Mayo had been poor, he'd been in State's prison before he died. He failed for money—and his widow holds on to it. I hope young Dick is not coming here."

"That depends upon how he regarded the invitation papa gave him," said Madeline, dryly.

"Not to dinner? I trust not to dinner!" The shadow on her face grew deeper.

"It is just possible. Papa said he thought he should have them here."

"Just like him. He would send Lucifer himself a card if he lifted his hat to him. Well, all I can say is, I'm glad Max is coming here to-morrow."

A hot flush burned in Madeline's cheeks, but she did not trust herself to speak the taunting reply that came to her lips. She half rose as she said:

"Aunty, may I go, now?"

"Always in a hurry to get away—always in a hurry—the penalty one must pay, I suppose, for growing old and ugly;" and she jerked the velvet ribbon from which hung her great Spanish fan, impatiently. "You may be old and ugly yourself one day, Miss Bruce."

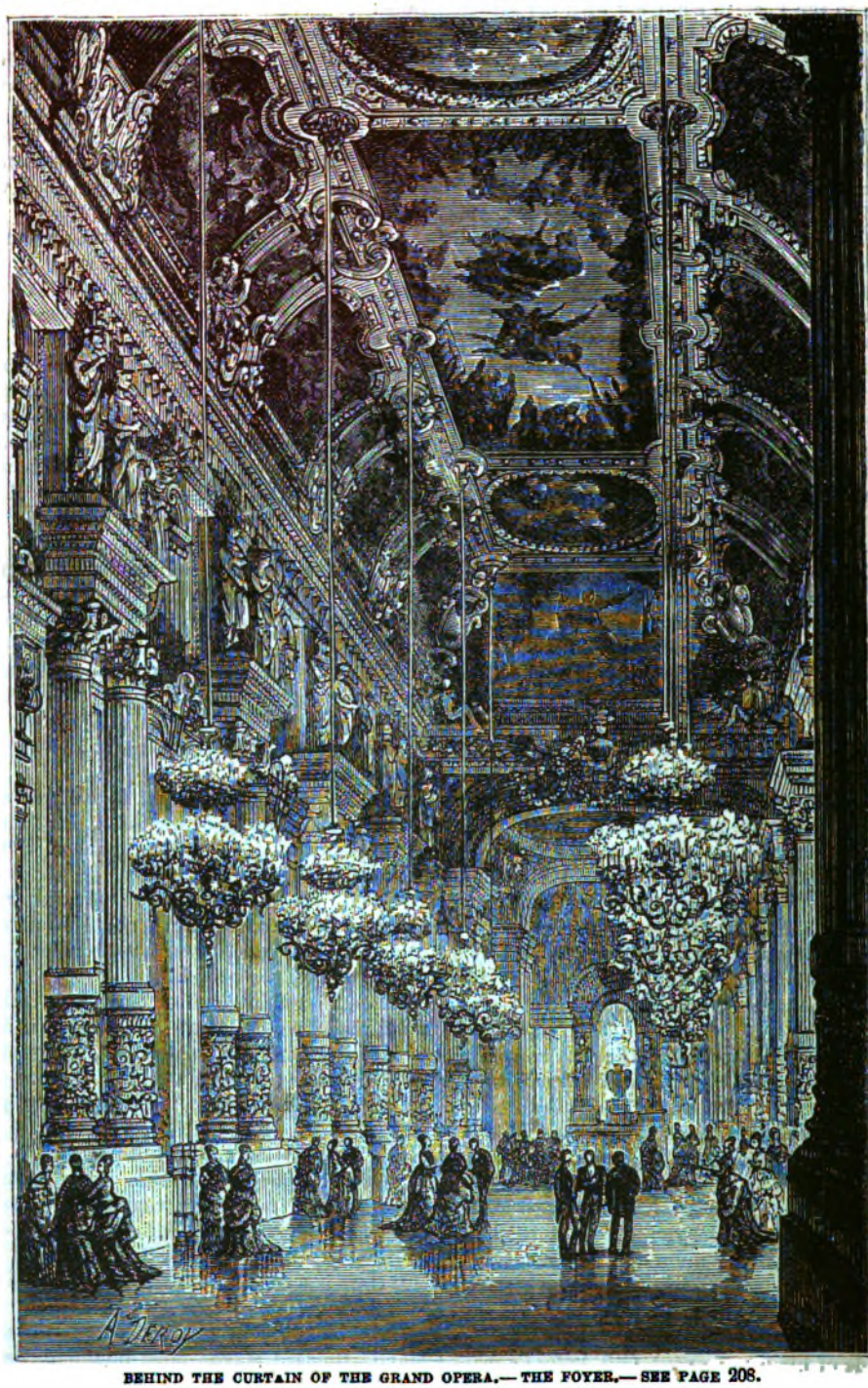
"Aunty!" said Madeline, pleadingly. She had not any weapons with which to combat successfully her aunt's sarcasms.

"Well, well, we'll put it to Max's score, then. Naturally you want to get by yourself and think it over. Max is one of a thousand. His heart is gold—pure gold. There are few girls loved as he loves you."

"If only she would not be for ever dinging his perfections in my ears, it would be better for Max," thought Madeline to herself.

Then, when she had undergone more cross-questioning, and satisfied Miss Grudy with regard to her own thoughts and purposes as far as she could reveal them, she was suffered to take her departure.

She went up the wide staircase even more slowly than she had come down; there was a troubled expression on the sweet face. What was the matter? Yesterday it would not have been unpleasant news, though possibly it might have brought no special delight, that Max was coming home; for she was conscious that, of late, there had sprung up a coldness on her side for which she could not readily account. She could recall the time when she had, after a fashion, worshiped this handsome, scholarly man—girl-worship, to be sure, mingled with awe and a kind of constrained pleasure.



BEHIND THE CURTAIN OF THE GRAND OPERA.—THE FOYER.—SEE PAGE 208.

She had exerted all her pretty powers of pleasing, her heart had throbbed at his praise; for was he not a king among men? All the world was talking about him; he had published some new scientific theory that had taken people by surprise. Everybody wanted to know him; the famous and the gifted numbered him among their special friends; celebrities, male and female, courted him; beauties would forego the most precious bits of flirtation if he would but deign to notice them. And what a triumph, could she, little Madeline, neither very beautiful nor wonderfully accomplished, and not at all wise, but capture this hero!

Professor Max Lieutner was the stepson of Miss Grudy's

A POMPIER AT THE PARIS OPERA.

THE DOCTOR OF THE OPERA TROUPE.

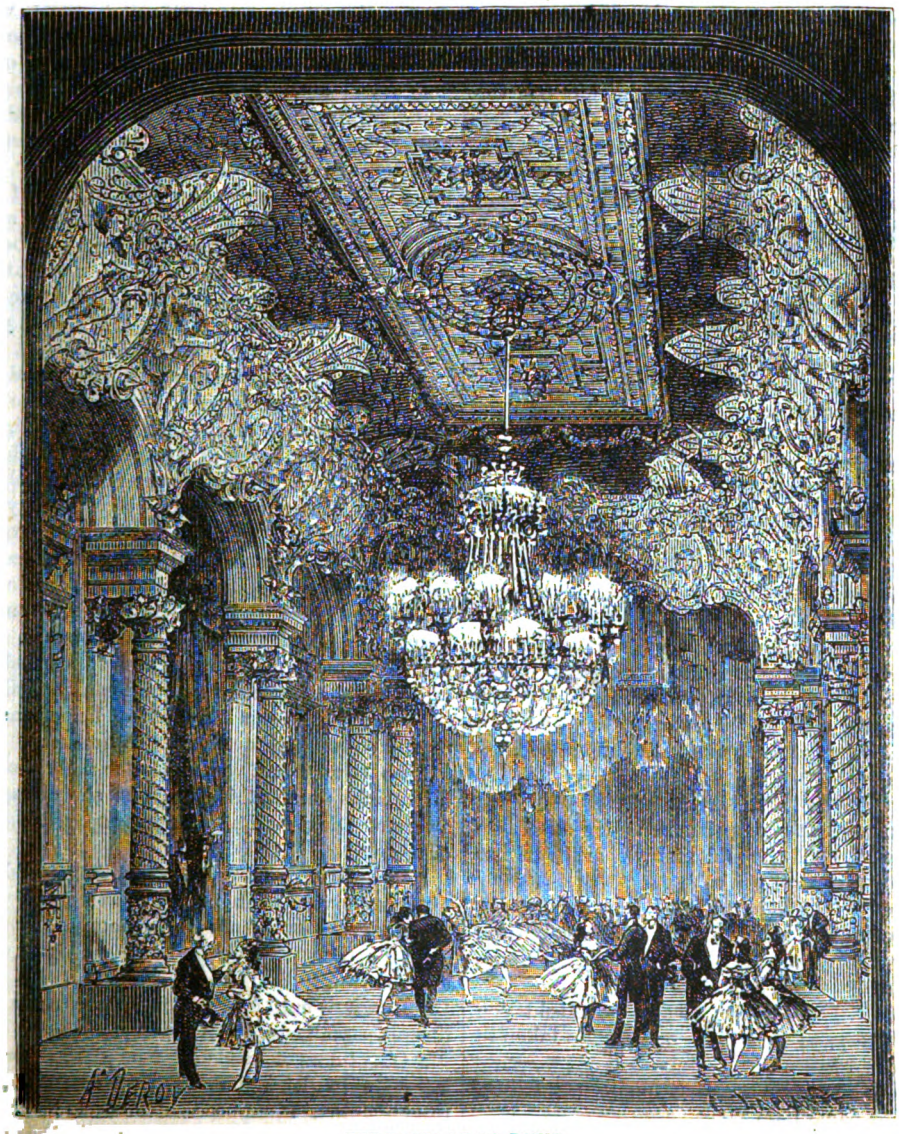
only sister, who had been dead now for nearly twenty years. The father also dying, Miss Grudy adopted the boy, worshiped, educated and worried him. She was rich, and he was to have all her money.

The boy was fourteen when Madeline was born, and, as the hour she saw the light also saw her motherless, the child was cast upon the care of her aunt, who, with all her faults, had been faithful to her life-work. She had at one time been sought for in marriage by a man she might have been very happy with; but she declined the honor, saying that Providence had cut her out for an old maid, and she fancied she could take better care of other people's families than of her own.

When Madeline was sixteen, Max Lieutner accepted a professorship at the early age of thirty. Madeline was then the life and sunshine of the house to the grave student; and to her he was the type of all excellence.

When he went abroad for a year, his letters were so delightful, and when he returned, his presents so fitting and beautiful, that her gratitude was unbounded. Everybody made her the theme of conversation and admiration, so that Madeline, seeing with other eyes and hearing with the ears of the outside world, began to think constantly of Professor Max.

Aunt Grudy, the darling desire of whose heart was that they should marry, cautiously forwarded the development



THE FOYER DE LA DANSE.

of a tenderer feeling than cousinly friendship, and at last it came to pass that those soulful eyes looked into hers one day with a passionate intensity that heightened their beauty, and that voice, always soft and low as the richest flute-notes of an organ skillfully played, told Madeline a story in such cadences, with such absolute trust in her truth and integrity, that every tone thrilled her and made her feel almost unworthy of such precious confidence, yet proud of being its object. And when she said Yes to his whispered question, she thought she knew her own heart; and when he drew her toward him, and her young head rested upon his shoulder, she thought she had surely found her refuge from all trouble—her haven for a blessed life.

This was the man who was coming home, and for the first time in her experience Madeline was not happy at the thought of his return. She did not ask herself why—she was only conscious of the fact.

Max came on the morrow; but, unhappily, under a cloud. It was easy to see that something was amiss. His greeting of Madeline was very tender, but he seemed anxious and absent. He was not a man to tell his troubles—he would have thought it akin to sacrilege to disturb the peace of mind of a friend by the recital of personal grievances.

It had happened that certain critics had set up their banners, and were waging war to the knife against him and his book. To make it worse, they were foreign journalists, and what mischief may not be done while opinions are traveling thousands of miles away, full of dark hints and caustic suggestions, that, coming all suddenly with the force of exploded missiles upon one's quiet entrenchments behind hitherto undisputed testimony, startle and sting! They may have spread all over the continent by this time, and gathered an army of retainers, ready at a moment's notice to follow the hint or watchword of their leader.

One's sense of helplessness at the first, when conscious of having roused an invading host, is simply overwhelming. It may not last long; but all the same, it renders its subject depressed and gloomy, and oftentimes bitter, toward those who approach him. And then, to some natures, there is a certain sense of defeat in the idea of speaking of the matter at all, consequently others are left to conjecture what they will—that one is odd, peculiar, has forgotten old friendships; has found attractions elsewhere.

So everybody but Miss Grudy noticed that Max was preoccupied. She was so full of joy that she saw only Max, and none of his moods.

He came in one day, and, as he threw his gloves in his hat, Madeline was leaving the drawing-room. He seldom noticed her attire, or indulged in compliments, but she was so charming just now, in the palepink dress with its creamy tints and laces, that he spoke with sudden admiration in voice and eyes:

"Why, how pretty you look, Madeline!"

She flushed faintly at the compliment, and glanced up at him with something of the old merry sparkle in her eyes.

"You have been entertaining, I see," he added, going toward her and reverently half inclosing the delicate form with his arm. "Who was that very handsome young gentleman who left just as I came?"

"Oh, that was Mr. Mayo. You remember I told you how his uncle helped papa so much when he was taken ill in the Park that day?"

"I remember—yes; he's a fine-looking young fellow. Does the uncle ever come here?"

"Oh, yes; he has been twice to see papa."

"Aha!" he said, pleasantly; "and the nephew came to see papa's daughter, I expect."

"He came to see us all—only there was no one at home but me. Aunt Grudy, you know, never sees callers. By-the-way, they will be here to dine on Thursday. Papa has invited them."

"Thursday—now that is provoking. I made an engagement this morning with a friend who is going with me to D——. There are some books of reference in his library, which I wish to consult. It is truly unfortunate, as I should like to make the acquaintance of your new friends. I trust your father will be able to do the honors of the table. He is much better, I find."

"But can you not put off the visit to D——?" asked Madeline, in a faint voice.

"Impossible, my dear girl—I never break an engagement." And he went off to his books and correspondence, scarcely conscious that the sight of the young man and the subsequent conversation—to say nothing of the bright, animated face of Madeline, which suffered a change as she met him—had affected him somewhat curiously; but he shook the feeling off, if it did make itself visible, for he was in the very midst of a brilliant vindication, to which he must yet give much time and study.

Thursday came, and the professor was not at dinner. Even Miss Grudy, as she took her seat, with a new and enlarged edition of the voluminous head-gear, in honor of the occasion, expressed her disapproval of his absence. There was also in Madeline's heart a sense of injury, which, although secretly she had much rather he were absent—not that she confessed as much, even to herself—irritated her. He no longer regarded her wishes as paramount in importance, she said to herself; but secure in the possession of her promise, given when she was scarcely more than a child, he thought she might be left to herself. Very well, then—and she turned her bright eyes in one of those sweet flashes of light that made her so exquisitely beautiful, toward young Dick Mayo, and young Dick reciprocated by falling madly in love.

After that Dick came often. There was always an excuse—now a book, now flowers, now a message to Mr. Bruce, with whom, being merry and witty and light-hearted, he had become somewhat of a favorite. And his presence was perilous to poor Madeline, who felt that she ought to do her duty, let the consequences be what they might, though her opinions in regard to Max had undergone a change. But, alas! the germs of what was intended to be only a mild friendship for Dick stirred to a decided interest, and the interest grew into something still warmer. Madeline found herself watching for his footsteps. The touch of his hand made her happy, and it seemed as if when he sang—for he possessed a wonderfully thrilling and magnetic voice—she was lifted out of her ordinary sphere, and floated somewhere quite near to heaven.

Miss Grudy was very unfortunately sick with one of her attacks during this time, but she managed to be made aware of Dick's visits, and never spared Madeline on such occasions.

"Of course, you're all right," she said, after one of Madeline's vehement protestations. "If I didn't think you were, I should hate you. Compare *him* with my Max, indeed! But people will talk—yes, they will. You give them reason to."

"But how can I tell him not to come? Besides, he pleases papa," pleaded her niece.

"Oh, of course—papa must be pleased, though the heavens should fall. Papa must be pleased, if his daughter is called a flirt, I suppose. Nonsense! There's always a straight way to the right—never a crooked one. Tell him

you're engaged," said the downright spinster; "or, if you can't, let me tell him. Max don't care; he has no more suspicion than a child, his trust in you is so perfect; but he would, if he knew what a wild fellow Dick Mayo has been. That boy ran through twenty thousand dollars left him by his aunt before he was twenty-one. How do I know? Well, I *know*, that's enough! You're not going to marry *him*, so I'm not bound to tell you. That's the way he sowed his wild oats. He'd go through another if he had it. I've known the Mayos by reputation ever since I can remember. Rich enough? Yes—there's the sin of it. When poor men are scapegraces, the Lord knows there are plenty of ways of giving them the cold shoulder!"

Madeline chose to believe that this was a bit of spite on the part of her aunt, who, very unwisely, referred again to her engagement with Max. And Madeline was coming to look upon this engagement as a burden.

Dick, with his impulsive, ardent temperament, his bright ways and sayings, his merry humor, was much more congenial. Of course, she said to herself more than once, he knew about Max; he would never presume—but he did.

One day he startled her by a sudden and passionate avowal of love. It was on the edge of an August evening. The young man had lounged across the parlor to the bay window in the rear, which—the house being near the suburbs of the city—overlooked a long stretch of diversified landscape, softened and delicately toned by the gray shadows of the coming twilight.

He called her to notice the tender coloring of the clouds, tinged by the swiftly sinking sun into a momentary, dying splendor, and then and there he rushed upon that other subject, standing with those dreamy eyes bent upon her, his lips parted, every motion vitalized by the intensity of his feelings.

"Speak to me, Madeline—if I may venture to call you so—my future depends upon your answer. I love you with all my soul! I want you to be my wife. Say, will you not try to love me?"

"I do love you!" she was surprised into saying; "but——" and before she could find breath to add the coming words she had intended to say, she felt herself caught to his bosom.

"You said 'but.' I only wanted that other answer—you love me; that is enough. All my life lies clear before me!"

"Still, there is something I must tell you," she said, with surprised frankness, withdrawing herself from his arms.

"Never mind the something—at least, to-night. Let me be happy, without feeling there may or might be any alloy."

And they were happy for the brief hours that followed.

When he left, Madeline went up to her room, scarcely satisfied with herself, or, strangely enough, with Dick. Some way she had found an opportunity to speak of her engagement, and he had turned it all into ridicule.

"That old graybeard!" laughed Dick, secure in the brown locks of three-and-twenty. "Why, he's a bookworm, a cold-blooded philosopher, a scientist, whose mind is always in the moon, or some other equally remote region. He ought to have been ashamed of himself to think of making you his wife! Let him shut himself up in some dreary old hole with Miss Grudy; they'd make a delightful pair!"

Though Madeline laughed at the picture, and at other caricatures which it pleased the exuberant spirits of the young man to indulge in, it was not pleasant to hear Max ridiculed. To do her justice, she made some feeble show of indignation.

When Dick had gone, his words came back to her. Perhaps it was just possible that Max had changed in his feelings toward her; he certainly secluded himself almost constantly, under the plea of business. He had never been very demonstrative. Indeed, the reverence of his manner might be mistaken for coldness. He had often excused himself to her on account of preoccupation of mind, had told her that much of his time must be necessarily given to his profession; and, frequently reflecting on all this of late, the aspect of her feelings had changed.

"It would be a dull life," she said, thinking of the rosy hues of the world which Dick was so fond of picturing; "and he *is* older—fourteen years older—than I am. Still—I have not been quite honest."

She had not been honest at all, as she might have told herself, had she been more carefully trained; and even now she hated to be alone with her thoughts. The dark, serious face seemed ever before her, reproaching her, till an impetuous desire arose in her breast to seek Max and have it over—to make confession and find peace before she sought her pillow.

"I'll go now," she said, rising from the moon-lighted window. "Max always sits up late. If I wait till to-morrow, I cannot do it."

The gas was turned down in the passage, but Madeline made her way to the familiar door. She knew that room thoroughly, and all its belongings. At her knock a voice that sounded far away said, "Come in!" Madeline, fortifying her sinking heart with assumed indifference, entered.

He sat at the table—great folios opened before him. His face looked darker than ever in the deep shadow that closed over the circle of light made by the green shade above the gas. At sight of her a quick smile illuminated his countenance, though at the same time he sighed.

"Give me joy," he said; "I am almost through. Now come the printers, and then—— Why, child, how pale you are!" he added, in the same breath. He had not taken time to wonder as yet why she had come, and he motioned to lift the shade.

"Don't, please!" and she put out her hand; "I'd rather have it dark. I've—I've something to tell you," she said, brokenly, for her courage was failing her. He did move now; thrust aside his manuscripts; half-rose in his chair. All at once he was roused to the sense of some threatened trouble.

"Let me tell you in a word, Cousin Max—if I can. It's only honest to say—to say—that—you are not to think of me any more—only as a friend—and I cannot help it!" Her voice faltered and fell.

"Do you mean—no, you cannot mean that!—no, no; she cannot mean that!" And the smile came again as he stretched out his arms. It was a mute question—an appeal that she would come to him.

"No, I cannot, Cousin Max; I—I don't love you now," she faintly answered.

"Great God! what does she mean?" he asked, his face changing. "The dearest thing I have on earth—the very dearest—my love, my idol!"

Slowly, but not calmly, with face averted, she told him all.

He stood slightly leaning forward. The hand that supported his weight upon the massive library-table trembled—nay, shook—and it terrified her. Then he slowly sank down; his head fell upon his folded arms. He spoke not a word.

"Cousin Max!" she called twice, but he did not move.

"Oh, you are angry with me!" she wailed, more troubled still.

She had not looked for this. He spoke at last.

BALL IN THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE, PARIS.—SEE PAGE 208.

"No, not angry—not angry, child," he said; and she scarcely knew his voice, it was so vailed and choked. Then he lifted his head, and in his face was an anguish that had changed that also. Madeline could scarcely believe her own eyes. "We won't talk about it," he went on, and every word seemed an effort too much for him; "it would be useless now. If I had only known! but I did not. No good angel whispered to me. But no matter. Let it end. I am too proud to sue for what another has stolen—yes, basely stolen!" he added, with emphasis.

"But he did not know; how could he——"

UNDER THE PAINTED WINDOW.—"HER COLOR WENT AND CAME AS SHE STOOD THERE, FORGETTING HER SURROUNDINGS, FOR ONE BRIEF MOMENT; THEN SHE SAID, WITH A PAINED, SURPRISED LOOK: 'RICHARD MAYO! WHAT CAN HE HAVE BEEN TO YOU?'"

"Pardon, my child, but he did know," said Max, quietly, almost sternly. "Your father gave him to understand that fact from the first. Never mind, now. You love him, and we won't talk about it. As I said before, it would be utterly useless. Don't cry, Madeline; doubtless you could not help it. Women are weak, they say—it was not my theory; but I must be taught the hard, distasteful lesson. Madeline, good-by, and God bless you. You love another, but I shall love you to the day of my death!"

It was spoken as solemnly as if the end had indeed come, and Madeline left him, feeling crushed, humiliated and despondent—very little, indeed, like a heroine. Strangely enough, she thought of Dick almost with anger. He had been the cause of this dreadful quarrel—and could it be possible that he had known all along?

"Max trusted me," she sighed, as the haunting eyes seemed to follow her, "and I was not worthy of his confidence. What must he think of me?"

Aunt Grudy, when she heard that the match had been broken off, grew furious. She opened her fan with such angry vehemence that it split in three pieces.

"You'll rue it! you'll rue it! And for that puppy with the Spanish eyes to throw my Max over! For *him* to throw over that heart of gold! To ruin such a life! for, mark my words, Madeline Bruce, you have ruined Max Lieutner for life. Marry your popinjay—unfortunately I can't disinherit you, or I would. He will spend your money, and his own, too, when he gets it. I tell you he is a spendthrift by nature, and he has been worse. Many is the poor young man he has led into evil. I'm no Christian, Madeline Bruce, for I find it in my heart to hate you; but I will pray the Lord that your eyes may be opened in time—although it would serve you right if he married you and made you miserable. Madeline Bruce, get out of my sight! I thought you were different from other girls—the very fact that Max was fond of you made me think so. Go, marry that green gosling. I only wish Max could hate you as I do."

There was, on the whole, the prospect of a stormy passage for Madeline to her wedding-day. Her father was not pleased, and would not give his consent to her marriage for a year to come. In vain the youthful lover pleaded for a shorter probation. On this point Mr. Bruce was immovable. He was in no hurry to lose his only child, he said. If she had married Max, he would not have taken her out of the family.

He was uneasy and unhappy. Always, as a daughter, Madeline had been a loving and lovable creature; now it almost angered him that she should alternate between filial affection and her newly acquired interest in one who was so recently a stranger—one who had been a wild boy, too, Mr. Bruce soliloquized, though it was considered that he had sown his wild oats.

"But," added Bruce, *père*, "Max never had any wild oats to sow, and that's what I liked him for."

Max left the country, stipulating before he went that he did not care for any letters from home.

"Don't write me a word—I couldn't bear it," he said to Aunt Grudy.

She, poor soul, fell on his neck, or, rather, under it, for she was scarcely up to his shoulder, and, with her cap pushed first over her nose and then at the back of her neck, sobbed upon his bosom.

"Don't care for her, Max—don't, my dear, dear boy. Do try to forget her. She is a wicked, heartless little flirt. You will try, Max?"

"Yes, auntie; but remember I have loved her all my life," was his low reply.

"And so have I, the little adder! but I can feel her sting all the same. Oh, Max, my dear boy, to think that you should be driven from me, when I expected so much hap—hap—hap—piness, and I a poor old woman! It's not right—it can't be right!" and he had as much as he could do to free himself from her arms.

As soon as he had gone she took to her bed at once, and never left it for a month; true to her peculiarities, however, keeping her dressing-cap on all the time.

And so Madeline lost a treasure that was worth the winning and the keeping for a man who was both weak and selfish. For Dick was accustomed to homage since the day he had donned his first knickerbockers until the present time. He liked to be waited upon, to which liking his mother had accustomed him by a too fond devotion, and he would not have given up any indulgence that had grown a habit with him for the best wife that could be found.

One day a lady friend called upon Madeline just as the family carriage drove up to the door.

"I'm so sorry you are going out!" she said, after the girls had kissed.

"But it's nothing of consequence," Madeline made response. "I can wait till to-morrow."

"You see it's bouquet-day," said Miss Hatty Munson, "and Minnie Caspar is ill. She always accompanies me on our flower missions; and I thought, as you had never been to the Home, you might like to go with me."

"Oh, I should—that is, if I shall not see anything very dreadful," said Madeline.

"I promise you you shall not—only sick and convalescent people. There are no very bad cases."

"Then we will ride," said Madeline. "Are the flowers there?"

"Yes, the gardener carried them this morning. We shall be likely to be in time to distribute them ourselves."

The two girls were driven to the house which stood in the shadow of old Ascension, and was a plain, handsome structure of granite, like the church. Up the wide, clean staircase, through the corridors above, and then into the wards, Madeline followed her friend, who bore with her baskets filled with exquisite bouquets.

"You will take the left side," she said, in a low voice, to Madeline. "That is Miss Caspar's side. All you have to do is to give the bouquets to those who are strong enough to receive them. Where they are not, you will find little bouquet-holders, filled with water, by the bedside."

"And what shall I say to them?" queried Madeline, her lovely face as clear and sweet as the lilies blooming under her touch.

"Very little. Few of them ever talk. You can wish them good-morning—and if they ask after Miss Caspar, tell them she was sorry not to be able to be here."

Beautiful mission! that has come in with the awaking of tender susceptibilities, fairer meanings of the universal Gospel—brighter renderings of its spirit and teaching, this bearing flowers to the sick and afflicted; fitting companions to the cup of cold water which may moisten the fevered lip. These sweet messengers bring coolness and beauty to the weary eyes, and holy thoughts from God's gardens to the soul.

There was many a glance of gratitude as Madeline wended her way from cot to cot. The troubled eyes rested in wonder upon the delicate, rosebud face, for Miss Caspar was very plain, though lovely in character, and beloved by them all.

"Oh, how sweet! Oh, how beautiful!" resounded on all sides; but whether they meant Madeline or the flowers, who could tell? At last Madeline paused before a face that

held in its wasted lineaments the impress of death. The eyes were intensely black, and flashed, even now, from under the straight, narrow brows. The skin, pale and shining, clung to the delicately cut features that had once been very beautiful.

"Ah, this is flower-day!" said a weak voice, but little above a whisper; "but you—you are a stranger."

"Miss Caspar could not come to-day; she is sick."

"God bless her!" murmured the quivering lips. "She has been very kind to me—and perhaps I shall never see her again."

"If you have any message," said Madeline, softly, for the sweet, wan face was very pathetic in its pallor, "I will give it her."

"Thank you. I have a message—a very short one. Say to her that I *have forgiven him*. She will know what I mean. When they told me I had but little longer to live, I wrote the name upon a card; she will understand. It is under my pillow. Will you kindly take it from there?"

Madeline lifted the pillow mechanically, took therefrom the card, and read—waking to sudden and painful consciousness—the name of the man to whom she had pledged her faith. Her color went and came as she stood there, forgetting her surroundings for one brief moment; then she said, with a pained, surprised look:

"Richard Mayo! What can he have been to you?"

The woman turned her face to the wall as the nurse came forward and signified that the patient must have rest.

Chatty and merry as ever, Hatty Munson, conscious of duty well performed, went down-stairs without a glance at Madeline; nor, till after she entered the carriage, did she notice the abstracted manner and pale cheeks of her friend.

"I am afraid you are fatigued," she said, kindly. "You are not accustomed to this kind of work."

Madeline answered with difficulty in the affirmative, and ordered the coachman to drive to the rectory, which was at some distance from the church.

"Oh, that will be delightful!" said Hatty. "Minnie is just ill enough to appreciate a pleasant visitation."

"But I want to see her alone," Madeline rejoined, not at all conscious of the rudeness, so preoccupied was she.

"Pardon me—then I will stop here," said Hatty, somewhat stiffly. "I have some shopping to do."

"You won't mind—pray let me take you home," said Madeline. "I have a message for Miss Caspar from one of the patients. Some time I will tell you. But, indeed, I did not mean to be so abrupt."

Her eyes were full of tears as she laid a detaining hand on her friend, and her face was so wistful that Hatty brightened at once.

"Of course not—it is all quite right, though I believe I will get out. Tell Minnie I'll call to-morrow; and, good-by."

Then Madeline was driven to the rector's house. She found Miss Caspar in her own room, and gave her errand and the card.

The invalid's cheek flushed painfully.

"Indeed, Miss Bruce, this is new to me," she said, with an effort.

"But, whatever it is, I ought to know," Madeline responded, in a low voice. "There can scarcely be two of the same name—in fact, he has often told me that he is the only living representative of the family name. If there is anything——"

She stopped short there, for the warning words of Miss Grudy seemed ringing in her ears.

"Yes; you ought to know."

Miss Caspar had cultivated a very distinct enunciation, and the words, as they came from her lips, filled the room like things tangible to the sight. Then, softening the narrative as much as possible, she related the history of the poor girl who had found it so hard to forgive. Her only brother, a handsome, intelligent lad, had come to the city, honest, and comparatively innocent. He had been led into temptation by a band of fast young men, of which Richard Mayo was the acknowledged leader. He had carried Dick to his country home, and the latter had professed to love his only sister—had, indeed, gone so far as to engage himself, and then had left her dishonorably.

"It was she you saw to-day," continued Miss Caspar. "Her brother, quite ruined by dissipation, died only a few months ago. That affliction caused the death of his old mother. And this girl, Rose, left utterly alone, came to the city to seek employment, was taken sick, brought to the Home, and there she will die. It is a sad story."

Madeline, as she listened, felt as if she had been one of the actors in a tragedy. If anything more was needed to give her surety of the fact, it was the look Dick Mayo fixed upon her, when she told him all in a few brief words.

"Al Bright—dead!" he exclaimed.

"They are all dead!" she answered; and her voice sounded like a dirge.

Explanations, protestations, passionate apologies—of what avail were they to one who had read the open book of Max Lieutner's manhood, and fondly fancied that other men were like him?

She turned from young Mayo, and there was no sort of indecision in the manner and the words which alike bereft him of all hope.

"Well, what's the matter now?" asked Miss Grudy, who had entered the room as Dick flung himself out of it, swearing between his teeth.

"Nothing," said Madeline, slowly, and speaking with an effort; "only I have given up Dick. Please don't say anything about it, auntie."

"But I will! What! you have broken another engagement? Do you take men's hearts for shuttlecocks? There—there! I didn't mean anything," she added, as Madeline burst into tears. "I was only thinking that folks would talk—but let 'em talk. To tell the truth, deary, I'd rather have followed you to your grave than married you to him. Kiss me, child. I'm delighted!"

There was the usual nine days' wonder. Madeline went on the even tenor of her way, changed from the pretty, thoughtless girl to the thoughtful, reasoning woman. She gave much of her time to her father, devoting every spare moment, indeed, to his needs.

A year passed. The world gave out that Miss Madeline Bruce had become religiously inclined, and would probably enter as a Sister in some one of the charitable Orders of the Church. She never saw Richard Mayo now, though he had gone almost from her side and engaged himself to the prettiest and most frivolous girl of her acquaintance, and a great heiress.

She might almost have forgotten Max but for the interest taken in him and his travels by her father; for, though the professor had forbidden his aunt to write to him, every month there came letters which Madeline had to read to her father, because of his failing eyesight.

And such letters! Transcripts of a mind lofty and pure in its idealizations, and true to its ideal; full of delicate imagery, and showing, in spite of visible efforts to the contrary, that the writer had suffered keenly, and still suffered, for a vein of sadness ran through them all.

Mr. Bruce talked of him by the hour. Madeline seldom

mentioned his name; but how could she help contrasting the noble with the ignoble love—the tender, true life with that so disfigured with the sowing of wild oats?

Nearly two years had gone by.

Mr. Bruce was still an invalid, though he had benefited greatly by his daughter's ministrations. One day when Madeline was reading the daily paper aloud to her father, a strange knocking noise was heard along the staircase. Madeline hastened to open the door, and there stood Miss Grudy, panting, her cap awry, and numberless written pages fluttering from one hand, while with the other she held the cane that had aided her in hobbling up the hated stairs.

"There, I'm here! First time in ten years, and I hope it's the last. Every bit of breath gone out of my body!" she cried, as she sank into a chair. "But it's a penance I vowed to do when I got the news that has come this morning, and like a good Christian, I always keep my vows. What do you think? Max is nearly home—our Max!" and she fell to waving the paper and shaking the cane, by way of giving emphasis to her delight.

Yes, Max was coming.

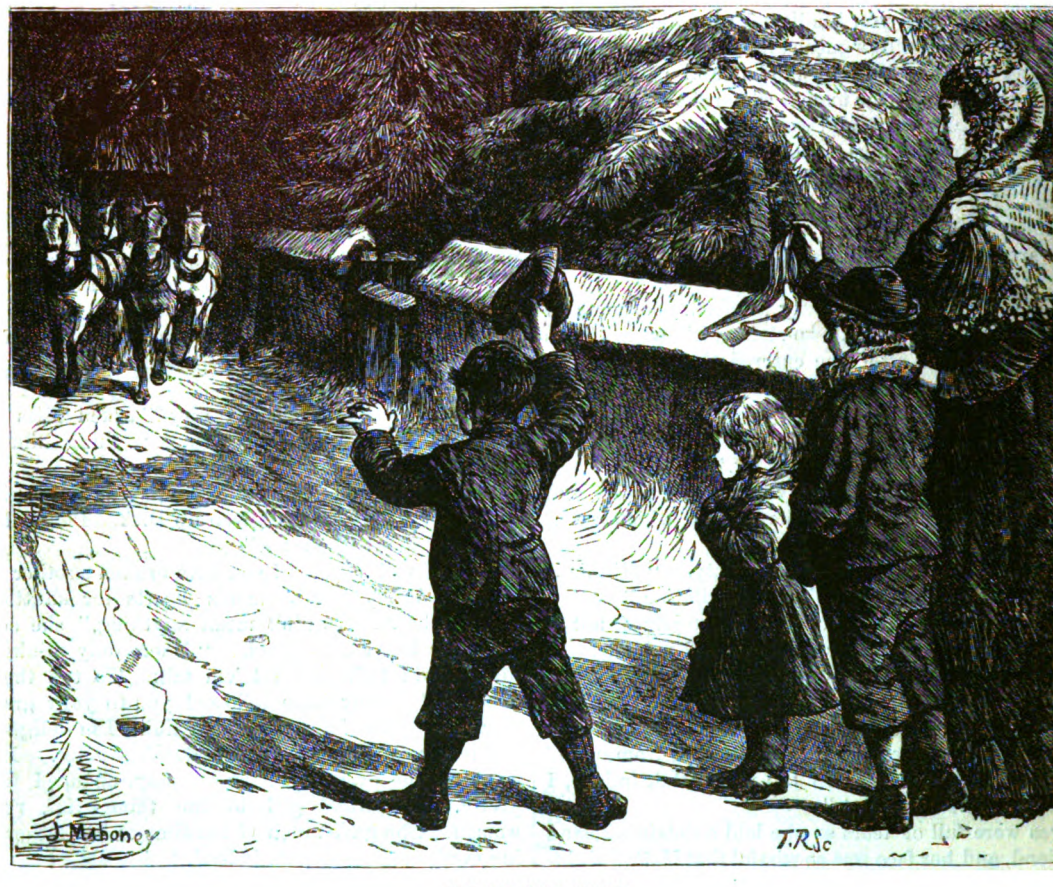
For one instant Madeline's heart throbbed as it never had before. He believed her married, long ago—he had conquered his old love—maybe he brought a wife with him. At all events, he had forgotten her, or he never would have come home—for so he had hinted in one of his letters. "When I have conquered myself, I shall come home."

"And he is a greater man than ever," ran on Miss Grudy. "They've given him medals, and invited him to palaces, and he has sat with kings—as he ought to. Nothing too good for my Max. He may be in the city now, for all I know—by the time we get the letter, he says, and that has been delayed."

Miss Grudy took her departure not long after, leaving Madeline thoughtful, and her father chatty and hopeful.

Then it happened that Madeline, who had not lost her taste for pure white fabrics, nor for flowers in lieu of jewels, went down-stairs a sweet, shining figure, with a face and presence ten times more beautiful than in the years agone; and it also happened that as she gained the foot, and the sunlight from that painted window poured its golden radiance over her hair and the floating white drapery, the door opened, and Max entered.

She could scarcely master the impulse to leap toward him. He had nearly rushed forward, but both controlled themselves—one with an angry resistance to a tenderness that he had thought dead long ago.



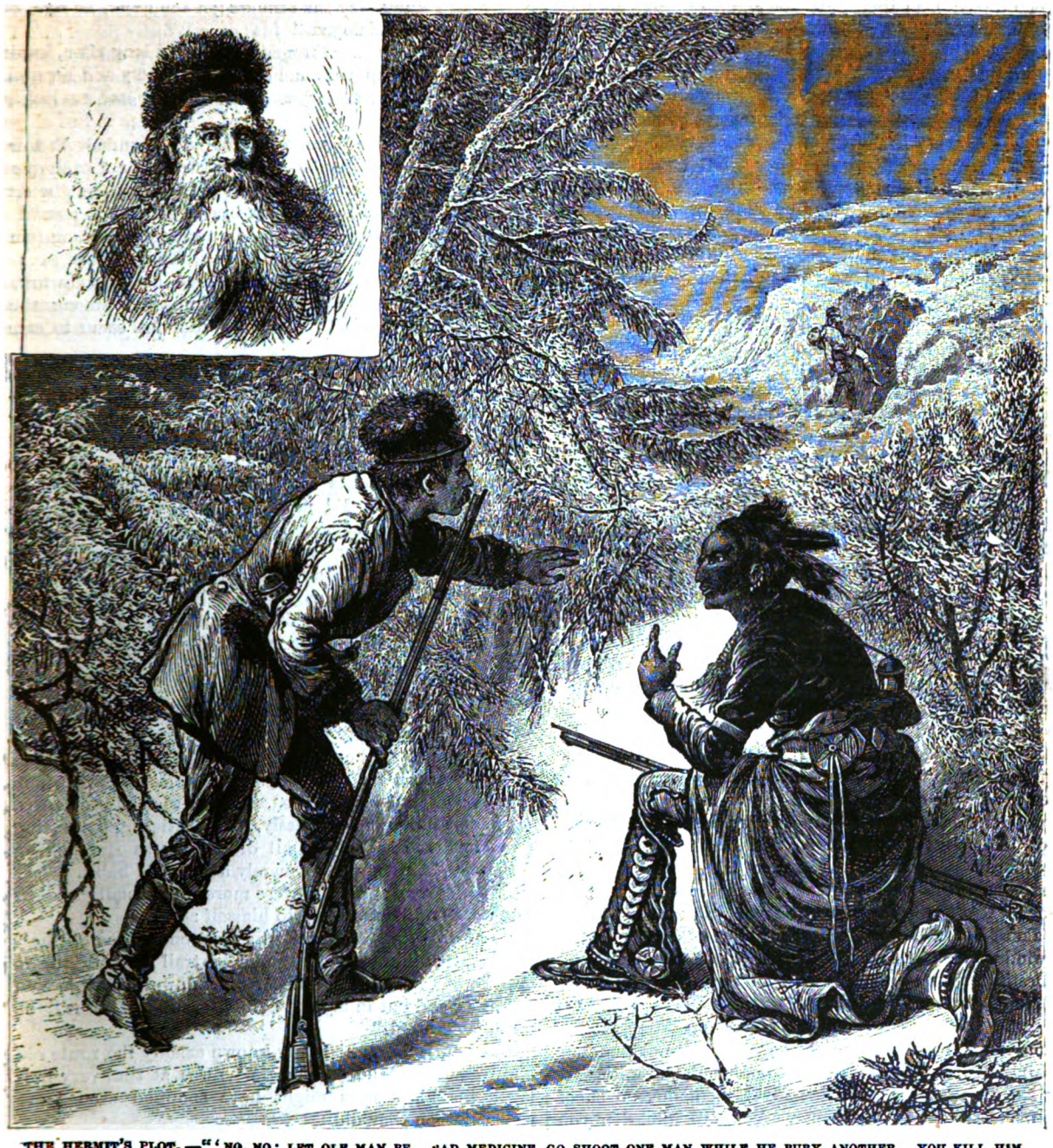
THE WELCOME STAGE.

"Madeline! Mrs. Mayo!" he said, coming with slow eagerness forward, and with outstretched hand.

"Madeline—but not Mrs. Mayo—or—Mrs. Anybody," she half sobbed. "Oh, Max!" and then he caught her to his bosom, half wild with the sudden shock of joy—for how could he help reading in her face, that which she tried in vain to conceal, that all these months she had been true to the love she knew now was the one love of her life?

Miss Grudy was performing a sort of triumphant dance behind the scenes, *i.e.*, back of the drawing-room door; for her keen eyes had been long ago opened to the real facts of the case.

And so there were wonders and questionings and suppositions enough following this glad return, but Madeline cared little for the opinions of the world outside. Her world was all within—beauty, strength, harmony, love. What more could she ask?



THE HERMIT'S PLOT.—"'NO, NO; LET OLE MAN BE. BAD MEDICINE, GO SHOOT ONE MAN WHILE HE BURY ANOTHER. YOU KILL HIM, DEN YOU SURE BE KILL NEXT.'"

THE HERMIT'S PLOT.

A TALE OF THE SIOUX FRONTIER.

"I NEVER killed a white man in all my life, and it's nigh on to twelve year since I drew a bead on a red one; but 'pears like as if I felt cur'ously ugly jist now. No, sir, Job Launt, you needn't think of goin' back into that thar business this Winter. Yer old blood ort to be cold enough by this time not to keer."

The speaker was evidently addressing himself, for there was no other living listener; and a strange enough audience he was for any man to talk to. Less than five feet high, but broad-shouldered, athletic, and not badly proportioned, his bushy white beard almost covered his wrinkled face, and shaggy masses of grizzled curls poured out from under his otter-skin cap, down over his very shoulders. Old—nobody could tell how old—yet erect and vigorous, and the white mustaches seemed to twirl perpetually in a sort of bitter smile, that suited well with the habitual and almost wolfish cunning of the little gray eyes.

But for all that, the face of old Job Launt, the Hermit, was one of the saddest faces a man ever looked into, and it was doubly mournful just now, as he gazed angrily down upon the ruin of humanity before him.

There was no other living listener, and the dead do not hear; but the bloody mass at the feet of old Job Launt had been a man an hour or so before.

"It's nobody but Whisky Sikes, and I wonder what ill-will they had agin him?" continued Job. "He's no loss to the settlement, and least of all to his own folks. All the red devils got out of him was his good-for-nothing gray scalp and his gun—but then, that was a good one. I wish I knowed,

sartin sure, if that thar cussed half-breed was a-playin' into their hands; and I'll bet he is. Wall, no, you mustn't do any bettin', old Job; that belongs to yer old murderin' days—that is, if it's murder to kill Injins when you've got a count of blood to make up. You made up yours clean and squar, you did, and you'd better not take on another job o' that sort. What's more, Aleck Sanders is half white. Yer a good shot, Job Launt, but how'd ye go to work to put a ragged hole through the Injin half of him, an' not shoot daylight into the white part? Somebody ort to try it on—Bill Manton, or somebody else—but don't you do it. You'd better do up yer sexton work, if it's only to spite the wolves, and then you go for the village."

The bitter Winter day—for it was still March—was drawing to a close that threatened a stormy night, and Job Launt set about the dismal task before him with an energy that spoke well for his toughened sinews, while the charity of it belied the now all but ferocious bitterness of his grim visage.

A chasm in the rocks on the hillside was speedily selected, and into this Job bore the poor remains that redskin savagery had left of Whisky Sikes. Even if the snow had not been so deep, the flinty hardness of the frozen soil would have prevented the preparation of any other sepulchre, then and there; and the heavy flat stones and fragments of trees with which Job closed the chasm were an abundant safeguard against four-footed wolves, now that the biped ones had done their work.

The task to which Job Launt had set himself had been by no means devoid of peril, since he could not guess how near or far might be the destroyers of the vagabond hunter he was burying; but he seemed to have no thought of fear, only muttering to himself at the end of his work:

"Nigh on to twelve year since I come up yer among the rocks, and every Winter I've covered up a man like that, jest a leetle before Spring. Twelve's a round number. Thar's luck in twelve. Does it mean thar won't be any more? Or does it mean we're about ready for the next dozen? Or does it mean that my stint is about done? Can't tell edzactly, but I wouldn't mind makin' it a baker's dozen if I could have my pick of Aleck Sanders to wind up with—leastways, the Injin half of him."

Destitute as he was of merely personal fear, the queer old forest-sexton might scarcely have toiled so steadily if he could have heard a low-voiced conversation that was going forward at that very moment within long rifle-range of him, among the shadows of some hemlock saplings.

"No, no; let ole man be. Bad medicine, go shoot one man while he bury another. You kill him, den you sure be kill next."

The speaker was unmistakably a Sioux brave in his war-paint, but the man whose arm he had seized and to whom he was urging his superstitious philosophy might almost have passed for a white man of the rough-and-ready frontier sort.

A practiced observer, indeed, would have suggested, "Half-breed, most likely"—and such he was. But Aleck Sanders was just the person to be touched by such an argument as his companion used. No Indian on the border could have had a keener dread of what he called "bad luck" and the red man's "bad medicine."

His reply, therefore, was simply:

"Reckon you're right, and thar's bad luck in meddling with such a feller as old Job, anyhow. All I'm afeard of is that he'll go and stir up the settlement about it."

"Den, what for you shoot oder man?" sharply replied the warrior. "No hurry for one 'calp. Git 'em all in few days. Own fault, I say."

"Wall, Yaller Wolf, it's no use you and me quarreling. They won't make no great fuss over Whisky Sikes, and I reckon I kin fix it. I'll make 'em believe old Job shot him for comin' up yer among his rocks. They don't like him any too well, nohow, and half of 'em's afeard as death of him."

"All right, den," more cordially responded Yellow Wolf. "Me understand. You watch close. Tell all dey do, so we catch 'em. Den you hab squaw—hab what want. Yellow Wolf and Sioux braves take all de rest."

The nature of the bargain was reasonably clear, and in a few moments more the two had said their say and separated, for old Job Launt had finished his sexton-work, bound on his snowshoes, and disappeared among the rocks and trees, his two enemies did not seem to care whither.

The Yellow Wolf made a reasonably straight path toward the hill-ranges to the northward, while his half-white fellow-conspirator strode rapidly away in a nearly opposite direction.

"Yes," he growled, as he pushed forward, "I'll have my squaw, as he calls her, but I want a scalp or two on my own account. I'd never feel safe, even among the Sioux villages, so long 's thar was any risk of Bill Manton creeping around arter Sally. He wouldn't let up so long 's thar was breath in him, Bill wouldn't."

A brawny, rather heavily built fellow was Aleck, with a good deal of clumsy, ungainly strength of frame, his size bringing to notice the one remarkable thing about him, and that was, oddly enough, his head.

Too big?

No; on the contrary, although the dark, strongly marked features were by no means irregular, nor, at first sight, repulsive, the head of Aleck Sanders was apparently too small for his body. The neck was short and strong, but the black-haired, thin-bearded skull moved only too readily and restlessly, and the fiery, penetrating eyes wandered rapidly in all directions, as if "looking for game." It might be merely a hunter's habit.

Aleck's eyes and head were more than usually restless just now, and he muttered to himself:

"If I only knowed which way that confounded old hermit had took himself! I'd go for his trail if I had time to spare, but I reckon the quicker I git down to Squire Van Lennep's and put in my say agin him, the better it'll be for all consarned."

And yet, if Aleck had only known exactly the route old Job had taken, and just where he was at that very moment, his black eyes might have snapped even more viciously than they did.

The moment the strange old man turned away from the spot where the forest tragedy had been enacted, he had glided away over the frozen snow-crust with a speed that was marvelous for one of his age and size, and that sent his white beard and grizzled locks floating out behind him on the keen wind that was now beginning to whistle among the pines.

It was not long before this swift progression brought him out on the brow of the hill overlooking the deep, broad valley, dotted here and there with extensive clearings where the strong-armed settlers were turning into wheat-fields and pasture-land one of the best hunting-grounds of the Yanktonnais and Sioux.

It was no wonder the savages forgot their solemn treaties, at times, when they saw what was coming in consequence, or if they longed to change the peaceful columns of "fireside smoke" that curled from the scattered chimneys into the denser and blacker tokens of their own destroying presence.

Up to the present time, indeed, various circumstances, including the rifles of the settlers, had kept the red men in check, but the Yellow Wolf himself had now determined that "No corn grow in Shelter Hill Valley dis year"; and there was no reality in the apparent peace and safety upon which Job Launt looked down.

Only a moment, however, did the dwarfish hermit pause to look, and the next he was gliding down the steep declivity as only men on snowshoes can, avoiding trees and rocks with a dexterity that had something almost "uncanny" in it, and seeming to know every inch of the way as if it had been a fenced road.

Nor was it any great length of time before old Job was compelled to slacken speed and climb first one fence and then another, and then he actually was in a "fenced road," and one, moreover, the well-beaten track in the centre of which declared its constant use by the sleigh-loving settlers. It was, indeed, the highway from Shelter Hill Valley to the clustered mills and stores and homesteads which were fast gathering a town around the military post, some twenty odd miles away; and there were light-built "cutters" to come and go over it, as well as "wood sleighs," and mountainous loads of wheat in sacks.

Job's first movement was to stoop and unbind his snowshoes, as not likely to serve his turn on such a track, and then he seemed almost in doubt which direction to take.

Then there came a quick, jingling, merry sound of sleigh-bells down the road, and Job stood as still as a statue as it drew momentarily nearer.

Merry and frolicsome and jingling, in spite of the threatening weather, the musical bells rang out on the frosty air, and in a minute or so they came joyously around the turn of the road, borne by a spanking pair of dark bay horses, in front of a light but somewhat long-boxed sleigh.

"Bill Manton and Sally Van Lennep!" grumbled the hermit; "and mighty quiet-lookin' they are, I'd say. Reckon they're on thar way home, and that'll jest bring me to the squire's in a hurry."

So saying, he stepped out into the middle of the road, and shouted, in a shrill, hoarse voice:

"Hold up, Bill—hold up!"

The smoking bays were promptly pulled in, and the deep tones of a man, not in the best of humor, apparently, responded:

"Hullo, Job! is that you? Whar did you drop from?"

"Never you mind whar I dropped from," sharply returned Job; "I'm gwine to git into your sleigh, and I want you to drive me to Squire Van Lennep's about as quick as you know how. I 'most wish you had a fast team to do it with, but these yer plow-hosses'll have to do, seeing they're all you've got."

Job had suited the action to the word, with impish agility, and Manton had to turn in his seat to get the benefit of the malicious grin with which the hermit uttered the slur upon his bay trotters.

Far from taking offense, however, the young settler scarcely seemed to notice Job's remark, and said, with a good deal of earnestness, as he again whipped up his bays:

"I'll land you anywhere you say, but I want a bit of a talk with you. I've been wondering for a fortnight how I could make out to fasten eyes onto you."

"Very well, then; now you've found him, if I'm in the way, I'll get out."

This last remark, in a half-piqued, half-roguish voice, came from the bright-eyed and rosy-cheeked brunette who sat by the side of Bill Manton, and Job answered her:

"Not if I kin help it, you won't. Time was when I was better-looking than Bill himself, but I can't spare any one of ye jest now. Whip up, Bill; mebbe we haven't any too much time to spare, and Sally may hear all I've got to say, if she'll agree not to tell anybody."

"Oh, it's a secret, is it?" exclaimed Sally. "Then, of course, I won't get out, for I want to hear every word of it."

Bill Manton was looking singularly grave for a fellow of his apparent character. As tall as Aleck Sanders, he was broader and better proportioned, and his kindly brown eyes looked as if they would kindle into a smile or a laugh on the very slightest provocation. His clear-cut and sun-browned features were under a species of cloud, as if some things were going wrong with him, and his mouth seemed to shut like a steel-trap behind his yellow mustaches.

"I'm afraid, Sally," he said, "that it will be very necessary for you to keep this secret, even from Aleck Sanders."

"And why do you say that?" exclaimed Sally, with a quick flash in her black eyes and a quiver of her ruby lips. "Who is Aleck Sanders, that I should tell him? and what do you mean by throwing his name in my face?"

There was a gleam of intelligence in Job's withered features, and he said to himself:

"Been quarreling, have they? Wall, I wouldn't blame Bill if he did quarrel with a gal that spoke to Aleck in the same day she spoke to him. Gals is cur'ous critters, though, and it don't do to boss 'em too much."

But Bill replied, steadily and gravely:

"It's all your own fault, Sally. I'd rather never mention his name at all, and I wish the settlement was well rid of him, and of everybody like him. Job Launt, we haven't any time to spare, for the plow-hosses, as you call 'em, are going free. Tell me if you've seen any Indian sign in the woods."

"Heaps of it," sententiously replied Job.

"I reckoned as much," said Bill. "We've been out on the road six or seven miles, and thar was two places whar I got my eyes on snowshoe-tracks. Not yours, either one of 'em."

"How many men?" asked Job.

"Two," said Bill; "and, in one place, both were Indians, if I know the difference."

"And how about the other?" said Job, with a look of keen curiosity.

"It had a kind of a white look about it," said Bill, cautiously; "but then, a feller can't always tell."

"Did it slide a little heavy on the left foot?" asked Job, "and did it cut the crust a little on the inside edge?"

"Just so," said Bill. "Why, have you been on that same trail?"

"Wall, I jest have," said Job, with a gleam of almost malicious triumph in his eyes; "and I know who made it. I know one thing more, too."

"What's that?" exclaimed Bill.

"I know I found Whisky Sikes, dead and scalped, up among the rocks, three miles this side of my place."

"But, do you know who killed him?" hoarsely responded Bill; and Sally's face was pale as ashes when she leaned forward to hear the answer.

"Was it the Sioux?" she asked.

"It was, and it wasn't," replied the grim old hermit, evasively. "But yonder's the squire's, and I won't say any more till I've told him the hull story."

In a moment more the jingle of the bells ceased, as the swift trotters were drawn up before a house of unusually ample proportions for that day and region, and a big, burly, fine-looking old farmer stood by the door, with a most ample welcome in his face and greeting.

AN EGYPTIAN PEA.—SEE PAGE 234.

Sally Van Lennep sprang from the sleigh without waiting for Bill to help her, and barely paused to give her father a hasty kiss as she darted past him into the house.

Bill Manton was slower in his movements, and scarcely added a word to the rapid exchange of half-civil, half-bitter "chaff" which Job Launt was exchanging with the squire.

His horses first attended to, the young man strode thoughtfully in, accompanied by the hermit, and the squire followed him with the air of a man who knows there is something unusual on hand, and can't begin to guess what it may be.

The Van Lennep homestead was large and solidly built, mingling hewn logs with sawed lumber; but it did not by any means approach the proportions of the enormous barn that stood behind it. It was likely the barn might be empty now, since the huge stacks of straw near it declared that the squire's wheat had been threshed out. It had been marketed as well; and thereupon depended more than they knew for the good people of Shelter Hill Valley.

Inside the house, in a little snuggery beside the kitchen, which the squire called his "office," and used as such, he and his two guests were in deep consultation, a few moments later. Job Launt had done most of the talking thus far, and now the squire interposed, in a deep, strong voice, that was not without a tremor of emotion:

"Can you tell me how strong they are?"

"Of course not," said Job; "but Yellow Wolf's own band numbers over a hundred braves, and he will have plenty to help him. Sure of that."

"Any idea when they mean to come?" asked Bill Manton.

"I wouldn't have it, if it wasn't for one thing," said the hermit.

"What's that?" asked the squire.

"They know just what's going on in the settlement," said Job, excitedly. "'Pears like I can jest read 'em right through. This yer big quiltin'-bee o' your'n, squire, it's to-morrow night, ain't it?"

"Yes," responded the squire.

"And yer mean to have yer big barn packed full, and you'd never 'a' thought of being ready for a fight with double yer number of Yankton Sioux, did you?" sharply inquired the hermit.

"That's it!" exclaimed Bill Manton, bounding from his seat, "or they could take us when we were scattered to go home. They could scalp every able-bodied man, a'most, and have the whole settlement at their mercy. Why, thar wouldn't be a house left standing by daylight next morning."

"But how should they know about the quilting, so plumb and certain?" asked the squire. "Thar hasn't been a redskin in as far as this since January."

"How'd they know!" said Job. "Wall, I reckon I kin tell ye, only I ain't quite so sure as I wish I was. D'ye see that thar bullet? Do ary one of ye know whose gun it came out on?"

As he spoke, the old man held out a ragged bit of lead that had been a small, conical rifle-bullet, of a somewhat unusual style.

"I don't know," replied the squire. "Do you?"

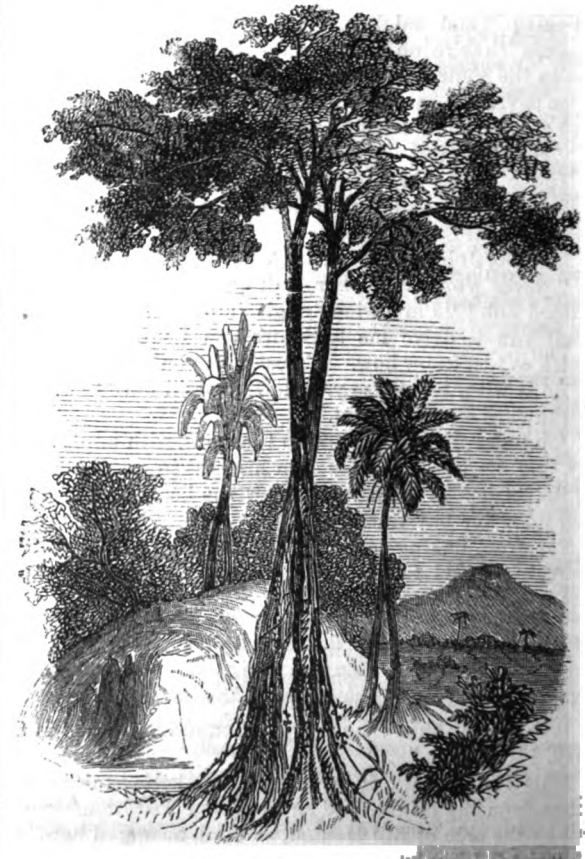
But Bill Manton's face turned a shade or so paler, and he merely nodded at Job, as much as to say:

"I understand—I thought so."

"Wall, squire," continued the hermit, "that thar ugly chunk is what has fetched me to the settlement, for the first time in over six months."

"How's that?" asked the squire.

"Why, Squire Van Lennep, that thar bullet has been clean through the heart of old Whisky Sikes this yer very day. It lodged into the buckskin on his left arm, and I



THE UPAS-TREE.—SEE PAGE 234.

picked it out afore I buried him. He was dead and cold when I found him, and I come down to let you know about it, 'cause the feller that fired that bullet had a Sioux warrior right alongside of him when he fired."

"And who was it?" asked the now excited squire.

Before Job could answer, however, the kitchen-door of the snuggery was swung open, and the voice of Sally said, uneasily:

"Father, here's Aleck Sanders says he must see you at once on business of great importance. I didn't tell him who was with you."

"Please do not, then," whispered Bill. "Job, thar's something up, now, sure's you live. Jump out the side-door here with me. Aleck mustn't git a sight of you just yet."

The action was suited to the word, and it was clear by the twinkle of the black eyes that the squire could be trusted with his share of what was going on. In a moment more Aleck Sanders was shown into the "office," and found Sally's father all alone.

The door was shut close behind him, and Aleck was quickly all absorbed in the business which had brought him; but he would have done well to have taken his snow-shoes along, instead of hanging them by the door as he came into the kitchen. Just now Sally Van Lennep was curiously watching the two men, who were examining those very snow-shoes.

"Don't you see, Bill," said Job Launt, "the left one's wore the most, 'specially on the inside runner, whar he leans onto it? I could foller him all day by that very mark on the crust. You know that bullet was made in his mold, and came out of his rifle. Wonder what he's come over yer arter?"

"Some deviltry or other," said Manton. "Anyhow, I move we don't let him know we suspect him. Reckon he'd better not so much as know you're here. 'Spose you go and wait in the barn till I call you?"

"All right," said the hermit, with a malicious leer of intelligence, as he darted away on the instant.

The moment he had disappeared, Sally Van Lennep came forward exclaiming:

"Now, Bill Manton, I think you are too bad. I'm sure there's something serious going on, and I can't bear to trifle. Won't you tell me?"

"Sally," said Bill, gloomily, "I wish you were always minded not to trifle. There are some things a man can't bear to have said to him, and those are the very things you seem to think it's fun to say sometimes."

"But I take it all back," said Sally, half archly.

"You can't exactly do that," responded the young man. "Some things won't come back when you call 'em. I wish you'd never seen Aleck Sanders!"

"Now, Bill Manton, you are one of the greatest fools I ever saw!" exclaimed Sally, with a flushed face, and a lip that was beginning to quiver a little. "I don't know what to say to you, and I won't say one word about him, good or bad."

THE VILLAGE MAID'S TOILET.

"Neither will I, then," said Bill; and just then the door of the snuggery opened, and the squire came out, followed by Aleck, whose face wore a singular expression, half of triumph and half of doubt, mingled with more than a little of fierce vindictiveness.

"I've just made out a warrant," said the squire, "for the arrest of Job Launt, for the murder of John Sikes. Aleck Sanders swears to have witnessed the deed, and I have deputed him to serve the warrant, with such help as he can get. Do you want to go with him, Bill Manton?"

"Is he right off for old Job's place, among the rocks?" asked Bill.

"Wall, yes, I am just that," growled Aleck; "but I won't want any man's help to bring in a feller like Job Launt. Least of all, I don't want any of Bill Manton's help, or company either."

"You wouldn't get it, if you did," quietly responded Bill; but if any words of a more bitter sort were on his lips, he managed to restrain them, and Aleck seemed to have no desire to prolong the conversation.

He picked up his rifle and his snowshoes, muttering that there was no time to lose on a job such as that, and strode out of the house.

Sally had suddenly disappeared, and Aleck had no opportunity for a good-by word with her. He seemed to be off at once for the woods and the haunts of old Job, judging by the direction he took.

"Come into the office," said Squire Van Lennep to Bill Manton; and as soon as the door was shut behind them, he asked: "Well, now Aleck's out of the way, tell me all about it."

"Well," said Bill, "Aleck shot Whisky Sikes himself. We've got the mark of his snowshoes, and the very bullet he did it with. Thar was an old grudge betwixt them."

"I know that," impatiently exclaimed the squire; "but how about the Sioux?"

"I haven't the shadow of a doubt that old Job is right, and they have planned to turn the quilting to-morrow night into a scalping-bee instead. They git all their information from Aleck. He had one of them in company when he shot poor Sikes. They'll strike here first, because everything'll be easy enough after that."

"I see—I see!" said the old squire, a little nervously, in spite of his half-century on the frontier. "And now, what do you reckon we'd better do? Aleck's no suspicion that we've smelt danger, but we sha'n't see any more of him."

"Not till to-morrow night," said Bill, "and Job Launt's head is as good as anybody's I know of; but I'd give something if 'twas all over. Now for my part!"

There were strong and ready hands within easy call of such a man as Squire Van Lennep, and all he asked of any man was to keep up with him while he did "his part."

Just now, however, the squire's work had a good deal that was peculiar in it, and from time to time, as he went on with it, his lips would open with a mutter of some kind about Job Launt, and "follerin' the old hermit's advice."

"But I reckon we'll see him then, if thar's a good light, unless he paints Indian."

The conference between the two was long and earnest, and at the end of it Job Launt was summoned from the barn, Bill Manton's bay trotters were unhitched, and the two set off in different directions, with just this word at parting:

"Mind, now, Job, every man in the settlement must be on hand."

"Need 'em all, Bill."

For a moment or so Squire Van Lennep stood and looked after them, muttering:

"I reckon it's the only thing to do."

It could scarcely be that he was having so many holes cut and bored and "plugged up again" in the sides of his house and barn as a preparation for any ordinary "quilting," and even Sally Van Lennep herself began to comprehend the nature of the "serious business" which Bill Manton had refused to explain to her.

Meantime, while these things were going forward at the Van Lennep homestead, Bill and Job had driven and ridden fast and far, briefly explaining their errand and plan to the sturdy riflemen whom their summons brought to the doors of the cabins, or whom they chanced to meet in the path or forest or clearing.

All the rest of that day and all night the faithful messengers went on, and the following day at noon they were still in motion, still each alone, but now at last on foot, and evidently returning from "finished work."

Old Job, with a step as light and springy as that with which he had set out the day before, had made his way to a huge, gnarled oak-tree that stood at a cross-road near the foot of the hill down which his snowshoes had borne him so swiftly.

"Reckon he'll be yer before any great while," he muttered; "but it's a good time o' day to keep under kiver, 'cordin' to my notion. Here goes!"

And, suiting the action to the word, the queer old fellow clambered up the rugged trunk, and seemed to find himself so good a hiding-place among the twisted boughs, that no man on the ground would have suspected his presence.

Scarcely had he done so, however, before his quick ears caught the sound of approaching footsteps from at least two different directions. In a moment more, too, he became aware that the two who were coming saw each other, although not himself, and he huskily whispered:

"Somethin's comin' now. Look sharp, Job; keep yer eye on the redskin. Aleck won't think of takin' hold of Bill Manton."

And yet there they were, Bill and Aleck, steadily advancing toward each other, as if they had met by appointment.

The face of the latter was drawn and menacing in its expression, while the brawny young settler had evidently made up his mind about something. Both were well armed, but neither made any hostile movement until they stood face to face under the oak.

"Bill Manton!" exclaimed the half-breed, "whar's Job Launt?"

The answer did not come in words only, but a square blow between the eyes, straight from the shoulder, was followed by:

"P'r'aps that'll teach ye to lie about me agin to Sally Van Lennep!" and Aleck Sanders measured his length upon the snow, while his gun flew out of his hand.

He struggled instantly to regain his feet, but before he could do so his ears and those of his assailant were saluted by the almost simultaneous reports of two rifles near at hand.

Bill Manton felt a sharp sting on his right side, but at the same instant Job Launt seemed to drop from the air above him, exclaiming, as he alighted on his feet:

"Mark one for me! I hit him in the throat, so he couldn't yell. That's the way I allers did. Hurrah, Bill; thar's more on 'em comin', you bet, and we'd better make tracks."

"Job Launt, you're my prisoner!" shouted Aleck Sanders, as he came once more to a perpendicular; but the words were scarcely out of his mouth before he again went over flat, and this time it was not Bill Manton's hand that struck him.

"Job Launt!" exclaimed Bill, "I never seed a man could handle his feet like you can!"

"Shut up and run!" was the ungracious answer. "Don't you hear that whoop? Them crow-calls didn't come from any bird's throat, neither. Come on, I say, and leave him where he is. I've smashed the lock of his gun."

The amazed half-breed had risen only to a sitting

posture by the time the two friends had fairly disappeared among the trees, but his ears could catch the now fast-approaching signals as well as Job's had.

The first object that caught his eyes, however, brought him up with a bound, and he sprang forward some fifty paces to where, by the side of the log behind which he had been lurking, the body of a Sioux brave, in his war-paint, lay still struggling in a prolonged death-agony.

It was the victim of Job Launt's fatal shot from the tree, and the empty weapon that he clutched so tightly accounted for the double report.

"Wonder if he barked either on 'em?" said Aleck. "Hope he did. Anyhow, Yaller Wolf and the rest can't be far away now."

Near enough they were, indeed, and there had been more than one Sioux witness of the collision between their half-breed spy and his white enemies. The wonder, to their minds, was that his life had been spared at all, and they took it as an indication that their own plans were as yet unknown, however their presence might be.

It was this, perhaps, which prevented any immediate rush on the trail of Job Launt and his friend, who were now making the best of their way for Squire Van Lennep's.

"Job," said Bill, as they sprang over the fence into the road, "take a look at my right side. It don't hurt much, but it's bleeding some."

"Hit you, did he?" said the hermit, with a quick shadow on his half-malicious features. "Then I'm sorry I didn't kill Aleck Sanders—leastwise, the Indian half of him."

In a moment more, however, the old man had finished his examination, evidently knowing very well what he was about, and he exclaimed:

"All right, Bill; it's a nice little rake along yer ribs, but it won't amount to nothin' at all. Pretty stiff to-morrow, I reckon, but it won't keep ye from fightin' hard to-day. You won't be as good for a long run, though, and I'm glad them red devils ain't any closer. Hullo! thar's a sleigh coming."

One of the neighbors, sure enough, bound for the "quilting," and glad to give Job and Bill a lift; but every man and woman in the sleigh—two of the former and three of the latter—was armed with rifle or double-barreled gun, in a way quite remarkable for even a frontier merry-making.

"Jest hide them shootin'-irons in the bottom of the sleigh," said Job Launt. "We don't want the cussed critters to smell what we're up to."

The team that dragged that sleigh were only "plow-hosses," but they did very well, considering. It was evident, as they drew near the squire's house, that the gathering was already considerable for so thinly settled and scattered a population as that of Shelter Hill Valley; but very few human beings were to be seen, nevertheless.

"Did you ever see such a lot o' sleighs?" exclaimed Job. "But they must get 'em closer in. We mustn't leave 'em out thar for the Sioux to sneak and shoot behind."

Once inside the house, and all things wore a different aspect. There were women and children enough, old and young, but even the latter seemed to have put on a serious look, and there was no "quilting" at all going forward.

Out at the barn there was pretty much the same state of affairs, and Job said to Squire Van Lennep:

"Wall, now, squire, what with one sort and another, thar's nigh onto sixty guns, male and female, and most on 'em right down good ones."

"But what if the Sioux don't come, after all?" asked the squire.

"Wall, that mought be all right," said Job; "thar may be enough on 'em to scalp us all, in spite of the best we kin do. Then, agin, they may hesitate a leetle. I had to shoot one myself, risin' an hour ago."

"Did you?" said the squire.

"I did," said Job. "I would not ha' done it, but he was drawin' a straight bead on Bill Manton, an' I had to shoot an' spile it."

"Aiming at Bill! Did he hit him?" exclaimed the squire.

"Wall, yes, he did hit him, but he ain't hurt bad, and I fetched him right along with me to the house."

Whether or not there was any intentional malice in the way the little hermit told his story to the listeners at the barn, or whether he knew who heard him, would have been difficult to guess from his wooden features; but one fair face near by turned deadly pale as he spoke, and one pair of rosy lips parted in a sharp exclamation of pain.

The next moment, and Sally Van Lennep was darting across the well-trodden snow toward the house; and in another, Bill Manton was astonished by a clasp of arms around his neck, and an anxious voice crying:

"Oh, Bill, are you hurt?"

"Why, no, Sally, I ain't hurt a bit! Who told you so?"

"Job Launt!" exclaimed the abashed and wounded girl, in a quick revulsion of feeling. Her hands were before her blushing face now, and the tears were coming through her fingers.

That was enough, and more than enough, for Bill Manton; and he, too, forgot the presence of all others, as he said, in a tone of voice that Sally Van Lennep understood:

"Wall, yes, Sally; I did get a bullet across my side, but it don't amount to anything. Two or three inches to the left, now, and you'd have been clean rid of me; but as it is, I've come back to help you fight off the Sioux."

Sally's hands were down again, as if there were something marvelously reassuring in the fact that Bill had actually been in danger, and been wounded; and she replied:

"Oh, I'm so glad you are here!"

"Aleck will be here, too," said Bill, in a low voice.

"I hope not!—I do—indeed, I do!" exclaimed Sally. "We shall do better without him."

"Perhaps so," said Bill; "for he'll come with the redskins when they come. I don't reckon he'll git jest what he's comin' for, though; not right off."

The hours of the wintry day had been slow enough in passing, but they were nearly gone by the time Job Launt finished his inspection of the premises; and under his careful supervision, all things had been made to maintain as peaceful an appearance as possible. He had even taken a hand of his own at the "one lone fiddle" of the settlement, and the music thereof could have been heard, by red ears or white, at no inconsiderable distance.

Any one approaching the ample homestead would at once have understood that those within were having a high time of it. It was not on that road, nor at that season of the year, that random wayfarers were likely to come, however, and "the neighbors" were already nearly all there—all who had dared to come at all.

And yet, just as the sun was sinking in the west, the several approaches to Squire Van Lennep's were rapidly becoming peopled—strangely, weirdly, terribly peopled—by dark, fantastic forms, that flitted from tree to tree, crouched and crept from bush to bush, pushing swiftly forward with a silence that was marvelous, and seeming to move in perfect concert with one another.

They heard the lively music of Job Launt's fiddle, and

the sound of voices which now and then arose with it. They saw the smoke curling from the wide-mouthed chimney; they took note of the unusual collection of sleighs, and of the horses in the sheds; and all seemed to be about as they expected.

Now and then there were brief and hurried consultations among their leaders, and these latter wore upon their faces, as did most of their followers also, expressions of grim and ferocious triumph, and almost uncontrollable exultation.

"Quilting-bee," indeed!

Whatever might be the nature of the settlers' merrymaking, these dark new-comers looked forward to a feast of blood and of slaughter—to an unchecked orgy of lust and cruelty and vengeance. More than two hundred chosen warriors of the Sioux, and they did not mean to leave a home unburned, or a paleface unscalped, from end to end of Shelter Hill Valley.

Inside the house the fiddling was in Job's control, but it was all he could do to keep up the other symptoms of merriment, or to keep down the hasty spirit of the younger men, who could ill bear the restraint he deemed necessary.

At the big barn all was quiet and still; and here the very flower of the Valley men were gathered, under the leadership of Bill Manton.

"Steady, boys," said the young frontiersman, in a low, clear tone, that was heard by all. "Onless I'm greatly mistaken, they're gathering for a rush. Tell ye what, if they had taken us unawares, we'd be at their mercy in about three minutes. We've got our work cut out for us, as it is. Steady! Here they come! Pull out the plugs—ready—now let 'em get well in—fire away, and don't waste a shot!"

Even as Bill had been speaking the dark cloud of the Sioux had burst out from under cover of the woods, and now, with wild, fierce, heart-piercing yells, they were dashing across the clearing. More than one woman's voice—sister's or mother's or wife's—arose from the house in shrieks of uncontrollable dread, and if, as Bill had said, there had been less of forewarning and preparation, the plans of Yellow Wolf and his warriors would have met with instant and complete success. No hasty, unorganized resistance would have checked the fierceness of that savage rush, and the surprise, too, might have been complete. As it was now, however, just at the moment when the Sioux imagined their prey altogether secure, and their glorious massacre of defenseless white settlers about to begin, the sound of the fiddle suddenly died away, and, as if that had been the preconcerted signal, scores of loopholes in the house and barn bristled with dark muzzles.

No haste, no quick and boyish "blazing away," but the riflemen of Shelter Hill Valley each sought a redskin for his proper mark before he pulled his trigger, and more than one whooping redskin uttered his death-cry within twenty feet of the house.

Scarcely comprehending the full truth at first, the savages pushed on to the very doors, and even the fagot-carriers dashed down their huge rolls of blazing birch-bark and pitch-pine knots, according to their instructions. The black, stifling smoke rose quickly, for Yellow Wolf understood "fire," and no less than fifty of his men had been detailed to this peculiar branch of the proposed destruction.

THE ANTI-RENT WAR IN NEW YORK STATE.—ATTACK ON THE SHERIFF OF ALBANY. SEE PAGE 235.

Loud rose the yells, and the red men also plied their weapons vigorously, but they were taken at too terrible a disadvantage. Very nearly secure from harm, behind their log walls, the Valley men loaded and fired as coolly as at a turkey-shoot, only more rapidly, and the range was terribly close. Down they went, in quick succession, whole groups of them at once, the painted heroes of many a border foray and midnight massacre, and old Job Launt fairly jumped up and down with delight, as he peered through his loophole. A gleam of something like insanity was in his eyes, and he shouted:

"Give it to 'em! That was the way they came to my house, a dozen years ago, when thar wasn't anybody at

"GO AWAY! I CAN'T LET YOU TOUCH IT!"

home that could stop 'em. They murdered, and they scalped, and they burned, just as they meant to do here. But they won't do it this time. Ha!" And Job Launt now, for the first time, suddenly pitched his rifle muzzle through the hole and fired.

"I knew him, in spite of his paint," he shouted, "and I only fired at the Indian half of him. If the white half didn't want to git hurt, it ort to hev kep' out o' bad company!"

Self-deceived as they had been for a few moments, and blinded by wrath and disappointment as much as by the smoke of the fires they had lighted, the Sioux were going down too fast to be any longer in doubt about the matter. Somehow or other a trap had been laid for them, and they had fallen into it like so many wild animals. The very angel of death seemed after them, and now the great doors of the barn were suddenly thrown open, and Manton and his men came pouring out. To the eyes of the panic-stricken and bewildered savages there was a regiment of them, and they broke, and fled in all directions.

"Foller 'em! Close in on 'em!" shouted Bill. "Don't give 'em a chance to rally nigh to the clearing. Job Launt, you and the squire and the rest, come out and try to save the house."

Bill was a good captain, if the old hermit was a crafty and cunning counselor, and less than half as many redskins got away from Shelter Hill Valley as had come into it that morning.

Nor were the survivors at all disposed to linger or dispute about the matter, for their chief himself and their best warriors had fallen under the rifles of the settlers in Job Launt's trap, and the remainder had scarcely pluck enough left to get home on.

Bill Manton did not abandon the pursuit until he felt sure there would be no rally, and by the time he returned to the house the danger from the fire had also disappeared. Log walls do not kindle well, and the fagots had been dragged away to burn themselves out at their leisure.

"Do you see him thar, with his painted face?" exclaimed old Job, in a hoarse whisper, as he grasped the arm of Bill Manton on his arrival. "That's Aleck Sanders. I never drew a bead on a white man in my life, but the white half of that villain was in bad company. It's that way with more fellers than you'd think on. He's dead now, both sides of him. But, Bill, hev you seen the squire? Thar's only two of our fellers killed, and less'n a dozen hurt a little; but the squire's hit in some bad place or other. Come and see him."

Bill needed no urging, and in a moment more he was in the snuggery of an office, and the squire lay on the floor before him, groaning heavily. Nevertheless, he raised himself as Bill came in, and said:

"Leave the room, Sally; I've something to say to Bill."

"Oh, tell me if you are unhurt!" whispered Sally to Bill, as she passed him; and he might well have been forgiven that his answer was only a hasty kiss and a "No, dear, God bless you!"

Sally went out with a radiant face, but the squire beckoned Bill close to him and whispered:

"Is Aleck Sanders dead?"

"Dead as a door-nail," said Bill.

"Does anybody suspect who killed him?" asked the squire, with a strong effort, and a shudder.

"Suspect? I don't know what you mean," said Bill. "Job Launt shot him. Everybody knows that. He and I were just examining the wound."

"Job shot him! I was mistaken, then! Oh, I was afraid I had taken the life of my — heavens and earth! what was I saying? Job shot him? Well, I ain't sorry he's dead. He was always a trouble to me. Such a devil he was! Job knew all about it, and he's akin to us, far away. Never mind, Bill; I don't feel so bad as I did. It's only a buckshot in my leg, and won't lame me for a fortnight. Go and see Sally. She don't know anything about Aleck. No more do you, Bill Manton. It was Job shot him."

Bill was glad enough to obey the squire, nor did he and Sally Van Lennep have the slightest difficulty in forgetting their previous differences in their joy over the successful issue of "The Hermit's Plot."

AN EGYPTIAN PEA.

The common notion that seeds two or three years old lose their vitality, and will not grow, is by no means a correct one. Grain that had been deposited in the pyramids of Egypt for several thousand years has been planted, and produced new varieties. We give an engraving of a kind of pea that has a curious and interesting history.

Some years ago, during the explorations of Egypt, there was found in a mummy pit a vase, believed to have been buried at least three thousand years. This vase was presented to the British Museum, and, when opened, was found to contain some grains of wheat and a few peas. These peas were given away, except three, which were kept as curiosities. They were finally given to a gentleman, who subjected them carefully to heat and water, and after some thirty days one of them sprouted and began to grow. By patient care and skillful culture this plant was brought to produce nineteen peas, which were ripened, and planted the next year, thus laying the foundation of a valuable stock known as the Egyptian pea.

Its blossom is unlike that of every other pea, very nearly resembling a bell, and veined with green lines on a white ground. The blossoms break at every joint in clusters of two, four, eight, and are succeeded by pods that protrude crookedly through them. Each pod contains from five to ten peas, very finely flavored, and superior to any other variety.

This fact shows that the wonderful fertility of Egypt in ancient times, and the excellence of its productions, were fully in accordance with the Bible history, and that it was truly the granary of the world, the abode of plenty and prosperity.

THE UPAS-TREE.

This terrible plant, to which was for a long time attached a sort of fabulous interest—killing, it was said, man, bird and beast that came within the circle of its influence —*is of the same tribe of plants as that from which the Strychnos Nux Vomica is obtained.* The fruit is about the size of a St. Michael's orange, with a bitter, astringent pulp, and containing from three to five seeds. The pulp may be eaten; the seeds, which produce one of the strongest poisons, are of a brownish-gray color. Each side is flattish, or very slightly concave.

Owing to the hard, cartilaginous nature of the seeds, they are extremely difficult to reduce to powder. When reduced, a very small quantity of this powder is sufficient to destroy life. The poison strychnine is obtained from the seeds by the following process:

The seed is rasped down as small as possible; it is then exposed to the action of nitric ether. The residue, thus deprived of its fatty matter, is digested in alcohol so long as that re-agent is capable of dissolving anything. The alcoholic solution is evaporated to dryness, and what

remains is dissolved in water. Caustic potash being dropped into the solution, a white crystalline precipitate falls, which is *strychnine*.

The poison thus prepared has a white color; it taste is tolerably bitter, leaving a metallic impression in the mouth; it is destitute of smell, and is not affected by exposure to the air; it is neither fusible nor volatile, except at temperatures at which it undergoes decomposition; it is very soluble in cold water.

Strychnine belongs to the alkaloid class of substances; which is easily proved by adding its alcoholic solution to an infusion of litmus turned red by a little acetic acid. The blue color is instantly restored by the alkaline action of strychnine.

THE ANTI-RENT WAR IN NEW YORK STATE.

Who were the Anti-Renters? Few of the present generation have any definite idea, and the subject is rarely brought to mind except during some political campaign, when personal reminiscences are in order, or when it is stated in the obituary of a defunct politician that he "took a leading part in the Anti-Rent insurrection of 1839, and was elected to the Assembly on the Anti-Rent ticket in 1846."

Reference to the election returns of the latter year reveals the fact that the Anti-Rent party then elected their candidate for Governor, John Young, a considerable number of assemblymen, and other local officers, and curiosity is naturally excited for further information concerning this now forgotten organization.

To explain the origin of the Anti-Rent troubles, we must go back to the time when the territory now included in the State of New York was known as the Dutch Colony of New Netherlands, under the dominion of the Dutch West India Company. That corporation authorized its members in New York to take up land in any quantity upon the banks of the streams and rivers, on condition that they should introduce within a specified period fifty settlers for every mile of land.

The title and privileges of a lord patroon or protector were conferred upon each landed proprietor, and these colonies or manors were governed by the same customs and laws as were the feudal manors of the United Provinces.

At the close of the Revolution, a very large part of the land in the settled portion of the State, mostly included within the present counties of Albany, Rensselaer, Columbia, Greene, Ulster, Delaware, Schoharie, Montgomery, Herkimer, Oswego and Oneida, was held by these patroons, and the actual tenants occupied their farms for the duration of one or more lives, or from year to year, or stipulations for services and the payment of rents and dues, based upon the feudal tenures of England and Holland.

Although the Legislature passed Acts in 1779 and 1785 abolishing feudal tenures, the holders of these manor grants, unwilling to abandon their claims, managed to evade the law. They contrived a form of deed containing covenants for services and the payment of rents and dues precisely similar to the old feudal conditions, thus rendering the legislative enactment nugatory.

With the lapse of years, the exercise of manorial rights became more and more unpopular, and in 1839 many tenants formed associations, and made a united effort to rid themselves of these feudal burdens. They soon offered forcible resistance to the collection of rents, or the service of legal process therefor, and became known as "Anti-Renters."

Assuming the disguise of Indians, they committed many acts of violence, but it was not until they had killed a man upon the highway, at Grafton, Rensselaer County, that the movement excited general attention, intensified by the protracted legal investigation which followed, but failed to detect the authors of the crime.

A State Commissioner, appointed by Governor Seward, having failed to devise any means to remedy the grievances of the tenants, the disorder and excitement increased, until, in 1845, Governor Wright was compelled to declare Delaware County in a state of insurrection, in consequence of a tragical affair at Andes, in that county, which resulted in the death of several persons.

In Albany and Rensselaer Counties the Anti-Renters were very numerous, and determined in their resistance to the proprietors and the civil authorities. The sheriff of the former county, on attempting to arrest several of the ringleaders, was seized by a mob disguised as Indians, and, after being very roughly handled, thrown into a horse-pond, from which he escaped with his clothing torn to rags, a wetter if not a wiser man.

Finally, the trial and conviction of a number of the Anti-Renters for conspiracy and resistance of law put an end to outrages by the disguised bands; and with the adoption of the new Constitution of 1846, which abolished all feudal tenures and incidents, and forbade the leasing of agricultural lands for a time exceeding twelve years, the excitement died away, and after 1847 the Anti-Rent influence ceased to be a disturbing element in our politics.

MIMICRY AS A DEFENSE AMONG THE LOWER ANIMALS.

By C. F. Holden.

The arguments of Mr. Darwin relating to his well-supported theory of the survival of the most perfect type, and the causes which lead to this end, are, perhaps, more interesting to the general reader than any other. They possess a charm for him because of the richness of anecdote, the culled cream of universal scientific lore, and savor of an originality of investigation new to him, and delightful in its technicality; while to the student the innumerable analogies between the lower animals and man, and the consequent deductions, are continual sources of pleasure and surprise.

We are often led to reason as to the use of the resplendent decorations of color or contour found upon all animals in a greater or less degree; and how important these charms appear when we see them used as the agents by which prolific nature concentrates her forces to still greater and ever-increasing perfection!

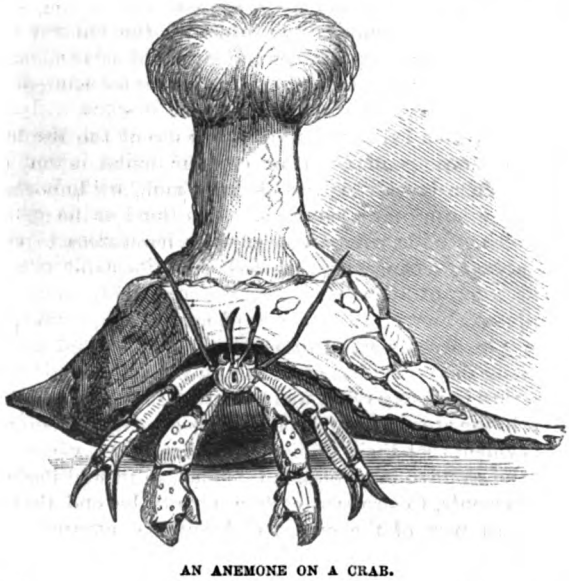
The power of attraction and repulsion is noticed by the intelligent observer in all classes of animal life, from man down; in obscure cases differing in degree, and again, as among the birds, and especially in the act of courtship, appearing in strong relief, and asserting for them a higher place in the arena of intellect than is generally accorded. It is evident that their brilliant plumage, exhausting as it does the scope of invention, is intended, in its multifarious arrangements, to produce certain results beyond that of acting as part of the ornamental part of nature. The reptiles, as well, are decked in a never-failing martial garb, their metallic-tinted scales vying with the iridescent and gaudy costumes of their aerial neighbors; while the mammals, insects, and all life, have a liberal share of decorative honor.

It would be impossible to even enumerate in this paper

the many quaint mimics that are found on land, sea and air among the lower orders; so, for convenience, we will divide some of the more curious into a few classes: Firstly, we see those—and a large class—who use decoration as a power by which one can influence the other; secondly, where decoration is used as a measure of protection and defense — and the latter may be divided into two classes, composed, firstly, of those animals in which the effect to be produced is caused by a passive reliance upon color; and secondly, those which employ both color and organs, showing imitative characteristics to further a certain end. In all of these cases we have abundant and interesting examples, that we are prone to term the result merely of following the blind lead of instinct; but, until we can define the "party line" between instinct and intelligence, let us not commit ourselves to the belief that there is no gradation to the power of thought, or different degrees to the scale of intellect.

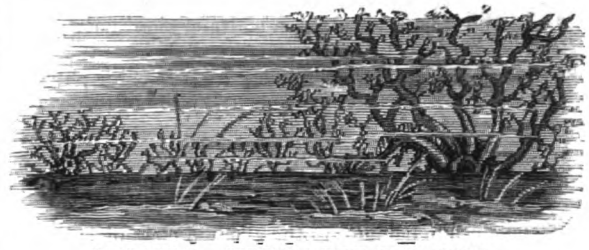
A PHYSALIA WITH BLUE FISH LURKING FOR PROTECTION AMONG ITS DEADLY BLUE TENTACLES.

In the first case, where natural attractions form the medium of selection, we have numerous quaint illustrations, and perhaps, as above mentioned, the act of courtship is one of the most striking, as showing an evident homology with the movements and motives of the *genus homo* in like cases.



AN ANEMONE ON A CRAB.

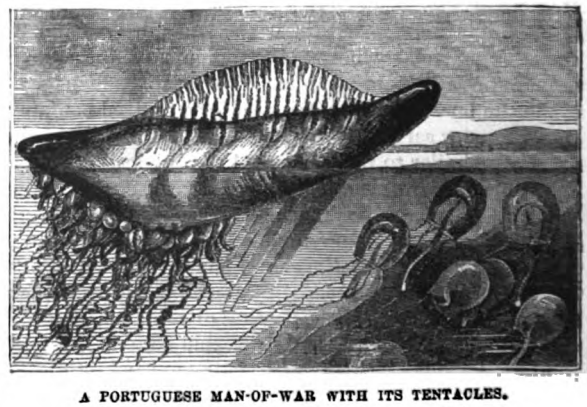
I have often watched the cranes in Central Park, New York, and the absurdity of the actions and contortions of the males could not well be described; but their love-making always had great effect upon the females, and, like the marriage-form of one of the African tribes, the higher they kicked, the better chance had they of acceptance. Audubon describes at length the "love actions" of the grouse and great bustard, and the bower-bird has earned a world-wide fame as a devotee to the fair sex. Gould, in speaking of them, says: "The bowers in some cases are four feet in length, and were evidently built as 'halls of courtship,' where both sexes could meet and pay their devotions. At times the male will chase the female all over the aviary, then go to the bower, pick up a gay feather or leaf, utter a curious note, set all its feathers erect, run around the bower, and become so excited that his eyes appear ready to start from his head; he continues opening one wing and then the other, uttering a low, whistling note, until at last the female goes gently toward him, vanquished by his continued addresses."



HOLOTHURIA.— SECTIONAL VIEW WHEN BURIED.

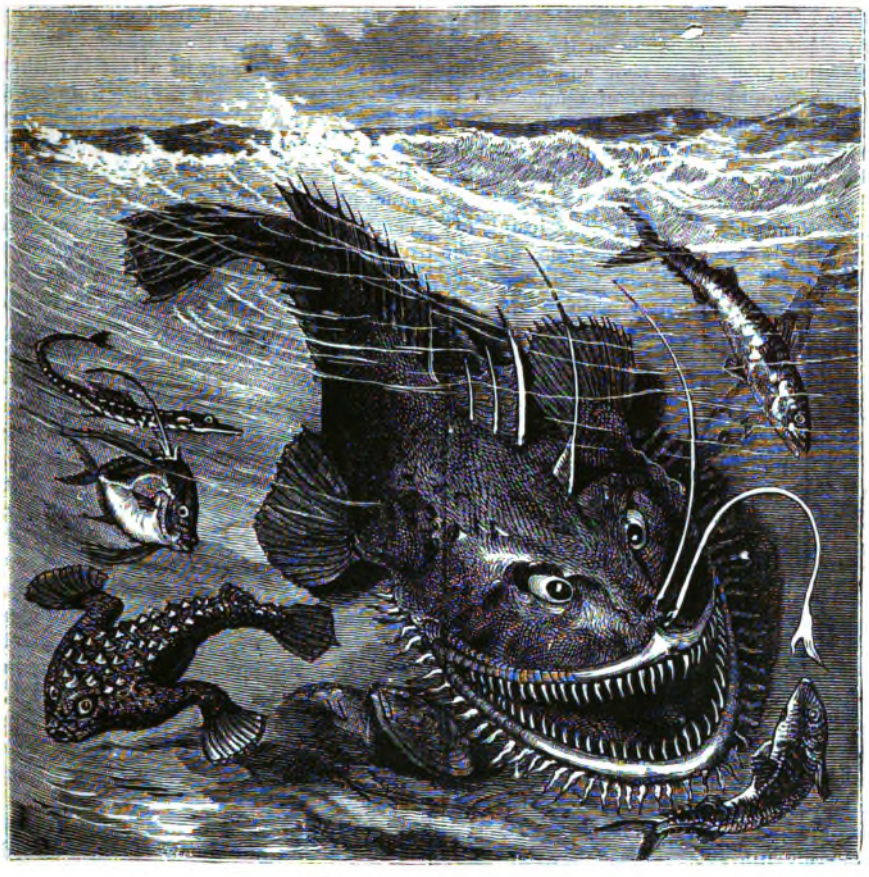
DECORATIVE CRAB FIXES SEAWEED ON ITS BACK.

The magnificent plumage of the male bird of paradise, when compared with the dingy garb of the female, is evidently a strong card; and Dr. Jaeger, director of the Zoological Garden at Vienna, states that a silver pheasant, who for a long period was the accepted lover of the females, was deserted by them when robbed of his long tail feathers. So, many other examples can be given to illustrate this use of decoration. In the second class, of course, all creatures form examples as they are intended by the Great Giver to form the decoration of the world, as well as to lend their aid in its support. Were not the animals representing the third class familiar to us, it would



A PORTUGUESE MAN-OF-WAR WITH ITS TENTACLES.

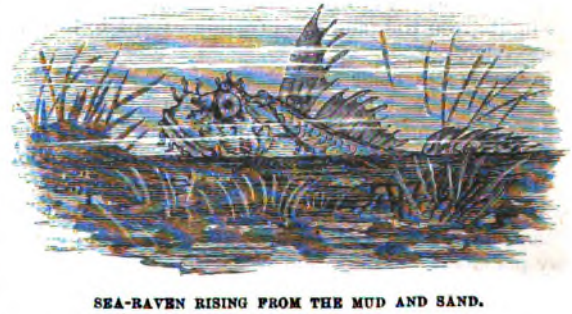
perhaps be difficult to understand how the natural decoration and embellishment of a creature could constitute its defense; but such is the case, and they form a large class of animals of great variety, ranging from the highest to the lowest forms.



THE FISHING-FROG, OR LOPHIUS AMERICANUS.

The most interesting belong to those who depend entirely upon color for their protection from the common enemy. A familiar example is the common octopus, whose wonderful fluctuations of color while laboring under excitement all well know; and during a trip to the Florida Reef I had an opportunity of testing whether the color produced was modified by the tint of the bottom at the will of the animal or not. The creatures were very common among the coral, and I soon secured eight or ten. Three I released in an inclosure with a white sandy bottom. Three others were placed where the ground was covered with dark *Algæ*, and the remainder placed upon a large head of *meandrina cerebriformis*, which was alive, and a rich brown—a medium between the others as regards color. After allowing them to remain a day, I commenced a warfare upon them with a stick. Those on the white bottom changed at the onset to a dark brown, throwing out a cloud of ink, and as soon as it cleared away, with one exception they were as white as the bottom upon which they rested. Those upon the black bottom acted in a like manner, and as the sepia disappeared they had assumed the dark shade of the *Algæ*, and could not be distinguished except by careful observation. A like result was produced upon those resting upon the brown *meandrina*, mottled brown waves of color following each other over the surface of the animals in rapid succession, and finally assuming the exact grade of the base upon which they crouched. This assumption of like color, or mimicry, was kept up for over ten minutes; they gradually recovering their normal shade, which ranged from yellowish gray to dark brown, as the signs of danger passed away. To prevent any possible play upon my imagination, I repeatedly aroused the ire of the octopus under various conditions of servitude; and nearly always with the same result, which was, in brief, that after the first blush of color and ejection of sepia they took advantage of the power of mimicry, and assumed as nearly as possible the tint or shade of the bottom upon which they rested. It must be remembered that these experiments were not made in an aquarium, but in an inclosed section of the open reef. I have also noticed the same tendency in the *Aplysiæ* (marine)—not, however, in so marked a degree. There is evidently here a condition produced, the result of observation; as, were it merely instinctive, it would be an unconscious assumption of any shade, without regard to surrounding circumstances. But there is an evident knowledge of the condition of its surroundings, and to realize this, and produce in itself a conformable grade of resemblance, brings into play something which is strangely akin to reason, a discussion of which would be a digression from our subject, which is merely to show

SEA-RAVEN LYING IN WAIT, ITS HEAD RESEMBLING ALGÆ.



SEA-RAVEN RISING FROM THE MUD AND SAND.

the protection afforded certain animals by this peculiar power, or decoration.

The well-known *Physalia*, so common in the Southern seas, affords protection to a small fish, and oftentimes three or four. There would be nothing remarkable in this, were it not for the peculiar affinity they possess for each other. The *Physalia* and its terrible powers are too well known to be described. The long blue tentacles, with their death-dealing darts, are certain death to creatures seven or eight times their size. I came near losing my own life by unconsciously swimming over one, and the shock was so great that I had to be taken from the water, and the fiery blue mass scraped from me with razors.

I have also seen a hawk's-bill turtle, weighing ten pounds, entangled and completely dead. Sardines, biting at the seeming tempting morsels as they are lowered from the animal, are killed as with an electric shock. But, notwithstanding this, in the very midst of these death-dealing weapons, where it is impossible for any other living creature to exist, we find a number of small fish of the exact color of the tentacles—a most beautiful blue. What wonderful bond of sympathy is there here! and what a wonderful example of the power of mimicry! as without a careful examination the little attendants cannot be distinguished from the tentacles, which this creature, low in the scale of being, casts around them, as a death-line to all invaders.

Under specimens of "jelly-fish," of the genus *Rhizotoma*, I have found numbers of minute fishes, all finding protection high up among the massive lobes and arms of the jelly-like mass, that would be death to them were it not that they are mimics of the tentacular parts of their protector. The dorsal, caudal and ventral extremities are touched with delicate pink; and, with their erratic positions, generally standing upright in the water, the casual observer would take them, and with good reason, for the tip end of a floating tentacle. These cannot be considered as accidental occurrences, as they have been noticed in hundreds of cases, and never did I see one of the blue attendants of the *Physalia* under a *Rhizotoma*, or *vice versa*, though I have often seen hundreds of them within two or three feet of each other.

In gulf-weed many crustaceans are found, having upon their shells the wonderful impressions of the surrounding plants, placed there by some wise provision of nature, and the results of a change that comes from continued instinctive attempts at better adaptation to place and circumstance.

Among the *Actiniaria*, one large species resembling the genus *Actinolota* was always found on the clear reef, and partly covered by the pure white sand that forms its bottom. On removing specimens of this to a dark, rock-lined aquarium, built out into the open water, in two days it had assumed a dark-gray, spotted shade; and upon being restored to the white, bleached coral bottom, it soon assumed the light-green tint, and was invisible except to the experienced eye.

In these cases, color alone has been used as a "deceptive," seemingly at the will of the animal in some cases; and again being perhaps used, as in the *Physalia*, as a medium of recognition and protection, or *quasi* affection.

In another class we have a multitude of animals who not only bring mimicry of color into play, but take advantage of the imitative characteristics of certain organs which they may possess to attain certain results.

And a type of this class is certainly found in the *Kallima paralikta*, or leaf butterfly, as a more wonderful case of natural and applied mimicry cannot be found. The wings in this creature are perfect imitations, when closed, of the leaf of a plant indigenous to the Malay country. The lower part of the wing is a perfect representation of the stem, and can be followed up through the centre of the wing. The muscles are exact counterparts of the leaf-veins, and, in fact, the copy of a leaf is faithful to nature. Mr. Wallace says that for a long time he attempted to capture one of these beautiful creatures, but, though he made every exertion, and their flight was slow, they invariably disappeared in a most mysterious manner. But one afternoon he traced one to a small tree or bush, where it disappeared, and after a careful search he found it, the stem-like projection pressed against the branch, the head and legs concealed. It was as perfect in its mimicry as any veritable leaf upon the tree. And Mr. Wallace says that, as if not satisfied with so great a resemblance, the peculiar mold spots found upon the leaf in a variety of shapes, positions and colors, were reproduced upon the surface of the insect. Here absolute protection to the animal is afforded.

We have said previously, in referring to the adaptation of tint in the octopus to existing circumstances, that it was evidently "a condition the result of observation" upon the part of the animal. Is not the effect in question, then, the result an omnipresent cause, and one that has been constantly recurring in the past of the creature's existence? The amusing attempts of a learned gentleman to test the "efficacy of prayer," have been still more learnedly spoken of under the head of "cause and effect." We see the *cause*, but, except in imagination and theory, we cannot see the wherewithal upon which, or by which, an *effect* can be reached, unless a physical one is reached by the prayers being poured into the ears of the sufferer.

But in the above case a need, a want (which is cause in its relation to the effect in question) has something tangible to work upon in obedience to the will, or its representative in the animal. Hourly and daily the insect is forced to imitate for protection; and, as in other forms and in succeeding generations, the need is supplied by the continued enforcement of its energies in a given direction; observation, and the power of acting upon it, would be the first result, which would in time culminate in physical changes in accordance with the wished-for desideratum. If such is the manner of procedure, a most interesting and wonderful example of evolutionary power is shown us.

Another insect from the Malay country is remarkable for its power and display of mimicry. It seems that the birds are particularly fond of it, and would often make a good meal thereupon, were not a gross deception practiced upon them. There is another butterfly that, if not poisonous to the birds, is extremely dreaded by them on account of a peculiar odor it exhales, and is easily known to them by its peculiar and laboring flight. Mr. Wallace says that he has seen the first-mentioned insect, when pursued by birds, suddenly mimic the laboring and erratic flight of the poisonous butterfly, showing that it knew it was a defense and protection. And the bird in chase, thinking that he had made a mistake and was in a profitless business, would immediately give up the chase, and the wily insect would soon resume its natural method of flight.

The "green walking leaf," or the insects of the genus *Phyllium*, are well-known examples of this curious phase of nature; and when alive and upon the plants they affect, the most skillful eye often fails to discern them. The "walking-stick" (*Phasmida*), with its long, green, wingless body, is always mistaken for a portion of the twig upon which it rests. On the *mangrove* bushes at Bird Key, in the Tortugas group, I have often noticed a small species of this family. Generally they were seen crawling upon the branches; but did you alarm them—and, presto! they seemed to disappear. The legs are folded close to the side,

while one end of the body is lifted into the air, and an exact imitation of a new shoot is presented, and were we a bird the metamorphose would certainly not be understood.

Upon these islands the spout crab, that seems formed for the sands he inhabits, is found. Ghastly white in color, they are never seen upon dark places, but revel on the shining white sand, where they are invisible alike to friend and foe. Another large red land-crab I have found invariably upon the prickly pear (cactus), their object being evidently to feed upon the rich red fruit; and so like were they, especially when the crab was alarmed, that at a distance of a few feet it was difficult to tell which was the animal and which was the fruit. It was a needy protection, as the thousands of gulls that hovered over the island did not disdain the crab in default of fish.

The common fishing frog (*Lophius Americanus*) is a rare mimic, that he may alike protect himself and fill his hungry maw; and when lying in wait for some victim and flattened upon the rocks, he would invariably be taken for an "erratic boulder, moss-covered and worn."

So with the sea-raven, assuming hues varying from rich brown to purple, yellow and red. Its mouth and head covered with barbels, which, if they had been made to order, could not better imitate the local *Algæ*; its general color corresponding to that of the moss-covered stone; the huge mouth hidden by a fringe of waving, fern-like particles of flesh; the eyes, even, partaking in the general deception—who would not be deceived by this guileless monster?—a natural mimic, and a mimic of nature.

In the *Holothurians*, so common upon our eastern shores, we find an interesting example of this class—a creature of low degree, who does not object to being turned not only out, but inside out—a veritable Mark Tapley of the sea; and will, even at the slightest provocation, on the principle, "If thy eye offend thee," disgorge its entrails, in an off-hand manner, and soon produce another set more to its satisfaction. In this simple creature we find that the mouth, or food-collecting organ, is a most beautiful model of a branch of seaweed, with all its waving branches, new shoots, and varieties of color; and under the muscular tension of the animal's movements, a graceful unfolding, oscillatory motion is kept up, so that, when the animal is concealed in the sand, as is its wont, and the *Algæ* or tree-like organ only exposed—thrust up through the sand, waving in the midst of surrounding aquatic verdure, in seeming obedience to the tide—the most ardent seeker and admirer of the *Trepang* would not dream that beneath this common moss lay snugly concealed, and perhaps laughing in its (*Echinodermic*) sleeve, the prince of mimics and the object of his desires.

It would ill become us to pass by one creature who, though no natural mimic, rests its claim upon its own wily attempts. This is the decorative crab, or spider crab, so common upon our coast. Destitute of brilliant color, and resembling nothing but themselves, they are driven desperate in their attempts at concealment. But in this extremity an idea is caught; and the crab seizes a bit of weed, attaches to the broken end some glutinous substance, and then plants it upon his back. Another piece is treated in like manner, and soon back-claws and antennæ are bristling with a miniature forest, that forms a sure protection from the rays and skates that prey upon his crabship. I have often scraped them clean, and as soon as they strike bottom again they commence a re-decoration, and in an hour you could barely distinguish them from the surrounding bunches of growing weed. The sea is especially rich in this peculiar phase in the struggle for life; and these few examples will perhaps serve to show the evident importance of the power to the possessors, and the fertility of invention shown by the great hand of Nature.

THE THREE BIRDS.

(*Translated from the French of Coppée by O'Shaughnessy.*)

I SAID to the dove, Thou canst fly above me—
Go where the corn-fields are,
And find me the flower that will make her love me:
The dove said—'Tis too far.

I said to the eagle, Heaven is before thee,
Help me to win her and die;
Go fetch me the fire of Jove, I implore thee:
The eagle said—'Tis too high.

I said to the vulture, Tear out and devour
Her love in my heart; to lone fate
Leave only what has escaped her power:
The vulture said—'Tis too late.

THE "EXPERIMENT'S" FIGHT WITH PIRATES.

FEW of the many brilliant exploits with which the naval history of our country is crowded stand out with greater lustre than the gallant deeds of the small but efficient fleet of armed schooners that were launched from our seaports during the year 1800.

The larger frigates and line-of-battle ships, searching out opponents of equal force and bravery, drew greater attention to their engagements, victories and defeats, in consequence of their size; but equal, if not more substantial, benefit was rendered by those smaller and lighter craft, noted for their brilliant dashes into hostile ports, capture of rich convoys, and general annoyance to the enemy so hard to prevent or punish.

On the first of January, 1800, the schooner *Experiment*, Lieutenant-Commander Maley, was convoying a fleet of merchantmen among the dangerous islands in the southern waters.

The fleet of merchantmen, with their protector, lay becalmed in one of the narrow passages in the Bight of Leogane, then noted as the nest of numerous pirate bands that were wont to creep out from the land in their boats and capture the unprotected vessels whose course lay near their haunts. It was a quiet, misty day. The idle sails hung useless from the masts, while the vessels rocked to and fro on the glassy waters, undisturbed by a breath of wind.

Knowing the dangerous character of the neighborhood, Lieutenant Maley had so disguised his vessel that an enemy would with difficulty detect the difference between his own vessel and the feeble merchants around him. Thrown off their guard by the helpless appearance of the fleet, the pirates of the coast manned their barges and made straight for the nearest of the fleet, expecting but a slight resistance.

Their boats were manned by crews of thirty and forty men each, desperate cut-throats and outlaws, whose excesses and acts of violence rendered them the terror of the neighboring waters. Armed with a cannon in each boat, and plenty of muskets, cutlasses and pikes, they came prepared to fight if necessary.

The fleet, at that time, was much scattered, and, seeing the signal from the *Experiment*, made hasty efforts to get together for mutual protection.

The pirates, eager to make the first capture, make direct for the schooner, which lies nearest them. Lieutenant

Maley waits until they are close to him, when he throws off his mask. Instantly the vessel, before so quiet, is all life and activity. The canvas concealing her guns is thrown off, and at point-blank range her broadsides are delivered full in the face of the oncoming enemy. The grapeshot strike in deadly bunches among the crowded boats, tearing oars, boats and men to pieces, and lashing the water into foam.

Everything is confusion among the assailants, and they halt in astonishment and dismay. They see their blunder, and, by separating, endeavor to prevent another such a deadly shower; but scarcely have they turned when the schooner, now all but invisible in the white smoke of her first broadside, gives them another.

The freebooters, as brave as they are desperate, now return and make an attack on the schooner. The fight thus commenced is long and fierce; but, seeing they are unable to capture their vigilant opponent, they divide their forces, and, part remaining to engage the schooner, the rest make an attack upon the nearest vessel, which they capture, after a slight resistance from the crew, and tow off.

Another soon falls into their hands, and, emboldened by their success, they resolve to attack a brig directly under the guns of the *Experiment*. A short resistance is made by the hapless crew, but the pirates, ten to one, swarm over the sides and slay all on deck. A party of them rush below to plunder the cabin, and, finding there the skipper, they murder him, and proceed to ransack the lockers.

The schooner, seeing the brig in the hands of the pirates, turns her guns against her, and, with rapid broadsides, proceeds to tear in pieces the vessel so lately occupied by friends and now swarming with enemies. A few minutes suffices to render the richly-laden vessel a wreck, and amid the tottering masts and falling spars, the pirates hastily abandon the prey they can no longer hold.

Finding their barges encumbered with dead and dying, they retreat to the shore, where they can be seen landing their wounded and such plunder as they have succeeded in securing.

Taking on board fresh supplies of men and arms, they advance again for a new attack. This time they advance boldly, and commence a furious cannonade. Grape and round-shot plow the smoke-covered water in every direction, tearing planks and striking down all in their course. Lieutenant David Porter and a number of men have been disabled, and the schooner's fire slackens a moment. The pirates make a rush, but, being again driven back, retire to land for repairs.

The last attack by these stubborn robbers is made against the *Experiment* alone. Their boats advance in three divisions of three boats each, and from different directions. The assailants rush forward and disappear within the clouds of smoke surrounding the schooner, out of which come the bright flashes of the guns. For four long hours the fight rages, and, to the anxious ones looking on, they appear ages. At length, toward evening, the fire slackens, a hearty cheer from the schooner announces victory, and, one by one, seven of the defeated boats make their appearance out of the battle-cloud, and put for the shore, followed by the schooner *Experiment*, urged in pursuit by the sweeps of her gallant crew. The pirates, in full flight, are followed by a few shots from the schooner, which is unable to overtake her more nimble enemies, who have lost two of their boats, and over fifty of their number in killed and wounded.

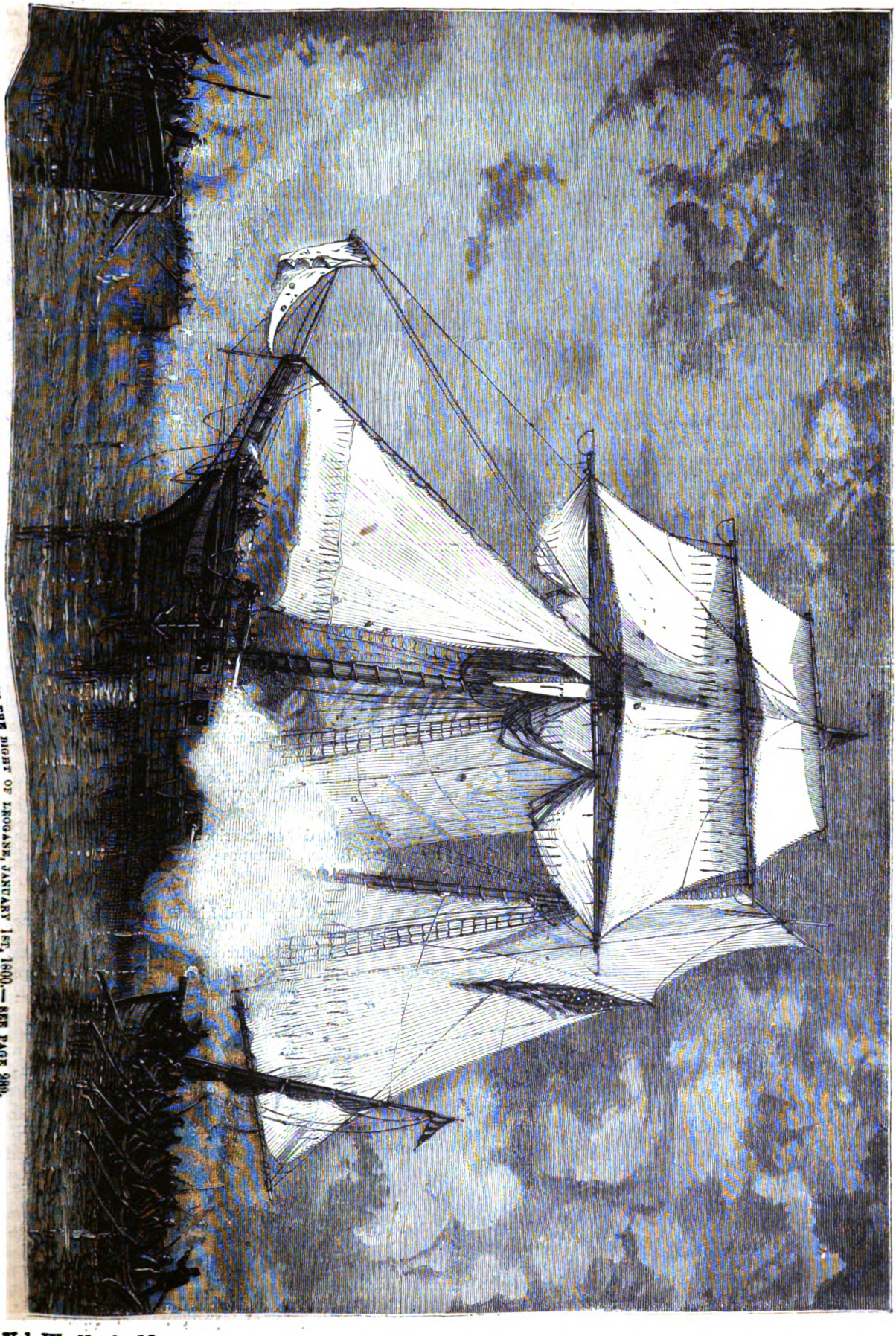
JOY FOR ONE.

OLD PORGEY—"*Rapid Transit at last! Now, duckey darling, you'll see ever so much more of me. I can stay with you an hour later every morning, lunch home every day, and be home so early that we shall have splendid long evenings.*"

[Mrs. P. sighs at the prospect, and resolves to move into Fifth Avenue next May.]

In this way did these active little cruisers, manned by brave sailors and skillful officers, render efficient service in preserving our merchant marine from capture at home and abroad.

The skill and spirit which characterized these fights soon made our men-of-war respected among the pirates on our own coast, and their more honorable adversaries abroad; so that shortly after we hear of the same gallant little vessel, and how she captures and brings into port the French privateers *Les Deux Amis* and *La Diane*, much larger than herself, her daring commander, conscious of the tried courage of his men, not hesitating to grapple vessels of greater size and armament than his own.



THE UNITED STATES SCHOONER "EXPERIMENT" ATTACKED BY PIRATES IN THE BIGHT OF LEOGANE, JANUARY 1ST, 1800.—SEE PAGE 280.

IN LONG AGO.

By Nellie C. Hastings.

Two little feet upon the hearthstone warm,
A fair head on my arm;
Long hair that glittered in the fire-shine—
Oh, love, sweet love of mine!
What glory wrapped us in that flickering glow,
So long—so long ago!

The hot red embers into ashes fell;
Each one a fairy tale
That we two read, and all its charm was love.
Out of the dark above
Wandered and wavered down the silent snow,
That dim night—long ago!

The wind sent shivering through the icy trees
A sound as of the sea's;
The wild fox barked across the moorland swells;
The chime of midnight bells
Came as the storm-wind came, now loud, now low,
So long—so long ago!

Through the wide chimney dripped the snow like rain;
And on the diamond pane
The frost drew pictures of the Summer dead.
We mourned no Maytime fled;
The blossom and the bloom were ours, I know,
That wild night—long ago!

Sweet little love of mine in those old days,
What word of blame or praise
Could bring once more the passionate lips to mine,
In love's sweet, speechless sign?
Or the swift blush that mocked the firelight's glow,
So long—so long ago?

So many Winters and so many Springs
Have passed on silent wings;
So many years have seen our hearts grow cold,
Since that sweet tale was told!
What have we gained, since that fierce night of snow,
So long—so long ago?

Dreams that were madness, wakings that were wild,
Since last your brown eyes smiled!
Wisdom and sorrow, memory and regret,
And ghosts that haunt us yet!
Ah! it was better in the storm and snow,
And sweeter—long ago!

And I would give this Southern night's perfume,
Dying o'er fields of bloom—
The fireflies that mock the starlight calm—
The white magnolia's balm—
Just to call back that eerie night of snow,
So long—so long ago!

"THE PLAIN MISS BURNIE."

By the Author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's."

She stopped reading for a minute, to listen.

"It is a child crying," she said, "or it sounds very much like one." And then she listened again.

Very few girls of her age would have given attention to such a trivial thing as the fancied sound of a child's cry in a distant room; but, as her sister said, "Brenda was always peculiar." So Brenda listened until she had made sure she was not mistaken, and then closed her book and went out of her room to follow the sound and inquire into the cause of it.

She did not know the house well, as it was an old-fashioned country-seat, full of winding galleries and corridors, and, moreover, she was only a lately-arrived visitor; but the pitiful little far-away wail was too much for her to bear quietly; it flushed her cheeks and quickened her breath and excited her just sufficiently to make her forget that it was rather a singular thing for a young lady who was only a visitor to be wandering about the establishment without a guide.

"It is up-stairs, somewhere," she said, when she had stood in the corridor for a minute; "but it seems to be very high up—on the next flight, I should think."

Accordingly, she made her way up the big, rambling staircase, letting the sobs guide her, and winding about until at last a sudden bend revealed to her the object of her search, all at once.

"I thought so," she said, stopping and looking upward with perfect gravity; "it *is* a child."

And so it was. On the very top step of the flight sat a chubby little mortal, about four years old, sobbing and shivering, in a remarkably tight white night-dress.

Brenda went to her at once.

"What is the matter?" she asked, as seriously as if she had been speaking to a grown-up man or woman.

"Told an' 'f'aid," sobbed the child, with chattering teeth.

Brenda knelt down on the steps, and looked at her with a sudden softening of her whole expression.

"Cold and afraid," she said. "I don't wonder at your being cold; but what are you afraid of, bairnie?"

"Dosts," was the answer, with another shuddering little burst of sobs.

"Mercy on us!" ejaculated the peculiar one. "Who has been talking to the child? What is your name?"

"Yosie."

"Yosie," repeated her interlocutor—"that is infantine Sanskrit for Rosie, I suppose. Well, whose are you, Yosie?"

"Nobody's."

The girl stooped down and kissed her, with a queer, impulsive swiftness.

"Dear, dear!" she said, almost nervously. "Who *has* been talking to her? I shall be obliged to find out where she came from, and carry her back, or she will catch cold. I say, Miss Yosie, will you come to me?"

And she held out her hands, as she had seen people do to children, though it must be confessed she hesitated a little, in some fear as to whether she might not be presuming too much upon so slight an acquaintance. Perhaps she was "peculiar." At any rate, she had a peculiar respect for people's fancies, and it even extended to this shivering little mite in the scant night-dress.

"Will you come to me?"

The child looked at her for an instant, as children have a fashion of doing at people who talk to them—silently, solemnly, questioningly—and then she held out her arms, too.

Brenda took her up, and folded her close and warm—even folded the cold, small feet in her dress before she resumed her investigations. The child was nothing remarkable—only a pretty, chubby little morsel, with light,

crumpled hair and round eyes; but, somehow or other, the girl felt a subtle chord in her heart touched by the mere sight of her childish forlornness.

With the help of some brisk cross-examination, she found out that she was an inmate of the house, and that, having been put to bed by her nurse, she had been frightened, and so had made her way to the lighted staircase, in hope of making somebody or other hear her.

"Well," said Brenda, when she had learned this much, "we will go back to the nursery and have a light there, and I will stay with you, so that you won't be frightened again."

Yosie was consoled at once. She clasped two short arms around her friend's neck, and nestled down on to her shoulder, as they journeyed down the long gallery, in search of the nursery. When it was found, Brenda re-lighted the gas and stirred the fire, and then sat down with her charge on her knee.

She had only been in the house two days, but her mother and sisters had known its master, Sir Michael Thorwald, ever since he had become a widower, four years before; and it was because they knew him so well as an eligible *parti*, that they had been kind enough to accept his invitation to spend Christmas at his country-seat, with a dozen other visitors, in the good old-fashioned way.

Cecilia and Lucy, being beauties, were supposed to have an interest in eligible individuals, whether widowers or bachelors. They had a right to such an interest; but Brenda, who was the youngest, and not a beauty at all—simply a "peculiar," quiet girl of nineteen or twenty—was only one of the unavoidable accompaniments of the party. She was not needed particularly, and had never spoken to Sir Michael a dozen times in her life; but, as the discreet Mrs. Burnie said to her two charming eldest, "It would not look well to leave Brenda at home."

So Brenda had been packed up with the rest of the baggage, and carried down to Thorwald Holm; and here she had been for two days, reading and crocheting in quiet corners, unnoticed and uncared-for, and not enjoying herself very outrageously, it must be admitted. At first, the sight of the small apparition on the staircase had been a great puzzle to her; but after she was settled in the nursery, she began to recollect dimly that she had once heard her mother mention the fact of Sir Michael's dead wife having left a baby only a few days old at the time of her death.

"And this must be the one," she said, aloud, looking down at the plump figure making itself comfortable on her lap.

"And it says it belongs to nobody. Poor little bairnie!" And she sighed over it as honestly and deeply as if she had been a soft-hearted matron of forty, instead of a very ordinary young lady of scarce twenty years. She was very much inclined to think that Sir Michael might have taken better care of his little daughter, if he were a man. He was old enough. Sir Michael was nearly forty himself, be it known.

Still, she saw, on looking round, that the nursery was complete enough—even elegant enough, as far as nursery appointments go. It was spacious and handsomely furnished, and there were plenty of toys strewn on the carpet. But it had a lonely look. Her small waif was not very communicative, but she was at least affectionate. She lay in her friend's arms, quiet but observant, and regarding her admiringly as she talked.

It was not the easiest thing in the world, at first, for Brenda to talk to her. She was not used to children—not used to talking to any one much, the fact was, but some quiet latent instinct ripened her conversational powers on this occasion, and she managed to make herself quite interesting and intelligible. She told one or two little stories about impossible fairies, and sang two or three pretty little gurgling baby-songs—all rhyme and no time—but suited exactly to the comprehension of her listener; and finally, finding that Yosie was warm enough, she persuaded her to permit herself to be tucked up in bed again.

"I will come to see you in the morning," she said, after she had made her comfortable. "My name is Brenda Burnie, and I am one of your papa's visitors; so, while I stay here, you shall belong to me—if you will. Will you?"

"Yes," answered Yosie, with a gravity as sincere as Brenda's own.

"Very well, then. Before I go away, suppose you tell me whose you are now?"

"Benda Burnie's," said Yosie. "You's her."

And, for the first time in their acquaintance, Brenda was suddenly awakened to recognition of her babyhood, and laughed at it for sheer pleasure.

"I found Sir Michael's little daughter last night," she said to her mother, the next day. "She was out in the cold on the top flight of stairs, crying, because she was afraid of ghosts; so I carried her back to the nursery and warmed her, and put her to bed again."

The estimable Mrs. Burnie settled her sharp-looking spectacles on her aquiline nose, and stared aghast.

"*What* was that, may I ask?" she inquired.

Brenda repeated her speech, with an addition.

"I think Sir Michael ought to see that her nurses attend to her more closely," she said, practically. "Her feet were as cold as ice, mamma."

"Her feet!" gasped Mrs. Burnie. "I should really like, Brenda, to hear you explain what your object is in making yourself conspicuous in a strange establishment after such a Quixotic fashion. I should really like to know what the servants would think if they saw you. I should really like to know what Sir Michael would say to such a piece of interference. I should really like to know——"

But Brenda stopped her there—without looking up from her sewing, however.

"I don't believe it would matter much what they thought, mamma," she said. "I should certainly do it again under the same circumstances. It was right, whether it was conspicuous or not; and as to Sir Michael—well, if it had been Lucy or Cecilia it might be different, but I am only Brenda, you know."

"And being only Brenda," said Mrs. Burnie, with brisk acidity, "you are going to disgrace us all."

"Oh, dear, no," returned that young lady, quietly. "I shall do nothing so bad so that, I hope."

She was by no means as devoid of spirit as the family Cinderella ought to be, and generally is, when she plays the part of the heroine of a story; on the contrary, "the plain Miss Burnie," as people called her, was pretty well calculated to hold her own in a placid, practical way. She was never crushed by sarcasms, nor subdued by snubbings; when she was neglected she amused herself, and when she was by chance noticed (which was not often), she really managed to make herself reasonably agreeable. Very few people ever discovered her attractions (thanks to her elder sisters), but when any one did discover them, it was sometimes observed that the impression she made was a lasting one, and there had been daring individuals who had actually remarked that the "plain Miss Burnie" was not so plain, after all. Something of her disadvantages might perhaps be adduced to the fact of her being not only the "plain one" but also the young one.

Lucy and Cecilia must be married now, but Brenda had

THE CASTLE OF SAN MARINO.—SEE PAGE 247.

plenty of time before her; consequently, Lucy and Cecilia were brought forward with all the power of the estimable Mrs. Burnie's excessively Scotch shrewdness, but Brenda was held in the background. And it did not hurt Brenda very much, on the whole. She was a reticent, large-brained, self-contained girl, observant and quick-witted. Books, and human nature—as she obtained a looker's-on impression of it—amused her, and not being of a meek temperament, she was healthful-minded enough to parry the family slights without receiving any very deep wounds. There were scratches now and then, of course, but they never rankled, and always healed in the end without a scar.

She kept her promise to her *protégée* the next morning, and, going to the nursery, found the nurse there.

"I have just found out from Miss Rosie here what happened last night," said that person, obsequiously. "I hadn't any idea but what she was safe in bed, mum. Bless my life! I wouldn't have Sir Michael hear of it for the world. It would be more than my place is worth to me."

Brenda decided to give her a hint, and gave her one accordingly.

"Then you had better be more careful, or he will find out for himself without being told," she cried. "I heard her crying from my room at the other end of the house, and came to see what was the matter."

Goodness alive!"—nervously. "Whoever heard the like! I hope you won't mention it, miss. I'll take care it doesn't happen again. He'd be powerful put out, Sir Michael would, if he doesn't take much notice of her."

"Doesn't he take much notice of her?" Brenda asked, betrayed for a moment into excusable curiosity.

"Well, no, Miss," was the answer. "Not as some men do of their children, though he's very particular about her being well attended to. But it's no wonder, you know, considering, for they do say as he never was over fond of her mother, and only married her to please his father—though he treated her well enough, for that matter."

Brenda made no comment upon this. It was no affair of hers, she thought, and she never interfered with other people's concerns, so she turned her attention to the child, to the complete ignoring of her host's domestic history. Still, slight as was the notice she gave it, the idea conveyed to her aroused in her mind some latent pity for the man, simply because he had not been as happy as she had hitherto fancied.

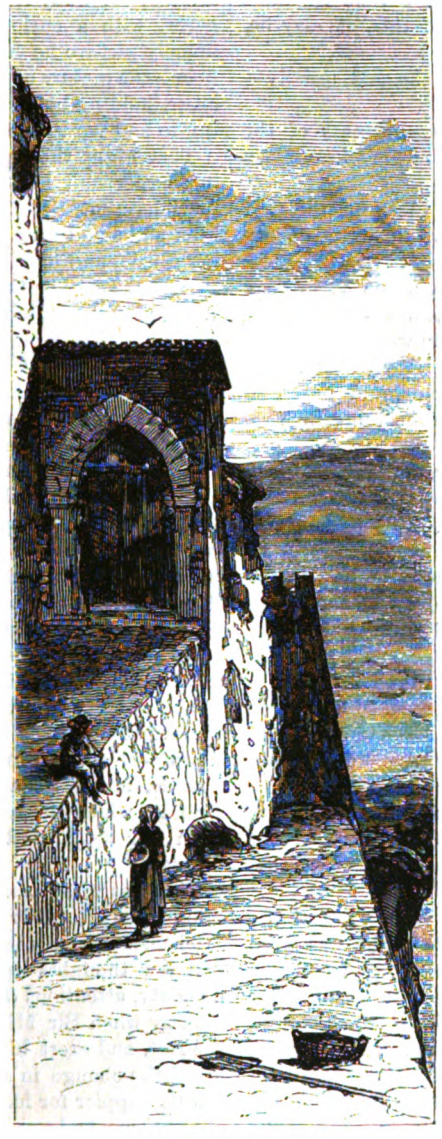
In this manner it came about that Sir Michael Thorwald's little daughter became the chief amusement of the plain Miss Burnie. She fell into the habit of spending a great deal of time with the child, and in trying to render her happy. She gained a great influence over her before long, and, almost unconsciously to herself, this influence had its own almost maternal quality. She learned how to pet the little creature, and proved herself an adept in

BORGO AT SAN MARINO.

nursery ways. She could talk to her and tell her stories, and sing lullabies—though it must be owned that at first she did such things with a grave reticence.

Nobody missed her where Lucy and Cecilia were, so she could run up to the nursery half-a-dozen times a day, and rejoice her small *protégée's* heart.

It was about this time that Mrs. Burnie was somewhat nonplussed. She was beginning to feel dubious about the success of her maternal plans. The fact was that Sir Michael was not acting as it was clearly his duty to do. He was amiably following her rather sharp lead in the game of hearts, but he was not showing his hand. His attentions were not "particular" enough. He chatted with Lucy, the brown-eyed, and delicately flattered Cecilia, the blonde; he sang duets with the one, and openly admired the playing of the other. He was too open, in fact, Mrs. Burnie thought. If he had been a trifle less open, it would have made the case look better than it did; but as it was, he was making himself equally agreeable to both, and committing himself to neither. Of course, this was trying, after having carried them away from town right in the middle of the season. Mrs. Burnie was reasonably irate, after the manner of old soldiers. Mrs. Burnie was a very old soldier. The girls themselves were not in the best of humors, either, if the truth must be told, though, of course, they were discreet enough to hide their slight discomfiture. They had come to Thorwald Holm ostensibly to celebrate Christmas with the rest in the good old style, but though they were not more calculating than the generality of girls, and were modest enough in their way, there is something more than a possibility that both of them had secretly cherished a decorously faint hope that the festivities might not end without some record of a comfortable triumph. And yet, here they had been for more than a week conducting themselves with all the discretion in the world, and still without even the shadow of a decided result. Really, they were not even as well content as Brenda, who had cherished no hopes at all, and merely regarded her host as a handsome, middle-aged man, who could make himself very agreeable, but with whom she herself had as yet nothing in common. But the time came at last when the state of affairs was materially altered.



GATE OF SAN MARINO.

Among two or three other solitary and half-melancholy habits Sir Michael had contracted, was the one of strolling about the terraces in the evening, with a cigar as his sole companion; and it so happened that on one occasion, about a fortnight after the Burnies had arrived, he was promenading up and down a walk near the house, when his attention was suddenly drawn to the fact that some one was singing in a room high above him, and the some one in question, whoever she might be, had a remarkably full, sweet and flexible voice.

It was a woman, of course. No man had ever sung such a pretty, lilting air, in such a pretty style; but, then, who could it be? None of the servants, surely, or he would have heard her sing before; and he knew it was none of the guests. He stood listening for a minute or so, holding his cigar between his fingers, and letting its fragrance die out upon the chill air, and then he turned toward the hall-door again.

"It is in the nursery, most certainly," he said, pausing for another instant. "Yes, it is in the nursery. I will go and see who it is."

In consequence of which resolution, he made his way up the staircase rapidly and lightly, until he had reached the upper flight, and stood upon the landing, looking in—positively staring in, at the picture the dancing firelight revealed to him.

There was a queer, old-fashioned, deep-seated rocking-chair drawn up to the hearth, and in this chair a young lady was seated—a young lady whose cheeks were flushed prettily by the warmth of the fire, and whose abundant reddish-brown hair was tumbling loose over her throat and shoulders, evidently disordered by childish fingers; for this young lady held his little daughter in her arms, and as she rocked to and fro, looking down at the child's face, and singing her nursery song, he recognized in her, to his great astonishment, no less—or rather no greater—a person than the "plain Miss Burnie." A moment more, and the child's quick ear caught the sound of some slight stirring, and she looked up.

"Brenda," she said, a trifle timidly, "dere's my papa!"

Then Sir Michael came forward, not having quite overcome his feeling of surprise, however.

"Don't rise, I beg of you," he said. "I—the fact is, I was smoking on the walk beneath the window here, and I heard you singing, and came to see who it was. Why did I never hear you sing before?"

Brenda gave him a quiet little smile. If she had been other than the "plain Miss Burnie," she might have been unpleasantly conscious of her disordered hair and rumpled collar; but as it was, she really did not care much.

"I don't think anybody has asked me to sing since I came here," she answered. "Lucy and Cecilia make a science of music, you know—I do not."

"But," stammered Sir Michael, in a half-bewildered fashion—"but you sing as the birds sing. Your voice is perfect."

"Oh, dear, no," she said; "but you are very kind to say so, nevertheless."

Then, while he stared at her, and wondered at himself for being such an insane simpleton, she set Yosie down out of her arms upon the hearthrug.

"Yosie," she said, in a pretty, matter-of-fact way, "go and kiss your papa."

The child did as she was told, without any hesitation—it seemed as if she was accustomed to obeying the girl—but there was something deeper than ordinary shyness in her manner, something that made it very evident that the new-comer was a stranger, and represented to her childish mind nothing more than the merest acquaintance, before whom she was bound to be nothing more than tractable and well-behaved. The recognition of this, it may be, emboldened the "plain Miss Burnie."

"She does not see you very often," she said, quietly—"does she?"

He hesitated slightly, under his consciousness of the girl's frankly speaking face. Brenda Burnie's face was a very frank one.

"No," he answered—"not often." And for the first time in his life he wished he could have answered differently.

Brenda held out her arms again, and Yosie came back to her favorite resting-place. She was not a remarkable child, as I have said before, but she was wonderfully loving, and almost pathetically quiet, in a babyish way.

Brenda took one of the small, fat hands, and began to pat it softly against her own, with an almost ungirlish reflectiveness in her eyes.

"She told me, when I first found her, that she belonged to nobody," she said, "and I suppose that was why we fraternized so warmly. We are very good friends now, of nearly two weeks' standing."

Sir Michael forgot to smile. The fact was, he was just making a discovery. He was finding out all at once—as if a flash of lightning had revealed it to him—that there was something indescribable and oddly charming just at this moment about the "plain Miss Burnie." She had a small, light, round figure; she had great, honest hazel eyes, and her hair was real, at least. He had felt some slight doubts concerning Lucy's elaborate coiffure and Cecilia's blonde puffs and braids, but there could be no mistake about this profusion. She was not a beauty, of course, but there was something quite attractive in her self-reliant voice and those honest eyes. How was it that he had not found it out before?

And, after a conversation of half an hour's length, he discovered something more—namely, that she was even more inviting than she looked. No platitudes from her, no young-ladylike speeches, no nonsense, or lassoing for flirtation. She talked to him in a bright, straightforward fashion, spiritedly and girlishly, yet as sensibly as if she had been his mother or his aunt, or any other essentially sensible female relation. What a mistake he had made hitherto in flirting languidly, and letting himself be angled for by the other two, while this charming, piquant little woman was left in the corner to her crocheting!

And before they separated she gave him a brave little hint.

"Are you fond of children?" he had asked of her.

"I never knew until I came here," she answered him. "I never had anything to do with children before. But I think I must be. I am sorry for this one."

And her great, honest eyes met his squarely. She knew he would understand her.

He received the womanlike rebuke almost humbly. He would have resented it as an interference from any one else, but coming from such a girl as this—so young, so frank, so womanly—it touched his heart.

"I have not taken care of her, you mean," he returned. "Perhaps you are right. We men do not understand these things."

"If her mother had lived," Brenda answered, "she would not have let people frighten her with ghosts, and tell her she belonged to nobody. I do not think she ought to be left alone so much. Children need friends," staidly.

He thanked her gravely and courteously, and went down-stairs, thinking the matter over; but by the time he reached the bottom step he had wandered unconsciously far away from the original subject, and was lingering with a curious sense of pleasure over the little homely picture he had seen through the opened nursery door—the picture of the light, round figure in the rocking-chair, holding his motherless child in its arms, and rocking to and fro to the sound of a nursery song.

That night the "plain Miss Burnie" was rescued from her corner and her crocheting. To Mrs. Burnie's great bewilderment, Sir Michael brought her forth to sing for him, and stood near her as she sung, turning the leaves of her music, and looking at her as he had never in his life looked at Lucy or Cecilia. He looked fairly like a man who had fallen upon a novel pleasure, and was enjoying it in no half-way measure.

And as the days went by the vail fell from the business-like matron's eyes, and she awakened suddenly to a new consciousness. She had diplomatized and struggled sharply, after a soldierly fashion, for her elder daughters, and her struggles had availed nothing; but she had left Brenda alone, even thrusting her into the shade, and here it appeared that in spite of all this Brenda had made an impression, and Sir Michael's usually erratic attentions were becoming "particular." It was brisk discipline, but it held its own consolation. She had not made a favorite of her youngest daughter, but it is likely that if Cecilia and Lucy were off her hands, she would have been almost as sharp in her maternal solicitude for "the plain one" as she was now for them. So, though her patience was somewhat tried, she was not sorry to see some shadow of a prospect in store for Brenda. Beauties are always marketable, and she had anticipated trouble in "selling" Brenda, which she had known would arise just as much from her spirit and self-reliance as from her lack of beauty.

This was what passed through the maternal Burnie's mind when she first began to note the growth of Sir Michael's totally unexpected fancy; but Brenda herself had few thoughts upon the subject, if any. Not being a beauty, attentions did not mean much to her, and consequently when Sir Michael began to single her out from the rest, and exert himself to please her, she merely enjoyed the change in a quiet, unromantic fashion, and felt a little happier for feeling herself of some slight importance to somebody.

So the days passed pleasantly enough, until they had achieved the object for the furtherance of which so many of them had flocked down to Thorwald Holm—namely, the keeping of Christmas in the good old style; and at last people were beginning to drop away, one by one, and among the rest the Burnies were going.

It was the very last hour of their stay, and while the rest were bustling about here and there among baggage and toilets, Brenda Burnie had run up-stairs to the nursery to take her last farewell of her favorite.

She was kneeling on the hearth, in her hat and sacque, with her arms around the child, when she heard some one

enter the room through the door behind her, and she looked up to face Sir Michael. She gave him a smile—only a faint one, however, for she found it rather a hard thing to bear this farewell she was taking of Yosie.

"We are bidding each other good-by, Sir Michael," she said—"Yosie and I."

He came to the fire, and stood looking down at her upturned face, speaking hurriedly.

"Brenda," he said, "don't say good-by to her at all—why should you?"

She started slightly at his eagerness and rapidity of speech, but her honest eyes met his so gently that he went on.

"Listen to me for a moment," he said. "I followed you here to say something to you. The past few weeks have been a revelation to me—I have found a woman I love. Nay, Brenda, do not look startled, or it will seem like a reproach. I do not ask anything of you yet; I know you can have nothing yet to give me. I am not young; I am years your senior, and I have a sad enough heart-history in my past; but that you are my first love, and the only woman on earth to me, you may rest assured. Just now I only ask you to say 'yes' or 'no' to two questions: May I come to town this Winter? and will you promise that you will not say good-by to the child here before I am sure that my efforts must be in vain?"

The "plain Miss Burnie" hesitated a moment, with the ungirlish reflectiveness peculiar to herself. Then she loosened her hold upon her *protégée*, and spoke to her in a soft, quiet tone:

"Yosie," she said, "go to your papa, and tell him that my answer to both of his questions is—'Yes.'"

* * * * * * *

It is easy enough to guess at the end. Sir Michael Thorwald went to town from Westmoreland with a purpose, and, being a man of taste and strength of will and spirit, he was not unsuccessful. He sued with a will, and did not sue in vain.

Discovering that their *Chateau en Espagne* had crumbled to the dust, Lucy and Cecilia discreetly applied themselves to industry more likely to be rewarded. And so it came to pass that a year later the beauties of the family officiated when the "plain Miss Burnie" was married.

SAN MARINO.

A BARE and rugged mountain, about ten miles from Rimini; a few hills grouped around the mountain, some hamlets, a village or two, a town, *la Citta;* a church, a convent, a tower here and there on the rocks. This constitutes the Republic of San Marino. You can traverse it in its greatest length in an hour, and almost take the census of its 9,000 inhabitants. The nearest railway station is Rimini, which travelers pass in going to Brindisi on the overland route to India.

After leaving Rimini, on the east stretches the blue Adriatic, and on the west the purple line of Apennines, and midway between them, rising abruptly from the plain to the height of more than 2,000 feet above the sea, there is a lone rock crowned with towers, and a little town.

This tiny Republic of San Marino was founded more than fourteen centuries ago, by a Dalmatian Christian named Marino. To escape persecution, he had taken refuge at Rimini, where he converted many, amongst them the Princess Felicissima, who presented to him the mountain, on which he founded a religious community. Being separated from the strife and wars of those times, it remained forgotten till the tenth century. Meanwhile the persecuted and plundered inhabitants of the neighboring districts took refuge on this rock, and joined in building up this little republic.

During the Middle Ages, though marauding lords of the neighboring territories seldom attacked San Marino, yet several attempts were made to take possession of it by surprise. One of these attempts was made in 1542, Pope Paul III. having, it is said, conceived the idea of making his relation, Pier Luigi, Prince of San Marino, if he could then have captured it; but in this attempt he was less successful than Cæsar Borgia, who, a few years previously, made himself master of San Marino, for some months only.

The little republic had to fight for its existence in 1739, against the Papal power, which then barely tolerated this tiny free State in the midst of the Papal dominions which surrounded the republic on all sides. Cardinal Alberoni and his soldiers gained possession of San Marino, and tried to make the republicans swear fealty to the Papal dominion. A certain Gazi, when ordered so to swear before the cardinal and his retinue in the church, boldly answered:

"Your Eminence, I make the same prayer that Christ made in the Garden of Gethsemane, 'If it be possible, let this cup pass from me.' Moreover, at the sight of that sacred head" (pointing to the head of San Marino exposed on the altar) "I have not the heart to make such a *spregia;* on the contrary, I will ever cry, 'Viva la liberta!'"

The people echoed the shout, and the priest had to commence Mass to drown the uproar. The cardinal left the cathedral, and ordered the houses of those "rebels" to be sacked. However, the inhabitants made a direct appeal to Pope Clement XII., who decreed that the people, at a general election, should decide themselves as to their government, and they unanimously voted for their old liberty.

Napoleon I., when at the head of his victorious army in Romagna, sent the celebrated Monge, in the name of the Republic of France, to offer protestations of affection and esteem, and more—cannon, and extension of territory; but the little republic wisely declined both, and to this wisdom and neutrality may be attributed the safety of the Republic in the Treaty of Vienna.

Garibaldi took refuge in the Republic of San Marino after the capture of Rome by the French; but the little Republic has only a militia force of about 400 men, and could not then have hoped to successfully withstand the threatened Austrian invasion, and Garibaldi retired in safety.

The scant revenues of the republic, which, it appears now, are likely to be so much increased by the gambling establishment, have hitherto been eked out by an extraordinary resource—the sale of titles—as well as by a light tax on property and the monopolies in salt and tobacco.

In this little republic, which has only about 9,000 souls, it is said there are more than that number of foreigners who hold titles. One hears of an American who gave 21,000 francs for the title of Duke of a village of two cottages and a church.

The little State, which may now expect to "coin" gold, has hitherto only coined copper (14,000 soldi in 1864, and 30,000 in 1869), and one gets nothing in change but copper sous or soldi; however, one can get a good deal for one soldo, or halfpenny—for instance, sixteen plums, or ten figs, or four pears; but this year, throughout Italy, fruit has been dearer. Good red wine is cheap and plentiful.

The castle, formerly the citadel, but now used as a prison, is built on the highest point of the rock, and the

view from it is fine. On one side is charming Rimini and the dark waters of the Adriatic; on the other the Apennines, with a salient summit crowned by the fortress of San Leo. The town itself is neat, well kept, and has several fine buildings in good style. Along the streets you see no shop or hostelry. The inhabitants are expressly forbidden to sell anything.

The gateway of the town is rather picturesque. The road to Rimini (thirteen miles off) winds down a steep descent to the bottom of the rock; and for this deep descent oxen only are used, but it is said that if a gambling establishment is set up, then a Fell's railway will be made.

A THUNDERSTORM.

The Borgo, a suburb on the way down, is a poor little place, with an indifferent inn, but travelers have to put up there. Like most Italian towns, however small, it boasts a theatre, but it is generally shut.

San Marino is now a simple but prosperous republic, and in 1868 it indignantly rejected a proposal for the establishment of gambling, though then bribed with offers of funds, a railway, prospective riches, etc. So it is to be hoped that no Austrian general will now cross the Rubicon (which almost bounds the territory) with the intention of invading the republic with a host of *croupiers*. As yet let us hope the die has not been cast.

The affairs of the republic are conducted with Spartan simplicity. A story is told of a Venetian who went to San Marino to collect a debt long owing by one of the *cittadini*. He was taken to the house of the chief magistrate, and expected to find some of the pomp and solemnity of a Venetian court. What was his amazement when a man was pointed out to him as chief-justice, who, bare-armed and barefooted, was treading out grapes. Without suspending his labors, the judge heard the complaint, gave a verbal summons for the attendance of the defendant, and directed him to plead. Finding that his defense would not stand, he condemned him to imprisonment and ordered

THE FLASH OF LIGHTNING.

his house to be sold at once. The next day the Venetian left the city paid to the last cent.

Some months after a case of his before the Venetian tribunals was protracted till he lost all patience, and exclaimed, "Val pin un pistad' uva di San Marino che dieci parrucine di Venezia!"—"A wine-treader of San Marino is worth a dozen big-wigs of Venice!"

The Constitution of the republic is aristocratic, the supreme power being vested in a great council called the Arengo, where each family, poor and rich, is represented by one of its members; but it is really governed by the "Council of Sixty," comprising forty citizens selected by the wealthy families; and the Arengo meets only on most important occasions, when the great tocsin sounds, and each family's representative is bound to repair at once to the council-hall, under penalty of a fine amounting to about two cents.

The "Council of Sixty" every six months selects ten, from whom two *capitanei reggenti* are drawn by lot, one to govern the city, the other the rest of the republic. Next to them in importance is the "commissary," who is the supreme judge, and who must be well versed in law, born out of the republic, and not connected by blood or marriage with any of the inhabitants. The remaining officials are a physician, elected for three years, and who is bound to keep a horse, and, finally, the schoolmaster.

Such is this strange little republic in the heart of Italy.

FRANKLIN'S KITE EXPERIMENT.

A THUNDERSTORM.

By William Durham, F.R.S.E.

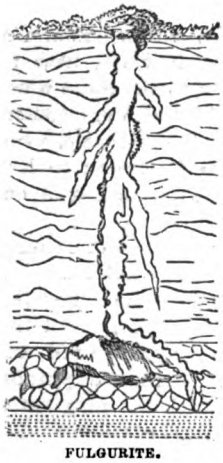
Almost every one must have seen a thunderstorm at some period of his or her life; few, however, have regarded it with intelligent interest as to the cause which produced it or the forces displayed. Some are content with contemplating the sublimity of the spectacle, while others, in ignorant or superstitious fear, seek to hide themselves from the attending danger by shutting it out from their sight.

Those, however, who desire to know more of Nature's works than appears on the surface, while not insensible either to the grandeur of the display or to the danger that accompanies it, will calmly and quietly examine all that happens, and try to find out the cause by patient investigation. With this purpose let us watch the progress of a thunderstorm.

The weather has been warm and sunny for some days; people complain of a feeling of depression and heaviness, which they account for by saying "There is thunder in the air"—rather a curious way of putting it, as thunder is usually heard, not felt. No doubt, however, there is something unusual about to happen. Suddenly a dense, dark cloud forms overhead, which rapidly increases in size, rising higher into the atmosphere, and drawing toward it any little clouds that may be scattered about, although they may have been motionless

fore—just like an army preparing for battle gathering in its scattered detachments. Increasing in size and blackness, with an ugly, ragged and threatening look, the mass of cloud begins to approach the earth, sending out masses sometimes at one part and sometimes at another, but always toward the earth, while little cloudlets hurry to and fro over its surface, like officers marshaling the ranks for a grand attack. The rain now commences to descend, and the first faint beginning of the storm is heard, like the distant growl of some savage animal, low and threatening; flashes of light are seen darting here and there in the midst of the cloud; sometimes the whole mass is lighted up as with a vivid sheet of flame, or the dark edges of the cloud are brilliantly illuminated, displaying its ragged-looking form many times in succession; the thunder increases in frequency and loudness, sounding like the rattle of musketry mingled with the roar of artillery. As the cloud nears the earth, a flash passes between them, followed instantly by another flash at some distance; and sometimes we can trace through the cloud a connection between the two flashes. The lightning varies in appearance. Sometimes it is a clearly defined zigzag line; at other times it forks or spreads into many sharp points; occasionally it becomes a ball of fire, moving at a slower speed than either of the other forms, so that the eye can follow it. Many suppose this ball is a really solid "thunderbolt"; but it is not so, but only a modification of the other forms of lightning.

The storm is now at its height, and rages as a battle among the elements. The thunder roars and crashes overhead with appalling violence, and the vivid lightning flashes on every side. Now is the time of danger. The lightning in its path to the earth bursts through all opposition with irresistible violence; buildings unprovided with lightning-conductors are shivered to pieces like castles of cards; and woe to the unfortunate being who chances to be in its path—death is his certain fate, and that in an instant! If the lightning should chance to light on sand, it not infrequently fuses it in its path, and leaves long rods of a glassy nature as evidence of its fearful energy. This display continues until the cloud has exhausted itself, when it vanishes almost as quickly as it gathered, and we are left with a feeling of relief and freshness.



FULGURITE.

Of all the forces of Nature with which we are acquainted, the one that seems most likely to afford us an explanation of a thunderstorm is electricity. The famous American philosopher and statesman, Benjamin Franklin, was the first who suggested the means of proving this. By means of flying a kite, provided with a sharp steel point on its head, connected with the string, he succeeded in bringing down from a thunder-cloud flashes of lightning, which he proved exhibited all the phenomena which we know are due to electricity. The experiment is attended with considerable danger to the operator, as was proved by the fact that a Russian physicist repeating Franklin's experiment was struck dead by the lightning; so any one desirous of trying it must exercise the greatest caution. We shall therefore examine the laws and phenomena of electricity so far as they bear on a thunderstorm, and see how far they explain what we have observed. When looking for the origin of such a grand display, we are apt to look about us for some equally grand cause; but Nature often commences her greatest works in a very modest manner, working for long silently and unseen until she accumulates her forces; and in this case it is so. We must commence our investigation with phenomena so trifling as almost to escape observation. From experiments, we know that electricity developed by friction first exhibits itself in attracting such light bodies as feathers, etc.; and further, that the electricity developed on the glass acts somewhat differently from that developed on the wax. While both attract any light body they are brought near, and one another, yet glass electricity repels glass, and wax electricity

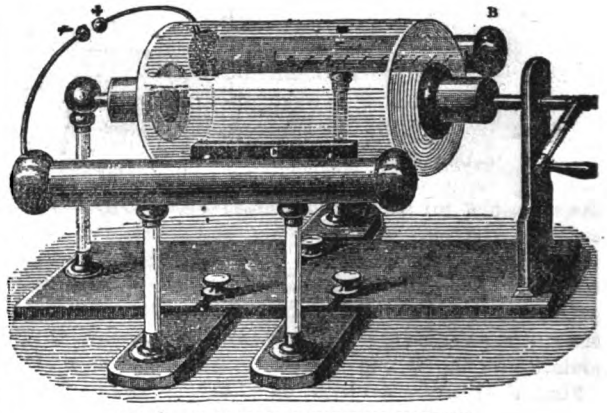


FIG. 1.—CYLINDRICAL ELECTRIC MACHINE.

wax. To distinguish between these two kinds, we call the electricity developed on glass *positive*, and that on wax *negative*. Therefore, when we speak of positive or negative electricity, we just mean that the former is like that developed on glass, and the latter like that on wax.

Electricity can be conveyed from one body to another by contact; and this affords us the means of making a little testing apparatus to show by what kind of electricity any body is electrified.

Let us take a small pith-ball and suspend it by a silk fibre from a stand. On rubbing a glass rod with wax and bringing it near the pith-ball, the latter will be attracted like the feather, but immediately on touching the glass rod it will fly off. On bringing the excited wax, however, near it after being touched by the glass rod, the pith-ball will be attracted by the wax. If we wish, therefore, to know what electricity any body has, we just touch the pith ball with excited glass and bring it near the body; if it be attracted, the body is negative; and if repelled, positive. With instruments constructed on this principle, but of exceeding delicacy, it is found almost invariably that when two different substances are brought into contact, and especially if there be friction between them, electricity is developed—positive on the one substance and negative on the other. And the one *is never developed alone;* wherever there is positive developed, there is also an equivalent of negative, and *vice versa*. So constantly is this force developed by the least movement that the writer in using these delicate instruments has often been greatly annoyed by electricity developed on his coat by the movement of his arms or by walking, ever so carefully, across a carpet.

It has been proved also that when water holding salts in solution is in contact with the soil, electricity is always developed, the water becoming generally, though not always, positive, and the soil negative; the arrangement seeming to depend on the kind and quality of salts in solution. This last fact points to the origin of a thunderstorm; from

this small beginning, which can scarcely be noticed even with the aid of the most delicate apparatus, arise such terrific storms as we have described. We know that from

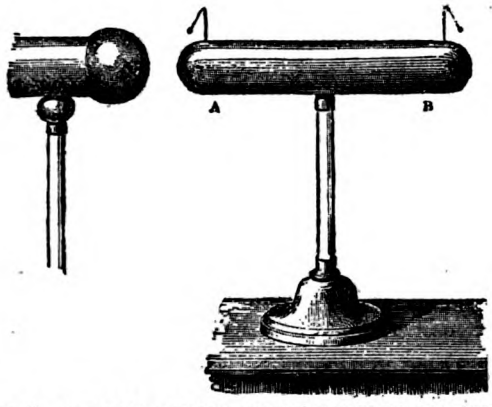


FIG. 2.—METALLIC CYLINDER BEFORE THE PRIME CONDUCTOR.

the surface of the sea, and all water on the surface of the earth, there ascends into the atmosphere, especially in hot weather, a constant stream of invisible particles of water, which, on condensation by cold or other causes, form clouds. Now, these particles of water carry up with them the still more invisible electricity they have acquired by contact with the earth.*

Having discovered this feeble source of electricity, we shall proceed to investigate the laws by which it increases so much energy as to produce the great effects we have observed. As we know electricity is produced in small quantity by rubbing a glass rod, we endeavor to increase the quantity or intensity on the same principle. Accordingly, we make a machine like that in Fig. 1. It is a glass cylinder (taking the place of the glass rod) mounted on brass bearings so that it can be made to revolve; C is a cushion pressed firmly against the glass cylinder, and takes the place of the wax; B is called the *prime conductor*, and is a metal cylinder, supported on a glass pillar, and having sharp points on the side next the cylinder, but not touching it. This takes off and accumulates the electricity developed by the rubbing of the glass. A piece of silk is placed on the top of the glass to prevent the electricity going off into the air.

When we turn the cylinder of this machine, and examine the prime conductor with our pith-ball, we find it is charged with positive electricity, like glass. With this machine we get clear indications of the power of electricity to produce light. While it is in operation, if we look into the space between the sharp points of the prime conductor and the revolving cylinder, we see sparks of light passing between them; or if we bring our finger within, say, half an inch of the body of the prime conductor, a bright spark passes between them, accompanied with a sharp snap, and we feel a sort of prick on the finger.

FIG. 3.—A LEYDEN JAR.

* Prof. Tait has shown that friction between particles of watery vapor and the air develops electricity, and thinks this may be one of the sources of atmospheric electricity.

Putting our machine in motion, we shall make one or two experiments.

(1) Attach a small metallic chain to the prime conductor, B, and let it hang down and touch the ground. If we look now at the sharp points of the prime conductor, we shall see the light still passing from the glass as it revolves; but we shall not be able to get any spark from the prime conductor itself, nor will the pith-ball indicate that it is electrified. Now, clearly, the cause of this is that the chain is *conducting* all the electricity down to the earth as fast as it is produced. We therefore say the chain, or any body that acts like it, is a *conductor* of electricity; and as the electricity did not escape to the earth either by its glass support or through the air, but accumulated on the prime conductor, we say glass and air, or bodies that act like them, are *non-conductors* of electricity. We shall see that this observation is of great importance in understanding the "thunderstorm." Further, we notice that the air is not absolutely a non-conductor, for the electricity passes through it in the shape of a spark, but that to produce this spark of any size we must accumulate electricity so as to burst through, so to speak, the resistance of the non-conducting air.

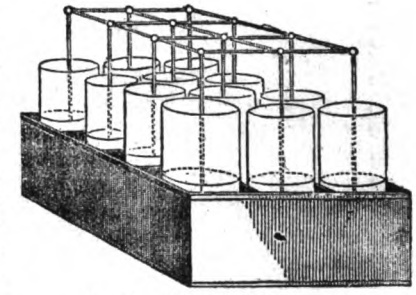


FIG. 4.—AN ELECTRIC BATTERY.

(2) Place before the prime conductor of our machine a metallic cylinder supported on a glass pillar, as in Fig. 2. On charging the prime conductor as before, by causing the glass cylinder to revolve but not causing a spark to pass, we shall find that one end of the cylinder (A) next the prime conductor, on being tested with the pith-ball, is charged with negative electricity, and the other end (B) with positive, marked in the figure — and +. On causing one spark to pass, the cylinder will return to its ordinary state, and exhibit no trace of electricity whatever until the machine is again set in motion.

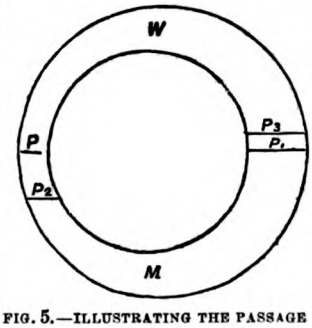


FIG. 5.—ILLUSTRATING THE PASSAGE OF A FLASH OF LIGHTNING BETWEEN A CLOUD AND THE EARTH.

(3) Let us repeat the foregoing experiment, with this alteration: Attach a metallic chain to the cylinder, and let the end of it touch the ground. On charging the prime conductor again, we shall find on testing that the cylinder has negative electricity over its whole length, which will also disappear on the passage of the spark.

These three experiments show that electricity may be generated in another way than by friction or contact. As this has been brought about by the mere presence of an electrified body (the prime conductor), it is called *induction*, because the one body has induced electricity in the other body near it. It has to be noticed also that positive electricity always induces and holds negative electricity nearest it, driving the positive as far away as possible, and holding the negative so firmly, that although there is

GAS-LAMP LIT BY A FLASH OF LIGHTNING.

a conductor down to the ground it remains on the cylinder. Of course negative electricity induces positive. We see also that the passage of the spark reduces the whole arrangement to its natural state.

On the principle of induction we shall now construct an apparatus to enable us to increase the quantity of electricity before the spark passes. For this purpose we take a glass jar or bottle, about, say, ten inches high, and cover it inside and out to within two inches or so of the edge with tinfoil; we connect the tinfoil on the inside with a metal rod surmounted with a little ball which rises above the mouth of the jar about two inches. The arrangement is shown in Fig. 3. On connecting the brass ball with the prime conductor of our machine, and setting the latter in motion, positive electricity passes into the jar and accumulates on the tinfoil. It cannot pass to the earth, because the non-conducting glass jar prevents it; but it induces negative electricity on the tinfoil on the outside of the jar (which takes the place of the cylinder in our former experiment, being connected with the earth). By joining a number of these jars together by the little brass balls, we get that very powerful arrangement for accumulating electricity called an electric battery (Fig. 4), and when fully charged we can cause a spark of great brilliance and strength to pass, and the sound accompanying its passage is greatly augmented. With this apparatus we can imitate many of the phenomena of lightning, though of course on a much smaller scale. When one of these jars fully charged is held in one hand and the brass ball touched with the other, a violent shock is felt by the operator. A complete battery will give a shock sufficient to produce serious danger, so that it requires careful handling. With a very large battery blocks of wood can be rent in pieces, thin metal wire, gold-leaf, etc., can be melted or even dissipated in vapor. In fact, a miniature thunder-storm can be produced.

Having thus worked our way up from the elementary principles of the production of electricity by friction, contact and induction, to the production of phenomena similar to those displayed in a thunderstorm, we are in a position to trace out and explain the whole process. We learn that a thunderstorm is only the climax of unseen action that has been going on for some time; the little particles of water have been silently carrying upward their little loads of electricity acquired by contact with the earth; as they increased in size by uniting in the form of clouds, the electricity increased in intensity from the same cause, so that the cloud becomes like the inside of the electric battery, highly charged by an electric machine. Then the air acts like the glass of the *jar*, and the earth like the tinfoil on the outside, and consequently by induction gets strongly charged with negative electricity as far as the influence of the cloud extends. As positive and negative electricity mutually attract, and the cloud is movable, the latter approaches the earth. When any part of it gets sufficiently near for the electricity to burst through the intervening non-conducting air, a flash of light passes. The foregoing is in general outline an account of what goes on during a thunderstorm.

We shall now endeavor to explain some of the facts we noticed while the storm was raging, on the principles we have worked out.

(1) The uncertain movements of the smaller clouds. As stated before, water in contact with the earth is not always charged with positive electricity; it is sometimes negative; consequently we may have clouds variously charged, and there will be attraction or repulsion between them, according as a positive cloud meets a negative cloud or another positive one.

(2) The flashes of lightning in the body of the cloud itself are accounted for on the same principle. Parts of the cloud separated by some little distance and differently charged flash a spark between them as they approach. If this occurs on the side of the cloud furthest from us, we may not see the lightning clearly defined, but only as a flash lighting up the whole surface; or if the cloud is dense enough, we may only see the edges illuminated brilliantly, although no electricity is passing from them.

(3) The powerfully destructive effects of lightning are seen from our experiments to be due to the electricity bursting through a bad conductor, such as stone, wood, bricks, or even the human body. We never see any of these effects when electricity is passed through a good conductor, like a metal chain, if it is of sufficient size.

(4) The cause of lightning varying in form, being sometimes a zigzag line and sometimes forked, is supposed to be due to the intensity of the charge driving, as it were, the air before it, and consequently condensing it more or less; and the lightning seeks out the path of least resistance. At any rate, we can imitate these forms with our battery, and find that as the length and intensity of the spark varies, its form also varies.

It has been shown, however, by some very cleverly executed photographs of the electric spark, that when every trace of floating particles is removed from the air, the spark is always straight, so that the different forms of lightning may be due to the electricity darting from particle to particle that floats in the air. The globular form is not well understood, but we know that the greater or

TWO LOVERS STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.

less density of the air, and the charge, exercise much influence on the form and also on the color of the spark.

(5) We observed that when a flash passed from the thundercloud to the earth there was a return flash at some distance, which might be traced all through the cloud. To explain this, we must remember that when a flash takes place the action is not confined to the precise spot where it occurs. The whole thundercloud, the air between it and the earth, as well as the earth itself, are in a condition of strain; the positive electricity of the cloud is holding a like quantity or equivalent of negative on the surface of the earth near it, and every object on that surface is more or less under this strain. When the spark passes, this strain is relieved for the moment, and there is a general rush back, so to speak, of the electricities to their natural condition; and this rush back is of sufficient intensity to cause a second flash at a distance, besides sometimes causing a severe shock to men or animals subject to its influence. We may form, perhaps, a more definite idea of this state of strain by considering the following mechanical arrangement: Let us take a tubular glass ring, one side of which is of less diameter than the other, as in Fig. 5; fill its under part (M) with mercury, and the upper (W) with water, and let the surfaces where the water and mercury meet be represented by the lines P and P^1. If we now by means of a piston at P press down the level of the mercury to P^2, the whole body of the mercury will be moved, and it will rise on the other side from P^1 to P^3, but its movement will be greatest where the tube is narrowest, and least where it is widest. In this position, the mercury will be in a position of strain maintained by the pressure of the piston; on removing the piston there will be an immediate return to its first position, and the whole body of the mercury and water will partake of the movement in proportion to the diameter of the tube at each part. Now, this represents the state of matters before a flash of lightning passes between the cloud and earth. The narrowest part of the tube represents the point where the electric intensity is greatest, and the widest part where it is least. The passing of the spark represents the withdrawing of the piston, and the return movement of the mercury and water the recombining of the electricities into their natural state, causing shock or spark varying in intensity.

During our thunderstorm, we noticed that buildings having a rod of metal descending from their highest point into the earth, called "lightning-conductors," were not injured by the storm. Can we explain the reason of this? We have seen by our experiments that electricity passes away from a conductor if it is connected by a metal chain with the earth, but not if it is connected by glass. Let us now work our machine (Fig. 1) till we get a spark when we bring our finger near it. If we now take a metal rod in our hand, and hold it close to our finger, so that its end coincides with the point of the finger, and bring both near the prime conductor of our machine, we shall

ARAGO'S PARAGRELES.

find we cannot now get a spark to touch the finger; it will invariably pass to the metal rod, and if the rod be long enough to reach the ground, the electricity will not pass through our body at all, but pass straight to the earth by the metal rod. If, however, instead of a metal rod we take a glass one, and use it in the same way, the result will be very different. Now we shall not be able to get a spark to touch the glass at all; it will invariably strike the finger, and pass through our body to the ground. If, therefore, we have a metal rod standing fixed in the ground beside us during a thunderstorm, a flash of lightning coming would, like the spark from the conductor, pick out the metal rod and pass by it harmlessly to the ground, leaving us untouched. On the other hand, were a glass rod beside us, the lightning would leave the glass rod untouched, and pass through our bodies to the ground, most likely depriving us of life in its passage. This is the whole principle of lightning-conductors. We express it by saying that electricity always passes by the best conductors. Knowing, as we do, that metals are better conductors than stone, wood, etc., of which our buildings are composed, we protect them by fixing a rod of metal connected with the ground to their highest point. It is found by experience that a rod erected in this way protects a space all round it equal to twice its height. Thus, a rod fifty feet high protects a space of 100 feet on every side of it. From the knowledge of the principles of lightning-conductors, we may know the positions of safety.

The French *paragrêles* are also other forms of lightning-rods. They are small conductors, set up by means of poles in the vineyards of France, to draw off the electricity from the atmosphere over them, and thus prevent the accumulations which, when they occurred, were found to generate hail-storms. Arago proposed that these conductors should be raised and supported by small batteries, connected by means of slender wires or chains with the ground. This plan, like some other ingenious applications of electricity, was found to act perfectly well in theory, but proved impracticable, owing to the great expense of setting up and maintaining such a system over any great extent of country.

Cases have been known in which a gold pin in a girl's hair has been fused by lightning, or a bracelet melted off a lady's wrist, without the wearer's suffering any actual injury. Sportsmen, owing to the iron of their weapons, are apt to be struck by lightning. Hence, some philosopher—half in jest, half in earnest—has proposed that a portable lightning-rod in connection with an umbrella should be provided for people liable to be caught in thunderstorms. Such a *parapluie*, if the ferrule were provided with a pointed metallic rod projecting into the air, and connected with a detachable chain or wire to drag on the ground behind, could bring the bearer and his paraphernalia of destruction safely through the electric tempest, even though the lightning should play all around him. We must keep away from bad or non conductors, and near to good ones, if they are connected with the ground. A man clad in the steel armor of the Middle Ages would be almost perfectly safe, especially if he had steel points on his boots to stick into the ground, as he would have a capital conductor all around him. For the same reason, a man in an iron bed will be safe, especially if the bed be connected by metal to the gas-pipe, so as to make complete contact with the earth. Standing near a high body like a tree is dangerous, because electricity always rushes to the highest points; and unless the body is a better conductor than a man or woman, the electricity will strike out toward the man or woman.

We have lastly to notice the thunder. It is, of course, just the snap we hear from our electric machine greatly intensified, and is no doubt caused by the violent commotion in the air by the rush of electricity through it. As light travels enormously faster than sound, we see the flash before we hear the sound, the interval depending on the distance of the lightning. As sound travels in air about 1,120 feet in a second, we can always know the distance in feet by counting the number of seconds that elapse between the flash and the thunder, and multiplying by 1,120. The various kinds of thunder are supposed to be caused by the varying distances from which the sound comes.

Hitherto we have made no attempt to explain the nature of this wonderful agent, electricity. We have rigorously confined our attention to facts, and the plainest inferences from them. The reason of our doing so is just this: we are in absolute ignorance of what electricity really is. Some suppose it to be a fluid, and others a mixture of two fluids—and it may be neither. Until, therefore, something more definite is known, it may be better to refrain altogether from theory, and to be very careful to avoid the use of expressions which are apt to mislead, and which may impart not knowledge, but fancies, which have to be unlearnt again as science advances.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

Changes on the Surface of the Moon.—Since the very first days when astronomical observations were commenced, our satellite, as being the nearest and most conspicuous of the heavenly bodies, has received the largest share of attention. From its proximity to the earth, its considerable diameter, and its feeble brilliancy, the unaided eye can distinguish differences of light and shadow distributed at various points of the surface, and their alterations were naturally the first subject of investigation when telescopes were invented. The researches undertaken established clearly the fact that the disk of the moon contained hills, craters, mountain-chains, valleys and seas; but the question arose as to whether they were primeval, or, like the similar features of the earth, subject to constant change. The question of changes in the surface of the moon has been warmly debated by astronomers of all ages, but without much light having been thrown on the subject. M. Schmidt, of the Athens Observatory, after a long series of comparisons spreading over thirty-two years, comes to the conclusion that remarkable alterations in the shape of the craters of the moon have taken place; and he has prepared a chart which will enable future astronomers to study these phenomena with more accuracy.

Textile Material Found at Pompeii.—Professor De Luca, of Naples, describes certain filamentous matters found in an almost carbonized state in the long-buried city of Pompeii. The substance has the shiny aspect of coal, and is composed of numerous threads of variable thickness. Analysis showed the composition to differ materially from that of the fibres of hemp or flax of the present day; but Prof. De Luca attributes the variation to a spontaneous alteration experienced by the matter examined having been buried eighteen hundred years, and subjected to the action of various natural agents, such as the gases of the soil, and the infiltration of water, which, in its gradual evaporation, left behind it the matter it held in solution. This action is precisely the same as that which occurs in the natural production of peat and lignite. Under the microscope the fibres present the aspect of twisted threads, each of which is composed of some twenty thin vegetable filaments, and it is believed to have been a lint for dressing wounds; particularly as in the same vicinity were found pots containing ointment, some rough surgical instruments, and other appliances for medical treatment.

The Wide Distribution of Lithium.—Lithium belongs to the group of potassium and sodium, and, like those substances, is white. It is the lightest metal known, its specific gravity being only 0.59. M. Dieulafait, Professor of Geology at Marseilles, has recently made a systematic search for it in many directions, particularly in the rocks of primitive formation. In his experiments he examined 139 specimens of rocks procured from Egypt, Algeria, Canada, and all parts of Europe. He found the metal in all of them, accompanying sodium and potassium, and as widely distributed as these bases. The waters of the Mediterranean, the Red Sea, the Indian Ocean, the Chinese and Australian Seas, and the Pacific, contain it in such proportion that it can be recognized in a single cubic centimetre. In the mud of salt marshes it becomes concentrated to such an extent that it can be detected in the thousandth part of a cubic centimetre. Most mineral springs contain it in such exceptional proportions that its presence can be detected in a single drop. It is very widely distributed.

THE GROWTH OF SEA-WEED.—Some time since a German botanist, Kutzing, announced that he had observed that, under special circumstances, certain *algæ* (sea-weeds) produce minute bodies which are endowed with the power of very rapid movement during a period, longer or shorter, and that the motion greatly resembles that of the animalcules. In fact, the similarity is so striking that, in some cases, it is difficult to distinguish between the two. The announcement of such a discovery was received with great hesitation, for to admit that vegetables, or any part of them, could at any period of their existence be endowed with the power of independent motion, hitherto considered as the most distinctive characteristic of the animal kingdom, was looked upon as a scientific heresy. And yet the fact is now clearly established. Some of the *algæ*, and even certain *fungi*, produce at regular seasons minute bodies, excellent swimmers, which for a time lead a wandering life, and ultimately fix themselves in some spot or other to reproduce a new specimen of their kind. They are, in reality, the seeds of the plant, furnished by nature with the means of locomotion, in order to distribute the production of the vegetable over an extended surface, and, to an ordinary observer, would appear to be provided not only with a power of very rapid movement, but also with a certain degree of will. Many of the plants which inhabit ponds and other stagnant waters are now known to possess similar means of reproducing their species.

SUBTERRANEAN TELEGRAPH.—The system of subterranean telegraph-wires designed by the Postmaster-General of the German Empire will be completed, it seems, according to present arrangements, in a year and a half. Two lines will then traverse the empire diagonally: the one running from northeast to southwest, from Konigsberg to Strasburg; the other from northwest to southeast, from Hamburg to Ratibor, a town in the extreme south of Silesia These two main lines will cross one another in Berlin. In the west of the empire a subterranean telegraph will run in a curve from Strasburg through Cologne to Hamburg; in the east, another line will connect Konigsberg with Ratibor; and finally, a cable will traverse southern Germany, running generally east and west, though apparently the exact route for this last telegraph has not yet been definitely decided upon. When the proposed system is completed, therefore, all the fortresses and commercial towns of any importance in Germany will be connected with one another by subterranean wires. The cable first laid down, that from Berlin to Halle, has been subjected to the severest scientific tests, and the results have been most satisfactory.

WARNING TO PISCICULTURISTS.—Sir Rose Price warns pisciculturists against the danger of introducing Californian salmon into English waters. He says they already possess in Great Britain the finest salmon in the world, only too anxious to live if the rivers be made habitable, while he calls the California salmon a very poor fish indeed—"perhaps the worst specimen of his genus to be found anywhere"—and, moreover, subject to a disease resembling a fearful form of leprosy. Introducing inferior kinds of trout where absolutely perfect fish exist already, is like bringing roe-deer in padded boxes from Scotland to Sherwood, where the pasturage is too rich for these poor relations of the fallow buck; or like importing into Australia sparrows to eat up the fruit, and rabbits to devour every green thing. These enterprising people will acclimatize the Colorado potato-bug if they are not prevented.

POISONOUS WALL-PAPERS.—Mr. Jabez Hogg has collected a number of cases of poisoning induced by the arsenic in wall-papers. He shows that many diseases of the eye are distinctly traceable to this source. Chronic bronchitis, general debility, and many unaccountable illnesses have been also proved to have been occasioned by the setting free of arsenic from the coloring matters on the walls. It used to be thought that green papers only contained arsenic, but it is now shown that gray, fawn, and, in fact, many different colored papers evolve deleterious vapors, and give off unwholesome dust. The only remedy appears to be a little legislative interference.

THE END OF THE WORLD.—According to Professor Dubois-Raymond, of the University of Berlin, there are no physical reasons for apprehending the dissolution of our planetary system just yet, though how long this world may remain worth living in seems to have been left an open question. In a lecture which he gave recently in Bremen, on "The End of the World," the learned professor came to the conclusion that, according to the law of the conservation of force, the sun can continue to shine only for 17,000,000 years longer. By the expiration of that time the surface of the earth will have been gradually covered with glaciers.

UNIFORM TIME IN PARIS.—The Municipal Council of Paris has decided that a number of clocks shall be regulated by electricity, so as to obtain uniform time in all quarters of the city. A telegraphic network, starting from the Observatory, where an ordinary clock is placed, will regulate twelve clocks, marking the seconds; from these twelve centres are to start wires in connection with the clocks of fourteen other points, making twenty-six clocks in all, scattered over the whole city, to be regulated from the Observatory. The agency of electricity is used merely as a regulating, and not as a motive, force.

ARTIFICIAL INLAND SEA IN CALIFORNIA.—General Fremont, Governor of Arizona, proposes that the waters of the Gulf of California should be diverted to their original bed, in the southern part of the State. In this way an artificial inland sea would be created 200 miles long, 50 wide and 300 feet in depth. He believes that the project is perfectly feasible, and that such a navigable sea would be of great commercial value, while it would also promote the health of the whole country.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

FULL of good points.—A paper of needles.

A LONG face is apt to cover a long countenance.

THE poetry of motion.—Skating with a pretty girl.

EVERY bird pleases us with its lay—especially the hen.

THE earth is exceedingly dirty, but the sea is very tidy.

IF a man marry a shrew, are we to suppose he is shrewd?

LOVE at first sight often leads to marriage with the eyes shut.

THE *shrouds* of a ship are not to inclose the persons deceased.

TO FORM an estimate of the beauty of a bonnet, put a face in it.

WHY is the windy orator like a whale? Because he often rises to *spout*.

YOUR wife cannot have been too dearly won, if you and she are dearly one.

THE grocer who is dishonest in the use of his scales, lies in weight to deceive.

WE are told to "take care," but it comes soon enough, whether we want it or not.

"SIX into four you can't," as the shoemaker mildly suggested to a lady customer.

WHEN a girl hunts a husband, the engagement-ring, to be in keeping, should be "chased."

TWO BLACKS can't make a white, but one white brick can make two black eyes and a red nose.

OLD maids like one kind of fruit—namely, pairs; but they certainly do not appear to like dates.

LITTLE girls believe in a man in the moon—young ladies believe in a man in the honey-moon.

WHATEVER promises a man may make before marriage, the marriage license is a receipt in full.

CONSTANT motion is a great law of nature, nothing being stationery—except pen, ink and paper.

"I CAN'T drink whisky with impunity," said Gubbins. "Then drink it with water," rejoined the general.

SOME of our acquaintances are like unboiled lobsters—in shaking hands, they never know when to let go.

IF the husband makes an inordinate use of tobacco, the wife should constitute herself a tobacco-stopper.

A MARRIED editor rarely writes about woman. He dares not try to make her his subject, since he is hers.

THE prettiest and most becoming face trimming for a young lady is interwoven of amiability and refinement.

IF a woman does not speak her secrets with her lips, she is sure to tell them in her letters. Her pen is certain to split.

THERE is a good reason why a little man should never marry a bouncing widow. He might be called "the widow's mite."

WHEN rain falls, if she gets the bigger half of the umbrella, they are lovers; if he takes the bigger half, they are married.

"WHAT is baptism, John?" asked a Scotch clergyman of the kirk beadle. "It's saxpence to me and fifteen pence to the precentor."

AN ingenious quack is trying to prove that Absalom must have used some of his "restorative," else he could not have had such long hair.

WHEN a man tries to borrow money from a friend, that is experimental philosophy; when the friend refuses, that's natural philosophy.

BEFORE marriage, a girl frequently calls her intended "her treasure"; but when he becomes her husband, she looks upon him as "her treasurer."

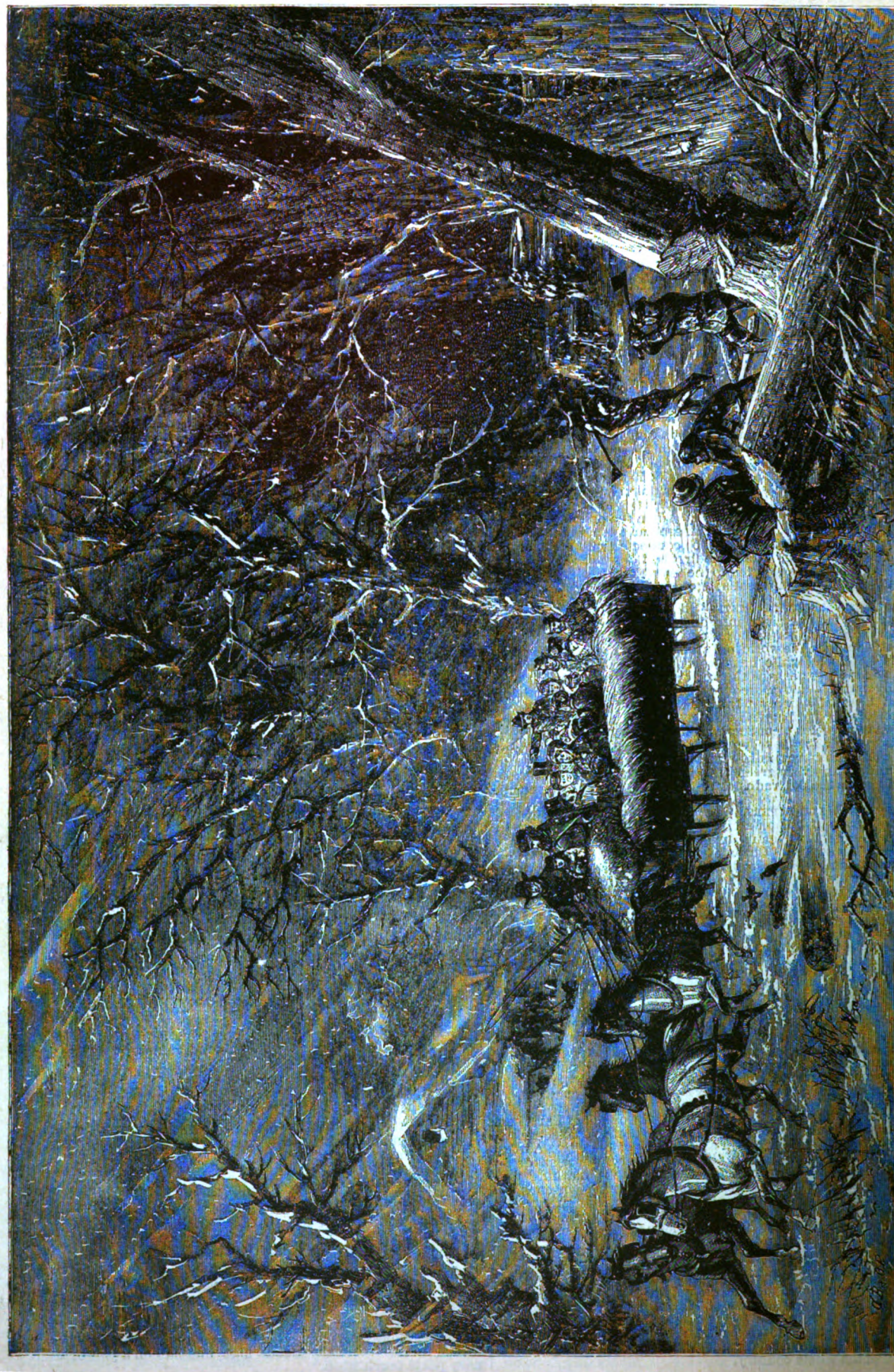
"DOST thou clean thy furniture, fair handmaiden?" asked Broadbrim of his pretty servant, who was polishing his escritoire. "I *dust*," replied the maiden.

AN exchange says, "Matrimony is a holy institution. Not only does it unite man to his best friend, but it finds a good living for thousands of divorce lawyers."

WHEN Jemima went to school, she was asked why the noun "bachelor" was singular. "Because," she replied, "it is very singular that they don't get married."

A JAPANESE student in New Haven went to spend the evening with a young lady. On coming away she invited him to call again soon. He called again in about an hour.

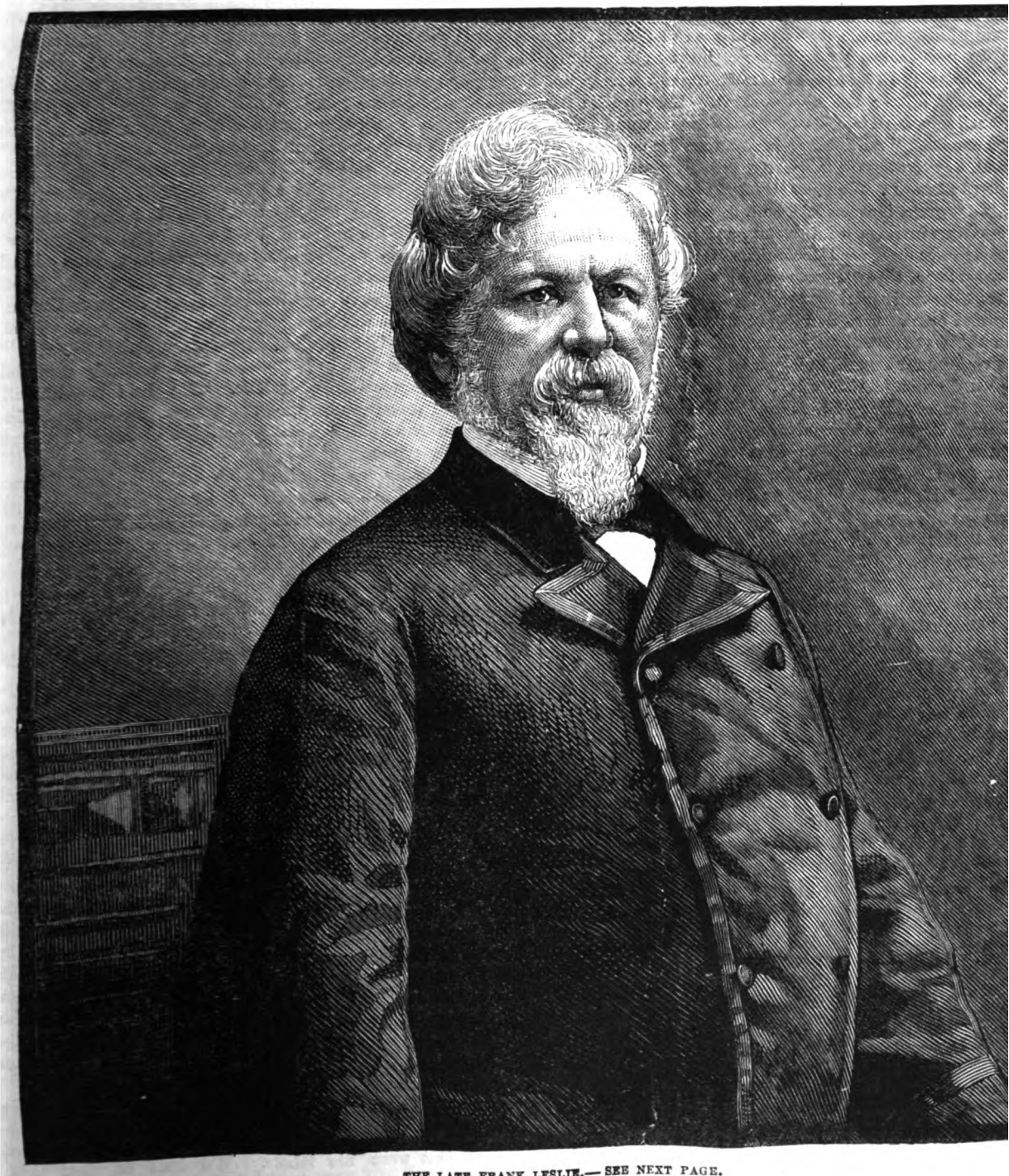
AN advertisement appears in one of our exchanges, which reads as follows: "Ran away—a hired man named John; his nose turned up five feet eight inches high, and had on a pair of ordinary pants much worn."



THE SLEIGH-RIDE.

FRANK LESLIE'S
POPULAR MONTHLY

VOL. IX.— No. 3. MARCH, 1880. $3.00



THE LATE FRANK LESLIE.— SEE NEXT PAGE.

FRANK LESLIE.

By Richard B. Kimball.

The intelligence of the death of Frank Leslie will have reached over the entire country before the notice of his life and genius can even be written.

There is an impersonality which surrounds individuals who fill a large space in current history, always difficult of access to the general public, and even if penetrated, mainly disappointing, because never well comprehended. It is because the remarkable qualities which belong to and which have made them prominent in the world are never on the surface, and are not, therefore, readily understood by the ordinary observer.

This is particularly true of eminent editors and publishers, and of distinguished artists and men of letters. For these do not occupy prominent positions in a material way. They do not command our armies and navies, nor help to administer the Government. They make no speeches in legislative halls nor before courts and juries. They have little time to be present on public occasions of any sort, or even to mix in society, outside a small coterie of intimate friends. To the world at large they are impersonal, intangible, inaccessible, and, in a sense, not known.

It is only when death intervenes, and robs us of one on whom we have depended for information and recreation and instruction, that we awake to an eager desire to learn all about the individual by the imprint of whose name we recognized our favorite newspaper or magazine, and who was in this way mysteriously connected with so much that we daily profited by and enjoyed.

Frank Leslie (christened Henry Carter) was born in Ipswich, Suffolk, England, March 29th, 1821. His father was Joseph Carter, an extensive and prosperous glove manufacturer, whose place of business was in Tavern Street, not far from the famous White Horse Inn, which every reader of "Pickwick" will recall. He received a good English education in his native place, entirely adequate to the requirements of the commercial life for which his father intended him. Nature had designed for the youth a very different career. He was born an artist, and the unrest of genius pursued and haunted him at school, at his father's store and in the London business establishment, till, at the age of twenty, he broke away, and thenceforth devoted himself to his artist life.

It all happened in this manner:

When he was a boy, on his way to and from school (we have no evidence that he played truant in the practice), he was in the habit daily of passing a turner's shop, and would watch with absorbing interest the various figures as the workmen carved them. On reaching home, he would quietly set himself to work with what implements he could command, to construct something in imitation of what he had seen. Whatever success he may have achieved in these attempts, they served to foster his insatiable love of art, which from that time seems never to have slumbered.

In due course he entered his father's manufactory, but his necessary occupations there did not in the least dampen his cherished passion. Other and more interesting objects served to attract him. These were the movements of the workmen in a silversmith's shop, and so fascinated did he become by what he saw, that he carefully noted their different tools and the manner of using them, until he obtained a sufficient number of engraver's instruments to commence with himself. Before this he had made an engraving of the arms of the City of Ipswich, which earned for him the highest eulogium of his schoolmaster, who predicted a brilliant future for the boy artist.

The youth's tastes received only discouragement from his father, who, in his mind, connected the life of an artist with improvidence and failure.

At length, at the age of seventeen, Henry Carter was sent to London to his uncle Elliston, who was the proprietor of a large and well-organized wholesale drygoods establishment, with a view to perfect him in mercantile pursuits. Of all places in the world, the father could not have sent his son to a spot better calculated to stimulate his love for art than the great metropolis. Here, while attending to his duties, he devoted every leisure moment to the study and practical details of what was to become his life-work.

A little before this, Mr. Ingram had, with his associates, launched the *Illustrated London News*, which was the pioneer publication of pictorial literature. What an opportunity for young Carter! With what eagerness did he scrutinize the sheets as they appeared! He saw nothing in the sketches better than he felt he could attain to, though he was thus unconsciously measuring himself with such men as Linton and Landells. It was not long before Mr. Ingram received some sketches from an unknown hand. These sketches were signed "Frank Leslie." It was the *nom de crayon* of Henry Carter, since become famous even beyond the confines of civilization. We will say in passing that he took the name from a favorite novel of his boyhood, a volume of the "Minerva" school, which class of romances was then in vogue. Under it appeared all his contributions for the *Illustrated London News*, and these were continued until "Frank Leslie," with the exception of the two veterans before mentioned, stood at the head of the London engravers.

At the age of twenty he quitted his uncle's establishment and launched into art life. He had no difficulty in forming a connection with the paper to which he had so long contributed, and was placed in charge of the engraving department.

It was during his relations with this eminent journal that he mastered the knowledge of every detail appertaining to the publication of an illustrated paper. It was here that he learned the operation known as overlaying (the system of regulating light and shade effects) in pictorial printing, a system which he was the first to introduce in this country, and which now forms so important an element in illustrated journalism.

During the whole time he remained on the London paper he had one single persistent object and aim in view. It was to come to New York and establish an illustrated journal which should correspond to the London one. How was this to be accomplished without capital? The young man did not seem to be in the least intimidated by such a thought, and in his twenty-seventh year to New York he came.

This was in 1848.

His fame as an artist had preceded him. Everybody in that connection knew "Frank Leslie." Naturally, nobody knew "Henry Carter." He found himself in the embarrassed position of many an author who has risen to fame on a *nom de plume*. He quickly relieved himself by obtaining an Act of the New York Legislature by which his name was legally changed to that of Frank Leslie. Thenceforth it was to be used in social and civil, as well as in artistic, life. It served ever after as a guarantee for the excellence and value of his various works, and survives as a trade-mark in the continuance of the business.

The first engagement Frank Leslie made on arriving in New York was with *Gleason's Pictorial*, and the immediate improvement in the appearance of the paper showed how efficient were his labors. We had at that time, strictly speaking, no illustrated journals. What was at-

tempted were either copies from European sources or from paintings or engravings. Two or three years later Mr. Barnum, with the Beaches, brought out the *Illustrated News*, and Mr. LESLIE was engaged to superintend the engraving department. Dr. Rufus W. Griswold and Charles G. Leland ("Hans Breitmann") were the editors, and the paper gave promise of success; but it lacked management and method in administration. Mr. Barnum, with his quick business faculty, saw this at once, and so high was his opinion of the young man's ability that he offered to add $20,000 to the amount already invested in the paper if the sole charge was given into FRANK LESLIE'S hands. The proposition was not accepted, and the *Illustrated News* went down.

In 1854, FRANK LESLIE commenced publishing on his own account. His first periodical was the *Gazette of Fashion*, which was merged in, and is now extensively known as FRANK LESLIE'S *Lady's Magazine*. He also published for a time the *New York Journal*, and by his energy and enterprise raised it from a petty circulation to the point of profit, and then sold out.

All this time he was in no sense satisfied or content. He came to New York to establish an illustrated newspaper after the fashion of its London prototype, and he gave himself no rest till he had devised a way to accomplish it. It was the lack of capital which stared him in the face. He possessed genius, ability, energy, and a proper confidence in what he could achieve. But how was he to impress others so far that they would risk their money in the new venture? His plan was to give exact illustrations of the current events of the day, and in this way to make them a prime agent in the instruction of the people. There seemed to be no one ready to share his confidence in the success of such an enterprise, at least sufficiently to invest money in it; so the young man determined to go on without money.

On the 14th day of December, 1855, the first number of FRANK LESLIE'S *Illustrated Newspaper*, now in its twenty-fifth year, was issued. An inspection of this number, notwithstanding the extraordinary improvement since made in such publications, will disclose work of high merit and admirable arrangement. No sign of carelessness or haste was allowed to disfigure it. At last FRANK LESLIE was his own master at the head of his own illustrated paper, ready to carry out the darling thought and purpose of his life.

The *Newspaper* took the public by surprise. Many purchased—many were incredulous. Were the sketches real, or imaginative? It could scarcely be credited that these were *bona fide* representations of occurrences in so many different parts of the country.

For one long, weary year Mr. LESLIE labored at his work against difficulties and discouragements which would have disheartened most men. It was soon known that he was without capital, and consequently it was difficult to obtain credit even in the purchase of the necessary paper for his weekly issue. Sometimes he would get a little ahead, then he would fall behind. On the latter occasions, the dreaded Saturday night, when his employés were to be paid, was looked forward to with almost agony of spirit.

In giving an account to the writer of this year of trial, Mr. LESLIE remarked: "I had one friend on whom, when every other resource failed, I could rely for enough to make my weekly payment. It happened business had been particularly dull, and I was forced to call on him three times in succession. On the third visit he handed me the desired sum, saying, in a kind tone, 'Leslie, don't you think you had better give it up?' It was the severest shock I ever received. Had my friend declined further aid, or had he spoken brusquely, I should have been nerved to meet the emergency. It was the manner in which he asked the discouraging question that almost unmanned me. A few mornings after this incident," continued Mr. LESLIE, "I awoke and heard the newsboys crying a shocking murder. It was that of Dr. Burdell, the Bond Street dentist, which, as you know, stirred all New York, and which, by the mystery surrounding it and the proceedings which followed, became a *cause célèbre*. So great was the excitement, that it required a force of policemen to keep the multitude from the house. I seized upon this incident. I caused exact illustrations to be made of the minutest detail, and to be published immediately. The sales of the *Newspaper* rose enormously, and when the excitement subsided, enough new purchasers stuck by it to put the paper beyond any fear of failure."

On the following March, Mr. LESLIE gave the public striking pictures of the inauguration of President Buchanan, the first Presidential ceremonial ever illustrated in this country. The next event of importance in the history of the paper was the determined, persistent and vigorous exposure by Mr. LESLIE of the infamous swill-milk horrors. This was in the Spring of 1858. Unmoved by threats, by legal prosecutions, and by attempts at actual violence, Mr. LESLIE week after week gave such graphic illustrations of the revolting state of things at these swill-milk yards, that the public was aroused, and the nefarious business broken up for many years. For his action in this, he received a public testimonial.

Mr. LESLIE had great fondness for animals. He was from the first an efficient supporter of Mr. Bergh, affording him at all times the advantage of his personal influence and of that of his publications.

It is unnecessary to follow the march of the *Illustrated Newspaper* from one point of success to another. The public know it already, and will recall the marvelous sketches of the execution of John Brown; of the great Lynn strike; the Japanese Commission; of the Atlantic Cable; and the faithful and life-like scenes of our four years' Civil War, and so forward.

In brief, FRANK LESLIE'S *Illustrated Newspaper* is the only national newspaper ever published in America, not limiting itself to the reproduction of European engravings, but illustrating the current history of American events, so that it supplies a pictorial record of the times we live in.

In 1865 Mr. LESLIE started the *Chimney Corner*, a paper which deals with the literary events interesting to the household, and supplies information and instruction for every member of the family.

In rapid succession appeared the *Boys' and Girls' Weekly*, *Pleasant Hours*, the *Lady's Journal*, the POPULAR MONTHLY, the *Sunday Magazine*, the *Budget* and *Chatterbox*. In addition to the foregoing, he published the *Illustrirte Zeitung*, in German, a journal which is now a recognized organ of the German-speaking people on this continent. All of the above publications are in a flourishing condition, and yield a very large aggregate revenue.

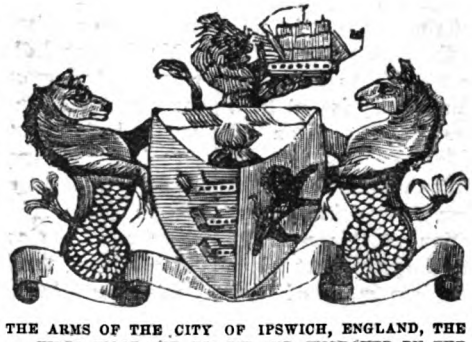
Mr. LESLIE has also published reprints of the novels that from time to time appeared in the columns of his various periodicals; books of travel, and other works which need not be recapitulated here. The superb *Historical Register of the Centennial Exposition* was regarded by its publisher with feelings of commendable pride, furnishing as it did a permanent, truthful and beautiful chronicle of the congress of nations assembled in friendly competition in Philadelphia in 1876, affording a complete history of

OBVERSE OF THE MEDAL PRESENTED TO THE LATE FRANK LESLIE BY THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT IN 1867.

REVERSE OF THE MEDAL PRESENTED TO THE LATE FRANK LESLIE BY THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT IN 1867.

exhibitive effort in the past, and an artistic and discriminating record of the great Centennial, the entire work being illustrated in the highest style of art, and forming a magnificent memorial of the colossal Exhibition.

For range of enterprise, no publisher can compare with Mr. Leslie. While others have contented themselves with catering to one class only of the reading public, and narrowing their efforts to one periodical, Frank Leslie has provided mental *pabulum* for all classes of society, and with a directness of purpose and a success which have covered the entire field.



THE ARMS OF THE CITY OF IPSWICH, ENGLAND, THE FIRST WOOD-CUT DRAWN AND ENGRAVED BY THE LATE FRANK LESLIE AT THE AGE OF THIRTEEN.

Certainly no man has done so much for the general artistic education of the American people as he. He seized upon every improvement in engraving, to apply it to the public want, with the result that now our illustrated literature is fully equal to that of the most advanced of the European nations. The rapidity with which he published elaborate engravings was also another triumph of skill. Large double-page engravings, which heretofore demanded two weeks at the hands of the most rapid and most skillful workmen, were, by Frank Leslie's invention, put upon the wood and engraved in a single night. By his system, the block is divided into thirty-two pieces to the page, by which means thirty-two engravers can work upon the same picture at the same time. A single instance of the value of the invention will suffice. A double-page illustration of the execution of John Brown was given in the *Illustrated Newspaper*. The artists arrived in New York with their sketches upon the evening subsequent to the execution. Shortly after midnight the engraving was on the press, and in the morning a vivid representation of the scene and its surroundings was in the hands of the public.

REVERSE OF THE MEDAL PRESENTED TO THE LATE FRANK LESLIE FOR SERVICES ON THE JURY OF THE FRENCH EXPOSITION, 1867.

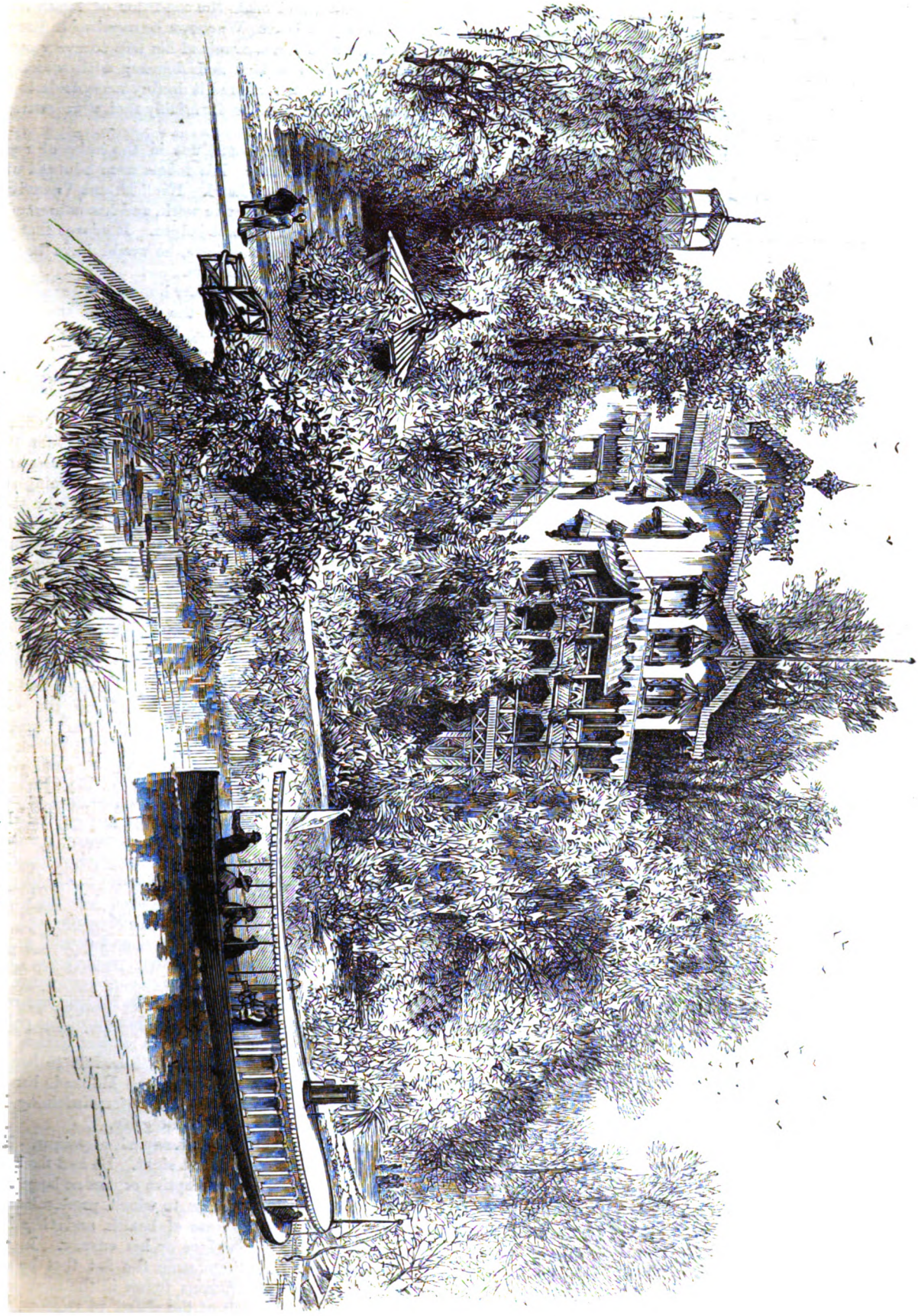
Mr. Leslie was the first publisher in America who maintained a full engraving establishment for his own publications alone. And yet, so large and so constant is the demand created by the various illustrated publications upon the engraving corps, that outside labor is almost continually employed.

In his immense establishment—the largest of its kind in the world—Frank Leslie was the sole originator, the sole mover, and the sole director. Unlike his great rivals, the Harpers, who were four brothers, strong in will, energetic in action, united in purpose and native to the country, he came alone, a young man, from a foreign soil, without means and without friends, and built up a business the like of which the world had never seen.

We may imagine some of the characteristics indispensable for the accomplishment of such an achievement—to wit, a thorough knowledge of his art, a quick and rapid insight into affairs, a judgment so unerring that it seemed to be intuitive, an exact appreciation of what was best suited to each of his publications, a remarkable discrimination in the choice of his editors, artists and employés, and above all an absolute and perfect method in the arrangement, order and conduct of his establishment. All these characteristics Frank Leslie possessed.

REVERSE OF THE IMPERIAL COMMISSION MEDAL PRESENTED AS A SOUVENIR TO THE LATE FRANK LESLIE.

We come now to speak of the *man*. Individuals



"INTERLAKEN," THE LATE MR. LESLIE'S SEAT AT SARATOGA.—SEE PAGE 258.

with absolutely different qualities of heart and soul achieve the highest success in the same *rôle* of life, so that we get no idea of the person by his works. As yet we have said nothing whatever of what FRANK LESLIE really was. Gratifying as it is to describe his career and the traits which carried him to the foremost place among his compeers, it is still more pleasing to refer to him with regard to other qualities which marked his life and gave him a pronounced individuality.

A gentleman who has been connected with the establishment since its organization said to me last week: "With the exception of his visits to Europe and his Summer vacations, I had an almost daily intercourse with Mr. LESLIE for twenty-five years. I have seen him in many positions of trouble and difficulty, and never saw him thrown off his mental balance. In all those years I never heard him utter a profane or coarse or intemperate expression. He was invariably the same courteous, consistent, well-balanced gentleman. While always gracious and genial to his employés, even to the very humblest of the boys, he ever conducted himself with a quiet dignity which rendered any approach to an undue familiarity impossible."

I cannot refrain from adding my own testimony to this statement. In the many years of our intimate personal intercourse, in the midst of pressing affairs, in the varied incidents of active life, at festive gatherings where gentlemen only were present, I never heard from FRANK LESLIE'S lips an expression which might not be uttered in presence of the most delicate and refined woman. With all this, he was remarkably liberal in his views, open-hearted and outspoken, and I think more truly natural in his life than almost any one I ever knew. It is not to be wondered at, then, that he attached his friends to him with "hooks of steel"—and what a friend FRANK LESLIE was! His time, his services, his influence, his purse, belonged, if need be, to those to whom he held that relation.

Mr. LESLIE'S hospitality was unbounded. His house in New York was the daily resort of those who were among the most cultured and refined of the city. The *fêtes* given at his picturesque and enchanting residence at Saratoga had a world-wide fame. It was here that Mr. and Mrs. LESLIE entertained the Emperor and Empress of Brazil, and hither, from time to time, have the celebrities of this and other countries made pleasant pilgrimages. The house was designed by Mr. LESLIE; he was his own architect, his own landscape-gardener, and his tender feeling for the beautiful was never more clearly evinced than in the delicate manner in which he contrived to blend the charms of nature with the attractions of art.

There probably never lived an employer more respected and loved by those in his service. Gentle, courteous, yet firm withal, his personal magnetism irresistibly drew his employés toward him, until a reproof, though ever so mild, came to be regarded as a veritable calamity. He dearly loved his art-department, and often after a rough skirmish in the great battle, he would repair to the artists' room, and there, pencil in hand, help the beginner, suggest to the experienced, and criticise the work of the expert. The testimonial presented to him by his art department was one which he greatly valued, and nothing ever caused him more pleasure than the triumphs of the "boys," who, having quitted the parent nest, had made name and fame in the world. He was generous to a fault, and valued money only for what it could produce. His charity was unostentatious. Many an employé has received his full salary for months while prostrated on the bed of sickness or disabled in the service through over-work or over-anxiety. One he sent to Europe to recruit, paying all expenses and continuing his full salary. He provided for the widow and children of a second, and made the condition of families left destitute his especial care. Whenever he repaired to Europe he would bring back a souvenir of his trip to every one of his artists, while the tact and delicacy with which he would bestow a favor rendered it doubly acceptable to the recipient. Any reverse he invariably met with courage, patience and dignity.

Mr. LESLIE, when at home, was in the habit of recreating himself at the easel. His rooms were adorned with fine paintings by his own hand. His "Mount Vesuvius," in particular, is a most effective work, and has commanded high encomiums from the best judges. It proves that had he devoted himself to the palette, he would have become one of our most eminent painters.

Mr. LESLIE in his time had many honors conferred upon him. Among the earliest was the Medal of the American Institute for wood-engraving in 1848, the year of his arrival in this country. He was appointed a Commissioner to the Paris Exposition in 1867, in the Department of Fine Arts, and was presented with the prize gold medal by the Emperor Napoleon III. in person. Again, in 1876, he was selected as State Commissioner for the State of New York to the Centennial, and elected President of the Commission. He was a member of the Manhattan Club, the Jockey Club, and was one of the earliest supporters of the Lotos. As a Mason he stood very high in the Order. He belonged to the Holland Lodge.

I have dwelt on the fact that Mr. LESLIE inaugurated and carried out unaided his design of founding an enterprise which should rival all others of its kind, and whose name and fame and business should survive him. In this I had reference to his own original conception of it, his lack of capital, and the absence of efficient, active and competent partners and of all outside influence.

It would be doing severe injustice to the honored lady who bears his name, and who survives him; who for so many years was his constant and assiduous coadjutor; should I fail to notice in this connection the part Mrs. Leslie filled in the conduct of her husband's colossal work. This lady, who is one of the most accomplished of women, familiar with nearly every modern language, cultivated to a degree attained by few of her sex, possessing a critical taste, a careful discrimination and thoroughly practical ideas, exercised for years the same influence in the literary department that her husband held over his art-world. Editing herself FRANK LESLIE'S *Lady's Magazine* and the *Lady's Journal*, she kept up a general and careful supervision over the contents of his other periodicals. Her husband was indebted to her extensive correspondence for constantly fresh additions of some of the leading names in our literature as contributors to the columns of his publications. His outspoken appreciation of her virtues did not confine itself to words. By his will he left to her his entire estate, including his trade-marks. He made her his sole executrix, charged with the duty of maintaining his life-work in its completeness and integrity.

Mr. LESLIE was endowed with a superb physique. His face was one that attracted at first sight. He had the brow of a poet and an artist, and perceptive organs so large that it left the observer in doubt as to which predominated. He enjoyed always the extreme of health, and time had made no inroad upon his vigor or his energy. In the very thick of human life there came the fiat that he was doomed. The seeds of a fibrous tumor in the neck suddenly developed. The skill of the ablest physicians, the care of assiduous nurses and the attentions of a devoted wife and anxious friends were all exercised in vain. After

a few weeks' illness, FRANK LESLIE quietly sank to rest at six o'clock Saturday evening, January 10th, at his residence, 511 Fifth Avenue.

The funeral took place at the Church of the Holy Paternity, Dr. Chapin's, where Mr. LESLIE was in the habit of attending service. The house was crowded. The remarks of the venerable clergyman on the occasion will not soon be forgotten by those present. "FRANK LESLIE," he said, "had devoted himself to the education of the people in the knowledge and appreciation of the refined, the beautiful and the true in art, in nature and in daily life."

A large number of personal friends, including three hundred of his employés, followed to the place of interment at Woodlawn. The day was tempestuous, but, as the ceremonies were concluded, the sun shone forth, gilding the hill-tops and glancing across the shafts and spires and monuments of this city of the dead.

It made a fitting scene for the last rites of FRANK LESLIE.

Non omnis moriar.

"AT MISS TWINKLEFIELD'S."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THAT LASS O' LOWRIE'S."

AM Miss Twinklefield, and I am an old maid. I have no hesitation in making this declaration—none whatever. I have arrived at an age when, if I did not announce my old maidhood myself, my face would announce it for me. I am at least sixty, and everybody is aware of the fact, and I do not find that I experience any inconvenience from the latter circumstance. What does it matter? I was not always a little thin maiden lady, with a multiplicity of crows'-feet. There was a time when Miss Rosamunda Twinklefield—but, dear me, I am actually forgetting that I did not intend to talk about myself at all, but simply to tell a little story about a young favorite of mine, Freddy Beverly.

I am fond of young people; I always was fond of them, and I think I may say without vanity that young people are fond of me. They like to come to my pretty villa at Bayswater, and stroll about my terraces in pairs, and play croquet on my lawns, and bagatelle in my little blue-and-gold parlors. They say I have the prettiest, coziest house in the world, and that the flowers in my conservatory and the birds in my tiny aviary bloom and sing just because I am near to tend and pet them. But, of course, that is nothing but a pleasant bit of flattery, still I must confess to being very proud of it, in a small way.

I have a great number of young friends and visitors, and among the many, of course, I have some favorites; and the greatest of all these favorites is Freddy Beverly, who is not a little boy, as you may imagine, but a tall young gentleman, at least six feet high. Sometimes I have wished they would not call him Freddy, it sounds so boyish, and then again I have thought that no other name would suit him so well, simply because it does sound so. Tall and lithe-limbed as he is, there is a positive boyhood about Freddy Beverly. His fair Saxon face has a fresh, untried look, and his handsome blue-gray eyes are naturally so clear and honest, I never could understand how it would be possible for any one to willingly deceive Freddy Beverly. But some one did, and this is how it came about that I have a story to tell.

It is a little more than three years ago that I first placed upon my visiting-list the name of Miss Ethel Kirke, the daughter of a retired naval officer, who lived not very far from me. She was a pretty girl—a very pretty girl, I must say in justice to her—a supple creature with a lovely figure, and great lovely eyes, and a skin like a pearl shell. Then she always looked elegantly dressed, somehow, poor as her father was—a single flower in her abundant pale blonde hair was more striking than a diamond spray in other girls', and it was the same with her dress—when she came to my little garden parties in a sheer white muslin, she always made other people look over-dressed and hot by contrast with her vaporous coolness and purity, and, indeed, whatever she wore had the same effect.

It was at one of these little garden parties that Freddy first met her, and it was her first notice of Freddy that roused in my mind a faint dislike to her—despite her beauty.

They had been idling through some graceful Summer pastime or other, I forget what, and at last the majority had seated themselves to rest and chatter in the unceremonious way I always encourage, while they trifled with their ices and lemon sherbet, and in passing from one place to the other, I chanced to come upon Ethel Kirke and a friend of hers, who were under a tree, talking.

Ethel was seated on a rustic bench playing with a vanilla ice, but not eating it, for she was looking across the lawn at Freddy Beverly, who had just arrived; and really, I cannot forget how pretty she was, in a thin black dress with lone stars of pale amber silk worked all over it—a dress, I believe, her father had brought from India. She was just the style of girl who is lovely in black, and she was more than lovely with her rare blonde face, and her great eyes, and the sleepy white rose in her pale blonde hair. The stars in her dress were just the shade of her hair.

"Who is that?" she was saying—"the tall gentleman with the handsome boyish face."

"That?" answered her companion. "Oh, that is Freddy Beverly."

"Freddy," repeated Miss Ethel Kirke, in a languid, satirical way. "How ridiculous! Does every one call him that?"

"I believe so," was the laughing answer. "It suits him, you see. No one calls him Frederic, at least that I know. Did you never meet him before? He is very nice, Ethel."

"Is he?" returned Miss Kirke. "I am glad to hear it. Is he rich?"

"Yes."

She took a spoonful of ice, and then turned her eyes on him again.

"Is he engaged?" she asked, placidly—"or going to be?"

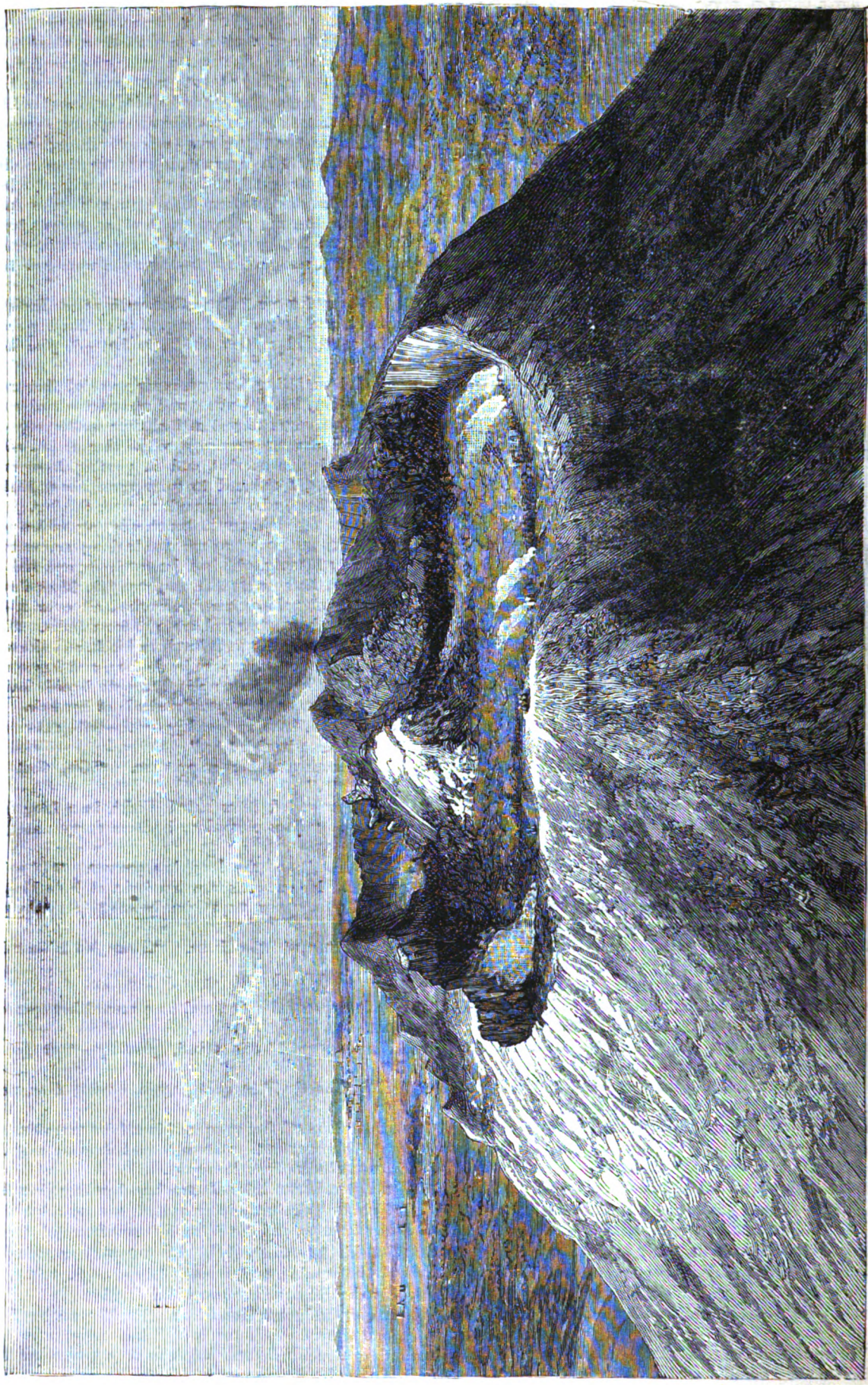
"Freddy Beverly?" laughing again. "Oh, dear, no! Why, Ethel?"

Miss Kirke opened her eyes as if in a faint surprise.

"Why?" she echoed. "How should I know why?" And she went back to her ice again.

But a few minutes later I saw her bending her fair blonde head lowly in graceful recognition of an introduction to my favorite, and the minute I saw Freddy's face I knew that his fate was sealed. He was at her side the whole of the evening, and it was plain enough, to me, at least, that she did not discourage him at all.

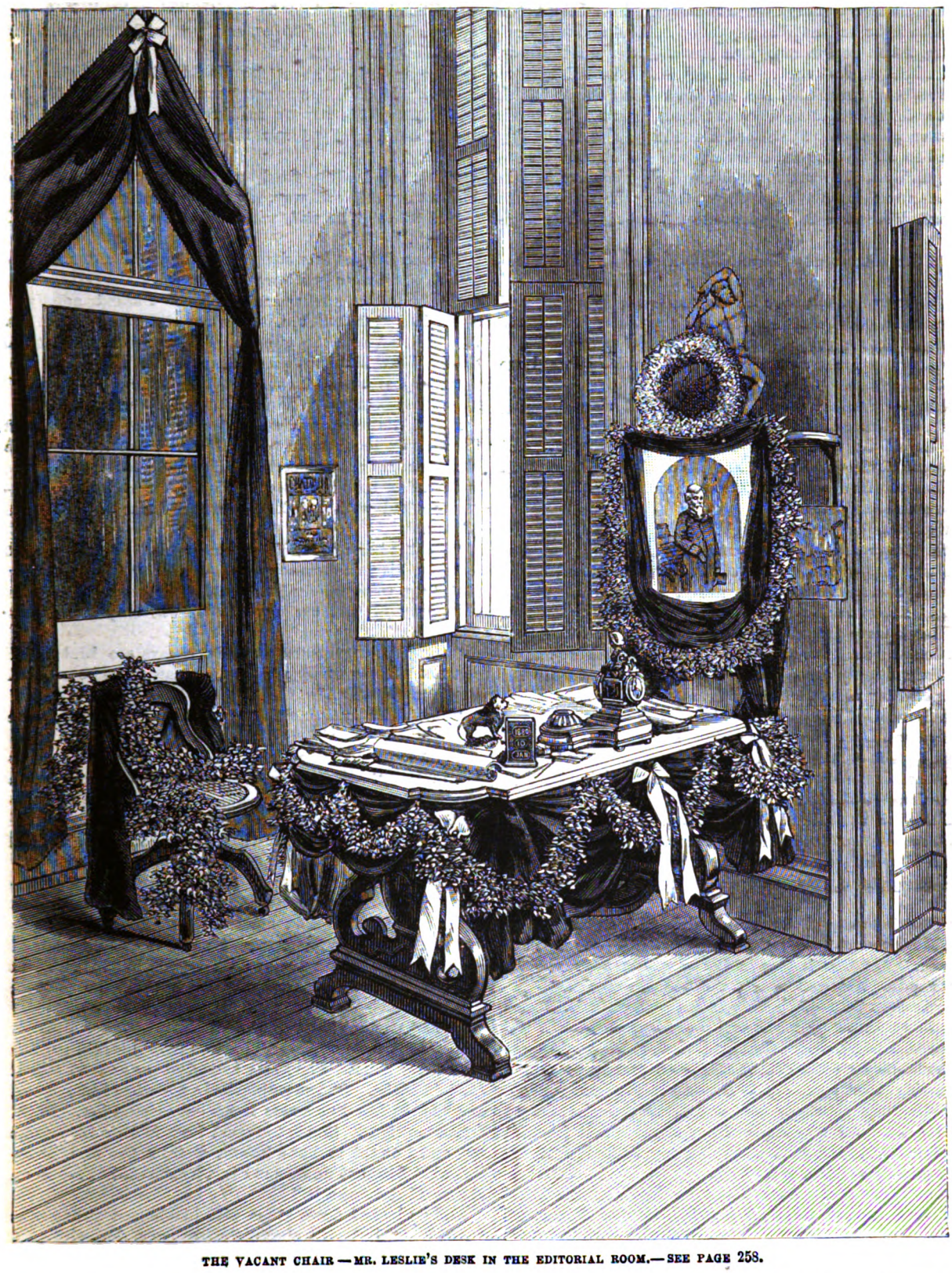
When everybody was gone home, Freddy managed to snatch a few words with me, and I had never seen his beautiful eyes as bright and eager as they were when he shook my hand.



VIEW OF MOUNT VESUVIUS—FROM A DRAWING ON WOOD BY THE LATE FRANK LESLIE FROM HIS OWN SKETCHES AND PAINTING.—SEE PAGE 255.

"'I never enjoyed myself so much in my life, Miss Rosamunda," he said. "Pleasure is always more pleasant here than it is anywhere else. You know how to manage people so well. Oh, Miss Rosamunda!" the happy, straightforward boy broke out, "isn't she beautiful?"

I shook my head, laughing at him. I knew so well who *she* was, and it was so like him to tell the truth in spite of himself; but she was beautiful, I acknowledged to him, trying to conquer a tiny feeling of foreboding.



THE VACANT CHAIR.—MR. LESLIE'S DESK IN THE EDITORIAL ROOM.—SEE PAGE 258.

Of course, in a very short time the poor fellow was so deeply entangled in the old-fashioned net that he could not extricate himself, and would not have done so if he

could. He loved Ethel Kirke so passionately that he could not live away from her, and followed her everywhere. He was subservient to her slightest whim, and ready to lay down his life for a smile or a word from her. From the first I always thought it would have been better for him if he had not been quite so faithful and self-sacrificing. Some women cannot understand utter unselfishness, and Ethel Kirke was such a woman. She led him on just as fancy prompted her, and played a pretty womanish game of fast- and-loose without the slightest regard for his pain or pleasure. Still he was tenderly, almost humbly blind to all but her sweetness of face and charm of manner, until, as time went by, he was fairly her slave, and in three months from their first meeting he came to me almost delirious with happiness to tell me of their engagement.

"I don't know what I ever did to deserve it, Miss Rosamunda," he said, glowing all over. "Indeed, I know I don't deserve it, but she, Ethel, you know, has promised to marry me, and I am just on my way to the jeweler's to buy the most beautiful engagement-ring I can find."

And when I congratulated him he actually kissed me on both cheeks.

I must give him my advice about that ring—nothing was beautiful enough for his darling's hand—so I gave him my advice, and he kissed me again, delightedly; and the next time I saw Miss Ethel Kirke she wore the result on her forefinger—a lovely, heavy, rich affair, all large pearls and sapphires.

Well, this is just the beginning of the story. For a while things went on pretty smoothly. Freddy was wonderfully happy and proud of his betrothed, and Ethel treated him as usual, in a pretty, serene, half-languid style. She never blushed when he spoke to her, even in his most impassioned words, and she never lighted up particularly for him, nor put herself out of the way at all for the sake of pleasing him. I have seen him talk to her with all his fervent soul in voice and face, in a style which would have set any sensitive girl's heart beating fast and softly, but there never was a flutter of emotion in Ethel Kirke. She would listen gracefully enough, it is true, but her fair face was as placid as ever, and the light in her calm, beautiful eyes as steady.

I think it was this which first shook Freddy's faith in his bliss—he was too true and earnest himself not to be troubled a little by it. But he never owned to his misgivings quite openly, and always tried to laugh them down.

"She is too good for me—that is all," he would say, laughingly, sometimes; "too little of earth—too much of heaven. But that is always the way—we poor mortals never quite grasp you serene, white-souled women."

So he bore with the pebble in the path until it became something more. Soon after the engagement was announced, I had a slight attack of illness, which confined me to the house for a short time, and consequently prevented my seeing how my favorite love-affair was progressing. But the week after my recovery there was an archery party given in the grounds of one of my oldest friends; so, after my usual fashion, I took my little basket-carriage and drove over, to look on.

Almost the first person I saw on the lawn was Ethel Kirke. I caught sight of her tall, slender figure and heavy blonde braids as soon as I left the house, and, of course, recognized them at once.

No one else had such a figure, nor such fair, shining coils. But Freddy was not with her. She was standing near the target, the hand wearing the pearls and sapphires resting on her already strung bow, as she talked to a gentleman in naval uniform, who stood by her. I could not have complained then that she was too tranquil. There was a soft pink spot on either cheek, and her misty, purplish eyes were warmed and all alight. It really was very incomprehensible to me that she should lift such eyes as those to a stranger, and yet smile her betrothed lover down so serenely.

I began to look about for Freddy, feeling slightly uncomfortable, and, before many minutes had elapsed, I saw him making his way to me from the other end of the lawn; and directly I saw him I knew that all was not quite right.

"You are looking tired and pale, my dear," I said to him, in my old-maid way. "You are not well."

"Headache," he said, with a little laugh—"and love, I dare say."

I glanced up at him shyly, and then glanced round at Ethel, who was only a few yards from us.

"Who is that gentleman with her?" I asked, quietly.

He looked round too. She was still talking, with her face uplifted, and the warmth in her eyes; and when he did so, I saw him turn even paler than he had been.

"Suppose we stroll round to the hothouse together," he said, suddenly. "Take my arm, Miss Rosamunda."

I took his arm at once, without another word. I had known him too long not to understand exactly what the change in his manner meant. He would tell me all about it in a few minutes, poor fellow! And so he did. Before we had walked half across the lawn he broke the silence.

"That is her cousin, Miss Rosamunda," he said, almost humbly, his voice was so quiet and sad. "I heard to-day that they were engaged to each other when they were children, and that the engagement was only broken two years ago."

"Childish engagements nearly always are broken," I commented, cheerfully; "they are scarcely to be counted engagements at all."

"But"—he answered me unsteadily—"but they were engaged five years."

For a moment or so I really felt that I had nothing to say in reply. Taken in connection with Miss Kirke's change of manner, all this sounded very bad; but I managed to rally at last. I did not know the whole truth then, and could not bear to discourage him. He had been so happy only two months ago.

"Oh, Freddy, Freddy!" I said, patting his strong young arm with a pretense of gayety, "surely you're not jealous, my dear. You must not be too exacting; you know she is too young and pretty not to be admired, and even engaged young ladies do not quite like to give that sort of thing up altogether. We mustn't be jealous, Freddy."

But he was not to be comforted.

"It isn't jealousy, Miss Rosamunda," he said; "it is something worse. She never looked at me as she looks at Captain Blake. She never blushed even when I kissed her, and she blushes like a rose if he only passes her. But it serves me right. She is too good for a foolish fellow like me, and I ought to have known it from the first, but—but what I cannot understand is, why she said 'Yes' when she could not mean it."

And he looked down at me with his honest young eyes questioning, but still absolutely free from doubt of her. I do not think I am a very worldly, or even a very experienced woman, but I inwardly felt that I could have told him why, and the reason would have been a very commonplace one, too—a reason which might truthfully be given in nine such cases out of ten in these days.

Being a beauty, Ethel Kirke was practical enough to feel the disadvantage of poverty and determine to play her cards as advantageously as possible. Her faultless attire cost pounds, shillings and pence, and she must barter the charming result for as many pounds, shillings and pence as she could obtain. Quiet little old maid as I was, I had read this much, or something like it, long ago, in her cool, lovely eyes; and that was why Miss Ethel Kirke had never been one of my favorites. This was also why I had not felt quite content to hear Freddy's rhapsody about her loveliness. I had more than fancied that if it had not been for his eight thousand pounds a year she would not have worn his beautiful ring so readily. There was one thing, however, which puzzled me somewhat, as time progressed.

I began to notice that, though Captain Hector Blake was very attentive to her, he did not conduct himself exactly like a man who was deeply in love. He was too quiet and self-possessed, and too prone to divide his attentions among other young ladies. He did not seem to trouble himself at all about Freddy Beverly, and always gave way to him as if he understood his rights and respected them. I saw, too, that this very thing made Ethel angry sometimes. I saw it more than once in her coolness when her betrothed approached them, and her studied neglect of him when chance threw them together to the outbarring of Captain Blake.

I believe that there were times when she actually hated Freddy. But Freddy behaved himself very well indeed —so well that I was quite surprised at his manliness, often. He had always seemed so like a boy before that I was afraid the pain of his position might make him a little undignified. But it did not. He was wonderfully patient, and wonderfully tender. I know that he never reproached Ethel openly, and I scarcely think that he ever reproached her even in thought.

Any other man on earth would have seen her as she was —a designing, selfish, beautiful creature, who would have been ready to have walked over his very heart, if by so doing she could have gained any trivial wish. But Freddy was too honest and generous himself to understand, so he was faithful and chivalrously attentive in his manner toward her even when she neglected him most openly.

The rumor of her past engagement to Captain Blake was quite a true one. They had been affianced when both were mere children, and just as every one was expecting their marriage to be announced, the affair was broken off —none could explain why.

If it had been the girl's fault, she was certainly punished during those three months. Captain Hector was gallant and cool and debonair, and never committed himself in the slightest degree, however attentive he was, in a good-humored way. He flirted enjoyably with other girls, too, and was anything but as downcast as a jilted lover ought to have been.

I used to watch Ethel Kirke's face often, when she thought she was unnoticed, in the gay rush of our little gatherings, and I saw oftener than not that she was indescribably wretched and uncertain about herself. I was of the opinion that if her quondam lover had been more tender and less at ease, she would scarcely have thought of breaking her promise to Freddy Beverly; but when she began to discover that her power was lost, or at least only shared equally with twenty other pretty girls, I believe that she awakened suddenly to a full consciousness of the fact that it would be easier to risk losing all—even the high stakes she had played for—than to lose the man she loved with all the strength of her smooth, shallow, selfish nature. She put forth all her energies to enthrall him; she was gay, and sad, and rarely sweet, by turns; she even descended to court his attention by little graceful efforts; but, though she never seemed to lose ground, it was plain enough that she never gained any. Now and then she looked so desperately eager, despite her fine, fair mask of tranquility, that I was absolutely sorry for her.

Toward the end of the Summer I sent out cards for a final croquet-party. Croquet was just becoming fashionable in those days, and all my young friends were croquet enthusiasts; so that the whole of the season the grounds of all the adjoining villas had rung with the click of mallet and balls, and the gay chatter of players. Accordingly, as the weather was beginning to grow cool, I made up my mind to send out my invitations before it was too late.

My little blue-and-gold parlors were quite filled when the day arrived, and the players almost crowded my small lawn. All my favorites were there, and among the rest, of course, came Freddy Beverly. But the poor fellow was not himself at all, it was evident. He was listless and disturbed, and when he came, he made his way straight to me instead of joining in the game. Captain Blake had made his appearance early, with a graceful American beauty who was creating quite a sensation in society at the time. Miss Kirke had not yet arrived.

"Where *is* Ethel?" I asked of my favorite, when he had seated himself at my side, on the rustic bench I occupied.

"I have not seen her for several days," he answered; "we have had a little quarrel, Miss Rosamunda."

I had not the time to ask him how it had arisen or how it had terminated, for just at that moment I caught sight of the thin black dress with the pale amber stars on it, in the passage across the lawn. The dress in question had stopped for an instant near Captain Hector Blake, as Ethel Kirke spoke to him.

I had never in the course of all our acquaintance seen her in such a mood as she was this day. The one slight defect in her almost perfect loveliness was the faint languor or coldness of her manner; but no one could have complained of such a languor then. Her sometimes too fair cheeks caught a soft, misty glow of scarlet; her serene eyes were brilliant beyond measure; her low laugh rang out clear and frequently. There was always a group about her, but on this occasion the group was quite a little crowd, who listened, half spellbound, to her light *badinage* and gay *bons mots*. She outshone every woman on the grounds, and held her own against the fairest of her rivals as I had never seen her do before, popular as her fair face necessarily made her.

Still Freddy Beverly kept away. Bravely miserable as he was, he was yet man enough to restrain himself and hide his pain in his deep, true young heart. He knocked the balls about with the rest of them, winning golden opinions through his skill. He talked to the numerous pretty girls cheerfully, and let them flirt *at* him, as pretty girls are apt to flirt, in a happy, innocent way, at or with handsome, good-natured, eligible or even ineligible young men.

But toward the close of the afternoon he drifted back to me again, and after some desultory rambling we found ourselves together in the conservatory, quietly ensconced behind a wall of flowers and the giant cactus—the giant cactus is my gardener's botanical lion, and he gives it a corner to itself—and half unintentionally we had slipped into talking about his engagement to Ethel.

"I have found out my mistake at last," he said to me, sadly. "She only deceived herself in imagining that she loved me, so you see that the only thing for me to do is to

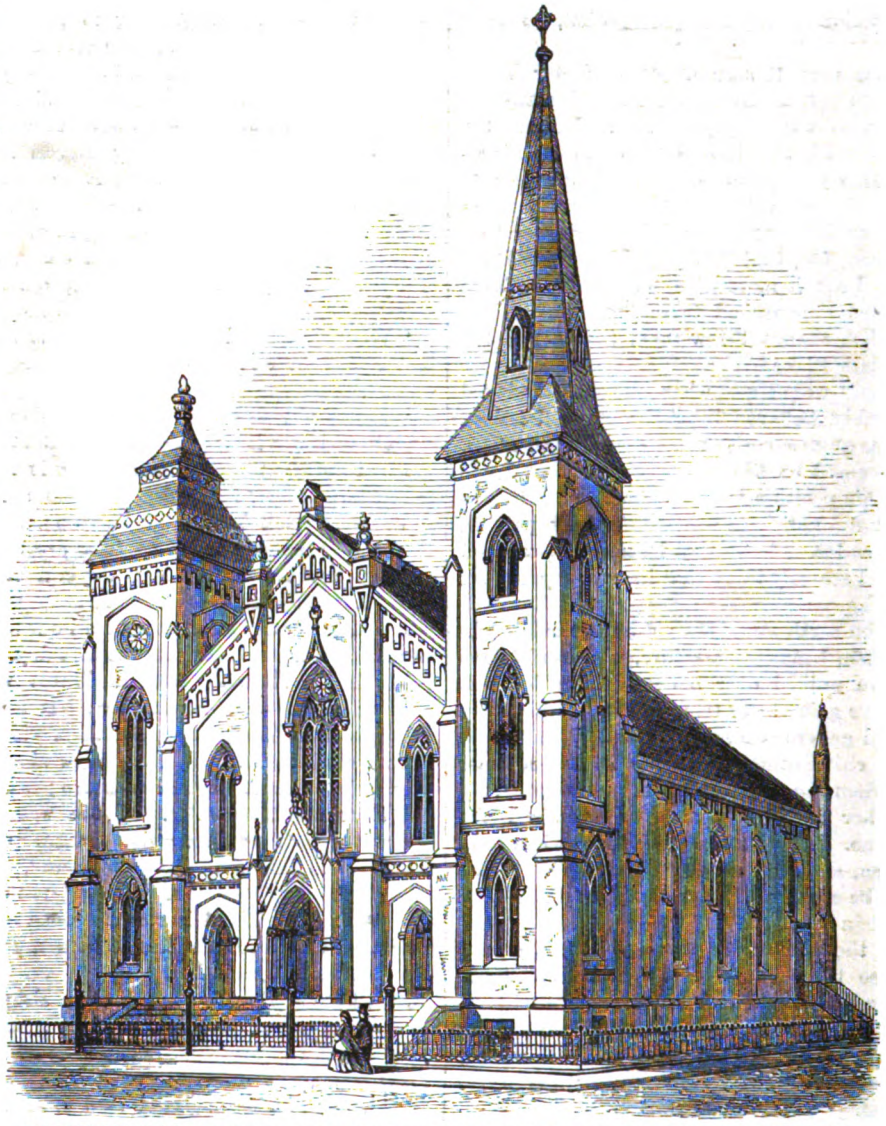
wait until the time comes when she can find courage to tell me so, and then to free her and let her be happy. My poor darling! It is not too late to make that reparation, at least."

If I had not been so very fond of him, I should have felt half angry at his blindness. He believed in her yet, simply because he was too true to comprehend that a woman who has not lived half a lifetime may yet be deliberately worldly and unscrupulous and calculating.

We were talking so earnestly—he was so full of his generous, sorrowful penitence, and I so full of sympathy for him—that we did not hear what we could not have failed to hear otherwise, namely, the sound of some one entering; for some one did enter, and suddenly our low conversation was broken in upon by the voice of a woman speaking hurriedly and almost pleadingly, a few feet from us.

"Don't say that; it sounds like blame from your lips, and—and," in a softly dropped tone that was fairly thrilling, "I have not so far outlived the old days that I can bear blame from *you*."

It broke upon us so abruptly that the sweet, lingering voice might have been a thunderbolt, it so startled us.



THE CHURCH OF THE DIVINE PATERNITY, FORTY-FIFTH STREET AND FIFTH AVENUE, WHERE THE FUNERAL SERVICES OF FRANK LESLIE WERE HELD.— SEE PAGE 258.

I looked up at Freddy, and saw that his Saxon face was deathly pale—had grown so all at once—for the voice was Ethel Kirke's, and we both knew, as if by instinct, that she was talking to Captain Blake.

"I don't mean to blame you," said Blake's cool, gallant voice. "I never exactly blamed you, even in those long-past old days you speak of. I never like to blame women. They have reasons for their actions which we men cannot understand."

I never was so troubled and astonished in my life as I was by what came next. I thought I had understood Ethel Kirke, but I knew then that I had not—that there lay beneath her tranquil serenity a strength of passion and desperateness of which I had never dreamed.

She broke in upon him with actual wildness, her voice all broken and tremulous.

"Hush!" she said; "for pity's sake don't speak in that tone! It seems as if—as if everything was so far away—as if we could never bring it back."

Her last word was a sob. She loved this man, and was ready to lose all, to humiliate herself even, to win him back, now that she feared she had forfeited his esteem for ever. Though I could not see her, I knew that she had ended by dropping her burning face in her hands, and so hiding it. There was a slight pause, and then Captain Blake spoke again, and his tone was a half pitying one, unrelenting as his words were.

"Ethel," he said, "it is too late."

I looked round for a mode of escape, but there was none. We could not leave the place without passing them, and that would have been worse than staying, so we were obliged to remain silent. We could at least keep their secret sacred.

"This has come too late," Blake repeated, "and I was not to blame, Ethel. If—even if it were possible to bring the old days back again, these people tell me there is some one else in my old place, a lover who is more fortunate than I was. That is true, is it not?"

Another breathless little pause, and then I heard a strange sound, a wild, sudden sob, and then a rustle of her sweeping dress. In her despair and misery, the wretched, humbled creature had slipped down upon her knees.

"Hector," she panted, with her beautiful shamed face hidden still, "only bring them back to me, only say those days can come back to us, and I will send him away. I never loved him; you know that, you must know it. Oh,

JESSIE LEE.

my God! how I am humbling myself! But it is you I love; it is you whom I cannot lose and live. I have found out now that money cannot buy what I once threw away for money's sake."

He stopped her here, sadly, it seemed, almost tenderly, but without a touch of anything like passionate warmth.

"Hush!" he said, kindly. "You must not say this, Ethel; honor will not let me listen. I thought you loved this man, and were happy. I never dreamed of this. We could not bring back the old days if we would, and—forgive me for saying it, Ethel—you would only tire of it again, as you did then. I know you too well to be vain enough to think that I could satisfy you entirely. I did not blame you—I say again—I did not blame you when you told me that we had better forget the childish dream and be worldly-wise, and I do not blame you for it now. Perhaps it is better as it is for us both—I know it is better for you."

Surely her punishment was bitter enough then—surely it was bitter enough to bear. She had cast her bread upon the waters, and it had come back to her after many days—salt with tears—salt with burning, bitter self-humiliation and reproach. She had dragged her woman's pride in the dust; she had abased herself in the utter wretchedness of despair, clinging to the one wild, desperate straw of hope, and the end was this.

But it was all over at last, and the two were going away to join the rest of the guests together; and just before they went I heard her stop at the door, with a soft, bitter laugh.

"Look at my face," she said; "does it look like the face of a woman who has humiliated herself for nothing? Do you think I can act out the lie of my life with *éclat?*"

I think he must have been somewhat tired of his position, for he answered her coldly enough.

"I think you can act any part you choose," he said.

It was not until they were gone that I began to understand exactly how my fellow-hearer must have suffered; but when I met his once sunny blue eyes, I felt keenly that in this brief quarter of an hour a great shock had come to him. The light had gone out of his face somehow, and there was a new expression in its fine lines. But he did not utter a word of comment upon what had passed. His dream was over quite, and its end had been one bitter enough, God knows!

"Let us go back to the rest," he said, simply. And, seeing it would be best, I took his proffered arm, and we went.

* * * * * * *

Two days after my little party, he called on me, and we had one of our long, friendly talks together, but, until he was going away, he did not recur at all to his love-affair. But, just before he bade me good-morning, he drew a small box from his pocket, and handed it to me.

"Miss Rosamunda," he said, his dear young face looking a trifle pale, "when I bought this, I bought it for a woman I loved, to wear. She gave it back to me last night, and now, if you please, I should like a woman whom I love to wear it still. Will you take it?"

And he held out to me the ring I had helped him to choose for Ethel Kirke—the ring that was all large, pure pearls and sapphires.

My poor, altered Freddy! I held out my withered old hand to him, and let him put it on, while the tears were running down his face.

"Yes, my dear," I said, "I will wear it for you until you find a woman who is worthy of it; only till then, my dear, because, indeed—indeed, that time will come some day."

He tried to smile, and did smile, in a half-sad fashion.

"I thank you," he answered, "I hope it will. Perhaps it may, but I cannot think about that just yet, you know; and in the meantime I like to think the woman I honor cares for me enough to wear the ring I once gave to the woman I loved."

And so I wore it, and in wearing it, I think, comforted him a little; and, though all this happened two or three years ago, and I wear it still, I do not despair of the time coming when I may take it off my old withered forefinger and place it upon the fair young hand which is to hold my favorite's all through the long journey of life.

THE SECOND WIFE.

By Arthur Matthison.

She lightly trips o'er the garden path,
Her young heart quickly beats;
And the soft, fresh bloom of youthful life
From her rosy cheek retreats.

His children, not hers, await her there;
His mother, not hers, she sees:
Will they smile a welcome, or coldly greet?
Shall her young heart glow, or freeze?

The husband, silent, stands at the gate,
And with eager eyes looks on;
Shall the fair young girl be loved, as once
They loved the dear one, gone?

Yes; the children run with flow'rets fair—
Ah, happy day of her life!—
And the mother's love-smile sweetly beams
On the welcomed second wife!

BLUE-BEARD.

It has more than once been asked what truth there is in the story of Blue-Beard. More than once, also, the strange and loathsome story of Gilles de Laval, Sire de Raiz, Marshal of France, and Lieutenant-General of Brittany, the companion in arms of Joan of Arc, has been quoted with the view of showing that his evil doings gave rise to the Blue-Beard legend. True enough, the chroniclers of the time report that his long beard of swallow-tail form was bluish-black in tint, and that the surname of Blue-Beard was given him by the Bretons among whom he lived; still, not a single particular of his career tallies with the popular nursery story. He might be more rightfully compared to the fabulous French Croquemitaine, for his victims were not his wives—he had but one, Catherine de Thouars, from whom he lived apart—but the children of the peasantry and townsfolk, who dwelt around his many castles, whither the poor little innocents were attracted by promises of presents. Once the drawbridge raised behind them, they disappeared for ever from the outside world.

When Gilles was eventually brought to justice, after having carried on his atrocious practices with impunity for eight years, it was found impossible to compute the number of his victims, for, after having strangled or decapitated them, he caused the bodies to be burnt. On the 26th of October, 1440, the miscreant was hanged on the pré de Biesse, just outside Nantes, and when his body had been slightly scorched by a fire lighted under the gibbet, it was placed in a coffin and conveyed to the church of the Carmelites, where, with great pomp, were celebrated "the obsequies and funeral of most high, most powerful and most redoubtable lord, Gilles de Laval, Sire of Raiz, in his

lifetime chamberlain of King Charles VII., and Marshal of France."

In the story of Gilles's career, we look in vain for some mention of the mysterious room where he kept the corpses of his murdered wives, of the magic key with the stain which would not wash off, or of the charming and popular dialogue between the poor wife and Sister Anne whilst Blue-Beard is sharpening his formidable sword. There is, however, a far more ancient Breton tradition which tallies in some remarkable particulars with Perrault's famous story. Indeed, it seems evident that the favorite nursery romance was founded upon this half-forgotten legend, which dates as far back as the sixth century of our era.

Taking its source in the Côtes du Nord, near the squalid little hamlet of Querien, in a wild country, literally up hill and down dale, with stretches of marshland intervening between lofty hills decked with flowering gorse and littered all over with great blocks of granite, the trout-abounding River Blavet flows southward into the department of Morbihan. Here, on the one side, rise rocky, barren hills, with just an occasional tuft of furze or broom growing among the granite boulders, whilst on the other bank extend furrowed slopes planted with buckwheat and colza, and with many an intervening patch of underwood, crowned by a clump of beech-trees or fringed with pines. At the foot of the slopes lie verdant pasture-lands, through which, with poplars, pollards and bushes clustering on its margin, the river flows, now slowly and now swiftly, forming miniature whirlpools with leaping foam as it escapes through the frequent locks. Behind the apple-trees which dot a neighboring hill, the thatch-roof of some homestead may be descried; beyond, in the midst of the shady woods, rise quaint gray rocks, now overgrown with moss or creeping plants, and now decked round about with rosy eglantine or holly-bushes rich in coral berries. The rushes bend to the breeze around the pools of deep-blue water, in which a sunbeam dances; whilst, after coursing through the meadows, the rivulets gleam for awhile amid ferns, heather and trailing periwinkles, and then leap onward in tiny cascades, in which the passing birds quench their thirst and dip their wings. There is no dearth of melody in the surrounding groves and thickets, where linnet, thrush and nightingale pour forth their joyous song.

Beyond the abbey of Bon-Repos, devastated by the Revolution, the river flows through the romantic forest of Quénécan, with vast overhanging rocks that threaten to topple over and impede its progress, dominating either bank. Here, as in the neighboring dolmen of Cléguérec, and in the tangled underwood around, once lived the Poulpiquets, Cornandons, or Cornicanets—tribes of elves and gnomes. And if, indeed, we have reached the fairy realm of fantasy, why not look around and try to discover Blue-Beard's famous castle?

The quest need not be long. At the point where the Blavet changes its eastern for a southern course, nigh to the lock of Guerlédan, it washes the base of a conspicuous barren promontory, the summit of which, girt round with the ruins of a stone fortification, is bright with pink and purple heather, offering a lively contrast to the green foliage of the trees at the margin of the stream. This steep height bears the name of Castel-Finans, and tradition tells us that in the sixth century Blue-Beard's stronghold crowned its summit.

According to traditions handed down to us, the Breton kingdom of Cornouaille was founded by Grallon the Great, a prince of Britain, who, emigrating from his island home to Armorica, founded on the jutting headland the famous city of Is. It was protected from the fury of the ocean by a formidable dike, and provided with locks, regulating the passage of the waters, and opened by means of a silver key, which King Grallon invariably wore around his neck. The Princess Ahés, his daughter, having deprived him of his authority, and of the silver key, its symbol, opened the locks and allowed the waters to sweep over the splendid city.

Grallon, warned in time, mounted on horseback, and, still desirous of saving his daughter, took her up behind him and fled. The waters were gaining upon them, when a mysterious voice exclaimed, "Grallon, if thou dost not wish to perish, cast off the demon behind thee;" whereupon the hands of Ahés suddenly becoming numbed, loosed their hold around her father's waist, and she fell backward into the surging waves and was drowned. The King reached Quimper in safety, and made it the capital of his dominions, and to-day they show you his statue between the twin towers of the cathedral of St. Corentin, —the crown upon his head, the sceptre in his hand, and the mantle of royalty cast around his shoulders.

Now, in A.D. 520, we are told that Carhaix was wrested from the kingdom of Cornouaille by a certain Finans or Comorre, a bandit of the worst description, as his deeds will suffice to show. His times were times of strife and turmoil. In Britain, King Arthur's knights bravely resisted the progress of the Saxon invaders. In Gaul, each day the Franks extended their dominion; and whilst in every direction some chieftain or another was carving out for himself a kingdom with his sword, no wonder that Comorre should seek to do the same.

One of his earliest conquests was Carhaix. Here lived his son, one Tremeur by name, who was canonized after his death, and the chief incidents in whose life are depicted in a series of sculptured groups adorning the church door of the locality. In one of these he is shown holding his head on his hands; for Comorre, the Cursed, our Breton Blue-Beard, not merely put his wives to death, but decapitated his sons as well.

On the death of King Riwal, Comorre dispossessed Prince Judual, Riwal's son, and compelled him to take refuge at the court of King Childebert of Paris. The territory of Domnonée was ravaged far and wide, and throughout the length and breadth of Brittany the name of Comorre sufficed to inspire fright and horror.

He had married four wives, and each of them had mysteriously disappeared (it being rumored that they had been murdered on becoming pregnant), when his fancy led him to ask the hand of Triphyne, daughter of Count Guérok of Vannes. Comorre knew well enough that his vices and cruelty inspired more horror than affection, and to gain the hand of Triphyne he resorted to an artful stratagem. He called to his court Gildas the Wise.

This Gildas plays so important a part in our story, that I must tell you who he was. He was the son of Caw, prince of the Strathcluyd Britons, died in 570 and was buried at Glastonbury. St. Gildas has been styled the Jeremiah of Britain. He is remarkably bitter against his fellow-countrymen, whose depravity he deplores, and he regards the Saxon invasion as the retributive vengeance of heaven. It is uncertain in what precise year he landed in Brittany and built the abbey bearing his name, but at the epoch when Comorre flourished, his reputation for holiness was well established.

St. Gildas repaired to Comorre's court in hopes of converting this ravenous wolf into a meek lamb. The prince received him courteously, and commissioned him to propose to the Court of Vannes on his behalf a durable peace and friendly alliance, on condition that the latter should give him the hand of his daughter, whom he promised to treat with kindness, honor and cordial affection. The

abbot, being desirous to put an end to the disastrous wars which desolated Brittany, pleaded the cause of Comorre to Count Guérok and his daughter so successfully that, in spite of their repugnance, they accepted the Count of Cornouaille's propositions, on the express condition, however, that if one day he lost his affection for Triphyne, he should send her back to her parents without ill-treating her.

The marriage took place at Vannes with great pomp; but shortly afterward Triphyne perceived a change in her husband's manner. She became seized with a sudden fright, and early one morning, mounting her palfrey, fled from Castel-Finans, to her father's home. Comorre followed in hot pursuit. Perceiving his coming, Triphyne dismounted from her horse and sought a retreat in a neighboring thicket, where her husband seized hold of her, and, dragging her out upon the road, cut off her head with a single stroke of his great sword.

Whilst the murderer was quietly riding home again, a servant who had accompanied Triphyne without daring to defend her, arrived at Count Guérok's castle at Vannes. The father, with his guards, started off to his daughter's assistance, but arrived too late. Still, the head and body of the countess were recovered and placed upon a funeral couch in the great hall of the Château de la Motte, where, sending for St. Gildas, at whose instigation he had given Triphyne's hand to Comorre, Guérok asked him if that was how it had been agreed he should receive his cherished daughter, the child of his heart, back from the hands of her husband? The reproach filled Gildas with emotion. Kneeling beside the decapitated body, he prayed with all the people present to Him who restored Lazarus to life, and then rising, he placed Triphyne's head upon her neck, and exclaimed, in a loud voice:

"Triphyne, in the name of Almighty God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, I command thee to rise and to tell me where thou hast been!"

The countess rose, and, before all the crowd of people, she declared that the angels were carrying her to paradise, to place her among the saints, when the words of St. Gildas had called her soul back to earth.

This is the story as told by the monkish chronicler of Morlaix.

Not many years ago, the workmen repairing the vault of the chapel of St. Nicholas de Bieuzy discovered a series of quaint frescoes, which date from the thirteenth century. These picture the legend of Sainte Triphyne far more in accordance with Perrault's famous story. The first subject is the marriage of Comorre, whose beard is of a bluish black, with Triphyne at Vannes. Next the husband is shown starting on some warlike expedition, and handing to his wife a little key. Then comes the mysterious chamber, the door of which is open, whilst against the wall hang the bodies of Comorre's murdered wives, who in this instance are seven in number. The terrible interrogatory follows: Triphyne is on her knees, and sister Anne, looking out of the window down the road, declares that there is nothing in view. In the last subject, however, whilst Comorre is passing a rope round Triphyne's neck, her brothers are seen approaching, accompanied by St. Gildas in his abbot's dress, and ready to run their swords through the body of the would-be murderer.

The holy Abbot of Rhuys, says the legend, having vainly demanded admission into Castel-Finans, the drawbridge of which was raised at his approach, took up a handful of dust and threw it against the walls, which suddenly crumbled to pieces. Comorre, though badly wounded, succeeded in making good his escape to Pédernec, where, undaunted by the warning of heaven, he continued his career of crime.

BRINGING HOME THE SECOND WIFE.— SEE POEM ON PAGE 270.

A solemn council of bishops accordingly assembled on the Menez-Bré. St. Hervé presided over the gathering of bishops convened to punish the tyrant, who, having been solemnly anathematized, was seized with a terrible malady, and died; his soul, it is said, being borne to hell in a stream of blood!

Probably because St. Hervé is the patron of shepherds, and the guardian of sheepfolds against the attacks of wolves, some say that Comorre still wanders at night-time in the form of a giant wolf, who can only be overcome by a stab with a knife in the centre of the forehead. I should mention, however, that there is a totally different account of our hero's death.

With the assistance of St. Samson of Dol, Judual, the Prince of Domnonée, whom he had dispossessed of his dominions, raised a large army, and in a pitched battle fought in 554, near the Abbaye du Relecq, some six or seven miles from Morlaix, Comorre the Tyrant and the Cursed lost both his life and his throne. They still show you between the abbey and the heights of Arez a spot known as Branc-Hallec, or the Willow-bough, where he is said to have expired; and not many years ago, a large schistous stone was pointed out as covering the remains of the miscreant, who, if the medieval frescoes of St. Nicholas de Bieuzy are to be trusted, was undoubtedly the original Blue-Beard whose deeds are recorded in the story of the same name.

AN ANACHRONISM.—"'YES!' SHE CRIED, TRIUMPHANTLY; 'YOU MAY WELL THROW ME OFF LIKE A VIPER! FOR, ALTHOUGH I DID THE DEED, YOU ALSO ARE GUILTY OF IT!'"— SEE NEXT PAGE.

AN ANACHRONISM.

By John Gilbert.

WE were four of us in the supper-room that night—Elsie and Marian, Cornell and myself. The last bottle of Lafitte stood half-emptied on the buffet; the servants, tired of waiting for our ceaseless round of talk to be over, had betaken themselves below; the wax-lights in the sconces were beginning to flare wildly in the breeze that floated the thin, gauzy curtains at the windows back and fro; far off, the dull monotone of the surf, breaking on the shore, made an accompaniment to our conversation. Was it conversation? Scarcely. Cornell, with his restless artist, half-Bohemian nature, kept breaking into fitful snatches of talk, now serious, now comic, half sense, and tinged with a mellow transcendentalism born in him with his New England blood, and nourished and fed by his Arab-like education and listless wanderings in foreign lands. Elsie Garth watched him curiously, weirdly, under half-closed lashes, the while, with what seemed to me a sinister smile occasionally wreathing the red curves of her mouth.

She dropped a word every now and then, I, meanwhile, watching her as one would a strange animal, which, apparently harmless, might give a spring and wound in an unguarded moment. I remembered she had loved the man she was now eying so strangely, a few years back, so madly, so passionately, she would have committed a crime for him, I think, had he told her to, and now—was love dead, or had it changed to the hate La Rochefoucauld tells us is more possible to it, as a metamorphosis, than indifference?

As to Marian, she played with her rings and laughed at any sally that called for laughter, and took sly glances at her blue ribbons and fair hair, over her shoulders, in the mirrored sconces, where the candles flickered.

Now, in Winter evenings, when the sleet and storm are raging outside, and I cower over the fire, I often think of that scene and its strange concomitants; I seem to smell again the faint perfume of the Parma violets Elsie wore in her bosom, to hear the far-off sound of breakers, to see the flower-wreathed dishes, the glitter of glass and silver on the table, the old china on the walls of the room, the odd mixture of *bric-à-brac*, pictures, bronze and porcelain that made it half a boudoir and half a dining-room.

We had met to celebrate Cornell's return to his native land, whence he had willfully expatriated himself five years before—gone recklessly into the arms of Fame and Fortune, which, often so perverse when perseveringly wooed, had showered their favors profusely on the man who cared nothing for his success—valued it lightly because he had turned his back on his native land, dear to him because it contained one woman whom he could not marry.

Had he ever spoken his love to her? I fear me, knowing his impetuous nature, that he had; but the words once out of his mouth, he had exiled himself, for she was another man's wife then; and now five years had gone, and she was sitting opposite to him, free—a widow—and rich. And he—well, he had learned not to spurn the gods' good gifts—perhaps even to thank them for having denied him the boon he had so madly craved, to see many faces as fair elsewhere, to look into eyes which had a calmer and more soothing light than those which had flashed their farewell into his own five years ago.

But Cornell was a man and a gentleman, in spite of his lazy indolence, and his artistic *laisser aller*, and when he first saw the danger, and found his friend's wife a very siren, he shut his ears to her melody—once over the wild impulse that induced him to acknowledge her charms—and steered his boat clear of the rocks.

And now, here he was again, bronzed, bearded, yet unchanged—the same cheery, boyish *abandon* that added a charm to his wonderful physical attractions, and I, his chum, friend, correspondent and Pythias, had come to meet him in response to Mrs. Garth's invitation to both.

It was a picking up of scattered threads, to be sure. No one knew how they would knit together. Each measured the other curiously, to note Time's changes—all except Marian Allen, Mrs. Garth's eighteen-year-old cousin and companion, whose innocent eyes saw nothing in the scene before her but a meeting of old friends.

If I mistrusted Elsie Garth, it was because I knew too well the raging volcanoes the woman's icy calmness was capable of covering. In her life I knew there had been no peace. She carried tempests within her; but it was in their fierce, tropical fury, prefaced so often by a deadly stillness.

Cornell saw nothing of this, for, if he had ever seen it, he had forgotten it. His was a nature where impressions, vivid at the time, succeeded each other rapidly. He judged others by himself, and because his own lazy, lotos-eating temperament loved and unloved and forgot, it did not occur to him the old landmarks were not equally effaced in others.

His eye rested, with a pleased persistency, on Marian; her fresh, childlike beauty refreshed his fancy, I could see. It was a delicious contrast after the glare and glitter of foreign climes and Bohemian wanderings. His glance took her in lovingly. She had grown from a rosy-cheeked child, during his absence, into lovely womanhood.

When she dropped the jasmine out of her hair he picked it up tenderly, and, without offering to return it to her, put it in his inner vest-pocket with a light jest that hid more earnest thought. I caught a flash from Elsie's eye that had all the lurid heat of Summer lightning in it. It embraced the scene, then died out into dull blackness under her lashes. The serpent round her throat coiled with a quick, spasmodic movement, as if in pain.

This was the third day we had all been together, and matters were getting worse, from hour to hour, I could see. Should I warn Cornell? What use? He would laugh at me. I could hear him calling me melodramatic, absurd. Elsie and he were good friends; she was a sensible woman, with no nonsense about her. He quite ignored, I knew, the old brief romance which had left no traces on his mecurial nature, and quite failed to comprehend that of the woman he had once loved and left. Besides, I think, he scarcely realized himself the influence the fresh, sweet face of Marian was gaining on him, coming, as it did, after years of tempestuous struggles with the world and restless wanderings in foreign parts. It was like the music that welcomes the storm-tossed mariner into port at last, and he turned from the more beautiful, the cleverer of the two women—from the one, perhaps, who could the better understand and appreciate him—to the gentler influence, the milder atmosphere of the other.

I could scarcely blame him. Men loved Elsie Garth with a quick, fiery blaze of passion, born of a strong magnetism she possessed. It flamed to strange heights in her presence; but absence often extinguished it. Whereas, a power like her cousin's sometimes stays by a man like a better genius in the sterner scenes of life.

As we sat sipping our wine, a cooler draught of air came rushing in, a heavier boom of the waves on the shore announced a coming storm. Soon drifts of fierce, beating rain dashed against the window-sashes. I have often noticed with awe how the elements come to lend their own fierce combat to the play of the human passions, sometimes, like the stage-thunder and lightning we see at the theatre when the tragedy approaches a climax.

The servants were called to shut the blinds. We all rose, almost with relief, as if the storm had broken a spell under which we had labored without daring to escape from it, and wandered into the drawing-room. Even there its influence seemed upon us; Marian warbled a little ditty to herself at the piano, whither Cornell soon strayed. Elsie Garth stood, half-hidden by the window-drapery, looking out at the blackness and the storm, unmindful that the rain, as it beat in, was drenching her muslin dress and the heavy coils of her hair. Every now and then I saw her clinch the hand that was hidden in the folds of the curtain. I felt that the tempest without was nothing to that beating and surging within her. I could see that, at the moment, she gloried in the war of the elements outside that found an echo in the fierce tumult of her own breast.

I felt my own powerlessness in the scene I was watching. I dreaded that any motion of mine to avert the disaster I saw impending might only precipitate it. I went to the other window, and peered out into the veranda.

The rain, which was only a Summer's shower, was slackening, but the plants in the hanging baskets were dripping still profusely, and the air was heavy with the perfumes of the flowers in the garden, which the power of the storm had beaten the fragrance out of.

Elsie's shadow in the other window was darkly defined on the streak of light that flooded out from the drawing-room. I saw the sudden turn and the clinched hands, photographed in shadow, as the two voices, Cornell's and Marian's, glided melodiously together into the passionate accents of Gounod's "Medje."

It was as if they had each found a tongue in which to tell each other their love. I glanced toward the piano; they were looking into each other's eyes as though drawn by some magnetic power toward one another. When they finished, Cornell's hand sought that of the young girl in a firm, significant embrace. There was a crash from the other side of the room. We all started. Elsie had overturned a small table standing near the window, covered with odd bits of porcelain and glass, and we all united in picking up the fragments, as if glad of the mask for our feelings.

After we had bemoaned the destruction of china, and had exhausted the accident as a topic of conversation, Mrs. Garth rang for lights, and as each, candle in hand, bade the others good-night, and vanished up the broad oak staircase into the gloom beyond, a certain stillness seemed to be hovering in the air, heavy with those premonitory whispers of fate which we all occasionally feel, and which science has, up to this time, failed, with all its researches, to give us the key of.

I almost dreaded to leave Elsie to her grief. I felt for the stricken heart, of which I could almost hear the throbs, the more because I knew it to be an undisciplined and ill-regulated one. I had known, myself, something of what it was to suffer and be alone, to wildly ask of the gods a gift they would not give, to exhaust oneself in fierce conflict after the unattainable, to writhe madly in the throes of an agony so bitter that all physical pain is heaven to it.

And yet I was a man, with man's power to resist and endure, without the quicker sensibilities born with the needs and weaknesses of a woman's nature. Should I go to her? I was already in my own room, and I heard the door next mine, which I knew to be hers, shut with a quick, sharp motion, like the sound of a blow. Then I heard a fall as of a heavy body on the floor, and one dull groan, then dead silence. No! I could not intrude on such misery as this. I should be powerless. Were I only another woman, with the gift of consolation possessed by some, I might; but I knew Elsie Garth enough to fear her pride might revolt against having a witness to her abasement; that she might have a sort of "Earl-Percy-sees-my-fall" feeling; so I took my seat in the darkness, at my window, and let the cool breeze blow on my brow, with a sense of relief from the heat of the evening.

The night was again clear; the rain had left only a dewy freshness behind it as a trace of its presence. The stars were shining clearly out from the blue vault; I could almost see the gleam of the white lilies and azaleas in the garden-paths. Off the coast the twin lighthouses on one of the islands were blinking at me like the human eyes of some sea-monster hid in the darkness; the long, fish-like shape of the land they were built on helped the illusio

Down toward the neighboring town (itself possessing a weird colonial history of witch-burning and wild tradition), were the lights of a bevy of fishing-smacks waiting for the first streak of dawn to put out to sea; the occasional bells from them tolled the hour, and were followed by the watchman's cry, "All's well!" So it was in nature—all was well, beautiful, calm and peaceful. Man's passions were the only unrestful things in the night—all else was the serene stillness of the eternal, unchangeable Deity.

I sat silent and abstracted for I know not how long, until a small spot of light moving in the garden caught my eye. I could see it was the end of a cigar, and following its quick, impetuous zigzag motion up and down, I instantly guessed it to be Cornell's, whose invariable habit I knew to be to take a constitutional before going to bed. It cleared his brain, he said, for morning, and helped him to unravel the knotty points of the day's experience.

That I was not the only one watching him I soon discovered from a slight motion of the blind of the next window, and a few minutes afterward, I heard a movement across the adjacent room, and the door softly open and close, and a quick step down the stairs.

I resumed my post at the window, but now with the same uneasy sensation of the early evening, for I saw a white figure glide through the shrubbery toward the spot where Cornell had last vanished, and, by listening breathlessly, I could hear voices speaking in the distance.

I could not go eavesdropping, yet should I stay where I was with a potent voice telling me I might be needed out in the dewy darkness of the garden? I walked restlessly up and down the room several times, then opened the door into the entry and looked out, as if seeking inspiration to go or stay.

On the floor at the head of the stairs lay some bright object, faintly visible through the gloom of the corridor. I stooped and picked it up. I recognized it instantly. It was the silver sheath of a small dagger of Damascus steel which Elsie had worn, the Winter before, with an Eastern dress to a fancy ball. She had shown it to me at the time, made me feel its sharp edges, and laughingly boasted it was no play-dagger, "but one to keep people friends with me for fear I should ever throw away its sheath," she had said, and the jest had a bitter significance to me at the moment I found it had really been unsheathed.

Then I laughed at my own fears. What was the matter with me that, in the midst of a quiet New England neighborhood, I was doing melodrama to myself, and finding tragic elements in the ordinary life of a pleasant country-house? I really tried to remember if I had drunk too much wine at dinner. Women and men were women and men all the world over, I murmured, as if exculpating myself from the charge of melodrama. The play of the passions may be the same under the Puritan's stoic mantle as in the tropics, and Elsie Garth had a queer streak in her which comes from a Spanish, half-gypsy mother. If I followed her into the garden I laid myself open to the suspicion of vulgar curiosity, and should I try to put Cornell on his guard, the chances were he would think I was either demented or had been drinking.

To put an end to irresolution, however, I stole down the stairs, went through the open house-door and out into the grounds. At least I might saunter there until satisfied my suspicions were only a sort of midsummer madness, and, to make my position unassailable, I lit a cigar and strolled on through the hedges of closely clipped box.

For about ten minutes I took my walk in peace, seeing no one, hearing nothing, even, to lead me to suppose I was not alone in the garden. Then, as I passed a summer-house that overlooked a miniature lake at the foot of one of the avenues, human voices suddenly burst on me—human voices, not speaking everyday commonplaces, but thick with agitation, which the very muffled undertones which they were taking to hide it made more palpable.

Escape was impossible. Either way I should have been seen; besides, I wanted to be *there* on the spot, for the first words I heard told me this was just what I had most feared. What did I hear? Heaven is my witness that, if required, in dread of death, to write here what I heard, I could not remember the words. I only have an indistinct consciousness of pleadings, upbraidings, reproaches and piteous adjuration on the part of the woman—wild ravings and denunciations—and, on Cornell's, the commiserating, miserable tone a man takes when he finds himself not only in a false position, but engaged in that horror of the Anglo-Saxon mind, a scene, and that with a woman he is conscious of not having behaved very well to. Elsie charged him with his love for Marian—he could not deny it. He tried to keep her from exposing, even to him, the wild, desperate depths of her nature. She showered maledictions upon him, then begged on her knees for his pity and his love. And he, I think, suffered almost as much as she did, for he was of a kindly, chivalrous nature, that disliked giving pain to any human creature, much more to a woman he had once loved, or thought he did.

A PRETTY LITTLE SINNER.

But when the full consciousness came over her of her position—when she finally realized, as she could not help

AN ADVENTURE ON THE YANG-TSE-KIANG.—"THE LOWDER MADE A MOVEMENT TO REACH HIS WEAPONS, BUT A SHARP CRACK RESOUNDED THROUGH THE CABIN, AND THE TREACHEROUS LOWDER FELL, SHOT THROUGH THE HEART."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

doing, that her influence on him was even more a thing of the past than she had dreamed—the effect was fearful. She rose in her wrath, like a tragedy-queen, and denounced him. She withered him with scorn; she jeered and laughed at him as only a woman dare, and showered on him every reproach an outraged woman can command. Her hate fairly withered him; he shrank and cowered as though he had been caught doing something mean and pitiful, unworthy of his manhood; for the bravest man is a coward in such a scene.

But again her mood changed, and this time there was more madness in it, for she sprang on him with the bright glitter of steel in her hand, and, through the darkness, he caught the motion just quickly enough to wrest the weapon from her and toss it into the water near by.

I think this brought him to himself, as it was something more tangible to cope with than a woman's tongue, and he held her hands while she struggled like a mad creature at bay.

"I cannot kill you, then!" she cried. "I am sorry I attempted it; but I can hurt you more than the loss of life would!"

She leaned forward and whispered something low in his ear, which made him loose her hands and stagger like a drunken man, with a face of ashy paleness.

"Yes!" she cried, triumphantly, "you may well throw me off like a viper! For, although I did the deed, you also are guilty of it! Do you think, after you had once told me that you loved me, I was going to let any man living stand between us, even though he was my husband and your friend? Now, with that sin between us, will you take the pure heart of Marian into your keeping?"

I shall never forget the disgust and horror with which Cornell cast the woman from him. It seems like a frightful nightmare even at this remote distance. When once he thoroughly understood her words he fairly spurned her with his foot. He cursed her out loud, then buried his head in his hands and groaned until the drops of perspiration rolled in torrents from his brow with the horror of the moment.

But it was only for a few minutes he could give way to this, for it was soon evident that Elsie Garth was in the first stages of a delirium which knew no restraint, and, in spite of the loathing she inspired in him, common humanity made him turn to her assistance.

His strength would have been inadequate to the occasion had I not come to his aid. He did not ask any explanation of my presence; he seemed to divine that, in some way, I knew all, and wrung my hand in his agony.

"Thank God you were there!" he said; "for, at least, I shall not have to go through life without any one to share with me this frightful secret!"

Then we took the struggling, frantic creature, who, by this time, was groveling on the ground, a piteous

spectacle of ruin and abasement, between us, bore her to the house, and to her own room, as quietly as we could.

It was soon evident, however, that her reason was gone, if only temporarily, and I went for physicians and help to the neighboring town.

Of the horror of the succeeding weeks I need not speak. The next morning Cornell was gone. He had fled to hide himself like a criminal. I could not blame him. I sent Marian Allen away; the atmosphere of such a house would prematurely poison her young life, its hopes and feelings—all still far distant from such a wreck of the passions as poor Elsie Garth's delirium-haunted soul.

When, at last, the fever passed, it left a shattered, weak, nerveless creature, prematurely aged, whom one could only pity, and I was not surprised one morning, after she had sufficiently recovered, to find that she had fled in the night, leaving no traces behind her, and taking with her only an old woman who had been her nurse in the days of her youth and innocence, and who was devotedly and faithfully attached to her.

That was the last we ever heard of or from her, except, years afterward, as I was lingering under the Gothic shadows of a northern-Italy cathedral, and a long line of dark-robed nuns passed me in mournful procession, chanting a *miserere* over the corpse of a sister recluse, I thought I recognized, from under the close-drawn hood of one of their number, a pair of flashing eyes that were strangely like those of Elsie Garth.

Cornell has never married. His name and fame are the pride of the city he comes from, but he himself still leads the erratic life of early manhood. He rather avoids society and its duties, and his pictures, wonderful as they are, have occasionally in them so tragic an element that a countryman of his remarked, in looking at one, that "it was odd so jolly a fellow as Cornell was should have such nightmares sometimes."

To me it is the trace of a great horror at times over him, which leaves its misery in their conception, as if he were haunted by the shadow of a crime he did not commit.

Marian Allen married, and is a happy wife and mother. She never suspected how near her skirts touched to a frightful wretchedness. She looks back, no doubt, to her feeling for Cornell as a girl's romance, without body or reason; but I know that, had it not been for the chasm that separated them, she would have made the happiness of Cornell's life.

I have tried to tell the story of my friends' lives as it really occurred, and as I remember it. If it seems too tragic for an episode of New England life, I can only say that it is, as Elsie Garth always struck me as being, with her fierce moods and outspoken passions, more like a relic of the uncontrolled medieval Florentine existence than of to-day, and, consequently, in our self-contained nineteenth century, nothing more nor less than "An Anachronism."

AN ADVENTURE ON THE YANG-TSE-KIANG.

Jack Manly had originally left New York as chief mate of a fine American clipper, bound to China. The country or empire was but little known in those days, and the bold heart of Jack throbbed with strange emotions as his eyes rested for the first time on the almost unknown barbarous coast. He had heard of large fortunes having been made by certain adventurers, who had nothing but their courage and shrewdness to depend upon. He had a mother and sister living in some quaint New England village, who were dependent upon him, and he resolved to leave the ship as soon as practicable, strike out in the golden land of promise, and wrest a fortune from the clime of the sun, thereby enabling his mother to pass the remainder of her days in peace and comfort.

He experienced but little difficulty in carrying out a portion of his cherished plan, viz., obtaining his discharge and walking the streets of Shanghai his own man.

With considerable curiosity he gazed about him; everything in that remote empire was strange, in direct opposition to what he had been in the habit of seeing. The compass pointed south instead of north; the men were rigged in petticoats, while the women wore trousers; a brush answered the place of a pen; and evil spirits were worshiped instead of the good.

His means were limited, but he found a congenial spirit at the Hong-Que Hotel, who was looking for a partner, and a bargain was quickly struck.

Tom Williams was also an American, a young man possessing some means and a good business education, who had been induced to visit China by the superior opportunities that were held forth. He was no sailor, Jack was well aware of that, but it made no difference in their compact.

Jack's idea was to purchase a lorcha, and trade up and down the coast, a business which at that time yielded an immense profit, but was also attended with danger and difficulties in a like ratio.

Williams had fallen into the idea with avidity; a light, handy craft was purchased, and the two embarked their all in the enterprise.

Jack sailed the lorcha, while Williams, who invariably accompanied him, transacted the business. They prospered finely, dividing upward of ten thousand dollars between them at the end of the first year.

At the time this sketch opens, the lorcha was lying off the City of Shanghai, riding quietly at her anchor, sheering to and fro as the rapid current of the Yang-Tse-Kiang (Son of the Sea) swept by.

The great river had lately been opened by the close, jealous policy of the Government, but few foreigners cared to avail themselves of the new field of enterprise. Although the profits would be enormous, it was a well-known fact that the broad, placid river abounded with pirates, who lurked in sundry hiding-places, like wild beasts in the jungle, for favorable opportunities to spring on their prey.

There had been a famine up-country, rice was in great demand, bringing fabulous prices, while opium was worth its weight in gold. The temptation was too strong for the two friends, and, despite the many dangers that would have to be encountered, they resolved to load up the lorcha with the much-needed rice, while a number of strong boxes containing the cherished but forbidden drug were quietly stowed away in the cabin.

The lorcha was well armed, carrying four twelve-pounders for broadside guns, with a good assortment of ammunition and small-arms. The crew consisted of twelve long-tailed Celestials, headed by a middle-aged, brow-beat fellow, commonly called a lowder. Between him and Jack existed a warm feeling of friendship, that had found its birth in rather a romantic incident.

It was when the lorcha had first been purchased. The craft was lying in the stream, with the strong Spring tides running swiftly toward the ocean. Jack and his partner were busy examining the vessel, preparatory to making a number of improvements.

A little sampan that had pushed out from amid the myriad of boats lining the river's bank had gained the centre of the stream, where the current ran the strongest. A stout Celestial stood in the stern-sheets propelling the boat, while the slender form of a native girl occupied the single seat appropriated to the use of passengers. Their passage was unexpectedly brought to a close by the sampan striking a sunken log, which instantly capsized the frail craft. A scream from the girl was the first apprisement Jack had of the catastrophe. He saw her, struggling wildly for life, sweep by the lorcha, while the Chinaman, paying no attention to the fate of his late passenger, busied himself in righting his boat.

Without a moment's hesitation Jack divested himself of his coat and boots, leaped over the rail and struck out for the girl, whom he eventually succeeded in saving from a watery grave.

She was really beautiful, not over seventeen years of age, with a soft, fair complexion, large, languishing eyes and raven tresses; an array of charms that was not lost upon the appreciative heart of Jack.

Dripping wet as he was, he had insisted upon accompanying her home, where he was introduced to her only living relative, an uncle, and that uncle now filled the position of lowder on board the lorcha.

The lowder had been profuse in his gratitude for the deed Jack had done, but his face, dark and swarthy, was sometimes clouded with a frown when Jack called to chat for an hour or so in the society of Lu Sha, who seemed to be perfectly happy with him near her. She was a native of the northern portion of China, where the females are noted for their beauty, discarding the misshapen feet and almond-shaped eyes that are typical of the great mass of Chinese women.

The above explanation has been necessary to enable the reader to fully understand the exciting incidents that followed the cruise of the lorcha up the Yang-Tse-Kiang.

Everything was in readiness for getting under way. The wind was fair, and the crew were all on board. The lowder stood in the waist, gazing with an abstracted air ashore, as if he was thinking deeply upon some subject near his heart.

Jack, in his bluff, hearty manner, approached the Chinaman, saying:

"Well, Tah Sing, what are you dreaming about? Is it Lu Sha that troubles you? I have not seen the girl for three months and upward. What have you done to her? I intended to have made her a cum-shaw (present) before going up river."

The lowder's face flushed slightly as he listened to Jack, and his dark eyes flashed with a strange expression as he replied:

"What ting wantchee cum-shaw. Lu Sha catchee piecee half bamboo. Hab gone up riber."

"Ah, indeed! I am glad to hear it. Perhaps we may see her. But no more dreaming. Yet, hark ye, Tah Sing, can we trust all these fellows? I have relied on you in obeying to the letter the instructions I gave you, and in case of emergency can you depend upon them?"

"Can do, first ship piecee man."

"Very well; remember our lives may depend upon them."

The lorcha was soon under way, skimming lightly over the bright blue waters of the river; Jack and his partner were in the best of humor, a feeling that seemed fully shared by the dark-skinned crew, whose spirits rose in proportion as the distance increased between them and Shanghai. Perhaps it was the anticipation of danger that excited their feelings and enlivened their movements as they glided quickly about the deck of the little craft.

A bright lookout was kept on all sides, and the numerous branches, creeks and lakes were closely scanned as the lorcha sped on her course. A wide berth was given to the Imperial war-junks that patrolled the river, as but little difference existed between them and the river pirates. It would have been rather an awkward position for Jack and his friend to have been caught three hundred miles inland with opium on board. No mercy could have been expected from the jealous barbarians, when the penalty for dealing in the article was death.

Cut off from all communication, they were thrown upon their own resources for defense, but, having gone unscathed through many a danger, the two friends felt but little misgiving as to the ultimate success of their bold venture.

Numerous villages were met with on either bank of the river, and the trading was as brisk as could be desired. The natives had an ample supply of money, but food of all kinds was scarce, and their cargo of rice brought in a constant stream of specie.

The lorcha did not remain many hours at any one place. Both Jack and Williams realized the danger that constantly hovered about them, and the treachery of the Chinamen is only exceeded by their cowardice.

They had penetrated the mountainous part of the river, where the scenery was grand, wild and picturesque, fully five hundred miles from the sea.

Fortune had favored them in all their undertakings; not a piratical junk had been seen, but few war-junks had been sighted, and they had proved by no means inquisitive, while the weather, clear and beautiful, was all that could be desired.

It was dusk when the lorcha dropped her anchor off the large, flourishing town of Kiva-chow, and Jack prepared to go ashore and see what the chances were of disposing of the five boxes of opium, the last articles on board composing the cargo with which they had left Shanghai.

Williams's last word of caution echoed with a strange earnestness in Jack's ear as he shoved off from the side of the little vessel. The lights twinkled merrily ashore, the stars gleamed kindly above him, but long, dusky shadows crept tremulously across the river, causing a chill to run through his frame. But the lowder, with an impatient exclamation to the boat's crew, hurried them on, and Jack was soon landed on a small bamboo wharf, with naught but his brave heart and a pair of revolvers to depend upon.

The lowder had asked permission to keep the boat waiting for a short time, while he called on a former acquaintance, which request was granted, and they separated, each intent upon his own particular business.

Jack lost no time in calling upon the principal storekeepers of the place, informing them cautiously that he had a small quantity of the precious drug for sale. All were eager to purchase; so much so, that no surprise was manifested at the somewhat unusual sight of a *yang-quitzo* (foreign devil) being among them.

Full arrangements were made for the sale and delivery, to take place at an early hour on the following day, and, overjoyed at the result of his trip, Jack hurried back to the wharf, with the intention of hailing the vessel and returning aboard.

AN ADVENTURE ON THE YANG-TSE-KIANG.—"JACK LEAPED OVER THE RAIL AND STRUCK OUT FOR THE GIRL, WHOM HE EVENTUALLY SUCCEEDED IN SAVING."— SEE PAGE 278.

Picking his way carefully over the many obstacles that lay scattered about, he succeeded finally in reaching the wharf. It was intensely dark, several tall buildings casting deep, impenetrable shadows that added much to Jack's perplexity.

Out of a dark, secluded corner a light, graceful figure suddenly darted forth, confronting Jack, who, considerably startled, drew hastily back, while his right hand sought the trusty butt of his Remington. His heart beat a trifle quicker, but his nerves were steady as a die.

"Who are you, and what do you want of me?" he exclaimed, in a short, sharp, concise tone, at the same time advancing a step nearer to the strange figure, which had remained motionless.

"'Tis he—'tis he! and I savee your life!" was the strange response, followed by an impulsive movement, as the speaker wound a soft pair of arms about Jack's neck.

"Lu Sha! Good heavens, my brave girl! how came you here? What is the matter?"

For the girl was sobbing as if her heart would break. As soon as her voice would permit, the girl imparted to Jack the cause of her excitement and grief, clinging to him during the entire recital, as if fearful some unknown power would rob her of him who had so unconsciously won her young heart.

Jack had previously given her lessons in English during their stay in Shanghai; and, although she was by no means perfect, still she did remarkably well. Divested of the strange accent, the story she told was substantially as follows:

"As soon as my uncle became assured that you would surely proceed up the river, he hurried me off to this place with a letter directed to the petty mandarin, with strict orders to deliver it only into his hands. I obeyed his orders, never dreaming of danger, and it was only yesterday that I discovered the contents of that terrible letter."

"Well, Lu Sha, what was it? Tell me quick, good girl; this suspense is awful!" and Jack wiped the cold moisture from his brow.

"My uncle had bargained, with the assistance and connivance of the mandarin, to take the lorcha, murder you all, and divide the spoils. It was the mandarin he went to see this very night, and at this moment they are in full possession of your vessel, probably waiting for you to return."

And the sobs welled up from her heart again as she thought of the danger that threatened him she loved.

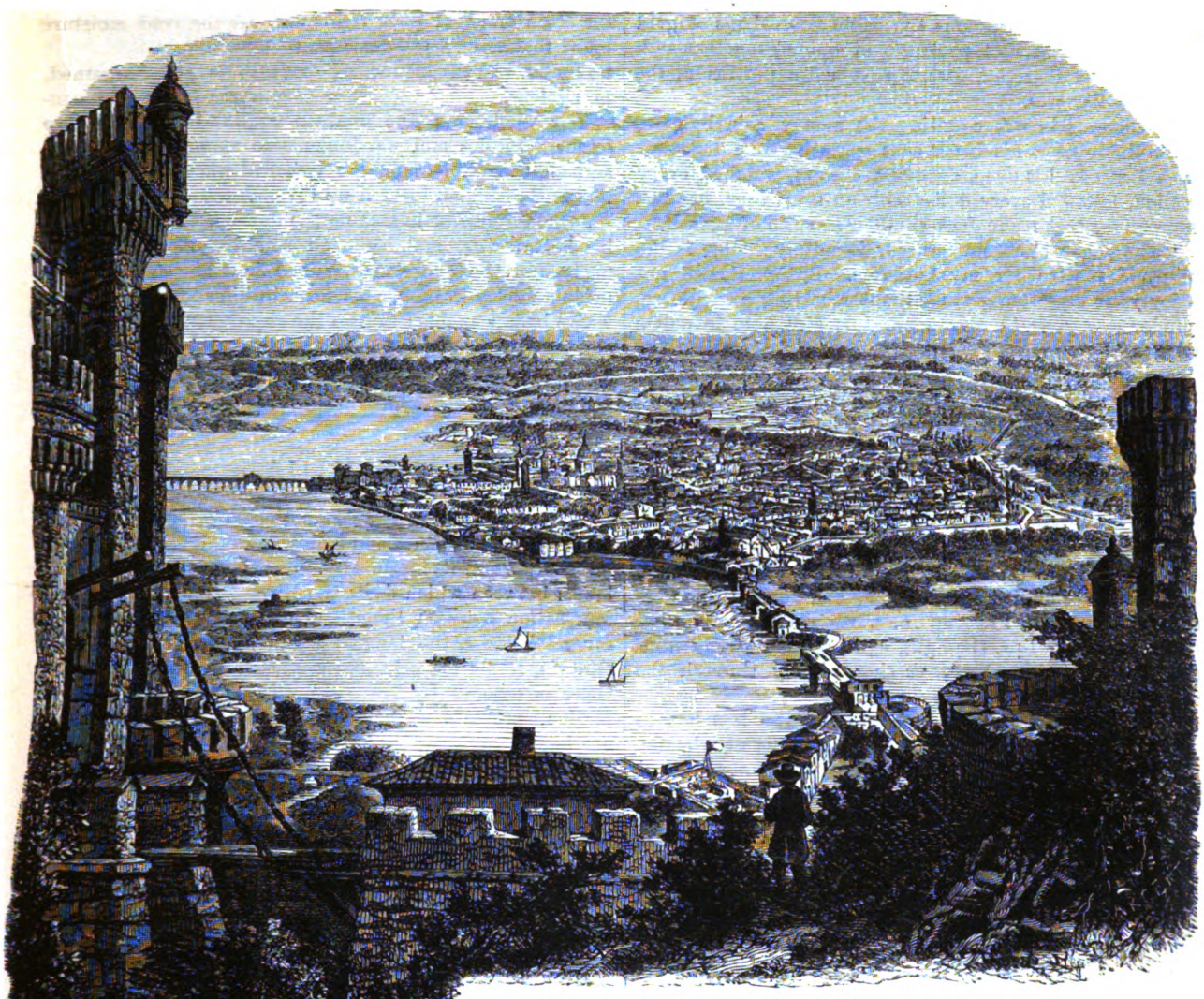
Jack was in a fearful dilemma, with death staring him in the face; but, despite the fate that threatened to overwhelm him, he found time to think of Williams, and groaned as he imagined the poor fellow's fate.

Peering through the almost impenetrable gloom, Jack was barely able to descry the dim outline of the lorcha (now in the hands of bloodthirsty mutineers), which he must retake by some means, or forfeit his own life. It was the only resource left; and desperate as were the chances, Jack accepted the situation, quietly arranging his plan of action as he glanced toward the little craft that contained nearly the whole of his worldly goods. His face might have been a trifle paler, and his teeth somewhat firmer set than was usual with him, but otherwise there was no trace of emotion about him that betrayed the fierce excitement actuating his heart.

Thank heaven! he had his two trusty revolvers. They answered for the lives of twelve men, and each shot properly expended would be a strong blow for life and liberty. Once more aboard, with a good foothold on the lorcha's deck, and he would fight the long-tailed rascals as long as he could use a weapon and command the strength.

Such were the thoughts that darted through his brain as he stood on that dark, deserted wharf, with an arm about the brave, devoted woman who risked her life to save his.

AN ADVENTURE ON THE YANG-TSE-KIANG.—"SHE WOUND A SOFT PAIR OF ARMS AROUND JACK'S NECK."



VIEW OF THE CITY OF MANTUA.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

She had given up all for his sake. It would be impossible for her ever to return to her uncle. Death would be her portion should he ever discover the part that she had played. And Jack, grateful for the great sacrifices the girl had made, bade her follow him—link her fortunes to him, be it for weal or woe.

Searching along the river-bank, floundering through the mud and rushes, a small sampan was finally discovered. A further search brought to light some thirty fathoms of light grass-rope, with a heavy stone attached, probably belonging to some fishermen, but which now stood Jack in good store.

The rope and stone were carefully placed in the boat. Lu Sha crouched in the bottom, while Jack, standing in the stern sheets, cautiously shoved off from the shore until about midway of the river, when he softly lowered the stone overboard, holding on to the grass-rope.

He had carefully measured his distance, and was about thirty or forty yards off from the lorcha. Easing away on the line, the sampan dropped noiselessly down with the tide until a point was gained abreast of the lorcha, distant some six yards.

It was intensely dark, the high surrounding mountains and hills forming a background black as the shades of Erebus. On the surface of the river it was impossible to distinguish so small an object as the boat; a fresh breeze was blowing direct down the river, and thus far Jack had everything decidedly in his favor.

Not a sound could he detect from the deck of the lorcha, and he listened long and anxiously. Nothing but the subdued rays of a light streaming forth from an air-port in the cabin was apparent, and Jack determined to take a nearer look before venturing to measure strength with the enemy.

By a slight effort he succeeded in sheering the sampan alongside, close under the counter of the lorcha, directly beneath the air-port, which was open. The sharp, metallic ring of gold was the first sound that struck on Jack's ears, followed by a low, monotonous hum, as if some one was counting. Slowly raising his head on a level with the air-port, he peered into the cabin.

There were his enemies gloating over the rich plunder that lay in profusion about the cabin floor—bags of gold and silver, boxes and packages of opium, together with cases of wine that had formerly formed a portion of the cabin small stores.

The mandarin was counting the money, coin by coin, while the lowder, his black eyes sparkling like diamonds from beneath his deep, shaggy eyebrows, watched every motion, followed every dollar with an avaricious, fiendish expression, that made Jack shudder in spite of himself.

"The villain!" he murmured, inaudibly; "this is the return I receive for my kindness. But you shall not enjoy your ill-gotten gains without receiving a gentle reminder that your humble servant is still able to pull a trigger."

A number of Chinamen sailors stood in the background, but Jack never stopped to count their number. He could discover no signs of Williams, but he had little hope of finding him alive.

Dropping the sampan under the stern, he peered into the cabin windows, two of which opened into his stateroom. The door of the cabin was partially closed, and the way was clear.

Whispering to Lu Sha to hold fast to the grass-rope, Jack bade her await there until fate had decided who were to be the victors. Pressing one warm, earnest kiss on her cold, trembling lips, the light, agile seaman swung himself up on the port-sill, passing quietly through the aperture.

Once in his stateroom, Jack was not at a loss how to proceed; he felt as if he had the battle in his own hands. Taking down a repeating-rifle which he had always kept loaded, he quietly allowed the stateroom door to swing back. The jar caused the mandarin to glance up from his absorbing work; he was directly opposite the stateroom door, and his eyes rested at once upon Jack, who stood like an avenging angel ready to shower death upon them. The coin dropped from his dirty, yellow fingers, his eyes opened wide with terror and amazement, while the lowder, surprised at the interruption, raised his glaring orbs to those of his superior's. Like a flash they darted across the cabin—glared for a single instant upon Jack, who had brought his rifle to his shoulder.

The lowder made a movement to reach his weapons, but a sharp crack resounded through the cabin, followed by a dull, heavy thud, as the treacherous lowder fell to the cabin floor, shot through the heart.

In an instant the scene was changed; a panic seemed to strike the cowardly hearts of the Chinamen, as in a body they rushed toward the companionway. Impeding each other's movements from their very eagerness, they afforded Jack the opportunity he most desired. With a quick, ready aim, he poured in his fire, sending a Chinaman to his long account at every report.

The gangway was finally cleared, and the survivors, with yells of terror, leaped over the rail, diving deep beneath the surface of the river, and were immediately lost in the gloom and obscurity of the night.

Jack had won an easy victory, and was by no means backward in reaping the fruits of his prowess. It was no time to hesitate. The Chinamen would soon be back in full force to wreak upon him a bloody vengeance.

Lu Sha was called on board; with her assistance he made sail on the lorcha, the cable was slipped, and, running before the wind, Jack soon had the intense satisfaction of seeing the lights of Kiva-chow disappearing astern.

All sail was crowded upon the little craft, Jack never leaving the helm until daylight had dawned. Then he resigned it to Lu Sha, while he busied himself in seeking for some trace of poor Williams. But beyond spots of blood that stained the deck, no trace of his partner could be found, and the manner of his death was for ever buried in mystery.

Fair winds and fine weather continued to favor the lorcha. Pirates and war-junks were successfully eluded, and all thoughts of danger vanished when the welcome lights of Shanghai loomed up through the still night-air.

Jack lost no time in making the devoted Chinese maiden his lawful wife, and, satisfied with the money he had made, and the experience gained in Chinese waters, he made no delay in taking his departure for his native land, where he was enabled to pass the remainder of his days in comparative luxury and ease, never regretting that he had a Chinese wife whom he had gained on that eventful night.

MANTUA.

MANTUA stands on the "smooth-sliding Mincius," and is surrounded by lakes and marshes, which add at once to its strength and its insalubrity. The city is situated on two lands, between which flows the River Mincio. The communication between the island and the mainland is by several bridges, the longest of which, the Ponte di San Giorgio, forms the principal approach to the city. The latter is entered by five gates, one of which, the Porta Mulina, presents a curious specimen of ancient engineering.

It is not by any means a handsome city, although it contains many fine buildings and the remains of works of art called into existence by former sovereigns.

Mantua struck me as having a desolate appearance, except in the central parts, where there is commercial activity; but it contains many fine streets, the Via Larga being the widest avenue. Among the handsomest squares are the Piazza di Virgilio, surrounded by elegant houses; the Piazza del Erbe, where the market is held; and the Piazza del Argine, with a marble pillar crowned by a bust of Virgil.

In the sixteenth century, "Mantua la Gloriosa" was one of the most rich and gay of the courts and cities of Italy. The Gonzagas, who first obtained the ducal dignity, were magnificent patrons and promoters of the arts and of literature. Mantua has seen sack, and fire, and pillage. During the "Thirty Years' War" the city was taken by storm, and during three days was given up to plunder. The Germans on this occasion executed their work of devastation with great system and regularity. They got exceedingly drunk; they neither killed a man, nor insulted a woman, nor burned a house; but they stripped the town of everything it contained. The plunder was valued at 8,000,000 ducats. The city capitulated to Napoleon in 1796, after enduring the most ghastly extremities.

Some of the buildings in Mantua have remarkable histories attached to them. One of the first that I visited was the ancient Castello di Corte, the palace and fortress of the Gonzagas, built in 1393. It is flanked by deeply machicolated and noble towers, but now battered and decayed. It was used by the Austrians partly as a prison, chiefly for political offenders, and partly as public offices. The interior was richly decorated with frescoes, which were perfect till the conquest of Lombardy by the French; now only a few vestiges can be traced in some of the rooms occupied by the public offices.

Adjoining the Castello di Corte is the ominous edifice

begun in 1302 by Guido Buonacolsi, now containing 500 rooms. Giulio Romano, Raphael's favorite and most distinguished pupil, was engaged upon the building, where he exhibited new proofs of his inexhaustible powers, and of his genius.

This palace was the favorite residence of the later members of the Ducal House. The Emperor Joseph bestowed much care upon it; several of the rooms were furnished anew during the French occupation, and by the Austrians to receive the Emperor Francis. Many of the apartments retain much of their former splendor, but a great proportion have been converted into storehouses and barracks.

Opposite this edifice, with its gothic windows, stands the palace of Castiglione, in one side of which is the Bishop's residence, and in the other that of the Guerrieri family. Close to the latter is an ancient tower annexed to the palace, built in 1302. About half-way up projects an iron cage, from whence this building derives its name of *Torre del Gabia*. According to the traditions of the city, when any criminal deserved to be put to shame, he was exposed in this cage for three successive days, and for three hours each day.

The Palazzo della Ragione, begun in 1250, is a superb specimen of the architecture of the time. A large archway of brick and stone forms a prominent feature in this building. Inserted in the wall is a Gothic throne and canopy in terra cotta, supported by twisted and facetted columns. Beneath the canopy, in a niche, is a mutilated sitting statue of Virgil. It is in the neighborhood of this palazzo that the city is most unchanged. The principal churches are the Cathedral of St. Peter, San Andrea and Santa Barbara, all more or less rich in paintings, particularly the last, which also contains in its sacristy a golden vase attributed to Benvenuto Cellini. San Maurigio contains the "Martyrdom of St. Margaret," one of the finest works of Ludovico Carracci. The Church of San Andrea is 310 feet in length. In a crypt beneath the high altar is a shrine where are preserved the blood of our Lord, collected by the Centurion Longinus, and the remains of the latter.

A curious specimen of ancient engineering is the Argine del Mulino, the bridge, or, rather, dam, constructed in 1188. It stands between two of the pieces of water which surround Mantua, one of which being of a higher level than the other, serves as a great milldam, and turns the wheels of the twelve mills which flank the bridge, which are severally dedicated to the twelve Apostles. Each mill has the statue of an Apostle. The bridge itself is covered, and is entered by a fortified tower or gateway. Near the Porta Mulino is a sawmill, which is, perhaps, the earliest example of such machinery. It was built in 1400, and on the occasion of my visit was in active operation.

The Beccheria, and the Pescheria, the shambles and the fish-market, stand upon the Mincio, so that they are always clean. They were built by Giulio Romano, and, whilst the plan is exceedingly simple, he has given them, and more especially the Beccheria, no inconsiderable, degree of architectural beauty. The Palazzo Colloredo, in the Via Larga, the widest thoroughfare in Mantua, repays a visit, the frescoes by the pupils of Giulio Romano being especially remarkable, introducing as they do portraits of sovereigns and princes.

I visited Giulio Romano's house, also the Palazzo del Diavolo, or Palace of the Devil, which wears a dreary, deserted and haunted look. It is said to have been built by the foul fiend in the course of one night, he having been constrained thereto by the divining-rod of Hazel, which in Germany used to be employed for the discovery of treasures. Near the Devil's Palace is the Teatro Sociale. The Academy of Fine Arts, founded in 1775, contains some splendid pictures from suppressed churches and convents. The Scuole Pubbliche contains 80,000 printed books, a few very curious MSS., and some beautiful missals. The Museo Antiquario formerly held the finest collection of antiquities in Italy.

The Ponte San Giorgio crosses over the lake, and is upward of 2,500 feet long. It was on a lovely Summer's eve that I strolled along this quaint old bridge—it dates from 1401—and obtained my first prolonged view of the towers and castles and cupolas of Mantua.

Outside the walls, and a few hundred yards from the Porta Pustula, is the Palazzo del Tè. The palazzo consisted originally of stables, but Giulio Romano having received a *carte blanche* from Gonzaga, he erected this magnificent pile in the space of five years—one apartment in which, the Hall of the Giants, is remarkable for its wondrous paintings by Romano and his pupils.

Mantua is a bishop's see, erected in 808, and contains a number of educational and charitable institutions. It also boasts a botanic garden, a Chamber of Commerce, a house of correction and a military arsenal.

Mantua is supposed to have been founded by the Etruscans, 400 years before the building of Rome, and it came under Roman power 197 B.C. It derives its chief classical associations from Virgil, who has celebrated it as the place of his birth in several particular passages in his works. Charlemagne gave it its first fortifications, which, in modern times, were completed in their present form by the Austrians. The population of Mantua is 290,000.

ISAURA.

IN his cozy study the Rev. Paul Gilford was writing his sermon, and his subject was "Charity." He was young, he was ardent, and full of religious fervor, and his pen passed rapidly from one side of his snowy paper to the other, while his eyes burned with enthusiasm. He was alone in the parsonage, his sister being away at a teaparty, and having given the servant an "afternoon out." There was nothing to interrupt the clergyman in the discharge of his duty, and he worked patiently till the sermon was finished, and he turned again to the first pages to revise it.

The little mantel clock struck nine, and before the last stroke died away, a feeble knock sounded at the outer door of the house. Mr. Gilford listened. The sound was so very faint that he almost doubted if he had heard it at all. He sat motionless for some seconds, and then put aside his pen, and opened the study-door. The hall light burned brightly, and a pleasant warmth crept out from the sitting-room grate and the dining-room stove, Miss Gilford having left the doors of both rooms open. But without, the cold was very bitter, though it was a calm, clear night in January.

The clergyman opened the outside door, and there fell across his feet a figure that had evidently leaned against the panels for support—a senseless figure, pallid and rigid as a corpse.

The good man, after the first start of horror, stooped and looked into the white, senseless face, and even in the first surprise and consternation he noted how extremely beautiful it was.

Lifting her very tenderly, Paul Gilford carried her to the sitting-room, and placed her upon the wide lounge,

THE LESSON ON THE VIOLIN.

where he loosened the heavy cloak and hat, and chafed her temples and hands. Failing to revive her, he went for wine, and moistened the pale lips, still without producing any consciousness. He was still trying to force some of the stimulant into the mouth of his unbidden guest when the door opened again, and Miss Ruth Gilford, a spinster, twenty years older than her half-brother, came into the room.

"Well, if ever!" cried Miss Ruth, dropping the basket containing her Sunday cap, in her consternation.

"I am glad you have come, Ruth," her brother said. "This poor creature fell senseless upon our steps. cannot revive her."

"Go to your study!" snapped Miss Ruth. "I'll bring her round. All the sense a man's got," she continued, as her brother obediently departed, "trying to bring a woman out of her faint with her corsets laced! Poor creature, indeed! Well, I guess not! Velvet cloak, French merino dress, kid—*kid slippers!* real lace on her underclothes. There, she's coming round!"

A pair of large blue eyes looked into Miss Ruth's face, as the woman sighed heavily and tried to rise.

"Lie still," said the spinster, abruptly. "Are you sick?"

"Starving and freezing!" was the reply, in a low, faint voice.

"Humph! I'll get you something to eat," said Miss Ruth. "Starving with a diamond ring on her finger, and such clothes on her back! Looks odd! Well, I s'pose we can't turn her out to starve," she muttered, as she bustled about the kitchen, making tea and cutting bread for toast. "Gracious, Paul, what a start you gave me!"

For her brother entered noiselessly, and faced her as she turned from the cupboard.

"Is she better, Ruth?" he asked, with an eagerness in his voice scarcely natural under the circumstances.

"Yes, she's better. Says she's starving and freezing! Paul, do you know who she is?"

"I? Certainly not. What put such an idea as that into your head?"

"Nothing. You've written too long. You are as white as a ghost. Go to bed. I'll take care of the girl."

"You—you—will not turn her out again?" he faltered.

"Do you think I am a brute?" cried the spinster, indignantly. "Whatever she may be, I'll feed her and let her rest to-night."

Paul was forced to be content with this assurance, and returned to his study. He took up the pages of his sermon to revise, but he could not give his thoughts to his work. Ever between the paper and his eyes he saw the beautiful face of the senseless woman, death-like in its pallid stillness, and yet far surpassing in beauty any he had ever seen.

He was a dreamy, sensitive man, under twenty-five, and he had been far too much of a student and enthusiast in his profession to know much of millinery, yet even his inexperience could not blind him to the fact that the wanderer who had fallen across his feet wore no beggar's dress, and was no pauper.

In the meantime, Miss Gilford, having given her patient some warm tea, had prepared the spare room leading from the sitting-room for her reception, and assisted her in undressing.

But a little after midnight, while Paul Gilford was still in his study, his sister entered hurriedly.

"Thank goodness, you are up," she said. "Go for a doctor as quick as you can. I believe the woman is dying!"

"Dying!—dying, Ruth?"

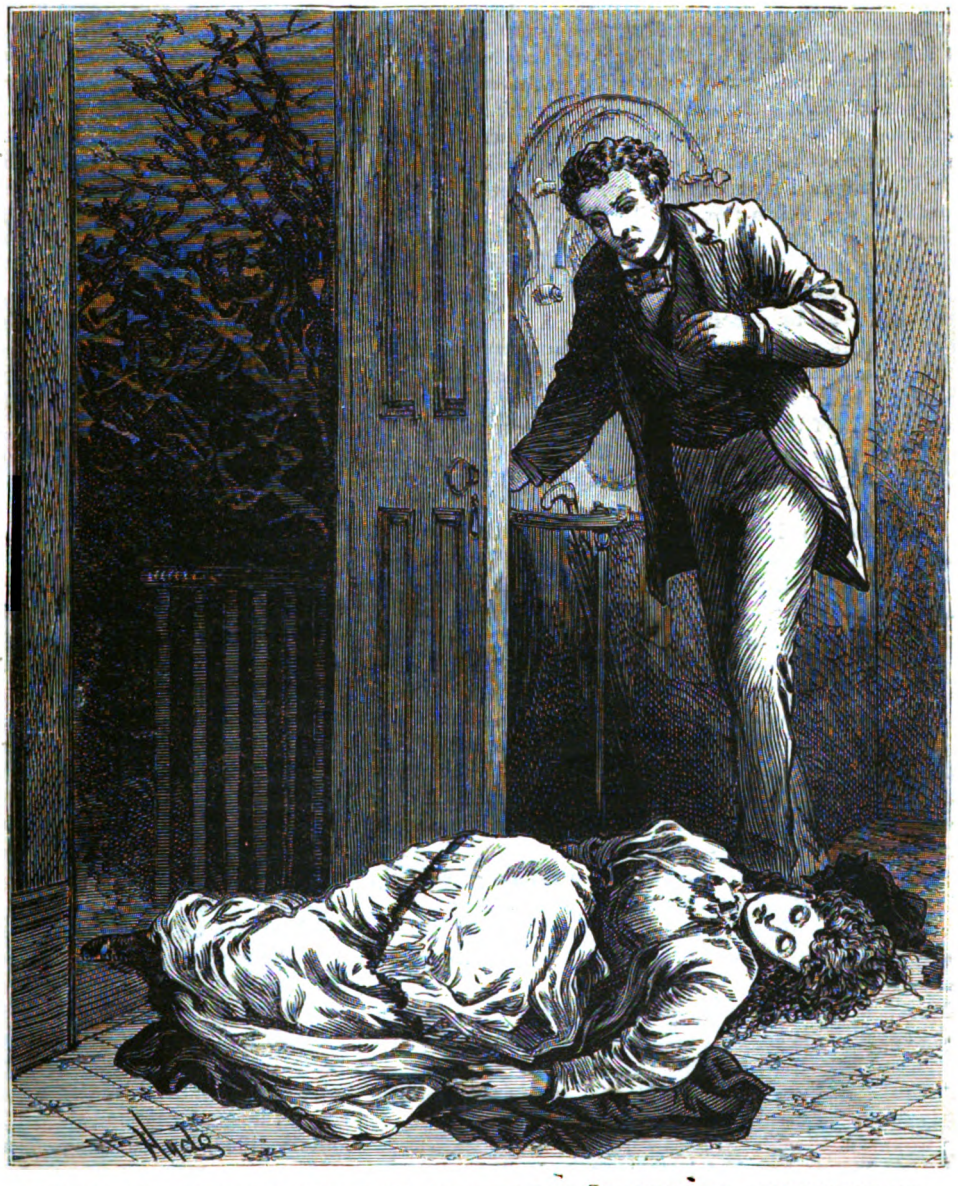
"Yes. Don't lose any time. I have done all I can."

She bustled back again, and her brother started at once for the only physician in Norland, an old gentleman, slow of speech, deliberate in action, yet of experience and skill.

And after that, for many long days, Paul lived upon news from the spare room where the stranger battled for her life with typhus fever, brought on, the doctor decided, by exposure and exhaustion.

Ruth brought bulletins and information to the study, and Jane Ann, the domestic, attended to the Reverend Paul's creature comforts. Ruth told him the stranger raved of one Godfrey, in piteous, loving tones, entreating him to take pity on her and leave her, and Paul Gilford felt his heart contract with a mad jealousy of the unknown man.

For he loved her! He knew it from the moment he



ISAURA.—"HE OPENED THE OUTSIDE DOOR, AND THERE FELL ACROSS HIS FEET A FIGURE THAT HAD EVIDENTLY LEANED AGAINST THE PANEL FOR SUPPORT: A SENSELESS FIGURE, RIGID AS A CORPSE." SEE PAGE 283.

pushed the heavy hair back from the marble brow, and tried to revive life in the still form. Insane as the love must be, knowing nothing of the woman, he knew that never had he felt his heart stir for living woman as it did for this pale, senseless one. She might be an idiot, he told himself, scorning his own mad folly, a maniac, an outcast; but when she passed from his life, she would take away a portion of his future hope he could never replace.

When Ruth told him the danger was over, and the patient would recover, he felt a wild joy that was a new experience in his quiet, uneventful life. He did not yield without effort to this strange interest and love. He lashed his conscience severely, blaming himself for letting any earthly hope take his mind from his holy calling, and yet, when he prayed for guidance, his lips formed words of petition for the life of the stranger, and that living she might love him.

The day came when the patient could sit up, and asked to see the clergyman, and Paul was admitted to the sick-room.

"I am glad to see you are better." Paul said, taking a seat beside her.

"I can never thank you and your sister," was the reply, in a low, sweet voice. "But for your kindness I must have died. I had not tasted food for three days when I saw you through your window. I knew this must be the parsonage of the church beyond, and I felt sure a clergyman would not refuse me a mouthful of bread."

"We are glad you came to us," Paul replied; "and now that you are better, I will write to your friends to come to you."

"I have no friends," she answered, mournfully. "When I am strong enough to walk again, I must go from here and seek work by which I may live. I cannot tell you who I am, nor where I came from. You may think the worst of me, and I must bear it; and yet, sir, though I am one of the most unhappy of living women, I am free from the sin of breaking any law of God or man."

"I am quite sure of that," was the reply.

"Thank you," she answered, simply. "Will you tell me where I am?"

"You are in Norland, a village but little known, I fancy, in the great world."

"You wonder how I come to be ignorant of my own wanderings," she said, sadly. "I left my home to escape a great peril—a peril to my soul. Oh!" and she broke into sobbing, "I was forced to fly away from fierce temptation, and I knew I must go far away. I left too suddenly to secure money, or even to change my dress, and I took a train, buying a ticket with all the money I had. I rode two days and one night, then I left the train, and walked on and on till I came here. Oh, if I had only died! If I had only died! I cannot tell you even my name. You will think——"

"I think you will be ill again if you agitate yourself in this way," said Paul, very gently. "Do not sob so. You must trust us. My sister and myself will try to find you work, when you are strong enough. In the meantime rest and get well."

He left her then, fearing for her if she talked longer, and went into his study, puzzled by her winning face and voice, and her strange story.

"Paul," Ruth said to him, putting her head in at the study-door, "I must speak to you."

"Come in, then."

"Mrs. Marvin has just been here, and all Norland is talking about her," and she jerked her finger over her shoulder in the direction of the spare room. "I told her it was a friend of ours come on a visit, and took sick on the way. I said her name was Mrs. Godfrey, though, goodness knows, the only name she gave me was Isaura, as outlandssh a name for a girl as ever I heard. So, if you are asked about her, we might as well both tell the same story. It will sound better."

"I will remember. But Ruth, you said *Mrs.* Godfrey. Did—did she tell you she was married?"

"She wears a plain gold ring on the third finger of her left hand."

And Ruth, considering her errand performed, left her brother to his meditations.

As the patient gained strength, Ruth told her the story she had started for the benefit of the villagers, and won her consent to the fraud, if fraud it was.

"Isaura Godfrey!" murmured the stranger, when she heard the name bestowed upon her; "Isaura Godfrey."

"You know you told me your name was Isaura," Ruth said, "and you talked about Godfrey when you were out of your head. I thought he might be your husband."

Very, very pale lips whispered: "Yes, he was my husband."

"You know 'tain't none of my business to interfere," said Ruth very gently for her, "but if you have quarreled, hadn't you better make up?"

"You mean to be kind," the white lips answered, "but I cannot go back. There was no quarrel, and I never loved my husband as I loved him the day I left him for ever. I cannot return to him, Miss Gilford."

There was an earnestness in the fair face, a solemnity in the sweet voice, that silenced Ruth Gilford.

When she thought Mrs. Godfrey was sufficiently recovered to work, she provided her with sewing, and paid her for it.

"You know, Paul," she told her brother, "that she will not be happy if she fancies she is dependent upon us, though, goodness knows, she don't eat more'n a sparrow. I can get your sewing done up for a spell, and mine, too, and we'll never miss the money."

"Miss the money!" said Paul, smiling. "How much of the income our father left us do we spend, Ruth?"

"Well, charity and all, about half," was the reply, "but you'll be getting married some day, Paul, and that'll make money fly."

The smile was gone now from Paul Gilford's face. Since Ruth had told him that Isaura Godfrey was a married woman, hiding away from her husband, the young clergyman had lived in a martyrdom none suspected. Day after day he saw the beautiful face he loved, now bending over some of Ruth's sewing, now moving about in some domestic duty, or still and sad, seeming to be living again in some painful past. Day after day the sweet, clear voice won him all unconsciously to deeper adoration, as the words spoken revealed the pure heart, the rare, cultivated intellect, the refined, gentle nature. And the dream of delight lived in her presence must be atoned for by fierce pangs of remorse when Paul was alone.

When she spoke, when he looked into her soft blue eyes, he forgot she was a wife, removed from his love by her misfortunes, whatever they might be. But when he was alone, he scourged his conscience with the keenest self-reproach. He called himself a traitor to the trust Isaura reposed in him, a sinner that he dared think of love, knowing his love was a crime. And in the mental conflict he grew pale and thin, while his face, always calm and dignified, became haggard, with feverish flushes, and wild, restless eyes.

Spring came to Norland, and Isaura was still an inmate of the parsonage. The organist of the church had died,

and Isaura, taking his place for a Sunday or two, was appointed to fill the vacancy.

The glorious voice that led the choir was never heard in song outside the church, but there it soared heavenward in wondrous power and sweetness.

Isaura had become part of the Gilford family, and Norland accepted her as the parson's friend, when one morning, going into the sitting-room, Paul found her stretched upon the floor in a deep swoon. In her hand was the newspaper from the city, sent every day to the parsonage, and which she always perused with interest.

A little water revived Isaura, and after a long fit of hysterical weeping, she gave the paper to Paul.

"Read here," she said, pointing to a long article, headed, "Melancholy Suicide of a Prominent Citizen," and Paul read aloud, while Isaura lay shuddering and weeping upon Ruth's bosom.

The article gave a long, minute description of the suicide of one Godfrey Welborn, who had taken laudanum, leaving a letter declaring his death caused by his own act. There was a little note found with this letter, and it contained only these words:

"If my wife returns home, tell her I died loving her. She was right to leave me, but I cannot live without her."

There was silence in the room for some moments after Paul's voice ceased to read. Then Isaura, in a low, choking voice, said:

"I was that wife! I have killed him for whom I would have given my life; and yet, heaven help me, if I could live the sad story over again, I could only act as I acted then. You have been my kind friends while I kept my secret. Judge me now, when I tell you my story:

"I cannot tell you who I am. I was a street-beggar at four years old, and was adopted by a lady who kept me for thirteen years. She was very kind to me, sending me to the best schools, providing masters in music and languages for me, giving me every luxury her great wealth allowed, and introducing me to her friends as her adopted daughter. But she died suddenly without a will, and her brother's children claimed her property. They had always hated me, believing their aunt would leave her money to me, and they were positively cruel in their haste to turn me away from the only home I had ever known. Still, I was not friendless. Some of the friends of my adopted mother procured me pupils in music and German, and a room in a respectable boarding-house. Here I met Godfrey Welborn. I cannot now, in the face of his terrible death—I cannot tell you all I would like to tell. It chokes me! I loved him, and he loved me. There is the whole happiness and misery of my life. He was older by many years than I—nearly forty—a man of great intellect, of noble presence, of winning tongue, and a heart corrupted by years of pleasure-seeking. He won my love, and he satisfied his conscience, I cannot tell you how, to marry me. We were married in the church where I had been confirmed, and there were very many of my girlhood's friends present, for Godfrey was a wealthy man, and held a prominent position amongst his fellow-men. He took a splendid house, engaged a housekeeper and servants, and gave me every luxury immense wealth could command. I never doubted his goodness any more than I doubted his generosity or his love, and yet—oh, how can I tell it!"

Isaura paused, gasping and sobbing, while the listeners waited in painful silence till she spoke.

"Two years I lived with Godfrey Welborn as his wife, when, one evening while we were together singing, a gentleman came in—a grave, rather elderly man. As Godfrey's eyes fell upon him, he reeled back, white as death, crying:

"'Louis! you here?'

"'I am here,' the stranger said, in a grave voice, 'to see if what I heard is true.'

"'Hush! wait!' my husband said. 'She does not know,' and he pointed to me.

"'I am glad to think she is ignorant,' said the stranger, still in the same grave, even voice; 'but it is time she did know.'

"'Louis, spare her!' Godfrey cried.

"'*You* should have spared her,' he answered. 'Madam,' he said, addressing me, 'you do not know, then, that this man was married ten years ago, to my sister, who still lives?'

"'Lives in a madhouse in Paris!' cried Godfrey; 'a madwoman! I have hidden it well, for I do not consider her my wife. They lied to me, Isaura. They never told me she was insane till we were married, when I found out she had had insane spells from a child. I left her. I came home. No one here has ever heard of her. You are my wife, you alone. Go!' he cried to the stranger. 'You have told your story; leave me to tell mine.'

"He left us then as suddenly as he had come, and Godfrey folded me in his arms, and told me his love again and again. I was stunned, bewildered, and I could not resist him then. He told of the intrigues of the mother of the wretched woman in Paris to secure his wealth for her child. He was young, and believed himself in love, and he consented to a hurried wedding. In six months he was worse than widowed, finding his wife a maniac and an opium-eater. He put her in safe-keeping, and returned to New York. No one knew of the foreign marriage, and he might have married again any time in the years that passed, unsuspected. But he did not love again until he met me. Then, satisfying his conscience by the thought of my poverty and loneliness, and the life of happiness he could give me, he committed bigamy to win me.

"'You are my true wife,' he told me, 'and I will never give you up. We will go away from here if you wish, though I believe I can buy the silence of Louis Legrave. Wait for me here while I talk to him. He went into the library when he left the room.'

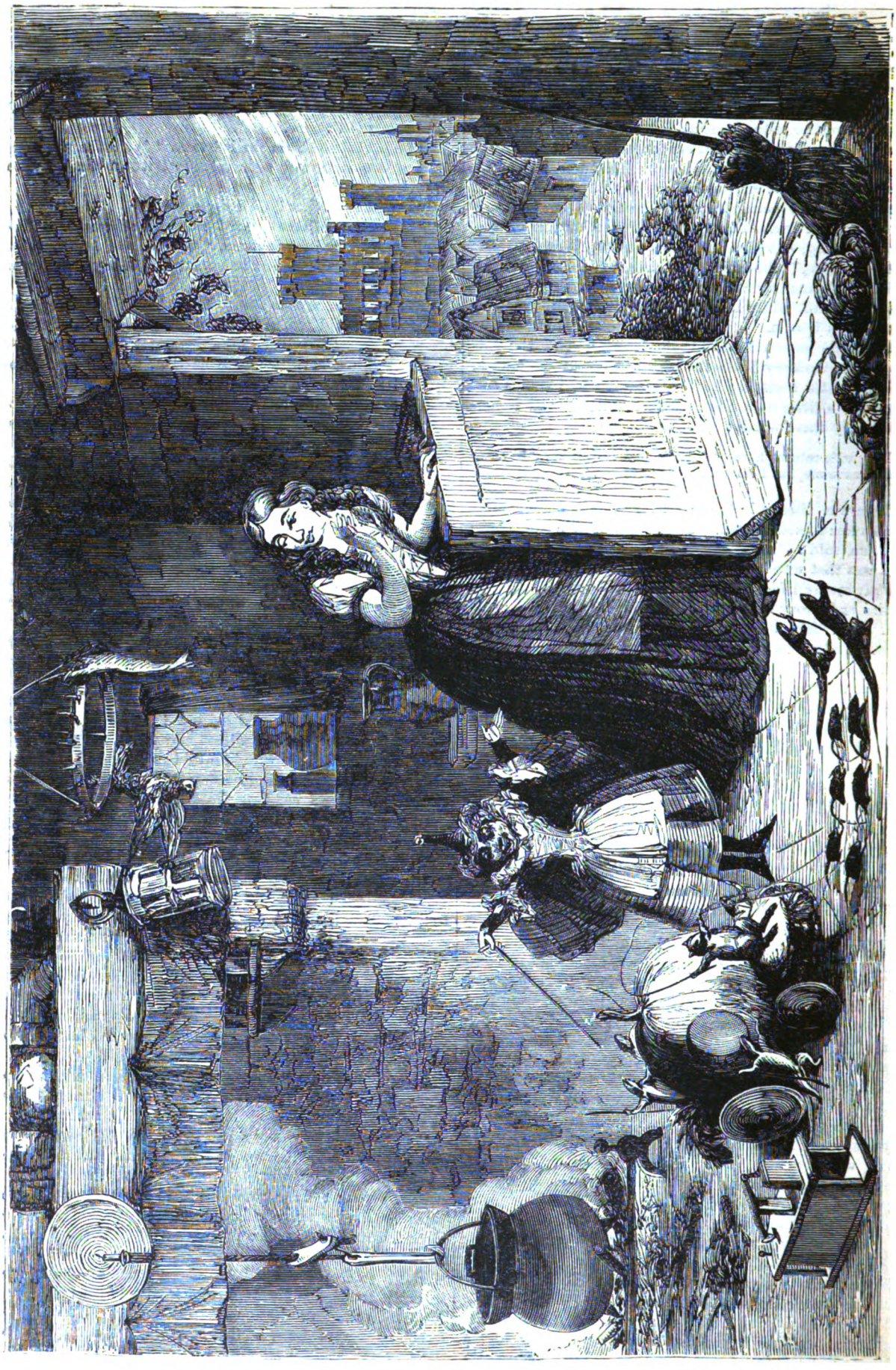
"Then he kissed me and left me. I had been too much dazed with the misery and wretchedness of the sudden revelation even to speak, but when I was alone I knew that I must act, and at once. Godfrey said truly that he would never give me up. I felt that I had no strength to resist him if he came back to me. I loved him so deeply, I dared not trust my own resolution when he pleaded lovingly. I crept up to my own room, found a cloak and hat, took my purse, with what money was in it, and fled. But for you the story of my life would have ended on the January night when you took me in."

Ruth drew the trembling, sobbing woman into a close embrace, her own tears falling fast on the raven curls. Paul raised one of Isaura's hands to his lips, whispering:

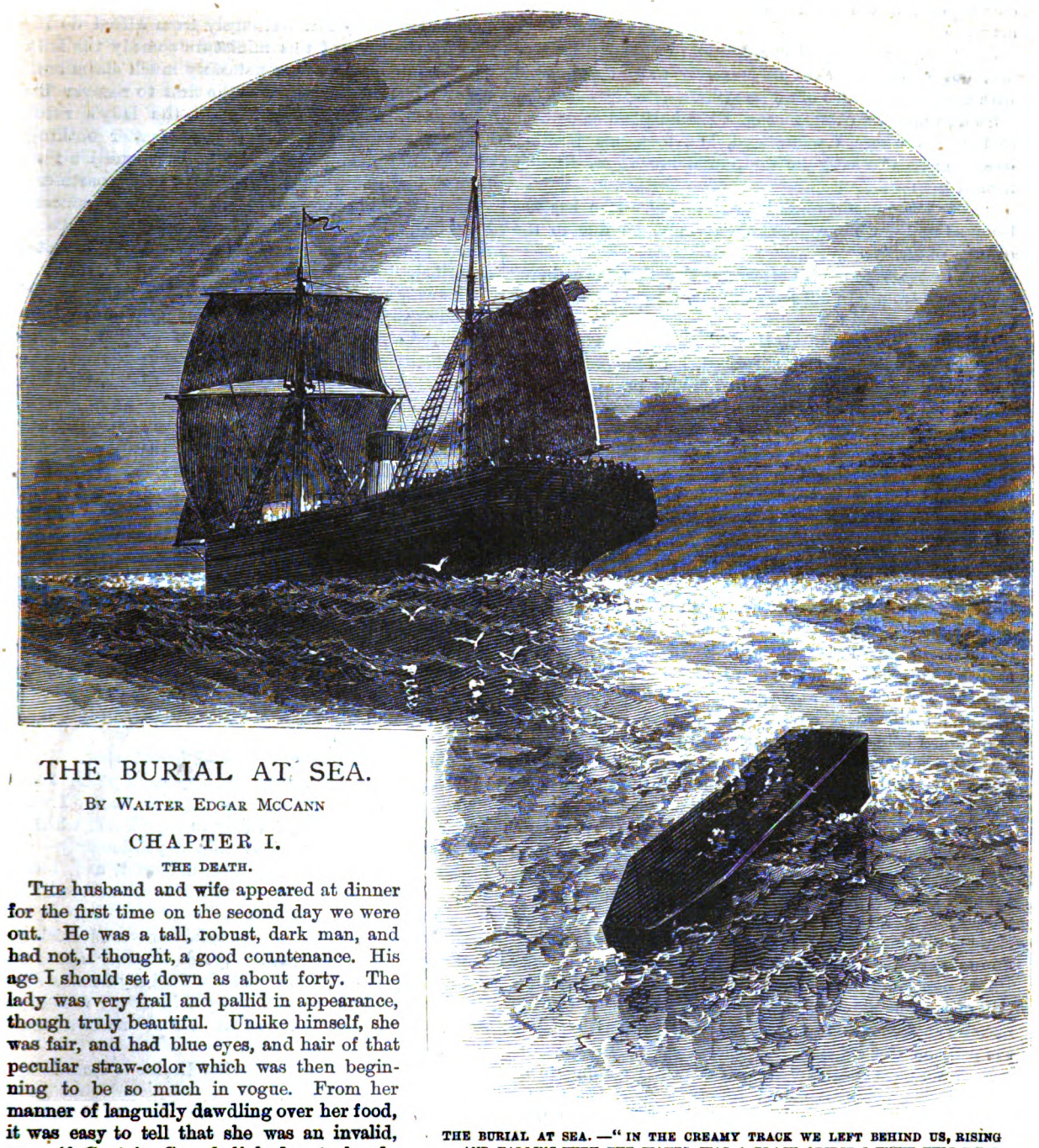
"You have been sorely tried, but there will come comfort in the future—the comfort of a pure heart and clear conscience."

There was no claim made on Godfrey Welborn's property by the woman who had been introduced to his New York friends as his wife, and in time it was divided among the heirs-at-law.

But a year after the suicide there was a quiet wedding in the parsonage at Norland, and Paul Gilford found love for love in the heart he sought to win, while in his tender devotion Isaura forgets the sorrows of her younger days.



CINDERELLA AND HER FAIRY GODMOTHER.



THE BURIAL AT SEA.—"IN THE CREAMY TRACK WE LEFT BEHIND US, RISING AND FALLING WITH THE WAVES, WAS A BLACK OBJECT I KNEW FULL WELL—THE SINISTER COFFIN CONTAINING THE DEAD LADY."

THE BURIAL AT SEA.

By Walter Edgar McCann

CHAPTER I.

THE DEATH.

The husband and wife appeared at dinner for the first time on the second day we were out. He was a tall, robust, dark man, and had not, I thought, a good countenance. His age I should set down as about forty. The lady was very frail and pallid in appearance, though truly beautiful. Unlike himself, she was fair, and had blue eyes, and hair of that peculiar straw-color which was then beginning to be so much in vogue. From her manner of languidly dawdling over her food, it was easy to tell that she was an invalid, even if Captain Campbell had not already so informed us.

They were introduced as Mr. and Mrs. Wellingsly. At dinner they made themselves far more agreeable than might have been expected of persons who, it was obvious, were naturally reserved.

There was a reason for this reserve. They were accompanied, I had already privately understood, by Mr. Wellingsly's sister—a lady terribly afflicted. She had lost her mind, and was, to speak plainly, a hopeless imbecile. She was kept in a room communicating directly with the stateroom of her relatives, where she might be constantly watched over. No one on the ship had seen her since she first came aboard, deeply vailed, and dressed entirely in black.

That evening, to our surprise, Mr. and Mrs. Wellingsly appeared again in the main saloon, where the rest of us were amusing ourselves with cards, music and conversation as best we could. They entered just at a point when there was a lull in our proceedings, and for a moment the faintest embarrassment ensued.

A few straggling remarks were made as an endeavor to cover this hiatus, and then Mrs. Wellingsly, without seeming to perceive the slight awkwardness of the situation, went quickly over to the piano.

"I had quite forgotten one might be likely to find a piano aboard ship," she said, pleasantly. "What a comfort on a long voyage!"

I ventured a wish that she would play for us. Without that usual affectation which marks most performers upon this instrument at a similar request, she consented readily, and ran her hands quickly over the keys, striking the

chords with a touch that undeniably indicated a true artist.

She played a beautiful composition, by whom I know not, but with such skill as is rarely indeed associated with the performances of an amateur.

Shortly after its commencement her husband came over to the sofa where I was seated, and took his position beside me. Presently he said, in a low voice, leaning toward me:

"Poor Clara seems quite herself to-day. She has not been so well for many weeks. It must be due to the change of air."

It did not strike me till afterward that this was a singular remark from him addressed to me, a total stranger. I therefore answered:

"Your wife is an invalid, then?"

"Oh, yes," he rejoined, surprised, his tone seeming to convey that he had supposed I had readily perceived that; "I might even describe her as an incurable invalid, since it is impossible to find out her peculiar ailment. I try the ocean voyage as a last resource. Something tells me it will fail, as everything else has failed; and sometimes," he continued, falling abruptly into a melancholy reverie, and speaking to himself, "I have a presentiment that she will never reach the end——" and his voice died away. He was lost in dismal thought.

"This is an encouraging beginning," said I, to rouse him, indicating his wife's music, which was now all gayety.

He looked up and sighed.

"Yes; but to-morrow she will be ill again. There is always a corresponding reaction to these fits of health and spirits. Between my wife's sickness and my poor sister's dreadful affliction, I have, I think, more troubles than one human being should be doomed to bear. If I repine, as I certainly sometimes do, it is not strange."

He was still speaking in that musing tone, more to himself than to me, and rather in sorrow than querulously.

"My sister has lost the use of her mental faculties from paralysis," he went on. "*Her* case is hopeless, absolutely. I do not expect her to improve. But you see, sir, my wife is still young and apparently strong. She need not die, if we could only find out her disease, because we should know, then, what to try as a remedy; but who can tell? I have consulted medical authorities innumerable. They talk of 'decline,' 'decay of vital power,' and all that; but not one could give me any satisfactory explanation as to the primary cause."

Here we were interrupted by the music coming to an end. Some one next called upon the performer for a vocal selection, but Mrs. Wellingsly laughingly declined, on the ground that she had no skill in that direction whatever; but she referred us to her husband.

Brightening immediately, he rose and went to the piano, and, to his wife's accompaniment, sang, in a rich, round baritone, with occasional bass effects, an air from "Fra Diavolo." For one who disclaimed any pretension to musical knowledge, it was certainly a remarkable effort.

I was already interested in the man, and not unfavorably; but that night we had no further private conversation. Next day he and his wife made their appearance again. I then learned that the afflicted sister was perfectly docile at all times, and could be with safety left to herself, though the precaution was always taken on these occasions to lock her in the room.

In the evening Mr. Wellingsly read to us, and read well; also sang again, and told several amusing stories, and the time passed away delightfully under agreeable auspices.

Finally, they performed in a little charade—a charming trifle, adapted by Mr. Wellingsly from Alfred de Musset. Toward the close of this miniature comedy the lady suddenly fainted. There was naturally much alarm and sympathy; but the husband was the first to recover his self-possession, and remarked, upon the lady's return to consciousness, that he thought the matter nothing very serious, but merely the result of over-exertion; and so they retired, amid general regret, to their apartments.

The following morning, neither having appeared at breakfast, I knocked at their room-door. Mr. Wellingsly answered, and earnestly invited me to enter. I complied.

His wife was sitting, paler than usual, in an easy-chair. Through the door that led into the adjoining chamber I perceived a figure dressed in deep black, her back to me, and standing by the little window that looked out upon the sea. This person was, of course, the afflicted sister.

My call, which I had intended to be merely brief and ceremonious, extended somehow to a visit. My new acquaintances proved more agreeable than ever—in short, when I left them they were no longer simply acquaintances, but friends.

From this time forth the lady remained constantly in her apartment. She was, visibly, in fast-declining health, the reaction dating from the fainting fit during the charade. She did not seem to lose flesh; but from her descriptions as to how she felt, I could not but perceive that the vital power was slowly but surely decaying.

One day, when we were alone by accident, she suddenly said, in a whisper, with a quick glance at the imbecile, who was, as always, in the next room:

"I know I am dying, Mr. Thorndyke, but it is not a matter of regret."

I offered some commonplace—I forget what.

"No," she replied, declining any such polite formula; "my husband will be made a happier man. I was not his first love. There is a lady in New York, whither we are now bound, whom he worshiped passionately—whom he remembers still with affection, regret, and, I cannot help believing, with hope as well. He will marry that lady if I do not survive this voyage."

Before I could well fathom this, our confidential situation was, to my regret, interrupted. Another opportunity did not come to pass, although I visited my friends several times a day. The surgeon of the ship, at my request, also saw the lady. He told me that he could make nothing of the case.

"I suspect," said he, "that her disease is more imagination than anything else."

But he was not, in my opinion, a very competent man, and, moreover, he had a disease of his own, which injured his judgment materially, and made his opinions of little value. He was seldom sober.

Thus matters went on for a short time further, and then, suddenly, one morning soon after daybreak, I was roused from sleep by some one knocking at my door. I had not locked it. Mr. Wellingsly entered, and said:

"Come with me instantly. My wife is dead!"

I dressed hastily and followed him. The body was lying, still and rigid, upon the bed. Death—old as I am—unnerves me. I shall not say that I am afraid of a corpse; but I do not like to approach one closely. I stood some distance off, and heard the account of the lady's dissolution. She had been taken with violent illness but half an hour before.

"Off in a moment," said her husband; "just like a child."

He left me there while he went to inform the officers of

the ship. I glanced around uneasily. In this wandering examination of the room, my eye fell upon something lying on the floor by the bed. It was a scrap of printed paper. I picked it up, and found it to be an apothecary's label. On it was printed the single word "Arsenic." For an instant I was thunderstruck. The symptoms he had described were those of poisoning by arsenic. Before I could examine my mind more carefully (I am by habit cautious in this respect) Mr. Wellingsly returned.

"It is no great matter, now that she is gone," he said, sadly; "but the circumstance is shameful of itself. Dr. Clarke sat up all night over a bottle of brandy, and, having just gone to bed, is not in condition to leave it."

I left him for a walk on deck. The news had already got about that Mrs. Wellingsly was dead. Three of the sailors, with stern and gloomy faces, were holding a confab.

"No luck while there's a corpse aboard," I heard one of them say, shaking his gray head. "I hope it'll be put out of the way as soon as the box is ready."

The others assented heartily. Captain Campbell made his appearance, and ordered them to their work.

"You, Tom Brown," he said, addressing one of the men, who eyed him with a sombre stare, "go and send the carpenter to me. There's a coffin to be made."

CHAPTER II.

BURIAL AT SEA.

"SAD business for poor Wellingsly," said the captain to me, when the sailor had left us.

"Very," I rejoined. "A strange affair, too."

"Yes; so sudden. I can't think what was the matter with the unfortunate woman. We shall all miss her as well as her husband. Clarke told me he could not understand her case."

"Not very remarkable, so far as he is concerned," I said, dryly. "He is seldom in a state to understand anything. When he was sent for a while ago he was unable to come."

The captain frowned.

"So I have learned. The question is, where did he get his brandy last night? I gave positive orders that he should have no more yesterday morning, and every one denies having given him any. His private stock, I *know*, was exhausted."

"A very unsafe person to act as surgeon of a ship," I remarked, still more dryly.

"Safe enough, and able enough, when he is himself," said the captain, with some emphasis, and glancing at me sharply. "He has his weakness. We are none of us perfect, sir." And with this he walked away.

I was not disturbed by the captain's evident displeasure; but I was very uneasy indeed at the recollection of the scrap of paper which I had found, and which I still held. After breakfast I retired to my private quarters for reflection.

I recalled one circumstance vividly—Mrs. Wellingsly's confidential communication with regard to the lady her husband was to meet in New York. With this fact I associated others that will occur to the reader, and need not be rehearsed, and also several surmises. Among the rest, I remembered my first impressions in regard to Wellingsly—unfavorable. I had not thought well of his countenance. This is a small thing with many; but with me it had its weight in full.

Later in the day I learned that the carpenter had made the coffin according to the measurement taken by the husband himself. This was singular of itself. What was still more strange, he had, unassisted except by the imbecile sister, placed the body in the coffin and screwed it down.

I asked the carpenter, from whom I had this information, what reason Wellingsly had given for his peculiar course.

"Well, you know, sir," said he, "there's another person there. The gentleman seems kind of ashamed to let her be seen. She's an idiot like, I believe, sir."

After all, it was not unnatural that he should desire to guard his afflicted relative from the rude curiosity of the men of the ship; but had he no other reason?

Could it be possible that he feared some one might detect that his wife had died an unnatural death?

Anything perishing by such a violent agent as arsenic would naturally exhibit tell-tale traces after the extinction of life. These signs are so abnormal as to be absolutely unmistakable. Mr. Wellingsly, I was aware, was a very shrewd man.

A thought suggested itself. I went directly to the chamber of death. He was courteous enough till I hinted my object. Then he looked vexed and disturbed.

"Impossible," he said. "You have no idea how revolting appearances are in a death under such circumstances as these. The body is now screwed down into the coffin, and the funeral will take place at one o'clock. This haste is against my wishes, but the sailors complain while there's a corpse aboard. I shall thank heaven when all is over."

Remonstrance and petition were useless. He spoke of his love for his dead wife, and he would not permit sacrilege; and so my visit was unsuccessful.

Further reflection, after I had left him, convinced me that he was the person who had given the brandy to Dr. Clarke—with what object, I shall not state just now. But I felt that a post-mortem, even the most general, would establish that Mrs. Wellingsly's disease was not such a marvel, after all.

I was still sitting alone in my room, pondering upon this, when I heard the mournful tolling of the ship's bell. The hour of the burial at sea was at hand. I could hear the shuffling of feet upon the deck above me. The body was about to be consigned for ever to the awful deep—that grave of so many secrets. Henceforth investigation would be powerless. Nothing could be known till the day of doom.

I determined to forbid the funeral! Springing from my seat, I ran out of the room and up the companionway. The voice of the captain reached me as he read the burial service.

I had gained the deck and advanced among them, when the sailors released the black coffin, and it slid over the ship's side into the fathomless ocean!

CHAPTER III.

THE COFFIN FOLLOWS THE SHIP.

AS MR. WELLINGSLY passed by me, his handkerchief over his eyes, to go down again to his room, I pulled him abruptly aside and led him into mine. He stared at me in astonishment. I closed the door.

"Mr. Wellingsly," said I, "I know all. You murdered your wife. She died by poison. Look at this."

I showed him the printed label.

"I do not understand you," he replied, quietly.

"You understand me well. I have abundance of proof. For example, I know that you gave Dr. Clarke brandy last night, and *why!*" I, of course, had only conjectured as much.

"He purloined the brandy from my room."

"You purposely placed it where he could get it. Now, you may rest assured that your crime shall meet general publicity, as surely as it has met discovery by me."

"Indeed! You are late. You should have announced your wonderful discovery before the body was thrown overboard. In that case, we might have had proofs instead of surmises."

"My first step shall be to unfold everything I know to the captain."

He nodded, approvingly.

"Do so. He finds it a gloomy day. Give him something to laugh at. In the meantime, good Mr. Thorndyke, permit me to go."

I made no opposition.

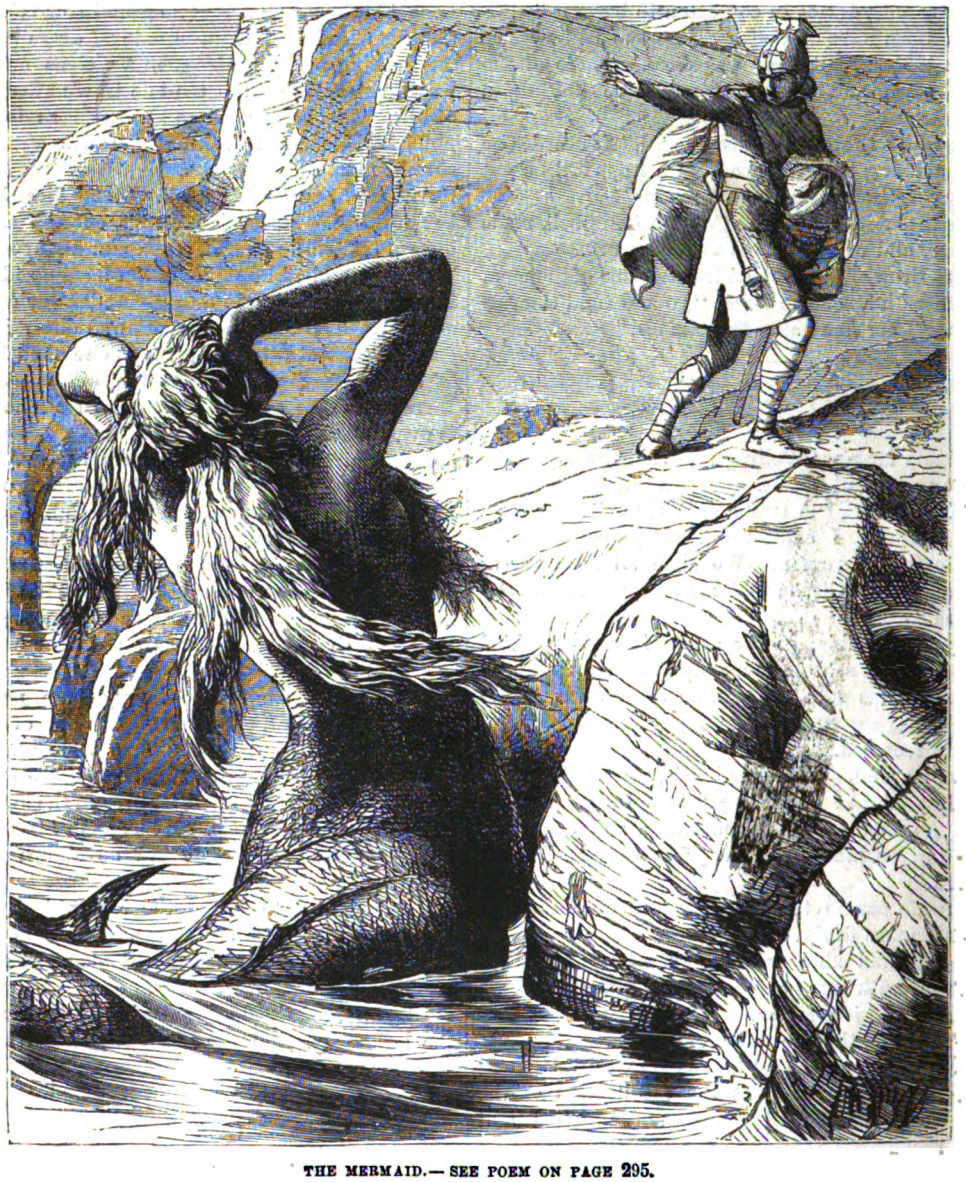
"I shall be careful," he said, "hereafter how I make friends among the promiscuous class of adventurers and *blackmailers* one is always sure to meet in traveling."

And with this thrust he bowed sneeringly and departed.

I was agitated and angry, and it was my resolve to speak to Captain Campbell without delay. Going up the ladder again, I met the old gray-haired sailor of whom I have before spoken. His corded and weather-beaten face was ghastly pale, and I could perceive that he was quite unnerved.

"I have been on the sea forty year, or nigh it, man and boy," he said, with a terrible oath, "and I never afore see the like o' that—nor heered of it!"

He pointed aft. The whole ship's company were assembled in a crowd at the stern, looking over in weird silence at something that was in the sea.

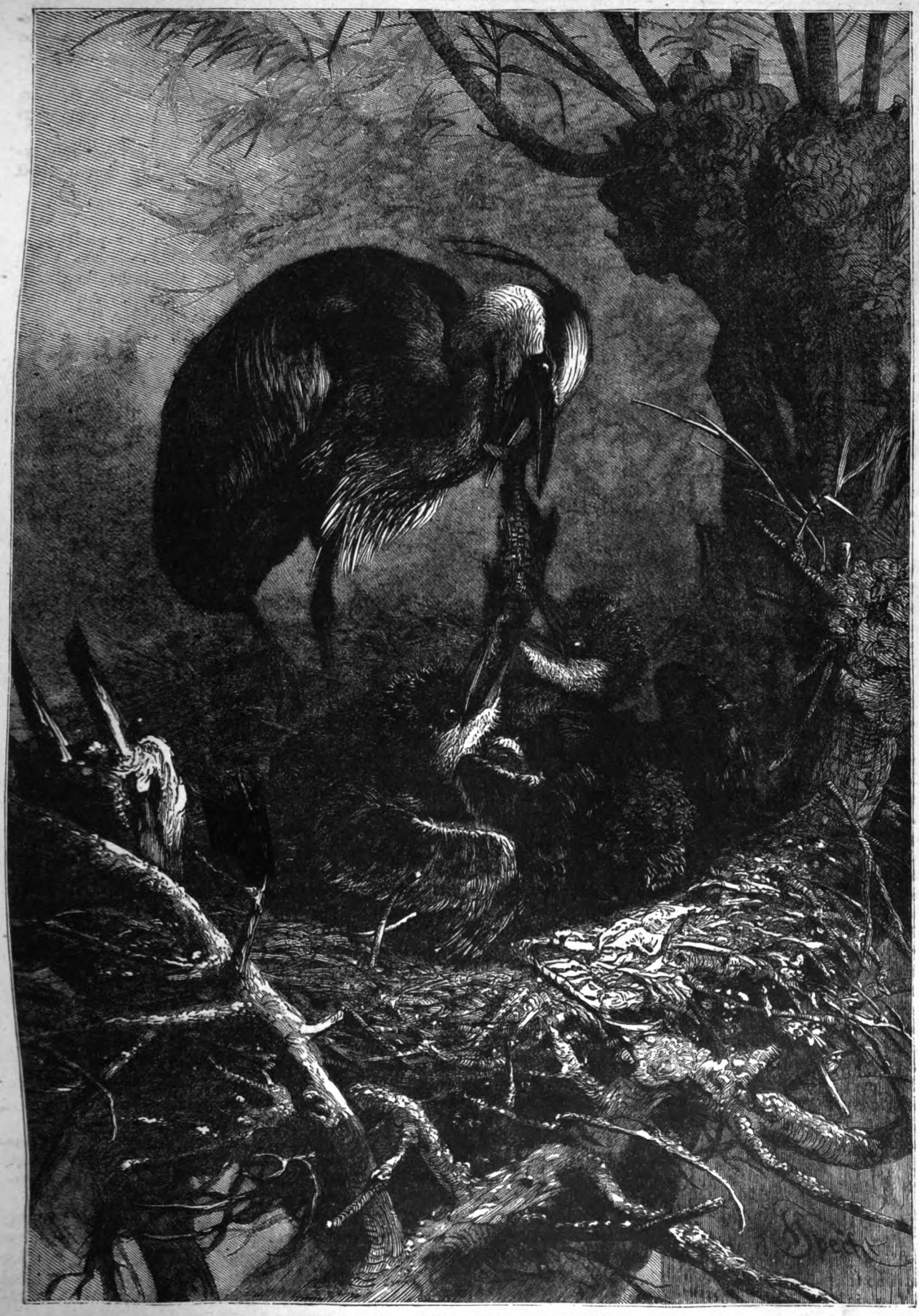


THE MERMAID.— SEE POEM ON PAGE 295.

I joined them, and asked what was the matter.

"The corpse of the dead passenger is following in our wake," said the second officer, in a tone of awe. "The coffin was weighted, but it did not sink. Look for yourself."

I did so. In the creamy track we left behind us, rising and falling with the waves, was a black object I knew full well—the sinister coffin containing the corpse of the dead lady. It was following our ship with a dreadful fidelity: an evil shadow not to be dissolved by the elements themselves!



THE HERON FEEDING HER YOUNG.—SEE PAGE 295.

CHAPTER IV.

THE APPARITION.

All day that horrible thing crept after us. The seamen, naturally superstitious, were almost ready to mutiny. Even the officers themselves were impressed.

In this condition of affairs I hesitated what to do, whether to mention what I knew and suspected, or to wait until we were nearer the end of our voyage, by which time the excitement would have assuredly in a great measure died out. Were I to speak now, I feared the consequences, remembering the story of Jonah.

I had a feeling of horror for the man Wellingsly, for to me he was the murderer of his wife as much as if I had seen him take her life before my eyes, but I did not believe in any such summary justice as tossing him overboard; which, had they known what I knew, the seamen would have immediately done.

I cannot describe the terrible gloom which hung over the ship while daylight lasted, for our ghastly attendant still crawled on in our wake. But at length night fell, and it was hidden from sight. Would it be there again next morning? Was it not yet following us in the darkness?

I could not sleep. There are moods when rest is impossible and nothing but action makes existence endurable for the time; and so I walked the lonely deck far into the night.

Very late I resolved to go below. The air was chillier, and perhaps my eyes had grown heavier than I really supposed. With one parting glance in the direction of the dismal sprite that had followed us—typical of the *atra cura* whose silent footsteps linger behind us all—I made my way down the ladder.

I shall now relate a truly startling fact:

My foot was on the third step of the stairway. A ship's lantern was burning on its shelf just by my shoulder, diffusing its light around.

I distinctly saw, and I would have sworn it by all my hope of salvation hereafter, the figure of the dead woman, Mrs. Wellingsly, dressed in white from head to foot, pass noiselessly along the little corridor two yards from me, and disappear at Mr. Wellingsly's door, apparently entering his room!

It was not fancy. I stood there for a second, not the least bit frightened, but experiencing the most intense surprise. My next movement was one of impulse—unreasonable, even thoughtless.

I went directly to Wellingsly's door, and knocked once, twice, and thrice. There was a sound as of some one rising from his bed. The door was opened, and the man himself appeared.

As soon as he saw me a scowl tightened and disfigured his dark features.

"What is the meaning of this intrusion, sir?" he broke out violently. "I certainly think you are mad."

My embarrassment, grave as were the attending circumstances, had in it an element of the ridiculous. I had no excuse to make. Haply he saved me further distress on this point by sharply closing his door.

CHAPTER V.

THE DISCOVERY.

Dawn revealed that the coffin had drifted from us during the night, and the relief of the crew may be imagined. I lost no time now in confiding all I had seen and inferred to Captain Campbell, who listened incredulously. He could not be convinced that there was even ground for suspicion, and when I related the spectral appearance of the previous night, he smiled. Evidently he thought me, as the phrase is "a little touched."

I succeeded, however, in obtaining his promise that Wellingsly should be detained upon our arrival at New York.

The remainder of the voyage was without incident. Wellingsly remained for the most part in his quarters, rarely coming upon deck, never addressing me.

Captain Campbell kept his word. By the first means of communication with land he sent a message to the authorities. Policemen, in plain clothes, appeared when the ship arrived, and kept watch while the passengers went ashore.

Wellingsly came from his room, the imbecile sister, heavily vailed, and in deep black, on his arm. An officer approached, and touched him on the shoulder.

"You must come with me," he said. "I have a warrant. You are charged with the murder of your wife. Say nothing, is my advice, for everything you say will be used against you."

"This is an infamous outrage," broke out Wellingsly. "I know where to look for the author of it. What is to be done with my poor afflicted sister?"

She suddenly tottered and fell. I had noticed her trembling.

"Look to the lady!" shouted some one. "She has fainted."

Another of the policemen stepped forward, and skillfully detached her vail.

I saw the face of the woman I had known as Mrs. Wellingsly, and whom I had thought lying at the bottom of the sea.

* * * * * * *

At the memorable trial afterward the truth appeared. The imbecile was in reality Wellingsly's wife, and not his sister. She was actually paralyzed just as he had represented. She had large wealth in her own right, which would go to him upon her death. He already madly loved the person whom he passed off as his wife.

Together they planned and successfully carried out—thus far, at least—the scheme I have detailed. The imbecile was strangled to death. For a few hours it was necessary for the woman Clara to simulate dissolution, which, as no one approached her near enough to detect the imposture, was cleverly done. The surgeon of the ship having been temporarily put out of the way, anything like a post-mortem examination was not possible. The poor wife, who was really dead, was then screwed down into the box, and the woman Clara at once assumed her identity as "the afflicted sister." Her overstrung nerves gave way at last, and, as it happened providentially, at the most critical moment.

All this appeared at the trial, which was long and interesting, and at which I was the chief witness. Clara Musgrave (her full name, she stated, though I have always thought the "Musgrave" assumed), between the conviction and sentence, made a confession. She afterward died in prison. Wellingsly destroyed himself.

An example of the fidelity of a Scotch collie is reported from Aberfoyle, in Perthshire. A shepherd, named Gregor Stewart, accompanied by his dog, attempted to cross Loch Ard, which was frozen over. The ice, however, broke, and Stewart slipped into the water. His cries brought assistance, and the dog sat on the ice near the spot where his master disappeared till the body was recovered.

THE MERMAID.

When seven long, lonely months were gone,
The mermaid to his cavern came;
No more unshapen from the zone,
But like a maid of mortal frame.

"Oh, give to me that ruby ring
That on thy finger glances gay,
And thou shalt hear the mermaid sing
The song thou lovst of Colonsay."

"This ruby ring of crimson grain
Shall on thy finger glitter gay,
It thou wilt bear me through the main,
Again to visit Colonsay."

"Except thou quit thy former love,
Content to dwell for aye with me,
Thy scorn my finny frame might move
To tear thy limbs amid the sea."

"Then bear me swift along the main,
The lonely isle again to see;
And when I here return again,
I plight my faith to dwell with thee."

An oozy film her limbs o'erspread,
While slow unfolds her scaly train;
With gluey fangs her hands were clad—
She lashed with webbed fin the main.

He grasps the mermaid's scaly sides,
As with broad fins she oars her way;
Beneath the silent moon she glides,
That sweetly sleeps on Colonsay.

Proud swells her heart! She deems at last
To lure him with her silver tongue;
And as the shelving rocks she passed,
She raised her voice and sweetly sung.

In softer, sweeter strains she sung,
Slow gliding o'er the moonlit bay,
When light to land the chieftain sprung,
To hail the maid of Colonsay.

Oh! sad the mermaid's gay notes fell,
And sadly sink remote at sea;
So sadly mourns the wreathed shell
Of Jura's shore, its parent's sea.

And ever, as the year returns,
The charm-bound sailors know the day;
For sadly still the mermaid mourns
The lovely chief of Colonsay.

THE HERON FEEDING HER YOUNG.

The heron (*Ardea cinerea*), is one of the very few large birds which still linger among us.

On account of its great size, the heron makes a large and conspicuous nest on the summit of a tree, and, like the rook, is gregarious in its nesting. To watch the manners and customs of this bird is not an easy task, because the shy nature of the birds renders them difficult to approach.

It is a very pretty sight to watch the great birds as they go to and from their nests, bringing food to their young, or flying to the lake in search of more fish. Numbers of the heron may be seen at the water's edge, sometimes standing on one foot, with their long necks completely hidden and their bayonet-like beaks projecting from their shoulders. For hours the birds will retain this attitude, which to a human being would be the essence of discomfort, and it is wonderful how they can so long keep up the muscular energy which is expended in holding up the spare leg and keeping it tucked under the belly.

Now and then, one of the herons seems to wake up, and after a stretch of the neck and a flap of the wings, walks statelily and deliberately into the water, through which it stalks, examining every inch of bank and every cluster of weeds as it passes along. Presently the bird pauses, and remains quite still for some time, when the long neck is suddenly darted forward, the beak disappears for a second among the reeds, and presently emerges, with a fish, frog or water-rat in its grip.

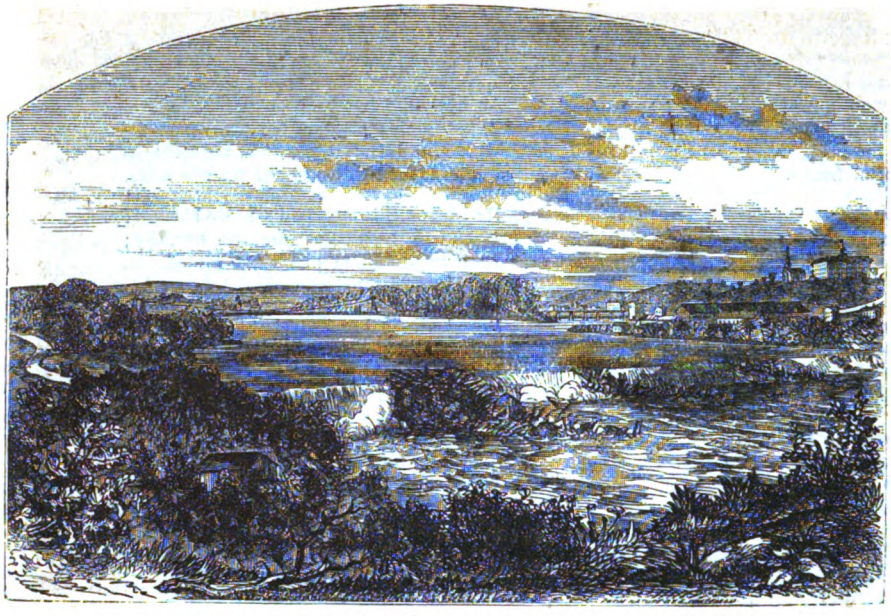
The real beauty of the heron can never be appreciated until it is seen at liberty, and in the enjoyment of its natural life. It suits the locality so well that when it flies away the spot has lost somewhat of its charms. As it stands in the water, intent upon catching prey, the drooping feathers of its breast wave gracefully in the breeze, and the ripples of the sunlit water are reflected in mimic waves upon its gray-plumed wings.

Generally it cares little for exerting itself until toward the evening, but then it becomes impatient and restless, and is not quieted until it has obtained some food.

Some anglers have an idea that the heron is one of the birds that ought to be ranked as "vermin," thinking that it destroys so many fish that it ruins an angler's sport. Consequently, they kill the bird whenever they can manage to do so, and flatter themselves that they are doing good service in preserving the breed of fish. Now, even were the entire diet of the heron to consist of fish, the bird would really do but little harm, because it can only take food in shallow water, and is seldom to be seen more than a yard or two from the bank. But the diet of the heron is by no means exclusively of a fishy nature, inasmuch as the bird eats plenty of frogs and newts, and will often secure a water-rat, even when fully grown. It is seldom that fish which are of any value to the angler come where the heron could catch them, and even if they did so, their size would prevent the bird from taking them.

When the heron flies to its nest from any great distance, it generally ascends to a considerable height, and is in the habit of uttering a curious and very harsh cry, which at once tells the naturalist that a heron is on the wing. When a heron passes immediately over the observer, the effect is remarkable, the long legs and slender body looking like a large knitting-needle supported on enormous wings.

To see the heron alight on its nest or on a branch is rather a curious sight. The bird descends, drops its long legs, places its feet on the branch, and then flaps its huge wings as if to get its balance before it settles down. The rustics have an idea that a heron is obliged to allow its legs to dangle on either side of the nest while it sits on its eggs, and some will aver that a hole is made in the nest through which the legs can be thrust. It is scarcely necessary to say that the construction of a bird's legs



THE FALLS OF ST. ANTHONY, MINNESOTA, FIRST DISCOVERED IN MAY, 1680.

prevents it from assuming such an attitude, and that the long heron can sit as easily upon its pale-green eggs as the short-limbed domestic fowl on her white eggs.

The best known of our American herons are the Blue Heron, the great Blue Heron or Crane, found in the Northern States; the Snowy Heron, the great White Heron; and the Louisiana Heron, of the Southern States.

THE BICENTENNIAL OF THE DISCOVERY OF THE FALLS OF ST. ANTHONY.

It will be two centuries this year, 1880, since the adventurous Recollect Missionary, Hennepin, one of La Salle's Mississippi exploring party, discovered and named the falls of the Upper Mississippi.

La Salle, alarmed at receiving no tidings of the *Griffin*, a vessel which he had built to ply on Lakes Erie and Michigan, started back, directing one of his men, Acau, to proceed to the Mississippi with Father Hennepin and one other, and to explore the river. The party fell into the hands of the Sioux, and were carried up the Mississippi.

In his account, Father Hennepin says: "Continuing to ascend the river ten or twelve leagues (above the St. Francis), the navigation is interrupted by a waterfall which I named the Falls of St. Anthony of Padua, in gratitude for the favors which God did me through the intercession of this great saint, whom we had taken as patron and protector of all our undertakings. This Fall is forty or fifty feet high, and there is a rocky island of pyramid form standing in the midst of the falling waters."

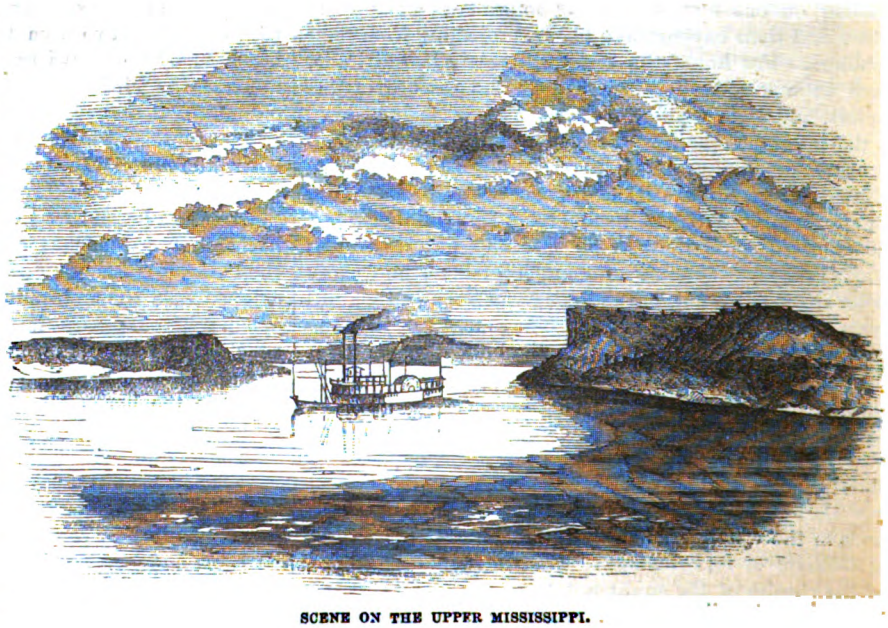
To this Fall the Indians paid a kind of worship, for the old missionary tells us that subsequently, "as we were making the portage of our canoe around the Falls of St. Anthony of Padua, we perceived five or six of our Indians who had gone ahead, one of whom had climbed into a tree opposite the great waterfall, where he was crying bitterly, holding a well-dressed beaver-skin, whitened inside, and trimmed with porcupine quills, which this Indian was offering as a sacrifice to this cataract, which is in itself fearful and admirable. I understood him, while shedding large tears, address the Fall: 'O Thou, who art a spirit, grant that the people of our nation may pass safely here without misfortune; that we may kill buffalo in plenty, overthrow our enemies, and bring slaves here, some of whom we will kill before Thee. The Messenecqz (Foxes) have killed our kindred; grant us vengeance on them.'"

This robe thus offered in sacrifice was, however, soon after appropriated by one of the Frenchmen, who seemed to have little respect for Indian usages.

The discovery of this cataract must have occurred early in the month of May, 1680, the vague statement of the adventurous friar not enabling us to fix the exact date. Hennepin is the Missionary of the Waterfalls, for he not only discovered the Falls of St. Anthony, but has given us the first detailed description, and the first published picture, of Niagara Falls.

Though a later publication bearing his name has detracted sadly from his reputation for veracity, he may not be really the sinner, and the accuracy of his early volume is supported by contemporaneous authority.

Two centuries ago this fearless Belgian priest, with his two French companions, stood regarding the Falls to which



SCENE ON THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI.

ANNETTE.—"HE CLASPED IT ROUND HER WHITE WRIST HIMSELF, AND THEN UNCLASPED IT, AND CLASPED IT AGAIN. THE CRIMSON FLOODED HER CHEEKS FOR AN INSTANT, THEIR EYES MET, A SMILE CAME INTO HIS; SHE LOOKED QUICKLY AWAY."

he gave the name of the beloved saint of his Order. No other white men were near; Du Lhut was indeed making his way to the spot from the upper end of Lake Superior, and bold wood-rangers were trading among the tribes around Lake Michigan; but the wonders and beauties of that part of our continent were known only to the few. No British subject from the colonies on the coast or from beyond the sea had ever set eyes on the Falls of Niagara, Lake Erie, the Pictured Rocks of Lake Superior or the Mississippi River, or even the Ohio; not one had crossed the Alleghany Mountains or looked down on the rich valley beyond.

Hennepin's centenary is, therefore, not without its interest to us, and especially to the inhabitants of the State of Minnesota.

ANNETTE.

By Sue Chesnutwood.

She was swinging on a gate: a most undignified position for a girl who was seventeen years old, and who had just come into possession of an avowed lover.

When Janet, her elder sister, reached the gate, she found the young girl laughing until the tears rolled down her cheeks. She stood and looked at her in amazement.

"Annette, what is the matter?" she demanded.

This was the answer:

"What do you think? I am engaged!"

On receiving it, her sister laughed, too, until she could not stand, but sat down on a great stone in the lane, quite by the fence.

Annette sprang off the gate then, and came out beside her.

Janet felt as if she had never really seen her before; she grew sober at once. Seventeen years old, and had a lover! It was nothing to laugh at; it was sad, earnest, real; the child had become a woman.

"There is no use in being serious, for it is altogether too funny!" And the young girl laughed afresh, wiping off the tears on the back of her hand; her handkerchief was in the pocket of her dainty apron, but she seemed to scorn its use for such jolly tears.

"But, my dear," began Janet, solemnly.

"But, my dear," interrupted Annette, with a fresh burst of merriment.

"You don't seem to realize what you are doing!" continued her elder sister, her voice quivering with anxiety.

"Now, Janet, you can't make me have a realizing sense of things; you know you never could. This world isn't all catechism and creed, for all the dominie may think so. Part of it is a joke; jokes are horribly inelegant, but I like them, and this is *such* a one!"

"It is a pretty serious joke; when you come to marry, you will find it out," was the grave reply.

"Marry! Who ever spoke of marrying, Janet?" And the young girl grew suddenly sober, wiping the tears off the back of her hand on her apron.

"Why, you did."

"I? No, indeed, Janet; you are mistaken. I said I was engaged," was the earnest protest.

"Engaged! for what?" demanded her sister.

"Fun!" laughed the girl.

"Does Mark Colton think it is for fun?" Janet asked.

That set Annette off again; when she could grow sober, she said:

"Oh, no, indeed; he was so dreadfully in earnest! That is the funniest part of it. He wanted me to promise to be his for all time and eternity! Did you ever hear of anything so silly? I told him that eternity was a thing which we knew nothing about; that time, as compared with it, was only a point, and that I despised points."

Janet would not even smile.

"So I just agreed to be engaged to him, and he sighed, and made the best of it."

"What will Aunt Abigail say?"

"When she knows, it will be time enough to speculate on that," was the careless retort.

Her elder sister looked disapproving.

"Now, Janet, I know that you are going to marry the minister," said the young girl.

"Why?" And the question was accompanied by a blush.

"Because you grow more serious every day, and people in love are always serious."

"Then *you* certainly are not in love," retorted Janet; and rising, opened the gate and led the way up the garden-path to the house.

Annette ran up to her little room under the rafters.

She had known Mark Colton from her very babyhood; his father's and her aunt's farms were separated only by the lane of which we have spoken. He was four years her senior. When children, he had taken her on his shoulder many a time and carried her over the brooks; they had ridden the same horse, she seated behind him; had swung on the same gate; and had done a thousand other things together, through all the slow years of childhood.

Of late, they had hunted four-leafed clovers and cut their names in the bark of trees, and hovered about love, not knowing it was there, yet held by those many little acts, so full of poetry and romance. Mark was the first to learn himself.

That same day he met Annette, and was so quiet and reserved that she demanded in a pet what he was so cross for; and that night, at a party in the village, she would not look at him, but devoted herself to the other boys, especially the new minister's brother, Philip, a pale-faced, interesting youth, who was studying theology.

That was four months ago. Since then Annette had not been able to understand him; he had been unreasonable, exacting, cross, she said; and she, because she knew it troubled him, though she scarcely comprehended why, was especially kind and merry with Philip.

During three months she never looked at Mark when others were present, and when alone with him, laughed at and slighted everything he said. He bore it all, in his patient, manly way, but, this day of which we have been telling, took the matter in his own hands, told her his love in an impetuous way, and brought her to the unsatisfactory terms which we have recorded.

The girl was thinking of all this. Suddenly her tatting fell into her lap, and she held her two hands up, and looked at them. Mark had kissed them.

"What a silly boy!"—that was the thought, with a little quivering smile upon her lips that would never have grown into a laugh. Then Aunt Abigail's shrill voice rang out from the foot of the stairs:

"Annette! Annette!"

She put her tatting in her pocket, and went to answer the summons. The minister and Philip were coming to tea, and she was wanted to bake a pan of biscuits and adorn the tea-table with flowers.

Janet was moving about in a sort of blissful dream. She wore a white dress, and had a scarlet geranium in her black hair. Twenty-four years seemed terribly old to Annette. She had never supposed Janet would be in love; she thought she was too old. Her quiet elder sister had always been beautiful to her, but she had never seen her so lovely.

They came just at tea-time. Annette opened the door for them; she was always bashful with the minister, but everything merry in her nature seemed to develop for Philip. She ushered the minister formally into the parlor, and motioning to Philip, detained him in the portico, and tied a knot of flowers for his buttonhole.

The tea-bell rang almost instantly. Annette's plate was laid beside the minister's, Janet's by Philip's. The minister smiled a trifle quizzically at the arrangement. Annette saw the smile, and did not feel so much afraid of him. He looked like Philip, only he had force and vitality.

Aunt Abigail did the most of the talking. She was New England to the backbone, stiff in form and prejudice. The minister gave polite attention to what she said; but Philip sat and gazed at Annette in a sort of dream.

A little later, Annette and Philip stood in the window, to watch Janet and the minister stroll down the lane.

"See, they are in love," whispered the girl, with a smile.

"*They* are going to be married," said Philip, and sighed.

Mark Colton joined them just in time to hear this. For the first time in her life his approach brought a quick blush to her dark cheeks. Philip saw it, with a bright look on his dreamy face; he thought he had called it forth. Mark thought the same, and his brow clouded. Annette saw the mistake, and coquetry seized her.

"Mark, *they* are going to be married," she said, pointing to the retreating figures in the lane.

Philip looked both hurt and embarrassed. The cloud on Mark's brow was instantly dissipated; he caught the upraised hand in his.

"Annette, it is impolite to point," he said.

Philip turned pale. She drew her hand impatiently away. Mark abruptly left them, and went out on the portico, grieved and troubled. She and Philip staid in the window, laughing and talking, until the stars came out. Then they also came upon the portico. Mark paid no attention to their coming. Philip sat down beside him. Annette stood in the doorway.

"See, Philip, how pretty that white rose looks in the moonlight! Can you get it for me?" she said.

He went down the steps for it gladly. The moment he had gone, she whispered in Mark's ear, so close that her long hair fell on his shoulder. "What a silly boy you are!" and took the seat that Philip had vacated. Just then he came back, followed by Janet and the minister, and a few minutes later Mark and Annette went to the gate. There Mark took her hand in his, and she did not draw it away. His face was troubled.

"When I took your hand before Philip, you were offended; and yet we are engaged. Why?" he asked.

"What is the use of telling all the world," she replied.

"You mean what's the use of telling Philip," he retorted. She was silent. He continued:

"When we are married, even Philip will know."

"I do not know any one who is going to be married, excepting Janet and the minister," she said, coolly.

He bade her good-night instantly at that, and she went into the house and up to her own room. She sat down on the edge of her little bed and cried. "I wish I had never seen either of them," she said, in the midst of her tears.

* * * * * * *

Autumn came. Janet and the minister were married, and went to live at the parsonage.

During this time, Mark, Philip and Annette had lived in a most unhappy, discontented way. Of the three, Annette was the most wretched, for she suffered the continual reproach of an outraged conscience. All these Summer months the young student had lived in an unreal world. She knew this, yet did not undeceive him. At first an innate coquetry prompted her to silence, and after that, she had not the courage to give him pain. She loved Mark, but Philip called forth all the pity in her nature.

A slow discontent and jealousy took possession of Mark; he became sullen and unreasonable. At length one day his unhappiness shaped itself into a resolve.

His father had long wished him to attend a course of study in a neighboring city; he would release her, set her free, and go at once.

He acted instantly upon his resolution.

As he went down the lane he saw her at the gate, where he had told her of his love in those months gone by. It seemed as if he could not do it, but he did. Even her lips grew pale.

"You are right! It is best that we should be free."

He strode down the lane to hide his anguish from what he thought her careless eye, and she sat down on the stone outside the gate, and burying her face in her hands, moaned.

When it was known that Mark had gone, the conclusion drawn was this: "Then it is at last decided that Annette is to marry Philip." Philip thought so, too.

Annette learned that she loved Mark better than her life; that the days without him were endless and sad. She became moody. Sometimes she cried from sheer homesickness.

Aunt Abigail, with her keen Yankee instinct, guessed the secret. She said nothing to Annette, however.

The minister's wife felt, rather than saw, the change in the girl. There was something, for all her gay and careless manner, that disquieted her sister.

So the Winter passed, and the Spring and the Summer, and yet Mark did not come. His father advised him to go around and see a bit of the world during his vacation, and he did so.

A whole year had passed since they parted. There was bitterness in Annette's heart; he had forgotten her, why should she not forget him? It was when this bitterness possessed her that Philip told her of his love, and besought her promise to be his wife.

She was at the gate, where she had last seen Mark.

Our fates swing on very small pivots.

Had she been anywhere else, she would have accepted him; as it was, she did the first wise thing that she had done since she first knew him: she asked time to think.

He begged her to promise there and then, with a sudden pallor coming into his face, but she persistently refused, and he turned from her sadly, and went away.

She watched him go down the lane as she had Mark a year ago—watched him coldly, critically; then she came outside the gate impetuously, as if to call him back; but her truer nature restrained her.

"It is my punishment to make him suffer as I do. I would die before I would marry him," she said, and sat down upon the great stone by the fence.

As she sat there, Janet stood beside her. The unhappiness on the girl's face was so apparent, that she yielded to her first impulse, and asked, anxiously:

"Annette, my dear child, tell me what is the matter?"

The girl's effort at gayety was painful.

"Why, Janet, at last I have got a realizing sense of things."

"Tell me about it," said the minister's wife, with her voice full of tenderness.

"There is nothing to tell," was the reply.

Aunt Abigail stood in the portico; she and the minister's wife looked at each other, and in that moment, for the first time in their lives, each understood the other. Aunt Abigail loved Annette "as the apple of her eye," and Janet had only just found it out.

"She cannot do anything. God forbid that she should marry for pity!" she said, and her keen, critical eyes had tears in them.

The next afternoon Philip came into the parsonage, with a pale, spent face. Janet had seen him go away, and watched anxiously for his return. She felt instinctively that he had gone to Annette to learn his fate and hers. There was a sudden prayer of thankfulness in her heart when she saw him. They were both saved.

He came into the sitting-room where she was, and threw himself on the lounge. He was restless, and occasionally moaned. He never even saw Janet. She left the room with tears in her eyes.

After an hour had passed she returned. His face was flushed, his eyes bloodshot. She went beside him, and placed her hand on his forehead. He had a hot fever.

"You are not well, Philip," she said, gently.

"I? No, I believe not. I guess I will go to bed," he said, and went up to his own room.

Ere long Annette stood in the hall, outside the door, and heard Philip, in sad delirium, tell her trouble, and his, to all who came to his bedside—to Janet and the minister, to the kind old doctor and Aunt Abigail. He told it over and over again, sometimes in the very words she had told it to him, for she had accepted it as part of her punishment to let him know of her love for Mark.

At first she suffered bitter shame and mortification in having them all know how she had been slighted; but

this soon gave place to anxiety, for the doctor said that Philip's life was very uncertain.

He had not been well all Summer—had had a sort of slow fever in his veins. They assured her repeatedly that this would have been the result at any rate; but she censured herself wholly, and grew thin and pale with dread.

"If he dies," she said, "I have killed him!"

Several times she tried to stay in the room, but, although he did not know her, her presence increased his delirium, so she remained in the hall, watching the face of each one who came out, with eyes grown hollow and despairing. In the end they were as anxious for her as for Philip. Even the minister forgave her the sorrow she had caused his brother, in pity for her retribution. So many days and nights went by, and at last the doctor said to Aunt Abigail:

"There are worse things in this world than death. No brain will bear a continual strain of remorse and fear."

Aunt Abigail's strong, angular figure quivered. He left her, and went into the hall.

"Annette," he said, kindly but firmly, "you must take this."

She took the powder as submissively as a child. They had placed a lounge in the hall for her. A little later, when Aunt Abigail came out, she found her lying on it in a heavy, dreamless sleep. While she was in that sleep Philip passed the crisis and lived.

Several months passed. In that time the young student struggled reluctantly back into health, and went away for a final year in college, and Annette, subdued and saddened by her late bitter experience, staid very closely at home with Aunt Abigail.

STATUE OF EGERIA, BY THE SCULPTOR FOLEY.

Her friends, only knowing half the story, censured her greatly, setting her down as a cruel flirt and jilt.

So another year went by, and the village was all astir. Mark Colton was expected home, and so was Philip, and there was a round of gayety planned for their reception. Mrs. Colton opened the season by issuing a great number of invitations. Mark was expected to arrive on a certain morning, and his friends were to meet him in the evening.

Philip was already at the parsonage, and some one had seen him several times walking with Annette in the pleasant lane that separated Aunt Abigail's farm from Mr. Colton's. This was told over and over in the village. Of course nobody knew who the *some one* was who had seen this, but each one considered his or her informant perfectly reliable, and that was sufficient. There had been a great deal of wonderment as to whether Annette would dare run the risk of meeting Philip by accepting the invitation—but, of course, this settled the question.

Some of the girls secretly sighed over it; they had hoped Annette would not join in the gayety. Mark had left on account of Philip, and now both Mark and Philip were back; and in the time that had elapsed, Annette, who was always pretty, had bloomed into positive beauty.

Whilst her little world were discussing her probable course of action, Annette was struggling between her heart and her pride. The former begged her to stay at home; the latter sneered at her weakness and taunted her with being afraid to meet one who had not thought of her for two long years.

Aunt Abigail never asked Annette her intention, but she saw her sister and Aunt Abigail look at her anxiously, and she secretly shed many bitter tears. She did not even see Philip until the day of the party. Then he came to the house, and waited on the portico until she came out. Somewhat later, she went into the sitting-room, where Aunt Abigail sat knitting.

"I have decided to go to-night with Philip," she said.

The spinster pushed up her spectacles and looked at the girl with surprise.

"He is going to be married, and is as happy as can be. I needn't trouble over that any more," she continued, joyfully.

"Umph!" commented Aunt Abigail; then added: "I

never saw the man yet who hadn't a great capacity for loving."

Annette first laughed, then grew suddenly grave.

"I guess, after all, it is well they are so constituted, Aunt Abigail," she said, and went up to her room.

Everybody was at that first party—old and young, married and single. Even Aunt Abigail went, causing a general expression of astonishment by her presence; for she had not been to a party for forty years. She started early, telling Annette that she meant to see the whole thing through, from beginning to end. Aunt Abigail never took a back seat; she occupied the very front pew in the village church, and at the prayer-meetings always took the chair next to old Father Brown, who selected his seat in reference to his deafness. So to-night she took her place right beside Mrs. Colton, so that a stranger would have had difficulty in deciding which was hostess; for Aunt Abigail, with all her stiff ways, was wondrous cordial and fond of seeing people.

THE BLEIKELLER OF BREMEN.—GAZING ON THE DEAD IN THE VAULTS OF THE DOM KIRCHE.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

Mark stood beside his mother, and more than once found his blue eyes brought directly to meet the keen, critical eyes of the spinster. She did everything from principle, was honest to the backbone; hence treated him with the coldness and displeasure which she felt. He had always been a favorite with her—hence was perplexed and troubled by her manner.

When we love, we feel a sort of attraction toward any one who is in the habit of being near the object of our affection. Mark had such a feeling for Aunt Abigail, and her rebuff seemed like a shadow of Annette's; for in these years—wonderful fact to record in the history of man!—he had been wholly constant to his first love.

He had heard from his mother of her refusal of Philip, and had begun to think that he had been over-hasty, and to entertain a faint hope of winning her after all.

When she came into the room on Philip's arm, Mark grew deathly pale—even his lips were white, and he clutched the back of the chair by which he stood, as if for support.

Philip led her directly to him. She had never looked more lovely. She held out her hand in frank, cordial welcome, the bright crimson mantling her cheeks. She had been preparing herself for this all day. He was taken unawares—hence at a disadvantage; and Aunt Abigail's shrewd eyes took it all in, with a smile breaking up the lines of her face.

Mark shook hands with them both; he tried to be cordial, but failed signally, and the moment they joined the gay crowd that were promenading, he abruptly left his mother to receive the guests, and retired.

We have said that Aunt Abigail did everything on principle; she acted according to the rule of her life now, and followed the young man. She found him on the piazza.

"You are not well?" she said.

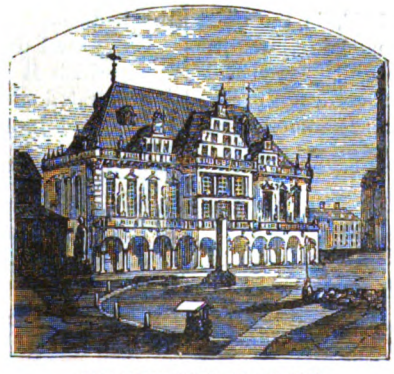
There was always a pleasant courtesy about Mark. He thanked her for her kindness, saying he would be all right in a minute.

"What made you all wrong?" she asked.

"Aunt Abigail," he said, and his voice quivered painfully, "so Annette is going to marry Philip, after all?"

"You are very much mistaken! Philip is going to be married, yet not to Annette. But what is it to you whether Annette marries or not?"

"It is so much to me, Aunt Abigail, that if my surmise had been correct I should wish that I were dead!"



THE TOWN-HALL OF BREMEN.

"Umph! It is curious how two ordinarily sensible people can misunderstand each other," commented the spinster, dryly; and a moment after went back to the parlor, with her arm resting stiffly in Mark's.

Mark Colton made a delightful host that evening. Everybody was charmed and full of enjoyment, excepting Annette, yet she seemed the gayest of the gay; she even danced repeatedly with Mark, and laughed and talked as lightly as if he were a new acquaintance that she

was delighted to make. Once or twice, after a dance, he tried to lead her out on the piazza, but she shivered, saying it was too cold, though there was scarce a chill in the late May evening.

At length he came beside her, and, throwing a zephyr shawl of his mother's over her shoulders, said, and there was something teasing in his earnest voice:

"You have no excuse now."

She took his arm instantly, the color deepening in her cheeks. Just at that moment the music started for a quadrille, hence they found the piazza deserted.

When once there, she drew her hand from his arm. For a moment there was an uncomfortable silence; then he said, in an embarrassed tone:

"So you are not going to marry Philip, after all?"

"I? Oh, no; of course not!" she answered, as if such a thing had never been thought of before.

"Who are you going to marry, then?" he asked.

She laughed.

"Oh, no one; I'm going to be an old maid, like Aunt Abigail."

She had been restlessly clasping and unclasping her bracelet. Now it fell to the floor—he picked it up—she held out her hand to take it, but he clasped it around her white wrist himself, and then unclasped it, and clasped it again. The crimson flooded her cheeks for an instant, their eyes met, a smile came into his; she looked quickly away.

"Annette, you have tormented me for two years," he said.

"Discipline is healthy," she retorted, with a laugh, though there were tears of joy on her long lashes.

"Am I the only one who has been disciplined?" he asked, with grave eagerness.

"I despise questions," she replied, and dashed the tears away.

"Yet you must answer one more, Annette," he said. "Will you love Mark Colton, and be his wife?"

"That is two questions," was the provoking reply.

"One answer will do for both," he said, and bowed his head until he received it.

Annette was among the first to go home. She came with Philip and went with him. The gossips were entirely off the track. Aunt Abigail was among the last guests, and Mark made every one laugh, the spinster heartiest of them all, by coolly kissing her good-night.

In less than a week everybody knew it, and that Autumn, in the little village church, the ceremony was performed by the minister, assisted by Philip, who had just been ordained.

THE BLEIKELLER OF BREMEN.

In the month of July, in the year 1863, in the quiet old town of Bremen, I arrived one morning, wearied after long travel. I put up at a hotel to which I was accidentally invited by the sight of its signboard, not caring much about inquiring whether better accommodations were to be had elsewhere, for to my mind all German hotels are alike.

I was soon seated at the breakfast-table, with my host and his family. Herr Muhlberg, my landlord, was an old man, cheerful and hearty, having in his gait a surprising degree of activity. His granddaughter, a handsome young woman, who superintended the affairs of the house, was the mother of two fine-looking boys. The frank and simple courtesy of the old man soon won my regard, while the children pleased me by their quiet manners.

After breakfast I took a ramble through the city. I saw much that interested me in the evidences of an antiquity that is said to have existed more than a thousand years.

In the old town, divided by the bridge from the new, this antiquity is seen in the streets, narrow and crooked, and in the houses, decorated in the style of the Middle Ages. To one who, like myself, was a stranger, a native of America, accustomed to freshness, bright colors and wide avenues, the dark and dingy buildings, of an architecture quaint and angular, and the shade thrown by them on the narrow streets, presented a grim and gloomy picture.

Speculating on what I considered the drowsiness of all around me, I wended my way to the wine-cellar of the Town Hall. This is a building in the Gothic style of architecture, showing traces of restoration at different periods. The cellars under this massive hall run under its entire structure. They are under the care of the municipal authorities, and are called "Rathkeller," or "Stadt Weinkeller."

The vaults are filled with large butts or casks, containing wine of vintages running back a period of more than two hundred years. Looking over the *Preis-Courant der im Stadt Weinkeller zu Bremen*, I called for a bottle of "Rudersheimer Berg, Rosewein," of the year 1624.

It is difficult to describe my sensations in drinking this old wine. The people of the city who were in existence when it was pressed from the grape had long since passed away. It was of a date long before Charles Gustavus of Sweden had invaded the city—in 1654—and before the struggles of the city with the Dukes of Brunswick and Luneburg. Nations had grown great or dwindled into insignificance since it had been stored in the casks by which I was surrounded. Hendrick Hudson had but a few years previously entered the Hudson River, its first European navigator; the City of New York had but just received its New Amsterdam settlers, the first in order of population succeeding the wild citizens of the forests; while in England the Stuarts were expelled from the throne, and the inheritance of the Crown bestowed on the House of Hanover, long after that wine had become the beverage of the citizens of Bremen.

Statesmen celebrated in the events of the world, poets and dramatists renowned in letters had for centuries resorted to these cellars, relieving themselves from the cares of State or imbibing fresh inspiration from the vintage waters of the Rhine.

I felt a strange excitement in thus being linked so intimately with the past. I slowly sipped my glass, and drank to the memory of the generous souls who had so bountifully stored the cellars for the benefit of the thirsty of after generations. Never has a corporeal work for the benefit of mankind been more nobly performed than in this instance.

The wine I drank was dark in color, tasted of the wood from which it had been drawn, and was like pure but concentrated spirits.

As I had heard strange stories of the vaults called the "Bleikeller," or vaults of the "Dom Kirche," under the Church of St. Peter, I determined then to explore them. With little difficulty I found open one of the side entrances to this remarkable structure. I entered and gazed on all it contained with a keen relish for the beautiful, made manifest in the colossal proportions of the edifice, its symmetry and architecture. I longed, however, to explore the Bleikeller, and was taken into subterranean life, under the naves and chancel of the church.

Strange to say, one of the guides who showed me the

wonders of the place was a young and beautiful woman, in whom I became much interested. Her countenance was so fresh and fair, her teeth so white and perfect, her eyes so bright and pleasing, that in the mood I then was, her quiet smile and sweet voice caused me to listen to all she said as if I were under the influence of some powerful charm. Her name was Gertrude.

Lying in their sepulchres, and exposed to the view of the spectator, were human figures in which life had been extinct for centuries. The bodies had not decayed nor shown any indication of change in their appearance since they had departed life, save in a tawny hue which pervaded the skin; otherwise they had all the appearance of sleeping human beings.

A Swedish general has here slumbered for a hundred and fifty years, yet has lost none of his corpulency or air of command. A workman, who at an early period fell from one of the scaffolds of the church, looks as natural in his alcove as if he had just gone to sleep overnight, owing, no doubt, to the fact that his death was instantaneous and that he had not been wasted by disease. And there, too, lies a countess, once remarkable for her beauty, but now only distinguished by what has survived its wreck, her pearly teeth and the profuseness of her hair.

With an air that is engaging, although nearly two centuries have passed since he departed this life, lies in his silent sepulchre a German student who lost his life in a duel.

I solicited from my pretty guide the story of the occurrence which had terminated the earthly career of one so young and so interesting in appearance. She related the following as the history of that event:

On the evening of the Festival of St. John, in 1681, there was a gathering of the young people at a neighboring village outside of Bremen. It was a *fête champêtre*, and dancing and music gave zest to the hours of festivity the young people enjoyed. The belle of the festival was the young and pretty heiress, Rosa Stolzberg. She was much sought after and admired; but had not as yet shown a distinct preference for any of her admirers.

Among those who pertinaciously pressed their suit was Lewis Bromenbach, a heartless adventurer, who had been a soldier and lived as a bully on the strength of their skill in the use of arms. He looked with jealousy and defiance on the seeming encouragement which Carl Hensard, a young German student, received from the pretty Rosa.

He took occasion to insult Carl in the presence of his companions. The preliminaries of a duel were that evening arranged, and the next morning they fought at sunrise.

Carl displayed great coolness and intrepidity, only seeking to disarm his antagonist and check his insolent behavior in the quarrel which had been forced upon him. Bromenbach, however, malignant and revengeful, fought only to kill, and by a trick of fencing which he had learned for sanguinary purposes, got within Carl's guard, and to the horror of the lookers-on, ran him through the body. Carl died on the spot, and was interred in these vaults, amid the regrets of the town and the grief of his brother students. Rosa never married, but became a religious recluse, dispensing her fortune in relieving the necessities of the poor.

"How long a time has Carl been interred?" I inquired.

"About a hundred and eighty years," she replied.

"How long have you been janitress?"

"More than sixty years."

I laughed, of course, at the extravagance of the story that made the lovely girl before me eighty years of age.

"You may laugh," she said, "at what you consider the impossibility of my being so old. I am sister of Herr Muhlberg, hotel-keeper in this city. He can prove to you very readily that I am older than himself. Since my girlhood I have passed my life here. Nothing of animal construction in this atmosphere ever decays. The lifeless birds you see around the arched pillars and in the oriels have been there for many years. No artificial means have been made use of to preserve them, although my grandmother informed me she saw them there in her childhood. This resistance to decay the religious believe is owing to a miraculous power. The worldly-wise attribute it to other and natural causes. Whatever may be the cause, however, you see the effect on the living and the dead, and may rely on the truth of all that I have said concerning this holy place."

To say I was astonished is but faintly to describe my feelings. Although inclined to question what my senses would not permit me to believe, Herr Muhlberg, my landlord, gave me satisfactory proof that Gertrude, his sister, was the age she asserted.

His granddaughter spoke of her grandaunt, seemingly younger than herself, as having not changed in appearance from the time she had seen her in her childhood.

The antiseptic quality of the vaults was thus demonstrated to my satisfaction. It is a phenomenon which finds a conspicuous place in the history of Bremen, and is celebrated among the natural wonders of Germany.

That I should, however, under any circumstances, have taken an old woman of eighty years of age for a young girl of eighteen perplexed me not a little. In thinking over the matter in my own room at the inn, I concluded that a close inspection of Gertrude's appearance would disclose the infallible marks the progress of time makes in every human being. The more I reflected on the subject the more I became convinced that, under the influence of the rusty old wine I had imbibed, I had lost my usual powers of discrimination.

Other visits to Gertrude, however, when free from the effects of wine of either ancient or modern days, left me in solemn soberness no other alternative but to believe that there is one spot on earth where the human body never decays, but is preserved unimpaired, undisturbed by the progress of time, and free from the great law of universal dissolution, which in its instance is wholly suspended.

The frequent visits I paid to the Bleikeller imparted a freshness to my own complexion and a rosy hue to my cheeks which they had not worn for many a long day. As the traces of age began sensibly to disappear, I made the most of the time that was left me to increase the benefits so marvelously acquired.

In an evil hour, however, and when the period of my stay in Bremen was about drawing to a close, I visited the Stadt Weinkeller with some companions from America, who had just arrived in the city. In giving them an introduction to the cellar and its old vintages, the discussion of their various merits and the singular wonders of the place naturally prolonged our sitting to a late hour in the night.

The next morning I awoke with a headache. On looking in the mirror I was mortified and surprised to find that my chronological and aged wine-drinking had, as a natural effect, made me again old, and destroyed all the appearance of my newly acquired youth. Crowsfeet, wrinkles and gray hairs had triumphantly obtained their former ascendancy. I could not but deplore the folly of which I had been guilty. With the determination never again to taste wine which could by any possibility be a century old, I left Bremen a wiser and a sober man.

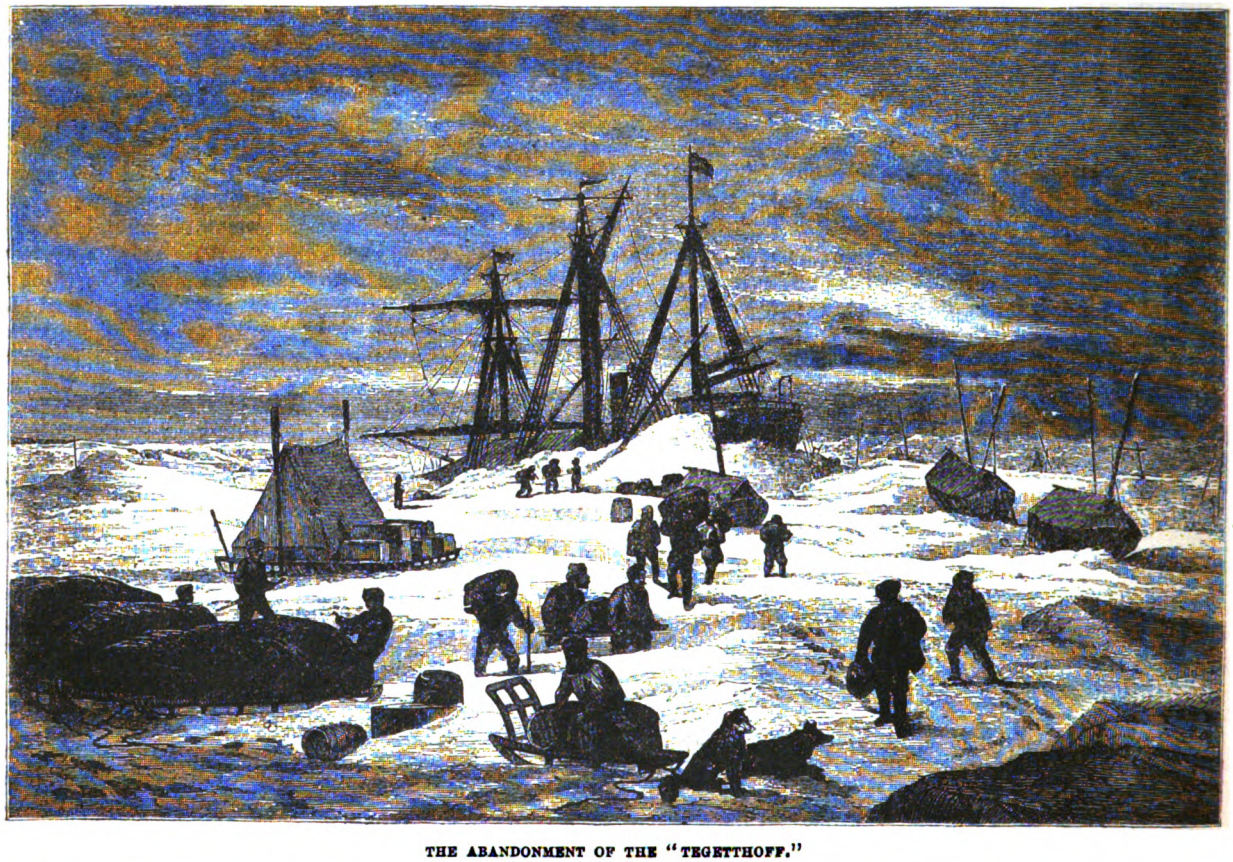
THE AUSTRIANS IN THE ICE.

KAISER FRANZ-JOSEF'S LAND, AND THE ESCAPE FROM IT.

By Godfrey A. Hudson.

We left the *Tegetthoff*, on the last day of October, 1873, held fast by the ice-floe, which, after drifting hither and yon for fourteen months, had grounded upon a shore which human foot had probably never trodden, and human eye had never seen. No map in ordinary use shows the position of this "Franz-Josef's Land." Its southern extremity lies almost in lat. 80°, upon the same parallel with the northern extremity of Spitzbergen, but some forty degrees of longitude to the eastward. How far northward it stretches no man knows. As far as explored at all, it consists of two main masses, separated by a narrow sound, with numerous small islands off the coast. Upon the southernmost of these islets the ice-floe was grounded. The *Tegetthoff* lay high and dry upon the surface of this floe; or, rather, upon a tumulus of ice a few feet above the level of the floe; for the heat of the past Summer had melted away the surface of the ice, except where it was protected from the rays of the sun by the hull of the vessel.

On the morning of the 1st of November, the land lay to the northwest in the twilight. The lines of rocks were clearly defined, and it seemed that the shore could be reached without danger. A party set out for the shore, clambering over ice-walls piled up fifty feet high, beyond which was a smooth patch of "young ice," showing that open water had been there not long before. "Over the surface of this young ice," says Payer, "we ran, crossed the ice-foot, and actually stepped upon land. Snow and rocks and broken ice surrounded us on every side. A region more desolate could not be found on earth than this island upon which we walked; but to us it was a paradise, and we called it Wilczek Island, in honor of the generous patron of the expedition. There was no drift-wood to be seen, and the vegetation was meagre and miserable, consisting only of a few lichens. We looked for traces of the reindeer and the fox, but our search was fruitless. The land appeared to be without a single living creature."



THE ABANDONMENT OF THE "TEGETTHOFF."

During the early days of November, several short excursions were made upon the land; but until Spring came there was no possibility of making any extensive exploration. "But," says Payer, "the hope and expectation of successes to be achieved, and the feeling that our safety was not immediately threatened, rendered this second Winter a happy contrast to the preceding one. We had now leisure and calmness for intellectual occupations, which were the only means of relieving the monotony of the long period of darkness. We lived like hermits in our little cabins, and learned that mental activity, without any other joy, suffices to make men happy and contented. We had now a hope that in the Spring we should be able to leave the ship and explore the land which we had discovered. Happy in this expectation, we could enjoy the indescribable pleasure of the good books with which our library was furnished. Nowhere can a book be so valued

LIFE IN THE TENT.

as in such an isolated position as ours was. With regard to the crew, they were kept in good humor by an increase of their comforts. As we had not the prospect of a third Winter in the ice—which would have rendered a greater economy in our provisions imperative—we were enabled to provide them with a more generous diet."

We jot down some incidents relating to this second Winter in the ice: During the last three weeks of November there was almost total darkness, the sky being overclouded and the weather bad. Though there were countless hummocks and ice-cliffs all around, everything looked like one black, unbroken level. Let us watch the coming on of the long night. On October 31st the stars became visible about one o'clock in the afternoon; on the 16th of November print was barely legible at noon; on the 18th the large letters on the title-page of a book could be read at the distance of a foot; on the 13th of December—a clear day—not a letter was legible at noon. When the moon, at the close of November, re-appeared, Payer hoped to make some excursions to the mainland; but, he says, "the fickleness of the weather compelled me to confine my wanderings to Wilczek Island, which I frequently visited, although, with the thermometer at four degrees below the freezing point, I was exposed to frost-bites in the face and hands whenever I attempted to draw by the light of a lamp, and with only the protection of light woolen gloves." The numerous sketches which he made during the voyage, some of which are here reproduced—all of which, he says, "were drawn on the spot from nature, and have been reproduced just as they were drawn"—show how earnestly he wrought under such unfavorable circumstances.

KRISCH, THE ENGINEER.

The cold grew more and more intense. The various kinds of spirits on board remained fluid when exposed to a temperature of —27° F.; at —31° gin was congealed in two hours and a half, but rum and brandy were unchanged; a mixture of two parts of pure alcohol and one part of water froze at —47°; and brandy became solid at —54° F.

December 21st was the middle of this long Winter night. Only by the compass could they tell in which direction the south lay; every trace of twilight had disappeared, and for six weeks they were enveloped in unbroken darkness. The only approach to twilight was when the crescent moon shone in her first quarter; and even then the figure of a man could be discerned only at a very short distance, and when Payer wished to sketch the ship he had to have it lit up by torches. At noon on this midwinter day, says Payer, "We should not have seen the sun could we have ascended that pinnacle of the Alps which Pliny imagined to be 120,000 feet high, or even from that peak of the Caucasus which Aristotle reckoned at 230,000 feet."

Early in December a snow-house was built outside the ship for the dogs, each one having a separate kennel. "Every morning," says Payer, "the door of the snow-house was opened, and out rushed the dogs, with their tails in the air, to begin a general fight. No shouts, no blows, not even the discharge of a rifle, could separate the combatants. Pouring water over them at a temperature of 68° below the freezing point, though a somewhat

barbarous way of producing peace, was successful only with the younger dogs. When the fight was over, the next object was for each to find out his special patron, and the instant they recognized him they rushed upon him, tugged at his clothes, and thrust their noses inquiringly into his pockets. Each dog then made his morning round, visiting the places where he had hidden a piece of bread or a bit of seal in the snow. When they had satisfied their appetites, it was curious to observe how they would make it smooth over the hole in which their treasure was deposited, all the time cunningly turning their eyes right and left to see whether they were observed."

The long night at length came to an end. On January 11th, 1874, the largest letters on the title-page of a book could be read when held up to the light of the midday twilight. At noon on the 23d of February, the rolling mists glowed with a red light, announcing the reappearance of the sun. At 10 o'clock on the next morning, his disk, distorted by refraction, appeared above the horizon. "Again," says Payer, "there was spread over the snow that magical rosy hue, those bright azure shadows, which impart a poetical character even to the landscape of the frozen North. The return of the sun was this year the deliverance from our long night of 125 days.* Anxiously had we awaited his return, and joyously we greeted it, but not with the frenzied feelings of the previous year. Then the reappearance of the sun was tantamount almost to a deliverance from hell itself; but now the sun was nothing to us but as a means to an end: Would it enable us to begin our sledge-journeys to explore the Kaiser Franz-Josef Land? The mere thought of the possibility of making new discoveries threw us into a feverish impatience; and our fears became intense lest the ship with its floe should drift away and frustrate the execution of our plans just as they seemed feasible."

On this 23d of February, Weyprecht and Payer decided to abandon the *Tegetthoff* after the termination of certain projected sledge-journeys, and endeavor to make their way back to Europe by means of sledges and boats. Everything evinced the necessity of such a procedure. The ship lay on her icy tumulus, whence no human power could remove her, and there was no likelihood that Nature would come to their aid. The provisions were not sufficient for another year; and the medical stores were greatly reduced. The health of the crew, though perhaps better than could have been anticipated, was not satisfactory. Scurvy, though not in an aggravated form, had made its appearance during the Winter. The symptoms had indeed moderated upon the approach of Spring; but it was almost certain that a third Winter would be far more trying, even had the supply of provisions and medicines been ample. "Of the nineteen men who, exclusive of the four officers, composed the crew," says Payer, "several had fallen sick. Krisch, the engineer, suffered from scurvy, and was far gone in consumption; Marola and Fallesich showed scorbutic symptoms; Vecerina, from the same cause, was unable to move his lower extremities; Palmich had a constant tendency in the same direction; Pospischill suffered from lung disease, and Haller from a rheumatic affection of his extremities, which almost incapacitated him from any exertion."

* The length of the polar night—that is, the period during which the sun does not appear above the horizon—varies with the latitude of the observers. This, of 125 days, is next to one the longest of which we have definite record. That of Kane was 113 days; that of Hayes, 123 days; but in his case the sun would have appeared somewhat earlier but for the intervention of the mountains on the southern horizon. Nares's expedition of 1875-76, records a period of 142 days of "total or partial darkness."

By the original scheme Payer was to command any expeditions which should be undertaken upon land. On the 24th of February he laid his plans before the council of officers. These were in substance that the sledge-expeditions should begin between the 10th and the 20th of March, and be continued for six or seven weeks. There was a possibility that while the sledge-party were absent, the floe might drift away. In anticipation of such a contingency, depots of stores were to be made at certain points on the shore. If upon their return the sledge-party found the ship gone, they were to try to make their way back to Europe over the ice, and not, unless from absolute necessity, pass another Winter here.

The intelligence that exploring expeditions had been resolved upon caused great joy among the crew of the *Tegetthoff*. Every man was eager to take part in them. Even poor Krisch, who was in the last stages of consumption, extorted from Payer a promise that he should be one of the party. Supplies which would have been wholly inadequate for a year were superabundant for two months' consumption, and yet leave more than they could carry with them. "The comparatively short period for which our stores were to last," says Payer, "enabled us to indulge in what, under the circumstances, might be called luxury. We could thus dispose of more than two hundred bottles of wine, which had been reserved for the sick in the event of a third Winter being passed in the ice. Three-and-twenty men now in three months drank two hundred bottles of wine, and smoked, like chimneys, the superfluous stores of cigars and tobacco. Potatoes, preserved vegetables and fruit were daily on our table. Our allowance of rum was increased, lights were freely burnt in every corner, and the novel sensation of luxury was universal."

Payer devotes a couple of valuable chapters to the subject of sledge-journeys, which are well worth the perusal of any one who has such an expedition in mind. "The first principle in fitting out such an expedition," he says, "should be the rejection of everything not absolutely necessary for the support of life—the scientific instruments only excepted; and the second, that the whole of the traveling-gear should be of the most perfect and convenient form." But under these two principles come an immense variety of details, some of which may here be noted: "Alcohol of the greatest purity and strength is the best fuel, and is most easily transported. Next to alcohol, stearine is most to be recommended, on account of its great heating powers; and then train-oil, though the smoke and dirt produced by it in the tent are almost unbearable. Petroleum ought not to be employed, on account of its dangerous character. Wood and coal generate too little heat in proportion to their bulk." And in regard to food: "The provisions should consist of boiled beef, hard bread, extract of meats, chocolate, grits, pea-sausages, sugar, rice, condensed milk, and coffee. Tea and the two last mentioned articles of food have an indescribably reviving effect, especially in the morning, and enable the party to make long forced marches, warding off thirst, the great enemy of such expeditions; pemmican and fatty substances must be used in moderation, when the temperature is very low, inasmuch as they tend to produce this evil. . . . As fresh meat affords, under all circumstances, the strongest nourishment, the business of hunting must not be left to chance. . . . Wherever there is a certainty of finding drift-wood, I would recommend vermicelli or macaroni, which can then be properly prepared. Good strong tea is of the first importance, though at first we set small store by it. A small ration of rum daily is almost indispensable in sledge-journeys,

especially when the temperature is very low. Franklin and John Ross both pronounce in favor of the moderate use of this spirit, although they were of opinion that when the crews were leading an inactive life on board ship, the use of rum promoted scurvy."

Dog-teams play an important part in Arctic explorations on the American side. The *Tegetthoff* was very scantily supplied with dogs, and none were to be procured in the regions traversed by this expedition. Payer, however, in previous expeditions, had more to do with them, and he thus sums up his opinions in this regard:

"No form of sledge-traveling, when measured by results, can be compared with sledging by the help of dogs; for this method enables us to compass the greatest possible distance, and diminishes the dead-weight of the load in the sledge. Besides this, dogs are not only active, but tractable; they can endure hunger longer than men, even while making great exertions; they do not drink or smoke; neither fuel for the stove to liquify the snow, nor tents, nor sleeping-bag need be taken for them—none in fact, of those many little things which are indispensable for men. And since in a long journey a strong dog is able to drag double what he needs for his own support, the surplus falls to the share of the man who accompanies him, and who is therefore able to prolong his absence from the ship. Sixteen miles a day, on an average, may easily be accomplished, especially if the rest of the party attached to each sledge walk on before their respective teams. Distances varying from 600 to 800 miles may thus be reached, while 300, or at the most 500, miles are all that men alone in the same time can perform. And, moreover, in extreme necessity the dogs can even be used for food."

The first sledge expedition began on the 10th of March, 1874, occupying a week in going and returning, although it went only twenty miles in a straight line from the ship. It was, however, marked by some noteworthy incidents. As this was designed to be a short expedition at most, the best and strongest men were reserved for a longer journey. The party consisted of Payer himself, the two Tyrolese, Haller and Klotz, and four sailors, Cattarinch, Lukinovich, Pospischill and Lettis, the last three of whom were suffering from affections of the lungs and heart; so that, says Payer, "it may be inferred that necessity alone enabled them to do what they did, when the temperature fell lower than we expected." There were also three dogs —Gillis, Sumbu and Torossy.

The first two days presented no very remarkable incidents, although the thermometer kept continually falling. On the afternoon of the 12th they ascended a hill, which barometrical observation showed to be 2,500 feet high; but the view was limited, a thick mist enveloping all distant objects. Payer left the tent to make some observations, and when he returned he found Lettis and Cattarinch engaged in rubbing with snow the hands of Lukinovich, which had become frost-bitten while he was occupied in rubbing the feet of Lettis. "We went to rest in the common sleeping-bag," says Payer, "but soon began to shake with cold, which threw Pospischill into a fever. When I left the tent to look at the thermometers, the mercury in one had gone down into the bulb and was frozen, and the spirits of wine in the other showed 74° F. below the freezing point. Some hot grog, for which a whole bottle of strong rum was used, put us all right. After this refreshment we fell into a deep sleep, incommoded only by the increasing dampness of our clothes."

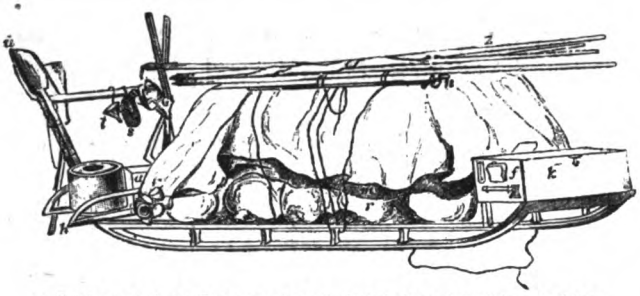
Next morning they started before sunrise, the spirit thermometer marking 78° below the freezing point, with a piercingly cold breeze from the land. The road was formed of snow-crystals, over which the sledge glided with difficulty, almost as if over sand. They melted snow, and poured the water over the runners, forming a coating of smooth ice, which made the sledge run more easily until it was worn off. In the afternoon Payer and the Tyrolese, accompanied by Torossy and Sumbu, climbed the high promontory of Cape Litrow. So steep was its slope that the men could ascend and descend only by cutting steps in the ice, while the dogs had to be drawn up and let down by a rope. That night the thermometer fell to 83° below the freezing point; and, says Payer, "I do not believe we could have passed through it without the help of grog. We drank it as we lay close together muffled up in our sleeping-bag. It was boiling hot, and so strong that under other circumstances it must have made us incapable of work; yet in spite of the grog we suffered much all through the night from cold and our frozen clothes."

Before sunrise the next morning, Payer, accompanied by the two Tyrolese, went out to make some observations upon the neighboring Sonklar Glacier. While thus engaged, the thermometer fell to —60° F., ninety-two degrees below the freezing point. This was the greatest degree of cold observed by him in any of his three polar expeditions.* He says: "While engaged in the indispensable labor of drawing and measuring, although I worked under the shelter of my companions to protect me against the wind, I was constantly compelled to rub my stiffened and benumbed hands with snow. We had some rum with us, and as each took his share, he knelt down and allowed another to shake into his mouth without bringing the metal cup in contact with his lips. Though this rum was strong, it seemed to have lost all its strength and fluidity. Its consistence was that of oil, and it tasted like milk. The instruments seemed to burn when I touched them, and the medals which my companions wore on their breasts felt like hot iron."

Among the terrible effects of extreme cold upon the human system, Payer mentions the following: "It is remarkable that great cold, as well as great heat, tends greatly to the generation of thirst. It is also remarkable how rapidly the demoralization produced by thirst extends, when any one of the party begins to show signs of suffering from it. Habit, however, enables men to struggle against thirst more successfully than against hunger. Many try to relieve it by using snow, which is especially pernicious when its temperature falls considerably below the point of liquefaction. Inflammation of the mouth and tongue, rheumatic pains in the teeth, diarrhœa, and other mischiefs, are the consequences whenever a person yields to the temptation of such a momentary relief. It is, in fact, a mere delusion, because it is impossible to eat as much snow—say a cubic foot—as would be requisite to furnish an adequate amount of water. Snow at a temperature of say forty or fifty degrees below the freezing point, feels in the mouth like hot iron, and does not quench thirst, but increases it by its inflammatory action on the mucous membrane of the parts which it affects. The Esquimaux prefer to endure any amount of thirst rather than eat snow."

Everything evinced that it was useless for this preliminary sledge-expedition to attempt more than it had already accomplished. Payer had abundant pluck and endurance left in him, but the men were fearfully used up; and so,

* Considerably lower degrees have been noted by others; as —67 deg. F., by Back; —68 deg by Hayes; a little less than —78 deg. by M'Clure; and a little more than —78 deg. by Nevérow, in Siberia. This last, or 100 deg. below the freezing point, is about as low as can be marked, even by the spirit thermometer.



a, Spirit-can ; *f*, Ax, Thermometer ; *h*, Dog-sledge ; *i*, Cooking-machine ; *k*, Box of instruments ; *m*, Tent and Sleeping-bags ; *n* and *z*, Surveying-stand and tent-pole ; *o*, Sledge-sail ; *r*, Sacks of provisions ; *s*, India-rubber bottle ; *t*, Funnel ; *u*, Shovel.

THE SLEDGE WITH ITS LOAD.

says Payer, "about five o'clock in the morning of March 15th, we started to compass the twenty miles which lay between us and the ship in one march, without encountering the suffering of another night's camping out in the snow." That day's return march occupied something like eighteen hours ; and when Payer reached the ship, he was just in time to witness the last scene of a tragedy, which he shall describe :

"As I entered my berth, I heard the hard breathing of our poor comrade, Krisch. For more than a week he had lain without consciousness ; yet death had not come to relieve him. But on the afternoon of the next day a sudden cessation of all sound told us that he was no more. Next day, his body, placed in a coffin, was brought on deck, and our flag hoisted half-mast high. Three days later the body was committed to its lonely grave in the far North. A mournful procession left the ship with a sledge, on which rested the coffin covered with a flag and a cross, and wended its way to the nearest elevation on the shore of Wilczek Island. Silently struggling against the drifting snow, we marched on, dragging our burden through desolate reaches of snow, until after an hour and a half we arrived at the point we sought on the island. Here, in a fissure between basaltic columns, we deposited his earthly remains, filling the cavity up with stones, which we loosened with much labor, and which the wind, as we stood there, covered with wreaths of snow. We read the prayer for the dead over him who had shared in our sufferings and trials, but who was not destined to return home with us with the news of our success. The wind blowing over the stiff and stark elevation where we stood covered all of us with a thick coating of snow, and caused the appearance of frost-bite in the faces and hands of some of our party. We found considerable difficulty in making our way back to the ship through an atmosphere filled with snow."

The lonely grave of Otto Krisch lies close under the parallel of 80° north latitude. About two and a half years before, on October 8th, 1871, the remains of our own Charles Francis Hall had been laid to rest in latitude 81° 38′, more than a hundred miles further to the north. These two men, we believe, rest nearer to the Pole than any other men of civilized races who have ever adventured into the frozen North.

Preparations were quietly made for a more extensive sledge-journey. "Discoveries of importance," says Payer, "could be expected only from an expedition of a month's duration. I gathered before me the picked men who were to accompany me, to lay before them my plans. I explained to them my design of penetrating in a northerly direction as far as possible ; and I put before them the danger of our being cut off from the ship. But while I showed the perils, I stimulated them also by the hope of reward. If the parallel of 81° were reached, I guaranteed to them the sum of 1,000 florins ; if we reached 82° the reward was to be 2,500 florins ; and I declared that merit alone should regulate the distribution of these sums. In order to make sure of reticence on the part of my company, and thus obviate ill-feeling on the part of the rest of the crew, they were told that the rewards would be forfeited should any one who staid behind hear of the offer of them. The assembled company agreed also never to mention dangers on our journey, and in the event of our not finding the ship on our return, to take the whole blame of such an issue upon our own shoulders. With regard to the rewards, never was a secret better kept ; and, as the result showed, the highest reward was fully earned. Immediately began on board a packing, a tailoring, a preparation as if for a campaign ; and under the tent-roof of the ship, the rusty runners of the sledges were polished till they were as smooth as glass."

THE DRESS OF THE ARCTIC SLEDGER.

HOW SUMBU WAS LOST.

Just before this expedition set out, an episode occurred which broke in a little upon the monotony of life on the *Tegetthoff*. On the 22d of March, a she-bear appeared near the ship, accompanied by her two cubs, of a darker color than their mother. "It

was exceedingly interesting," says Payer, "to watch the actions of this family. The mother frequently stopped and snuffed the air with uplifted snout; then she would lick her cubs, who fondly crept up to her, behaving like young poodles, which they also resembled in size. Six shots were fired, at seventy paces distance, and the mother bear, after running for about forty paces, fell dead. Amazed at the reports of the rifles and the actions of the mother, the little bears sat as if they were rooted in the snow, and looked with astonishment at the dark forms which rushed out from the ship. One of them suffered itself to be shaken by Pekel; and only when they were seized by the nape of the neck and carried on board, did they seem to entertain the least surmise of mischief. At first they were shut up separately in casks set on end, and growled long and impatiently till they were put together in the same cask. Sumbu alone was slow to understand our sudden pity for his hereditary foes; he scratched and barked at the cask for hours together, while the cubs growled and threatened retaliation with their little paws. After looking at this for some time, Gillis was moved to side with the bears, and a battle ensued between him and Sumbu, in which the latter got the worst of it. The little animals afforded us much amusement, and the crew were seriously considering the feasibility of training them to draw the sledge in the meditated return to Europe. They ate bread, sauerkraut, bacon—in short, everything that was given to them. One morning, however, the little rascals eluded the eye of the watch, and got away. They were immediately caught and killed, and appeared roasted on our dinner-table."

THE BURIAL OF KRISCH.

The preparations having been completed, the expedition started on the 26th of March, 1874. It consisted of seven persons—Lieutenant Payer, midshipman Orel, the two Tyrolese, Klotz and Haller; three sailors—Zaninovich, Sussich and Lukinovich; and three dogs, Jubinal, Sumbu and Torossy. The entire impedimenta weighed 1,565 lbs., made up thus: The large sledge, 150 lbs.; and a small dog-sledge, 37 lbs.; tent, tent-poles and sleeping-bag, 320 lbs.; fur coats and gloves, 140 lbs.; instruments, rifles, etc., 170 lbs.; alcohol for fuel, 128 lbs.; provisions, 620 lbs. The provisions were packed in four sacks, each calculated for seven days, containing 51 lbs. of boiled beef, 48 lbs. of bread, 8 lbs. of pemmican, 7 lbs. of bacon, 2 lbs. of extract of meat, 4 lbs. of condensed milk, 2 lbs. of coffee, 4 lbs. of chocolate, 3 lbs. of grits, 1 lb. of salt and pepper, 2 lbs. of pea-sausage. A considerable amount of boiled beef was also carried for the dogs; and it was presumed, with good reason, that the produce of their guns would not a little supplement the supply for men and dogs.

Of this sledge expedition, which lasted within two or three days of the prescribed month, we shall set down only a few of the salient points:

The start was not altogether a favorable one. The thermometer stood at only about six degrees below the freezing point, but there was a drifting snowstorm from the northwest. Before they had gone a mile from the ship, the snow began to drive to such an extent that they could scarcely see each other. They put up their tent, where they remained twenty-four hours, their only employment, except sleeping, being to thaw out the snow which filled the pockets of their garments. They resumed their march, the track "consisting partly of bay-ice a year old, and partly of old floes; these together forming a continuous surface, here and there broken by barriers of hummocks, miles in length, due to ice-pressures." Ahead of them were some rocky islands, their outlines scarcely discernible through the thick atmosphere. After a march of sixteen hours, the wind increased to a storm, so that it was

impossible to keep the track which had been determined upon. They halted. "Our clothes," says Payer, "appeared to consist of nothing but snow; our eyes were iced up, and our strength was exhausted. In great haste we erected our tent, and took refuge within it."

Next morning, which was Palm Sunday, the wind abated, and the temperature rose to 25° above the freezing point, and it began to rain in the tent as they were preparing breakfast. During that day's march they climbed some rocky heights at the foot of which the tent was pitched, for the purpose of surveying. All at once a bear put in an appearance and made an attack upon the dog Torossy, wounding him severely, and then disappeared in the snow. They followed his track, and came upon the Winter retreat of the bear and his family, a hole in the snow under a rocky wall. The dog Sumbu went a little way in, but soon came back, having evidently seen something within which he did not like. Here they made a depot of provisions, covering them up with four feet of snow.

Next morning, March 30th, the temperature fell to —22° F., and a strong north wind was blowing. The tent was taken down, and they attempted to go on; but soon found that it was quite useless to try to march in the teeth of the wind at such a low temperature. So, says Payer, "there was nothing for it but to set up the tent again, and to get back into our sleeping-bag. But the damp tent was frozen hard, and we felt much as if we were lying between two plates of cold metal. It would be hard to say whether we suffered more from cold or from vexation. Orel and I made vain attempts to shorten the time by reading a volume of Lessing; but we soon renounced the effort, finding that we could not fix our attention in such a situation. The dogs gathered close to the wind-sheltered side of our tent. Sumbu, forcing himself in among us, had to be driven out, for he growled if he had the faintest suspicion that we meant to move or smoke; but failing to make himself comfortable among the other dogs, he avenged himself by again rushing in among us, shaking the snow from his coat, and forced us to admit him."

They resumed their march, skirting a monotonous waste of ridges and terraces of parallel raised beaches, partially covered with snow, passing iceberg after iceberg. Toward evening of April 1st, a bear was seen approaching. Fresh meat was greatly needed by men and dogs. Payer promised the Tyrolese hunters the usual "bear-money" of about a dozen dollars if the bear should be secured. He received three simultaneous bullets, stood still for a few moments, and then began to drag himself slowly off. The men followed, and soon dispatched him. Fifty pounds of the choice bits were cut off and placed upon the sledge, replacing as much boiled beef, which was *cachéd* close by; the remainder of the carcass being given to the dogs, giving them a good square meal for that day.

Two days after this they met with a sad loss—that of Sumbu. "For two long years," says Payer, "he had been almost our only source of amusement by his cunning and impudence. He had long been the rival of the frolicsome Torossy in dragging the sledges, and it was often touching to see how at evening he would sink down exhausted in the snow on the very spot where he was unharnessed. To this vigorous, lively animal, what more natural than that he should be almost beside himself if, in one of these vast solitudes, he should get sight of a living creature? So it happened to-day. A gull flew over his head, and Sumbu burst away from the sledge. In hot pursuit of the bird, he disappeared from our sight, and never returned again. All our shouts were thrown away. Our track was soon covered over by the drifting snow, and there cannot be a doubt that our faithful companion, after wandering about for days, either died from hunger or fell a victim to a bear."

Two days afterward, another bear was killed. "We observed," says Payer, "a she-bear about four hundred yards from us, apparently diligent in burrowing in the snow; but as soon as she got wind of us, she suddenly turned, reared herself on her hind legs, and began to snuff the air. She then came toward us; but as she advanced she rolled herself over on her back with evident pleasure several times; then pushed on with her snout and belly close to the ground, perfectly unconscious of the three rifles which were leveled at her. At fifty paces we fired, and brought her down. We immediately examined the place where we had seen her so busy. We did not find poor Sumbu, as we half expected, but a partially consumed seal, and close to it a hole in the ice into which the seal would plunge when danger threatened; but the bear had been cleverer than the seal, and had probably seized it when asleep on the ice."

Bear-meat now began to be their principal food; but, as they found it, it can scarcely be ranked as a delicacy. "We ate it," says Payer, "both raw and cooked; and when it was badly cooked—especially if it was the flesh of an old bear—it was less palatable than when raw. It may be tolerable food for sea-gulls, but it is a diet scarcely fit even for devils on the fast-days of the infernal regions. Arctic lands do not certainly furnish delicacies to gratify a refined taste; the best things they offer are coarse and oily, and if they are ever eaten with relish, it is a relish which comes from hunger alone. The desolate shores of these lands are truly the very home of hunger, and nowhere else are the calculations of travelers so much influenced and determined by the stomach and its needs. The man who visits these wastes must do homage to the principle of eating everything and throwing nothing away." We remember, indeed, that Hall speaks in high terms of such Arctic delicacies as the undigested contents of a reindeer's stomach; but we do not recall any eulogium of bear-meat. Barentz, who compared whale-flesh to beef, and foxes to rabbits, says that bear-meat is utterly detestable; Kane says that it is utterly uneatable. Dunér has the only good word for it which we recall. He says, "If a bear, before he is killed, has not been eating walrus or seal in a state of semi-putrefaction, his flesh, though somewhat coarse, is yet palatable."

The general temperature was now not far below the freezing point; but herefrom sprang another obstacle; for no kind of snow opposes such hindrances to sledge-dragging as that when the thermometer is not much below the freezing point, for at this temperature it "balls." This obstacle was now encountered; and the air became oppressively heavy, land and sky being suddenly overspread with darkness, with alternate falls of snow, calms and violent gusts of wind. On the 7th of April they were dragging the sledge over an ice-covered island, to the highest point of which they ascended. "To the north," says Payer, "lay an indescribable waste, more utterly desolate than anything I had ever seen, even in the Arctic regions. The whole presented the appearance of a chaos of ice-hills and icebergs scattered over a frozen sea. One thing only gave us much satisfaction. What we called Austria Sound seemed to stretch uninterruptedly toward the north. Could we have forgotten how the *Tegetthoff* had drifted toward Franz-Josef Land, that sound would have seemed to us the true road to the Pole. Nor could we doubt that in the immediate north open water would be found; for in no other way could we interpret the indications we had

observed in the course of the last few days: the great moisture and high temperature, the dark color of the northern sky, and the frequent flights of auks, divers and gulls which flew from the north southward, or *vice versa.*"

Observations taken at noon on this day showed that they had reached lat. 81° 23′; further north than had, as far as they knew, been attained by any one except Hayes, who had gone perhaps a dozen miles nearer the Pole.* The next day they reached lat. 81° 38′, three miles further than Hayes had reached; and their supposed triumph was commemorated by hoisting their sledge-flag.

The character of the ice over which they were traveling became so uncertain that they could not hold a general northerly course. The evening of the 9th found them, a mile south of the point which they had already gained, encamped under a rocky promontory, which they named Cape Schrötter, and which formed a landmark visible from a great distance. Northward, across a frozen arm of the sea, were high mountains, which it was at once seen could be crossed only with the little dog-sledge. To carry on further explorations, the party must be divided, one part remaining where they were, the others pushing on. Payer laid his plans before his men. He would go on, with the expectation of being absent from five to eight days. If he failed to return within that time, those who staid behind were to make the best of their way back to the ship. He put it to them all to say who should go and who should stay. It was decided that Haller, Sussich and Lukinovich should stay; while Orel, Klotz, Zaninovich and the two dogs should accompany Payer. He puts it upon record that except for Jubinal and Torossy—"the noblest animals ever employed upon a sledge expedition," and whose tragic fate will hereafter be told—they would never have been able to have passed the parallel of 82°.

The party started on the 10th of April. They first climbed a steep glacier, with an enormous sea-wall, running far to the north. At night, while they were sitting in their tent, Klotz sorrowfully announced that he was no longer the man that he thought he was. For some days his feet had been terribly ulcerated; and now he was unable to march. Nothing was left but to send him back to the camp the next morning. Scarcely had Payer and the other two started, when the snow gave way, and Zaninovich and the dogs were precipitated into a deep crevasse. Payer and Orel ran up, and laying themselves flat on their stomachs, peered into the chasm. The sledge had caught between the narrow sides of the crevasse at a depth of some thirty feet. Payer shouted to Zaninovich that he and Orel would run back to the camp, six miles distant, and bring ropes to rescue him, if he could only keep himself from being frozen for four hours. "Do it, signor; do it at once," was the reply from below; "and then," says Payer, "Orel and I were off. Only one thought possessed us—the rescue of Zaninovich, the jewel and pride of our party, and the recovery of our invaluable store of provisions, and of the book containing our journals, which, if lost, could never be replaced. I pressed on at the top of my speed, leaving Orel far behind me. Bathed in perspiration, I threw off my bird-skin garments, my boots, my gloves, and my shawl, and ran in my stockings through the deep snow."

The lofty pyramid of Cape Schrötter was in sight; but if a driving snow should set in, and their footprints be obliterated, it would be impossible to find the camp. He had not gone far, before he saw Klotz slowly picking his way among the ice-hills. When he heard what had happened, he was absolutely dazed. Payer pushed on, and found the camp. It took brief time for all hands to set out, with ropes and a long tent-pole. For three hours and a half they ran through the snow, and at length reached the crevasse. Tying themselves together with a rope, Payer crept to the edge of the chasm. At first not a sound was heard; then there was the faint whining of a dog, and then some unintelligible words from the man. Haller was let down, and found Zaninovich and the dogs on the very edge of a shelf forty feet down, for they had slipped ten feet deeper than the place where their descent had first been arrested. One by one, man, dogs and sledge were hauled up, and, strange to say, no one was hurt, and nothing of consequence was lost; only Zaninovich was almost frozen to death, for he had lain some six hours in the crevasse. His first words were to express his gratitude for his deliverance, and to ask pardon for having drunk a little of the rum, in order to save himself from being quite frozen.

Payer, Orel and Zaninovich then resumed their march as though nothing had happened. The journey of the next two days was tedious and difficult, the way lying mainly over ice close to the land, which jutted out here and there in lofty promontories. The temperature rose to some 23° above the freezing point; but this increased the difficulty of traveling, for the snow-drifts collapsed under their feet with a loud noise, and the ice was ever and anon pierced with seal-holes, thinly frozen over, so that it was found expedient to tie themselves together by ropes, and each man took his turn to go on in advance, sounding the ice with an alpenstock.

They had before been surprised at the flight of birds; they were now still more surprised to find the lofty precipices covered with them. Enormous flocks flew up and filled the air, so that the whole region seemed alive with their constant whirring. Two prominent cliffs, one of which they called Cape Auk and the other Cape Säulen ("Pillars," from its columnar structure), were gigantic aviaries. Everywhere there were traces of bears and foxes, while seals lay upon the ice, but always sprang into their holes before a shot could be had at them.

April 12th was the last day of the northward march. They took to the land, marching over snowy slopes to the summit of the coast range, which rose to a height of from 1,000 to 3,000 feet, with glaciers sloping down toward the sea. At length they rested upon a promontory 1,000 feet high, which they named Cape Fligely, in honor of a noted geographer. Looking northward, they saw a broad space of ice interspersed with patches of open water, beyond which were the summits of blue mountain ranges. Observations showed that they had reached lat. 82° 5′. They judged the mountains to be some sixty or seventy miles further north; if so, this is probably the most northern land ever seen by human eye. If they had been provided with a boat, they might possibly have reached the land, which they named Petermann Land; at least, they could have gone some miles in that direction. But without a boat they could go no further.

Here, says Payer, "proudly we planted the Austro-Hungarian flag for the first time in the high North, our consciences telling us that we had carried it as far as our resources permitted. It was no act of asserting a right of possession in the name of a nation, as when Albuquerque or Van Diemen unfurled the standards of their country on foreign soil; yet we had won this cold, stiff, frozen land with not less difficulty than these discoverers had gained those paradises. It was a sore trial to feel our inability to visit the land lying before us, but withal we were impressed with the conviction that this day was the most

* That is, by any land expedition. Parry, on the ice, north of Spitzbergen, is said to have reached lat. 82 deg. 45 min.

THE SLEDGE FALLS INTO A CREVESSE ON THE MIDDENDORF GLACIER.

important of our lives; and ever since the memory of it has recurred unbidden to my recollection."

In a cleft of the rock was placed a bottle, inclosing the statement that "Some members of the Austro-Hungarian North Pole Expedition have here reached their highest point, in latitude 82° 5′ N., after a march of seventeen days from the ship, lying inclosed in the ice, in latitude 79° 51′. They observed open water of no great extent along the coast, bordered by ice, reaching in a north and northwesterly direction to masses of land, whose mean distance from this highest point might be from sixty to seventy miles, but whose connection it was impossible to determine. After their return to the ship, it is the intention of the whole crew to leave this land and return home. The hopeless condition of the ship and the numerous cases of sickness constrain them to this step." This document was signed by the three men who had reached this extreme point, the name of "Antonio Zaninovich, *Seaman*," heading the list, and that of "Julius Payer, *Commander*," modestly standing last.

One may almost regret that this event had occurred the 12th, and not upon the 13th, of the month; for, as already noted, the number thirteen was a notable one in the history of this expedition. It would have been just two years to a day since the *Tegetthoff* was launched. The return journey to the ship involved quite as much of hardship, and even more of actual peril, than the advance had done. We pass over the incidents of this return journey, though they are well worth the telling. Once, at least—this was on April 20th—they were saved from imminent starvation by coming upon the *caché* which had been made, as already noted, of boiled beef and the half-eaten carcass of a bear.

Payer's journal says: "On the 20th of April, after a breakfast more suited for a patient under typhus fever than for men hungry as wolves, we left the tent in our still wet clothes. As we went on, the terrible weather blew out of us almost all that remained of our courage and resolution. It was evening before the storm abated; but we had the good fortune to find the iceberg where we had made our *caché* in its former position close to the shore. There were the forty-five pounds of boiled beef, and there too the bear, lying two feet deep in the snow. It took us an hour and a half to dig him out, and load our sledge with this frozen mass which we were glad to call food. After each of us had devoured three pounds of boiled beef and bear's flesh, on we went."

When they reached a point about twenty-five miles from where the *Tegetthoff* should be, if her position remained unchanged, Payer, with the small sledge and the dogs, started on in advance to ascertain whether the ship still lay where they had left her some four weeks before, leaving the others to follow as rapidly as they could.

BREAKING IN.

At midnight of April 22d, Payer came close to the high point from which the *Tegetthoff* could be discerned if her position remained unchanged. "A few hundred yards further," says he, "and I should stand on the top of it, and see the ship, if ship were there. With anxious, heavy heart, I began the ascent. A stony plateau stretched before me. With every advancing step, made with increasing difficulty, the land gradually disappeared, and the horizon of the frozen sea expanded before me—an immeasurable white waste. No ship was to be seen; no trace of man, save a cairn with the fragments of a flag fluttering in the breeze—the grave of poor Krisch, covered with snowdrifts. Still I climbed on. Suddenly the three slender masts

THE LAUNCH INTO OPEN WATER.

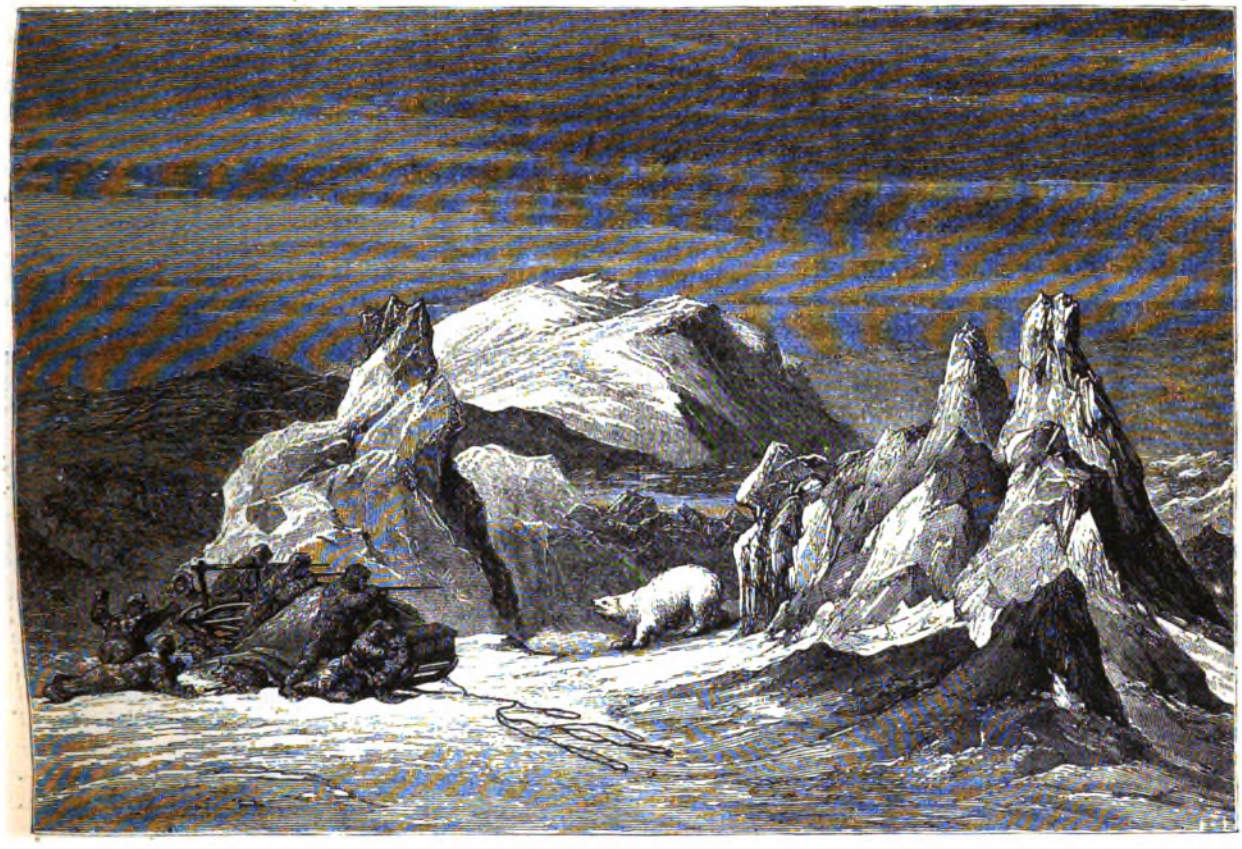
emerged. I had found the ship. There she lay, about three miles off, appearing on the frozen ocean no bigger than a fly. The snow-drifts and icebergs around her had hitherto concealed her from my eye. I directed my telescope toward her, and every spar and sail I saw seemed to promise a happy conclusion to our expedition. I held the heads of the dogs toward the ship, and pointed with my arm to where she lay, that they might share in my joy. We soon descended, and took our way toward her."

With the exception of the watch, all were asleep on board the *Tegetthoff*. Payer was discerned when about a hundred yards off. The alarm was great when it was discovered that he was alone; but when this was calmed, he went down into the cabin to awaken the sleepers. In the morning all hands who could be spared set out to meet the remainder of the sledge-party, whose flag was before long descried. Hearty and joyful were the mutual greetings, and the appetites of the emaciated adventurers occupied that night, and for a week afterward, all the attention of the rest of the crew. "Our food," says Payer, "which we always took as hot as possible, had made our tongues and gums as hard as leather, so that we could not discriminate what we ate. Our great desire was not for flesh, but for white bread, potatoes and milk."

Everything showed the wisdom of the determination to abandon the *Tegetthoff*, and to try to make their way homeward; and preparations had been rapidly pushed forward. On the whole, the auspices were favorable. The number of the sick had diminished, and the general sanitary condition had greatly improved, owing to the plentiful supplies of fresh meat afforded by the chase. Bears and birds were abundant, so that they regularly indulged in stewed birds and roasted bear's flesh. Detestable as bear's meat is in general, now that they were in good condition, it was discovered that there were portions by no means to be despised. "Our culinary art," says Payer, "exercised itself on the refined preparation of bears' tongues, which, with the brains, were esteemed the greatest delicacies."

In anticipation that the ship might drift away during the absence of the sledge-party, Weyprecht had caused a boat with provisions for three months to be put on shore. Lucky it was that the seven men were not driven to this mode of rescue; for later experience showed that the exploring party could not have escaped by means of the boat, for it required the united efforts of all the three-and-twenty to raise the boat and place it upon a sledge.

One more sledge expedition, lasting five days, was made to survey the land in their immediate vicinity. The power of the sun was so great some days that the temperature of the tent at noon, when there was no wind, rose to +64° F. If the temperature during the day did not fall more than fifteen degrees below that point, they required no clothing beyond their woolen undergarments and stockings. "My attention," says Payer, "was directed to the southern parts of Zichy Land, lying to the northwestward, forming a vast mountainous region beyond Markham Sound. Half the horizon was bounded by cliffs and heights gleaming with snow. The mountains were generally conical, the only exception being the Richthofen Spitze, the loftiest summit we had seen in Franz-Josef Land, which rose like a slender white pyramid to the height of about 5,000 feet. The land was everywhere intersected by fiords and covered with glaciers. Its boundaries toward Spitzbergen could not be determined, because, even at the distance of sixty or eighty miles, mountain ranges were distinctly to be traced. It would appear, therefore, that masses of land stretch in this direction to at least the 50th, perhaps even to the 48th, degree of east longitude. We also discovered that the lands



RECEIVING BEARS.

on the south of Markham Sound were separated by a fiord. This was already open, and since some darker spots indicated fissures in the ice in Markham Sound, it is probable that sledge-journeys in Franz-Josef Land can be undertaken only in the early Spring, without the danger of being cut off. But we were much discouraged by the view toward the south. An enormous surface of ice extended before us—a sad outlook as we thought of our return homeward. Although one single thread of serpentine water, gleaming in the sun, stretched toward the southeast, separating the land-ice from the field-ice, it was yet certain that the next breeze from the south would close it. All save this was a close sheet of ice."

This last sledge expedition ended on May 3d. About 450 miles had been traversed during the three expeditions.

The preparations for an over-ice start homeward were pushed forward. Sound brains directed and willing hands executed the work. "Lieutenant Weyprecht," says Payer, "deposited our meteorological and magnetic readings, the log-books and the ship's papers in a chest lined with tin, and soldered it down. I made exact duplicates of the surveys and measurements which I had taken, having special care so to prepare these that another person might be able to construct from them a map of Franz-Josef Land, should I perish on the return journey. These sheets were also packed in a chest lined with tin, and soldered, and along with them were placed our zoological drawings, and about 200 sketches of the country. Of the zoological collection itself, only a small selection of the specimens most easy of transport could be taken with us." Yet an onlooker would have thought the whole scene one of aimless confusion. "Every one," continues Payer, "was busy in getting his clothes ready. In the quarters of the crew, sewing went on without intermission. Piles of thread disappeared under their fingers, to appear again in the strangest patterns worked on the old garments. Avalanches of cast-off clothes hung over the hull of the ship. The vessel—no longer trim as before—came to wear the look befitting the catastrophe that awaited her. A great number of bears' carcasses lay on the ice, for only the brain, the tongue and the prime portions of the flesh found their way to the kitchen; the remaining parts lay about, half-buried under the snow-drifts, given up to be torn in pieces by the dogs, who now, for the first time, found themselves exempted from rations served out according to time and circumstances. A month later, and such a field of carnage would have become a very home of pestilence."

The last visit to the shore took place on May 15th. "On the spot," says Payer, "on which we had first set out on our foot-journey, we took our farewell of the grave of our comrade, and of the land to which we had drifted through the happy caprice of an ice-floe, and the discovery of which rendered possible a return without humiliation. But with this farewell the business of the expedition came to an end; all our thoughts were now occupied with getting back to Europe. Of the issue we dared not form the least conception. But whether it were deliverance or destruction, our lot must at any rate be decided within three months, as for this period only could we drag with us the most indispensable provisions."

Three boats were selected for the return expedition. Two of these were Norwegian whale-boats, 20 feet long, 5 feet broad, and 2½ feet deep. One of these was commanded by Weyprecht, the other by Payer, and each of them carried eight men. The other boat, somewhat smaller, commanded by Lieutenant Brosch, who had proved himself a worthy compeer of the others, carried the remaining seven men. Five dogs yet remained. Two of these were shot on account of their uselessness. Jubinal and Torossy were available for sledge-drawing. Little Pekel was also spared; "but," notes Payer, significantly, "his life was safe only as long as our provisions lasted."

The boats were all mounted on sledges. All told, the entire burden borne was about 90 cwt., of which provisions amounted to something more than half. Everything else was cut down to the lowest possible point. "Our stock of clothes," says Payer, "consisted of two woolen shirts, one pair of woolen drawers, three pairs of stockings, leather water-boots, a cap, and a fur coat to sleep in. Each of the party carried also a large knife, a spoon, and a pair of snow-spectacles. Of luxuries, none were allowed but a tobacco-pouch to each man, which was filled with such art that it was as heavy as a stone. We were not allowed to line our coats with tobacco."

The physical condition of all but two of the men was good. But Stiglich had not long before shattered his arm by the accidental discharge of a rifle, and Vecerina was incapable of active duty. These two men had not unfrequently to be dragged in the dog-sledge. The general plan was to make first for the depot of provisions which had been made on the Barentz Islands. Thence they proposed to skirt the coast of Novaya Zemlya, in the hope of falling in with some of the ships occupied in the salmon fishery there until the beginning of the harvest. The boats were to keep together, if possible; but if separated, the Wilhelm Islands were to be their place of rendezvous up to the middle of August; after which each boat was to look out for itself.

The start from the *Tegetthoff* was made on the evening of May 20th, 1874. "We slept during the day," says Payer, "and in the evening sat down to the last meal we were to enjoy on board the ship. About 9 o'clock P. M. we assembled around the boats, ready for the start. Dark masses of clouds obscured the sun, and our route southward led us into the gloomy, monotonous region of ice-hummocks covered with snow, our world for the next three months." The first day's work for three-and-twenty men, harnessed to boat and sledge, was barely a mile; and for several successive days it averaged even less than that. The boat-sledges perpetually sank deep into the snow and stuck fast, so that all hands had to be harnessed to a single one, which would be hauled a few furlongs, and left while the men went back for another. They had to pass three times heavily laden and twice empty over every foot of the way. In a few days raw wounds appeared on the shoulders of several of the men. Moreover, they were tortured by incessant thirst, which some of the men vainly attempted to allay by eating snow.

During the first week, whenever Weyprecht encamped at the end of a day's march, Payer, with Haller, Zaninovich, Jubinal and Torossy, went back with the dog-sledge to bring fresh stores from the ship to replace those which had been consumed. In an hour or two they could traverse the distance which it had taken a week to go over with the heavily loaded boats. Flocks of sea-gulls were always screaming around the remains of the bears which lay around the ship, and sometimes bears were seen prowling in the distance, waiting till their time for plunder came. "They seemed to wait for the moment when they should be able to take permanent possession of a fortress which had been so long hostile to their race."

By-and-by dark masses of clouds were seen in the southwest, indicating open water in that direction. There was ground for hope that if they could get beyond the land-ice, and reach the ever-changing "leads," they could launch their boats in one of these water-ways, and follow its windings between the fields of ice. On the eighth day

they came upon a little island hitherto unseen by them. Climbing the highest point of this, they saw an ice-hole about a mile off. A fierce snowstorm detained them here for a day; but on the 30th they went to the edge of the floe, hoping to find a place where the boats might be launched. Day after day they continued the quest, but all in vain; for the edges of the hole were barricaded by walls of broken ice, over which the boats and sledges could not be dragged. Nothing was left but to encamp, and wait for the opening of a passage. They called this spot the Harbor of Aulis; "for," says Payer, "like the Greeks of old, we had here to wait for more favorable winds." They remained here until past the middle of June. During a month, lacking two days, they had gone only five miles from the ship. At this rate it would take twenty years to reach the coast of Lapland.

It was found that the boats were insufficient for the men and stores, and early in June, Payer, with ten others, were sent back to the *Tegetthoff* to bring away the jolly-boat. It took just three hours to reach the ship. They also brought back with them a considerable quantity of stores, none of which were so much prized as tobacco, which, says Payer, "was regarded as a right royal gift; and Dr. Kepes, to whom I gave a shirt-sleeve well stuffed with the precious weed, regarded himself as a Crœsus."

Over and over again they tried for some way of gaining the patch of open water. At last, on the 17th of June, an ice-hole opened close beside them. "Instantly," says Payer, "we prepared to take advantage of it. The day was perfectly clear, and though the temperature in the shade was just at the freezing-point, it was to us as an African heat. We threw down the walls of ice, leveled a track for the sledges, and that night we stood with all our baggage at the edge of the open water; and on the morning of the 18th we at last succeeded in launching our boats, and putting everything on board. The sledges, fastened to the boats, were towed in their wake. After drinking some tea, with the last remains of our rum, we pushed off, steering toward the south; and it was a sure sign of the elevation of our spirits, that three-and-twenty tobacco-pipes were immediately put into active operation."

But their rejoicings were premature. They had scarcely sailed three miles when they were stopped by a floe, and had to draw up their boats on the ice. Their position was apparently worse than ever, for the floe upon which they were was at the mercy of the wind, to be driven wherever it pleased. Two days afterward a fissure opened, into which the boats were launched unloaded, and loaded up again on the opposite side. The result was merely changing their position from one floe to another. There were, for three days, no navigable "leads" along which they could sail a rod.

We condense a few extracts from Payer's journal for the next three weeks:

"*June 23d.*—Things have improved a little toward the south; in the forenoon we passed over two water-holes and two floes, thus advancing about a quarter of a mile. A third floe hindered us from penetrating into another ice-hole. After midnight the ice again opened, and we sailed several hundred paces further. *June 26th.*—Several hours occupied in passing over ice-fields and small ice-holes. At noon Orel took the latitude, and found it 79° 41′—a bitter disappointment; for our entire advance southward was only ten miles from the ship. *June 27th.*—With a fresh northeast wind, we sailed over a larger ice-hole, our latitude at noon being 79° 39′. *June 29th.*—Two or three small ice-holes and some ice-fields were passed to-day. Another seal was got. Every one of us had now learned, by force of habit, to eat half a pound of seal-blubber with our tea at noon, and to eat it with pleasure. It was some comfort to the more delicate and sensitive to be assured that it tasted like butter; and many experiments had been made on the edibility of seal-fins. Kane came to consider seal-fin as a kind of salad. We cooked it in our soup, and the dogs at last went beyond us in the high estimate they placed on this article of diet. We never felt better than after a noonday meal at which we had consumed a considerable quantity of blubber. Our digestion was particularly good, and those who had suffered from stomach complaints produced by the continuous use of pea-sausage ceased to be so affected.

"*July 1st.*—The whole of our day's labor consisted in passing over a fissure. The observations taken at noon gave 79° 38′ as our latitude, so that during the last four days we had gained only a single mile. *July 3d.*—In just the same latitude, while we discovered from our longitude that we were only four miles east of the ship. The small amount of drift discernible in the ice, with such strong winds, was a sad sign of its closely-packed condition. *July 4th.*—We continued to drag our heavy loads over the ice, and imagined that we had gained a mile to the south; but the wind blew strongly from the southeast, and when we took our observations next day, we found our latitude 79° 40½′, so that we had actually been driven back toward the northwest, and the toils of the last three weeks had been useless. Our seal-hunting also was for several days rarely successful. For hours the hunters lurked around the edges of ice-holes, sometimes without seeing a single seal come to the surface; and when at last the animal did make its appearance, it very often sank after it was hit, before a boat could be launched. Those which we saw on the edges of ice-holes showed a dexterity in diving out of the way of mischief which, as things were, failed to excite our admiration. The bears, even more than the seals, showed a prudence and caution which their previous behavior had not taught us to expect."

We group together a few sketches belonging to the first half of July:

"It was a strange life, this abode for weeks of Summer in boats covered over with a low tent-roof, with oars by way of furniture, and three pairs of stockings for each man's mattress and pillow. The four boats are lying on the ice, crammed with sleeping men; and so great is the heat in them that no one needs his fur coat, and snow placed in any vessel becomes water in a few hours. Our meals are taken in perfect silence. What, indeed, was there to be said which had not been said a hundred times before? A stillness like death reigns over all the surrounding forms of ice, and the frozen ocean stretches out beneath a vast shroud. A sunless, leaden sky spreads over all; not a breath of air stirs; it is neither warm nor cold; and this pale realm of ice forms a world of danger and difficulty, against which are matched the strength and sagacity of three-and-twenty men. There is still, however, one solace left us—that of smoking. Some, indeed, have already exhausted their whole stock of tobacco. He who has half a pouch of it at his disposal is the object of general respect; and the man who can invite his neighbor to a pipe of tobacco and a pot of water is considered to do an act of profuse liberality. Tobacco becomes a medium of exchange among us, and provisions are bought and paid for with it—its value rising every day. There is no difference between day and night; and Sundays are only distinguished by dressing the boats with flags."

In this enforced idleness, days and weeks passed away. On the 14th of July they changed their place on the floe by 300 yards, in order to select a more convenient place

for seal-hunting, and to keep up an appearance of traveling. "Hitherto," says Payer, "we had patiently endured the severe labors of dragging our heavily-laden boats and sledges from floe to floe; of launching the boats in small fissures, and again drawing them upon the floes. The least progress was sufficient to fill us with joy and thankfulness; but every empty tin case proclaimed with fearful distinctness the diminishing of our provisions, and the gloominess of our prospects. After the lapse of two months of indescribable efforts, the distance between us and the ship was not more than ten miles out of the twelve hundred which lay before us. The heights of Wilczek Island were still distinctly visible, and its lines of rocks shone with mocking brilliance in the ever-growing daylight. All things seemed to say that, after a long struggle with the supremacy of the ice, there remained for us but a despairing return to the ship, and a third Winter there, stripped of every hope, and the frozen ocean for our grave."

"No one of our party," continues Payer, in summing up the incidents of this period, "suffered so much from this depressing state of things as Carlsen. For more than twenty years the old and tried 'ice-master' had lived amid floes and ice-blinks, manfully and successfully fighting against the hardships of the Arctic seas; and now that frailties had increased upon him, he saw himself compelled to such toils and privations as would have taxed his strength even in his prime. He bore his burthens without murmur or complaint, though it was painful to others to see the signs of exhaustion in his appearance. He no longer spoke of polar bears and walruses. Even the puritanical zeal with which he had been wont to rebuke and lecture the Slavonians for playing cards on 'God's holy day' had grown somewhat cold, and his fears lest the noisy discussions of the lively Southerners should end in blows, became even more intense."

On the evening of the 15th of July, things began to mend a little. A few small "leads" opened toward the southwest. Next day, there was a strong northwest wind, and after narrowly escaping being crushed, they ran into a broader and longer "lead," and by noon they were in latitude 79° 39′, a full dozen miles from the ship; the highest points of Wilczek Island being barely discernible—"blue shadows surrounded by vapor, and over the whole a heavy water-sky."

From this time they began to make quite sensible progress. "Up to this date," says Payer, "we had been compelled to cross every fissure, and the least impediment, such as the stoppage of a 'lead' by pieces of ice, had sufficed to cause us hours of laborious effort. The ice lay thick and close, and its floes were firmly frozen together. But now the ice was not only somewhat opened, but was seldom cemented by frost, and the efforts of fifteen or twenty men generally sufficed to shove apart any two floes with long poles, or remove any barrier which closed a 'lead.' If the 'leads' closed in, so that there was danger that the boats should be crushed, the crew jumped out, and hauled them upon the ice."

THE AUSTRIAN FLAG PLANTED ON CAPE FLIGELY.

One of Payer's striking sketches belonging to this period—a "Scene on the Ice"—is thus described by him: "The sketch exhibits one of the scenes which occurred almost daily—the pushing of floes asunder with long poles, in order that the boat might pass between them, while the rotatory motion of the floe closes the fissure in the foreground, so that another boat has to be drawn upon the ice as quickly as possible. The baggage of the boat is represented partly as packed on a sledge, and partly lying on the snow, and the men and dogs stand ready to drag

it over the floe to the next place of launching. Two other boats, which have found the 'lead' open, are on before, and one of them is lying on an ice-field which has to be crossed, waiting for the others to come up."

But with all these aids, an advance of four miles a day was quite satisfactory for a week. July 22d was marked with a white-letter, for that day they were compelled to draw up the boats only twice, warping them through narrow 'leads' into larger ice-holes. In the evening they were in latitude 79° 1′, fifty miles from the ship. Their spirits rose, for they hoped that they would soon find themselves in longer water-ways, which would exempt them wholly from the toil of sledging across the floes.

CAPE TEGETTHOFF.

July passed, and August came. On the 7th they made a dozen miles, without once dragging across floes. At noon a welcome sight greeted them. There was a fluctuation in the sea-level, the ice alternately rising and falling. "The swell of the ocean!" they all exclaimed; "we are close upon the open sea!" But bad weather came on, and another weary week elapsed before the boats could be launched in open water.

LANDING ON THE COAST OF NOVAYA ZEMLYA.

"Dreadful," says Payer, "was the solemn lapse of time. August was well advanced; the knowledge that we had provisions for only one month more, and the shortness of the season for action that still remained, failed not to impress upon us all that the crisis of our fate was at hand." Summer was practically over, the temperature began to fall till at night it reached some six degrees below freezing point, and the cold now began to join the fragments of old floes into formidable obstacles. Moreover, says Payer, "the caprice of the wind might again carry us off toward the north, as it had done two years ago, but it would carry us also to certain destruction." Indeed, there was such a drift, for on the 9th they found that they were actually ten miles north of where they had thought themselves to be. Then the drift changed slightly to the southward, and at noon of the 15th they found themselves in lat. 77° 49′, a good 120 miles southward from the place where the *Tegetthoff* had been abandoned not quite three months before.

"Then," says Payer, "a large ice-hole opened before us, and with a sea running high, the boats, making a good deal of water, sailed into it. It was the last ice-hole. The last line of ice lay ahead of us, and beyond it the open boundless sea. About 6 o'clock in the evening we reached the extreme edge of the ice-barrier, and once more, but for the last time, drew our boats on a floe. Again we heard the voices of the waves—the voice of life to us; again we saw the white foam of the surge, and felt as if we had awoke from a death-like slumber of years. We went to our rest for some hours, but were aroused by the watch about 2 o'clock in the morning. The east wind had gathered some heavy masses of ice around us, which rose and fell with the swell of the ocean, and we were already several hundred yards from the water's edge. Any delay in escaping would require the labor of many days to set us free again. After much shoving with poles, and lading and unlading, we got beyond the line of ice. The frozen ocean lay behind us, and on our last floe we made preparations for our voyage upon the open sea.

This 15th of August—the day of liberation from the ice, was the festival of the Assumption of the Virgin, and in honor of it the boats were dressed with flags. "But,"

FAREWELL TO THE FROZEN OCEAN.

says Payer, "it was no time for the rest and recreation of a Holy Day. Graver duties pressed upon us. The boats had to be ballasted, and were with difficulty made to take on board the baggage, the water-casks and the crews. Our four sledges, to which we owed so much of our success so far, were of course left behind. The three dogs were also put on board, not, however, without much hesitation when the contingencies of the voyage were considered. With three hurrahs we pushed off from the ice, and our voyage commenced. Its happy issue depended on the weather and on incessant rowing. If a storm should arise, the boats, heavily laden as they were, must sink."

One sad but unavoidable episode followed closely after this embarkation. "We were soon convinced," says Payer, "that the dogs, which suffered greatly from sea-sickness, would dangerously incommode us in the boats by destroying their trim. There was, in fact, no room for them in our over-crowded boats, nor water or provisions. We could not bring ourselves to abandon them, and our only form of gratitude for their services to us was the painful one of putting them to death. A floe by which we passed became the grave of these our true friends, our companions in all situations, and our helpers in all dangers. It was indeed a painful moment when Jubinal was taken out of the boat to meet his death. It was the loss of a true comrade, who had never departed from my side, and who had patiently borne all the labors and the toils imposed upon him. Poor Torossy, too, born in the Arctic regions and the ice-pressures, was not a little lamented."

They escaped from the ice in lat. 77° 40′, about seventy-five miles south, and a little more east, from the point where they had been beset not quite two years before. The course was shaped a little west of south, so that they might come upon the depot of provisions which had been deposited upon the Barentz Islands. Thence they proposed to skirt the coast of Novaya Zemlya, hoping to fall in with some Norwegian or Russian fishing vessel. The nearest land was fifty miles distant, and everything depended upon reaching it before the weather changed for the worse, in which case they would be obliged to throw over their provisions in order to lighten the boats. Putting forth all their strength, the crews bent to their oars, Weyprecht's boat leading the way. The crew of each boat was divided into two watches, relieving each other every four hours. Sometimes they lost sight of each other in the fog, but the sounding of horns and trumpets brought them together again. In two days the highlands of Novaya Zemlya came into view, close at hand. Then a fog sprang up, and they could steer only by compass. When the fog lifted, and an observation could be taken, they found that a current had borne them a hundred miles to the south of the depot on the Barentz Islands; but they dared not lose time in going back for provisions. The temperature was meanwhile much milder than it had been in 1872, and much like that which the *Isbjörn* had found in 1871. They kept skirting the coast of Novaya Zemlya, keeping a sharp lookout for vessels.

On August 17th the sun set for the first time at midnight; and on the next day they landed at a spot remarkable for the luxuriance of its vegetation. "To our eyes," says Payer, "accustomed to the monotonous white of snow and ice, it appeared like a garden. There was nothing to remind us of a polar region, either in the land, the temperature or the weather. The broad bay, if it had been without its circle of glaciers, would have seemed like an Italian gulf. This was the first land on which we had set foot for months. We lay down on the damp turf, and listened to the pleasant sound of the surf. Flames soon ascended from the pile of drift-wood which we had collected, while some of us climbed to the neighboring ravines, and even gathered flowers."

All things are estimated by comparison; and in itself this "paradise" was a very poor one. The best thing which they found was a species of coltsfoot, the leaves of which, hastily dried and smoked, were pronounced to be "excellent tobacco." But if the spot had been a hundred-fold more a paradise, it was no place for tarrying, for the necessity of finding a ship was urgent, and the thunders of the neighboring glaciers proclaimed that Winter was again close at hand.

Onward they rowed again, peering into every bay in hope of finding a fishing vessel which had not yet completed her catch. The weather grew bad, and the boats were continually getting separated. On the 21st, stress of weather compelled them to go ashore and remain there a couple of days. Here they built a cairn, in which was placed a writing describing the course of the expedition up to that date, "in order," says Payer, "to leave some trace of it in a region visited annually by ships. The discovery of this statement in the course of the next Summer would prevent the sending out of vessels to rescue us in higher latitudes, if we should meantime perish."

Perhaps there was no darker time in the history of this expedition than the 24th of August, 1874. On the previous day they found that their provisions would last only ten days longer at most. If not saved within that time, there would be no hope. They drew up on shore, and divided the remaining food equitably among the different crews, "and then," says Payer, "we took to our oars once more, and pulled into the boundless waste of waters—into the mystery that hung over our destiny."

All that long day they clung to their oars, and as evening fell they were gliding past the black, weather-worn rocks of Cape Britwin, the ledges of which were covered with flocks of birds reveling in the spray of the surf. About seven o'clock a great cry of joy sprang up from the four boats; for close by them was another little boat with two men in it, busily engaged in bird-catching. In a few moments more they turned a corner of a rock, and before them lay two little schooners. "To us," says Payer, "these vessels were the sum-total of the whole world. Dressing our boats with flags, we followed the strangers in their boat, and made fast to the schooner *Nikolai*, whose deck was in a moment crowded with bearded Russians, who stared at us with mingled feelings of wonder and sympathy, and whose captain, Feodor Voronin, stood like a patriarch among them to welcome us. Ten days sooner," adds Payer, pathetically, "and our poor dogs might have gamboled on the deck with us."

Nothing could have been more kindly than the reception of the Arctic adventurers on board the Russian schooners. "But when," says Payer, "we produced the Imperial Ukase, which directed all Russian subjects to render us all the help in their power, these humble seamen bared their heads and bowed themselves to the earth. We had an example before us to show how orders are obeyed by the subjects of that empire, a thousand miles from the place where they are issued. But we were not only received in this reverential manner, but were welcomed with the greatest heartiness, and the best of everything was spread before us—salmon, reindeer-flesh, eider-geese eggs, tea, bread, butter, brandy. The simple seamen freely produced their little stock of good things; and one of them, after observing me for a long time, and thinking that I did not express myself strongly enough for a happy man, persuaded himself that I wanted something more.

Forthwith he went to his chest, and brought me all the white bread and tobacco he had. Though I did not understand a word he said, his manner was so full of unmistakable heartiness that no interpreter was needed."

Here properly ends the story of the "Austrians in the Ice," just ninety-six days after the abandonment of the *Tegetthoff*. The Russians had been engaged in the salmon-fishery, and had met with indifferent success. Their purpose was to remain a month longer in the Novaya Zemlyan waters. But Captain Voronin was easily persuaded to take his new friends to the little port of Vardö, in Norway, for which he was to receive three of the battered boats, a couple of rifles and the guarantee of 1,200 silver roubles, equal to about $950.

Vardö was reached on the 3d of September; and it was not many hours before the telegraph bore homeward the glad tidings of their deliverance. Two days later they were on board the mail steamer bound for Hamburg. They stopped at Tromsö to put ashore the veteran Carlsen. "Apart from his linguistic acquisitions," says Payer—"for he had learned to speak several languages on board the *Tegetthoff*—the hardy old Arctic voyager went ashore with only three things: his wig, his reindeer coat and his walrus-spear." We presume, however, that his wages for two years and more were ready to be paid over to him. We presume, also, that the reward of 2,500 florins promised by Payer to the gallant party who accompanied him in the long sledge-journey, in case they should reach latitude 82° —which they did, with five miles to spare—was duly honored by the Austro-Hungarian Government.

Weyprecht and Payer—really joint commanders in the expedition, each acting within a prescribed limitation, and acting throughout in perfect accord—had no reason to complain of the reception which awaited them when they reached home. "We had none of us," says Payer, "any presentiment of the honors that awaited our arrival there. The favors shown to us by our monarch, the enthusiasm which greeted the news of the discoveries we had so marvelously made, the sympathy so abundantly expressed for our sufferings, made us feel that we were rewarded far beyond our deserts, and that we had gained the highest that man can gain—the recognition of their services by their fellow-countrymen." The Royal Geographical Society had, in 1875, two gold medals intrusted to it for award. Of these, the "Founder's Medal" was given to Weyprecht, and the "Patron's Medal" to Payer.

Counting from June 13th, 1872, when the *Tegetthoff* steamed out from Bremerhaven, to September 3d, 1874, when the members of the expedition reached Vardö, the whole time was 812 days—a little more than two years and three months. This period comprised three Winters, one full Summer and a part of another passed in the ice. The results of the expedition were in some respects of great importance. To say nothing of the discovery of a large body of land whose existence had been hitherto unsuspected, we learn much of the varying aspect of climate in different years—variations which no Arctic explorer can anticipate, and which he must yet be prepared to encounter. Taken in connection with the accounts of previous expeditions, such as those of Kane, Hall, and the North German Expedition, this narrative renders it more doubtful than before whether human effort will ever be able to reach to within four hundred miles of the North Pole by any route whatsoever. As to the existence of an open Polar Sea—that is, of a permanent body of water even reasonably free from ice so as to be navigable, even could it be reached by ships, Payer and Weyprecht are clearly of opinion that nothing of the kind exists. They believe that the way by Smith's Sound promises best for sledge explorations. The utmost points to which ships can attain have, in Payer's judgment, already been reached. He says: "In polar expeditions we have probably reached, so far as the explorations of the highest latitudes by means of ships is concerned, the limits of possibility. The extraordinary success which fell to the lot of Hall's expedition (in which his vessel, the *Polaris*, reached as high as latitude 81° 38') teaches us only the possibility of encroaching but a little beyond that limit, even under the most favorable circumstances."

At the time when Payer wrote, the results of the last English expedition, under Captain Nares, were unknown. Speaking of the possibilities of this, Payer says: "Should this expedition, equipped in so effective a manner, and sent out by a nation of such great experience, not come nearer to the goal, or if nearer, only through sledging—which may very probably be the case—the conviction will then be strengthened that all efforts to reach the Pole by navigation in the frozen ocean are hopeless, and witness only to the glorious persistency of human endeavor."

We now know the result of this expedition, upon which the British Government lavished every facility. The highest point reached by any of the vessels was latitude 82° 27', about fifty miles further north than Hall had gone in the *Polaris*, four years previously. A strenuous attempt was made by a sledge-party of fifty-three men, under Commander Markham, to reach the Pole. They returned after an absence of seventy-two days, during which they suffered intensely from cold and scurvy. The utmost point which this great sledge-party could reach was latitude 83° 10', about fifty-four miles further north than Hall's utmost point, and only sixty-five miles nearer the Pole than the spot upon which Payer and his three companions had planted the Austro-Hungarian flag. Beyond them, to the north, there was no appearance of land; so that we must still believe that the high land seen by Payer is the most northern ground upon which human eye has rested. The utmost limit man's effort in this direction can attain appears to have been reached. We sum up the whole matter in the words of Payer:

'Until aërial navigation to the Pole shall be attempted, it would be advisable, in the service of natural history and geography, to content ourselves with the exploration of those Arctic lands of which, up to the present moment, we know only the coast-line, or which, situated on the outermost verge of our Polar charts, are still untrodden by man—most especially the interior of Greenland. The Polar question, hitherto regarded chiefly as a geographical question, would thus for a considerable time be taken up in the interests of natural science. Lieutenant Weyprecht, after dwelling on the predominance of exploration in Polar expeditions, expresses a wish that the great civilized nations would unite in contemporaneous Arctic expeditions for magnetical, electrical and meteorological investigations, to be carried on simultaneously in different places, with similar instruments, and in accordance with similar instructions. Those who think such results too insignificant for the energies and sacrifices which must be expended to achieve them, and who would rather that such efforts should be transferred to those still unknown regions of the earth which may become the dwelling-places of man, will of course give their veto against the further agitation of the Arctic question."

If it shall so happen that the present *Jeannette* expedition should fail to approach the Pole nearer than has already been done, we may fairly assume that the judgment of Payer will meet with general acceptance. But in any case the world is richer for the heroic efforts which have been lavished upon Arctic explorations.

WAGER OF BATTLE.

THE last occasion on which this right was exercised in England was in the case of Ashford *vs.* Thornton. Ashford had accused Thornton of the murder of one of his relations, and the latter desired to fight.

By the ancient laws of England, when a person was murdered, the nearest relative of the deceased might bring what was called *an appeal of death* against the person accused of the murder. Under this process the accuser and the accused fought. The weapons were clubs. The battle began at sunrise, and was fought in presence of the judges, by whom also the dress of the combatants and all formalities were arranged. Part of the preliminary oath administered was that neither combatant should resort to witchcraft. If the accused was slain, it was taken to be proof of his guilt—if the accuser, of his innocence. If the accused held out till starlight, that also attested his innocence. If either yielded while able to fight, it worked his condemnation and disgrace.

The case of Ashford *vs.* Thornton was argued in the Court of King's Bench on the 16th of April, 1818, before Lord Chief Justice Ellenborough. Mr. Chitty argued against the right of battle, Mr. Tindall being on the other side.

Finally, the Court decided that trial by battle was in force. It had never been repealed.

No battle, however, on this occasion was fought. A technical plea interposed. And Parliament passed a repealing statute.

FAINT HEART NEVER WON FAIR LADY.

NOT GUILTY!—"'MY GOD!' HE CRIED, IN A TONE THAT MEG WOULD NEVER FORGET, AND THE NEXT INSTANT HE STAGGERED AND WENT DOWN, LIKE A LOG, TO THE FLOOR OF THE HALL."

"NOT GUILTY!"

By ETTA W. PIERCE.

Chapter VII.—(Continued.)

Meg, in her excitement, arose and stood before Leith, twisting her slim fingers nervously together.

"Robin, you remember what I told you in the church-porch that night about myself—about my—my—father. I did not mention his name, did I?"

"Not then; but later, in your delirium, you called upon it often."

She reached and touched his arm. She was trembling from head to foot.

"Tell me, have you not made inquiries concerning him? You *must* have done so, Robin. I know it—I feel it! It would not be like you, if you had not!"

He looked pained and embarrassed; he tried to avoid her gaze. She searched his expressive face for a moment.

"It was all true, then!" she cried, in a voice of sharp conviction.

Miss Prue, with great delicacy, stepped to the far end of the room, and turned her back on the young people.

"Robin, what have you learned? I beg you to tell me!" implored Meg, wildly.

"I have learned nothing that you do not already know. Be calm—I entreat you to be calm."

Her breath came fast and short.

"To whom did you go for information?"

"To no one. I procured an old copy of his trial, and read it for myself."

"Ah! and when you had done that, what did you think of Philip Harmon?"

He tried to evade her.

"You must not distress yourself with this matter now—you are too ill."

"Answer me!" she stormed, in her old imperious way. "I will be answered! Did he deserve the gallows?"

For his life, Leith could not speak. He stood like a stone. His face was as pale as her own.

"Oh," she cried, in a voice of utter despair, "he *did!* I see it in your face! Where is that trial? Give it to me! I, too, must read it!"

"Not for worlds!" said Leith, in a horrified tone; "it would kill you!"

She covered her eyes with her hands.

"One question more. What saved him? Why was his sentence changed?"

"He was saved by the almost superhuman efforts of his friend, Colonel Dysart."

She had overrated her strength. She fell back helplessly into her chair. Miss Prue flew to her aid.

"Rob, you are quite crazy! Do you want her to have a relapse? I remember that man's trial, as if it were but yesterday; and he ought to have been hanged as high as Haman! He squandered a princely fortune, and murdered a beautiful young wife! There, go now; you have done enough."

That night, as she lay upon her white bed, alone in her little chamber, Meg Dysart had a vision of the colonel's library at Beach Hall. Seated in one of its antique chairs, she saw an ugly, pock-marked man, crushing his hat awkwardly between his knees, and peering up at the colonel from under bushy brows. Every word of the conversation which had passed between her so-called uncle and that strange messenger from the dead, flashed back on her memory. Her father was dead to the world, and buried for ever in his prison cell. Surely it was of him that those two had spoken in such obscure terms. "Not guilty!—not guilty!" the colonel had said. He had talked of injustice—of a great wrong. What did that mean, except that he believed Philip Harmon innocent?

Meg started up on her pillow, thrilling in every nerve. Where could she find that strange Mr. Martin? Alas! she had not the smallest clew to his whereabouts. Neither was it possible for any inquiry, any appeal, any petition of hers to reach the colonel at present. She had no means of knowing in what part of Europe he meant to tarry, or how long his stay there would be. A blank wall seemed suddenly to rise betwixt her and her new hope. She stretched out her arms into the darkness.

"I can wait!" she said, bravely—"weeks, months, years; but when you come back, nunky—when you come back, not Constance, not all the world, shall keep me from seeing you! From your own lips I will hear Philip Harmon's story!"

The next day was dreary and full of storm. The first snow of the season whitened the earth; the cold wind blew in long, lamentable blasts across the wintry sea. At her modest dinner-table, Miss Prue ventured to broach a subject which had long lain near her heart.

"My dear," she said, turning her kind, sharp eyes upon her pale young guest, "Robin is going away to the city to practice law—he is going at once, and I shall be left here alone. Now, it is very disagreeable to live alone, and I have no taste for cats or parrots. As a very great favor, I ask you to remain, and share my home for the present. Of late, I have feared that you were forming other plans. You must consent to stay with me till your health and strength are fully established."

With a dark flush on his face, Robin Leith looked quickly up from his plate, and added his voice to Miss Prue's.

"I hope you will oblige my sister—she has set her heart upon keeping you. We have not much to offer you, it is true; but——"

Meg arose from her chair. Her dark eyes were full of tears.

"How good you are to me—both of you!" she cried. "What have I done to deserve such kindness, such generosity? I have no words to thank you."

"We want no thanks," said Miss Prue. "Promise not to leave us—that is all we ask."

Robin was nearer to her than his sister—she held out her hand to him, smiling sadly through her tears.

"Give me a little time to think about it. To-morrow I will tell you what I mean to do," she said.

The touch of those fluttering fingers was too much for Leith. He saw the tears in her eyes—saw that faint smile, like April sunshine, and his usual self-possession forsook him. He bent and laid his burning, breathless lips upon her hand.

She drew back hastily, dropped her white lids, and frowned.

"Forgive me," he muttered; "I did not mean to do that."

"The young idiot!" thought Miss Prue. "I hope he has not spoiled everything."

That evening the trio separated at an early hour. At breakfast next morning, Miss Prue and her brother waited in vain for their guest; she did not appear.

"My dear," called the old spinster from the foot of the stair, "it is eight o'clock. Are you asleep?"

No voice replied. She ascended to Meg's chamber. It was empty. Deep silence reigned there. The little white bed had known no occupant the preceding night. On the table lay a note, addressed to Miss Prue. It ran thus:

"Oh, my kind, good friend, do not blame me because I leave you thus. I must go, and I dare not trust myself to say farewell. The bread of dependence in your house has been very sweet, but I cannot partake of it longer. The money which my long illness has cost you, I can, in time, repay, but your care and kindness—never! God bless you and yours. MEG."

A heap of precious things lay on the table with the letter—all the girl's jewels which she had brought from Beach Hall, and half of the money from her little purse. These she had left for Miss Prue. The latter ran to the door and raised a bitter cry.

"Robin, she has gone! Sick, and without a friend, and with scarcely any money, the poor child has gone, and we shall never see her again!"

CHAPTER VIII.

MISS GREY.

THREE years had passed away—swift, changeful years.

It was a bitter, sunless, blustering November day in the cultured City of Boston. All the fashionable world had returned to town; gorgeous fabrics filled the shop-windows; a steady stream of people poured up and down both

sides of Washington Street. Whence do these daily throngs come—whither do they go? The trees of the Common stood up, gaunt and bare, in the fading afternoon. Every flower was dead in the trim beds of the Public Garden. The wind, fresh from the bleak harbor, whistled sharply round the street-corners, and pinched blue the noses of rich and poor alike. On Beacon Hill, the great gilded dome of the State House made one solitary patch of brightness against the dull gray sky.

In the establishment of Madame Modiste, fashionable French dressmaker, a great bustle reigned on this particular afternoon. Madame—a wiry little woman, with a cast in the eye, and a tired, harassed manner—was well-nigh beside herself. There were dresses to be fitted, dresses to be sent home, dresses to be called for, trimming that must be changed, a thousand and one things to do, and only an hour or two of daylight left.

Madame opened her workroom-door and looked nervously in. A half-dozen girls were there, all stitching away, as if for dear life, upon satin and silk, lace, tulle and velvet.

"Has Mrs. Ryder's dress been sent?" she asked.

"Yes, madame," answered a voice, "a half-hour ago."

"Will Miss Fortescue's be ready at seven o'clock? She is going to a ball to-night."

"Madame, there is not lace enough to trim the train as Miss Fortescue directed. We shall need two yards more. Can a messenger be sent to her at once?"

Madame gave a sharp glance around the room.

"Miss Grey!"

A slender, dark-haired girl arose from a corner.

"You are Miss Fortescue's favorite," said madame, with a weary smile; "you shall take the message. Tell her that two yards more of the point lace will be required to trim her pink faille as she desires. She was to send more if it was needed. Be very careful you do not lose it, for it is priceless."

"Yes, madame," quietly answered Miss Grey. She went to a closet, and put on a shabby black hat and shawl. Then said:

"I do not know where Miss Fortescue resides."

Madame gave the necessary information, adding, smartly: "Be sure you make all possible haste." And Miss Grey departed on her errand.

By this name she had been known for three long years. In the old days at Beach Hall, the world—*her* world—had called her Margaret Grey Dysart. On her flight from Blackhaven, she determined to become simply Miss Grey. That name, at least, was hers. To that of Dysart she had no right, and Harmon—no, she could not yet assume that.

These three years of Meg's history may be briefly comprehended in these words: Trimming and plaiting and stitching in Madame Modiste's workroom—she had been one of madame's best customers in the old palmy days, and upon hearing such a part of her story as our heroine chose to reveal, the little Frenchwoman had given her employment at once, and consented to call her Miss Grey—lodging and eating at a shabby boarding-house, where she was looked upon as a handsome, haughty, unsocial creature, who made no friends, and evidently wanted none; watching the newspapers for the lists of arrivals from abroad; suffering loneliness, weariness and hope deferred—this was Meg's record for the last three years.

And in all this time she had learned nothing concerning her unknown convict father. She had received no tidings of Colonel Dysart. The latter was still in Europe with his wife, and heaven only knew when he would return.

A stranger in a strange city, with no companions save her own sad thoughts, Meg worked late and early for daily bread, and waited, waited, sometimes in hope, sometimes in despair, for the absent colonel.

"He may *never* come back to America," she said to herself, in moments of despondency. "Perhaps Constance means to keep him abroad for the rest of his life."

She began at last to think of his return as the event upon which her whole future hung, and, until it should transpire, she must plod on her present way, and endure in silence.

As Miss Grey plunged into the throngs which moved up and down Washington Street this bleak afternoon, many a man, and woman, too, turned to stare after her, for she was not a person who could pass unnoticed in a crowd. Three years had added new loveliness to her striking face. The rich hair, shorn by Miss Prue Leith, now covered her small, proud head with massive braids. Her figure had gained in height and symmetry, and her shabby dress seemed only to increase her beauty.

Blind to all the admiring glances of strange eyes, intent only upon her errand, Miss Grey turned into Winter Street, and directed her steps toward Beacon Hill.

A treacherous, half-frozen slush covered the pavement—walking was difficult and dangerous. Presently a coupé, driven by a coachman in livery, rolled by the curbstone, so near to Meg that the mud and wet from the shining wheels were flung upon her black gown. She looked up quickly, and recognized the vehicle, which was often to be seen at the door of Madame Modiste's establishment. At the same instant she beheld, gazing languidly out from its rich interior, a man's face.

Blonde and debonair, blue-eyed and golden-bearded, like an ancient Norseman—she staggered, as if she had received a blow. Time had not changed him in the least. The old graceful ease was in his look, the old careless smile curled his lip. It was Danton Moultrie—the same as when he had left her at that little inn on the Sagamore beach, more than three years before.

The sight was so sudden, so unexpected, that it well-nigh took her breath. He was talking with some one on the seat beside him—a girl, dressed like one of Madame Modiste's fashion-plates. Meg had just time to observe this much, then the coupé turned a corner and vanished.

She stood like a stone, and stared blankly after it. It was as if a ghost from the grave had suddenly confronted her. Danton Moultrie again in the North—in this very city! and riding in Miss Fortescue's carriage! Meg had a good memory. Fortescue! Ah, she saw it all now! That was the name of Moultrie's hero—the man who had once nursed him through yellow fever and saved his life.

The impatient jostling of the passing crowd soon recalled her to herself. She recollected that she was now Miss Grey, the sewing-girl, bound on an errand for her employer, and she picked up her wits and hurried on again.

With a throbbing heart Meg entered that street which is the old stronghold of Boston aristocracy, and compared with which all the elegance of the Back Bay lands is as a mushroom growth.

The house she sought stood looking down with a stately air upon the brown, leafless Common and the swift streams of life flowing on its further side. Meg mounted the steps. She saw rows of glimmering plate-glass windows, draped in rich fabrics, an imposing door, and a silver plate inscribed with the name which Colonel Dysart had once commanded her to hate. Yes, blown thither, like a bird in the bitter wind of misfortune, Meg stood at Gerald Fortescue's threshold and rang the bell.

A colored servant answered it. Miss Fortescue was not

at home—that the visitor already knew—but was expected shortly.

"I will wait," said Miss Grey.

She stepped into a superb hall, and followed the man up a broad, carved staircase.

Luxurious warmth and languid odors, as if from unseen jars of *pot-pourri*, steeped the air. From the cold, bleak day without, it was like passing into another world. At the head of the stair her guide opened a door and announced: "A lady with a message for Miss Fortescue," and the next moment Meg found herself inside the boudoir of Gerald Fortescue's only daughter and heiress.

It was a handsome room, furnished in rich crimson, with here and there a dash of old-gold. A velvet carpet covered the floor. 'Twixt curtains of figured satin the waning light fell softly along the paneled walls, lined with exquisite paintings. An inlaid Japanese cabinet for *bric-à-brac* stood in one corner; an upright piano in an ebony frame occupied another. There was an easel holding the last new picture, and a Japanese screen, embroidered in gold and crimson to match the deep square chairs and the high-backed sofa, upon which sat a fat old woman in elaborate toilet, nodding over the latest novel. She awoke with a start, as the visitor was ushered in.

"How d'ye do? Oh, yes. You are one of Madame Modiste's work-girls—I remember." She screwed a gold-rimmed glass into her sleepy eye. "You wish to see my niece? She is out riding."

Meg told her errand briefly.

"Sit down, and wait," said the duenna. "I know nothing about her laces. She will be angry if I meddle with them. You must stay till she comes."

She resumed her novel, and Meg sat down. In mingled sadness and delight her eyes wandered around the room. It was long since she had been in a place like this. A pug-dog lifted his stubby black nose from a satin-lined basket, and winked at her meditatively; a cuckoo-clock called the hour with its exquisite voice; an odor of crushed roses seemed to exhale from everything. Never till this moment, perhaps, had Meg known how deeply she had missed the luxuries of her own vanished past.

She waited.

The afternoon was rapidly dwindling, but she could not go back to the workroom without the lace. At last, thank heaven! the noise of carriage-wheels was heard in the street outside, and shortly after, Lilian Fortescue, sole daughter of one of the most learned and honored judges of the city, glided into the crimson-and-gold boudoir.

She was a little, frail, childish creature, dressed in the richest of gros-grain and velvet, wrapped in the most costly of furs. She reminded one of a bit of thistle-down that a strong wind might blow away. Beauty she had none. Her skin was colorless, sickly; her features indifferent. A pair of big black eyes, full of that far-off, melancholy look which superstitious people say betokens an early death, alone redeemed her spare little face from utter plainness. At sight of her visitor she uttered a delighted little cry.

"Dear Miss Grey, are you here, and waiting for me?"

Judge Fortescue's daughter was full of whims—the spoiled children of fortune often are—and strange to say, to no one living was she more amiable, more gracious than to this handsome, shabby sewing-girl. Meg delivered madame's message.

"Aunt Maitland," said Miss Fortescue, turning imperiously to her duenna, "ask Celeste to bring me two yards more of the point lace for my rose-colored faille."

The duenna arose with a meekly protesting air.

"My dear, where is Mr. Moultrie?" she asked.

"Below, in the drawing-room," answered Miss Fortescue, and she flung off her rich wraps, and advanced toward Meg, with her head to one side, like an inquisitive bird.

"How pale you look!" she said, quickly; "you have been sewing all day upon those tiresome dresses, have you not? Miss Grey, I am sure you were never born for such a life."

Below in the drawing-room! Suppose he should open the door, and enter without warning!

"I do not mind it—I am rather fond of sewing—yes, plainly it is my vocation," she answered, incoherently. Miss Fortescue lifted her eyebrows.

"Pardon me," she said in that gentle, childish voice of hers, "is that quite true? Anybody can see at a glance that you are out of place in a workroom. It is plain that you have known better days. Once I asked Madame Modiste to tell me something about you, and she answered that you were a person of birth and culture, but she was not at liberty to say more."

The color flew into Meg's face—she half arose from her chair.

"It is late, Miss Fortescue, and you have another visitor. Madame will be angry if I delay longer—allow me to go."

Miss Fortescue put out one frail hand, all ablaze with brilliants, and forced her gently back.

"My other visitor can wait. Tell Madame that I detained you, and she dare not be angry. Celeste has not found the lace—she is very stupid—she will be a long while yet."

Meg resumed her seat helplessly; she felt, somehow, as if the earth was shaking under her feet.

"Miss Grey," continued Lilian Fortescue, earnestly, "do you remember the first time I ever saw you? It was a year ago—I had just made my *début*. I went to Madame Modiste's with Aunt Maitland to order dresses, and Madame called *you* from the workroom to show us her Paris importations. I thought you the loveliest creature I had ever seen. Generally speaking, I rarely notice strangers, but to you I felt attracted at once. I said to Aunt Maitland, 'That Miss Grey is a princess in disguise—I am sure she has a history.'"

"It was very good of you to think of me—to speak of me. Yes, I remember the time," replied Meg, uneasily.

Judge Fortescue's daughter leaned forward, and laid her jeweled hand upon Miss Grey's. There was something irresistible in her coaxing, caressing manner.

"I see that you always wear black. You have lost friends—have you not?"

"Yes."

How she had lost them she did not explain.

"That is sad. No doubt you are very lonely. So am I, often, though you would not think it, perhaps. Papa is my only near relative. He is kind and indulgent, but oh! so dreadfully talented and learned. He knows everything. I am a pigmy in intellect, he is a giant. He awes and oppresses me with his superiority. I think I should love him more if he knew less. Then, too, there are so many things that money cannot buy, Miss Grey. I am not strong and beautiful, like you. I have absolutely no health—that is very hard."

"It is, indeed!" said Meg, with genuine sympathy.

"Sometimes," continued Miss Fortescue, sighing, "I long for a companion of my own age—one who would amuse me when I was ill or melancholy. I must mention the matter to papa—he never denies me anything. Tell me, is that peppery little madame kind to you, Miss Grey?"

"She is not unkind," replied Meg, evasively.

"That means that she can scold when the work goes wrong. Are you quite content to remain with her? Would you not accept better wages and less tiresome employment, if such were offered you by one who had your welfare at heart?"

Tears rushed to Meg's eyes. It was long since any one had addressed her in that tone of affectionate interest.

"I would, indeed, most gladly."

She had just time to answer, when the entrance of Celeste, Miss Fortescue's French maid, put an end to the conversation.

Meg took the package of lace, and arose to go. The judge's daughter arose also, and standing tip-toe, lifted her small, pale face to the handsome sewing-girl.

"Kiss me," she pleaded, gently.

Meg bent her head—she was much the taller of the two—and did as she was desired. Lilian Fortescue returned the caress with interest.

"*Au revoir!*" she said, brightly; "we will continue our talk some other day. Celeste, show Miss Grey out."

Celeste never wasted unnecessary attention on the wearer of a shabby gown. She conducted Miss Grey to the head of the stair—no further—and pointed calmly downward.

"That way, mademoiselle," she said, and vanished.

The gas had just been lighted. Its soft radiance streamed over the deep velvet and massive carving of the stair, and fell upon a marble Hebe holding out her cup from a niche on the landing.

With a great fear tugging at her heart, Meg descended. Danton Moultrie was in this house, divided from her only by a partition. Heaven forbid that she should encounter him now! To escape unseen into the street was her sole desire. She was half-way down the flight, when, to her dismay, she heard the click of a knob, and at the same instant a mahogany door at the foot of the stair swung back on its silver hinges, and a man stepped out into the hall.

"Has my daughter returned?" he asked of the colored servant waiting there.

"Yes, sir," the lackey answered—"a half-hour ago, sir."

It was not Danton Moultrie, but the Southerner's hero and friend—Gerald Fortescue.

A tall, thin, saturnine man, not yet fifty years of age. His figure was singularly erect and commanding. No thread of gray was visible in the intensely black hair which thatched his well-shaped head. His eyes, black also, had something of the hawk's far, fierce vision. Sharper than dagger-points they were—the most hardened culprits had quailed before their gaze, when his Honor administered justice from the bench. His skin was swarthy and sallow, his straight, thin features seemed cut from stone.

Never had Meg seen a face so full of power. Surely here was a man of iron nerve, without fear, without weakness. She had ample opportunity to take in his whole appearance before her soft step, the *swish* of her garments, attracted his attention. At last he looked up.

The gas-light revealed her face perfectly—dark, wondering eyes, and tuberose cheek, and dewy mouth. Judge Fortescue stopped, as if some unseen hand had grasped him. An extraordinary change swept his face, a livid hue overspread his swarthy skin. He stared at the lovely descending shape as if it had been Medusa.

And Meg? It was rather embarrassing to find herself thus observed by the most extraordinary man she had ever seen—one, too, who was connected with Moultrie and Colonel Dysart. She paused involuntarily on the carved stair, and looked down at him, as he gazed up at her. A strange thrill shot through her veins. She did not know it, but her color receded, her eyes dilated. She could not move—she could scarcely breathe. What strange thing did he see in her appearance, that he should stare like that? Men had regarded her often, with admiration, with curiosity, with interest—but never in this terrible way.

It was only for an instant, however; then Gerald Fortescue, stern judge, man of power, man of nerve, flung out his hand, as if to clutch some object, seen or unseen, and failing in that, "My God!" he cried, in a tone that Meg would never forget, and the next instant he staggered and went down, like a log, to the floor of the hall.

In the shock and fright of this unexpected climax, how she reached the door she never knew. The black servant had rushed to his master's aid—immediately the whole house would be alarmed. She waited for nothing, but flew down the stately steps, out into the street.

She had met Gerald Fortescue, and he had fainted at sight of her. Verily, it was strange!

She hurried away from the vicinity of the house. The Autumn twilight was fast gathering. She was late, and Madame Modiste had a temper. Thinking of the Fortescues—of the gentle kindness of the daughter, of the strange conduct of the father; thinking, too, of the rose-colored faille which must be finished at eight o'clock, Meg reached the crowded street which bounds the other side of the Common.

Here a blockade of cars, a jam of vehicles, threatened to impede her further progress. There was not a moment to lose. Meg dashed out upon the nearest crossing—it was covered with ice. Carriages were bearing down upon her from the right and the left. She rushed recklessly forward, but her foot slipped; the nose of an advancing horse rubbed her shoulder, the package of lace was jostled from her hand. She would have fallen, had not a stout arm whisked her promptly out of the danger, and deposited her safely on the opposite curbstone.

"The lace! the lace!" she half-sobbed, in her fright.

The person who had assisted her turned back, picked up the precious package from the frozen mud of the crossing, and, returning, placed it in her hand.

"Thank you!" she gasped; then, for the first time, she looked at him.

He was brown and broad-shouldered, and faultlessly dressed. A dark fringe of beard half hid the close, firm mouth, new lines of thought and study were graven on the rugged face, but other change there was none. She would have known him in the antipodes.

In her amazement, Meg stood like a statue. How many ghosts from her past was she destined to encounter this day? She made no sign of recognition, neither did he. Had he forgotten the lovely *riante* face which had wrought him so much ill in the old days? Like utter strangers they surveyed each other; then Robin Leith lifted his hat, as he might have done to any member, young or old, of the weaker sex, turned on his heel and disappeared in the crowd.

In a curious frame of mind, Meg went on to Madame Modiste's establishment. For three years she had lived and worked undisturbed by anything pertaining to her buried past; but now her long peace was broken up, old troublous elements had entered again into her life. She thought of Robin Leith with a sort of amazed resentment.

"I hear that he is winning fame and fortune," she meditated. "No doubt, for he no longer wears a shabby coat. He might have permitted me to ask about Miss Prue—but no matter; it is better, perhaps, as it is. Plainly he has forgotten me."

CHAPTER IX.

FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

APA!" Gerald Fortescue stood at the window of his breakfast-room, lost in a brown study. An early riser, and a very methodical person in all his ways, was this learned and honored judge, whose talents had, within a twelvemonth, lifted him to the bench—this man, who was a terror to all evil-doers, for he administered justice with an iron hand, and rarely tempered his decrees with mercy.

The room was luxuriously furnished in brown and buff; jars of blood-red jacqueminot roses perfumed the air; the table was laid with the brightest of silver and the most exquisite of china. A brass clock on the velvet-covered mantel had just struck eight—the hour at which the judge usually drank his chocolate; but the sound had not reached his ears. With hands clasped behind his back, and a forbidding look on his sallow, sarcastic face, he stood gazing straight out into empty space. Of what was he thinking? It would have been a bold person who had dared to ask that question.

Judge Fortescue held his fellow-men at a severe distance. From his daughter alone did he permit familiarity. She was the only living thing that he loved.

"Papa!"

He started and turned. She was standing at his shoulder, dressed in a morning-gown of dark silk, bordered with bands of fur, and wearing upon her little pale face a tender, questioning look. His whole countenance changed in a moment.

"What is about to happen?" said Gerald Fortescue, laying one hand affectionately upon her frail shoulder. "You up at this hour, Lily, and the morning after a ball, too! Marvelous! Where is your Aunt Maitland?"

"She has a headache, and will breakfast in her own room," answered Lilian. "I could not sleep, papa; I feared you might be ill. Let me look at you."

He permitted her to search his face at her leisure, and he did not quail under her scrutiny, as a man of less nerve might have done.

"You are haggard and worn, papa. I fear you have not recovered from that fainting-fit of last night. Ah, what a fright it gave me! Do you think it could have been a symptom of—of—I scarcely dare speak the word—heart disease, papa?"

His thin lip curled in a forced smile.

"Heart disease? Nonsense, puss! What put that idea into your little head? I have been overworked of late. Yesterday I was greatly fatigued. That was undoubtedly the cause of my mishap. My darling, I am very sorry that you should have suffered uneasiness about such a trivial matter."

She drew a great breath.

"How can you call it trivial? Mr. Moultrie thought you were stricken with apoplexy, and as for my dear Miss Grey, I fear you alarmed her greatly. The footman said she went out of the house like a shot."

"And, pray, who is Miss Grey?" queried Judge Fortescue. She opened her big black eyes.

"Did you not see her? She was descending the stair from my room when that attack seized you—a lovely girl in black, with a little package in her hand."

He looked his daughter full in the face, and, without so much as the quiver of an eyelash, answered:

"I saw no one! I was suffering from vertigo at the time."

"Ah, that explains your blindness. Well, papa," with a bright little smile, "Miss Grey is a sewing-girl in the establishment of the Madame Modiste who makes my dresses. And this reminds me that I have something particular to say to you—a request to make, papa, and you must grant it, or I shall be heart-broken. Now, let us ring for breakfast."

They took their places at the elegant table. A servant brought in the meal—a roll, a delicate bird and a cup of chocolate for each—and then, at a sign from the judge, left the two together.

Gerald Fortescue looked across to his daughter, and said, whimsically:

"What bee have you in your bonnet now, puss? Has my Southern friend, Moultrie, been talking nonsense to you?"

"Mr. Moultrie! No, indeed!" stammered Lily, coloring high.

"He came to the North a month ago," pursued the judge, in a teasing tone, "to renew his acquaintance with me, and he likes our city so well that I fancy he may remain here permanently. A friend of mine has offered him a responsible position in a shipping-office, at a handsome salary, and ten to one he will accept it."

Her soft black eyes shone like stars.

"Papa, I understand—how good of you—how generous!"

He smiled grimly.

"Well, I am rather fond of the young fellow. Generally speaking, I like persons whom I have laid under heavy obligations. If he wishes to take up his abode at the North, I shall be happy to assist him. He tells me that he has recently met with heavy reverses in his own State, and though he is living somewhat expensively at a down town hotel, I conclude that he is not over-burdened with means."

Miss Fortescue was pouring cream from a wonderful old porcelain jug. Her white cheeks glowed as she bent over her cup.

"Of course I am glad to hear that he is likely to remain in the city," she said, with a vast show of indifference. "He is a rather agreeable party to fill an empty seat at dinner, you know, or to hold one's glass at the play. But let us not talk of Mr. Moultrie, papa—it is of Miss Grey that I wish to speak—I have a favor to ask concerning her."

He fixed his hawk-eyes upon his daughter, and waited for her to proceed. She gazed back at him with some anxiety.

"Papa, you are eating absolutely nothing."

"The pleasure of seeing you at table with me quite takes my appetite. What do you wish to say about Miss Grey?"

She toyed with the brown breast of her bird.

"Well, to begin, papa, I am very lonely at times. Of course, I have many friends, but none that I particularly care for—none that amuse me. As for Aunt Maitland, she is like a lay figure. I am often ill, you know, and bored, and I want to be amused, I want somebody all to myself—in this house with me. *You* have no leisure, neither can you stoop to my frivolous level. Tell me, may I have Miss Grey for a companion—may I ask her to leave Madame Modiste, and take up her abode with me at a stated salary? Say yes—do, papa, and I shall be quite happy."

He started. An expression of mingled surprise, aversion and pain flashed over his stern, sallow face.

"Lily, this is very extraordinary! Who is this Miss Grey? What do you know about her?"

"Papa, she is the loveliest creature you ever saw!" cried Lily, with vehemence, "and a lady to her finger-tips. She is educated and accomplished—Madame Modiste told me that—but all her friends are dead, and she is alone in the world. You know that picture which hangs in your bedchamber, papa—dear me! it has hung there ever since I can remember anything—well, Miss Grey is as like that as one pea is like another."

He was looking down into his plate now. Only one syllable escaped his lips. "Ah!"

"Dear papa," she pleaded, "you have never denied me a request in your life—do not begin to-day. I have set my heart upon Miss Grey. She will be invaluable to me in many ways. If you love me, papa, say yes."

He did not answer for a full moment. It was well that she could not read his thoughts. At last he looked up and said: "Cannot you find some other companion than a common sewing-girl, Lilian? Your choice seems to me rash and injudicious."

"Papa, she is *not* common," cried Miss Fortescue, with spirit. "She is a born lady, as I have already told you, my equal in everything but wealth. I wish for none but her—I will have none but her."

Her willful little mouth put on a look like her father's. One could see a strong resemblance betwixt Judge Fortescue and his daughter in a moment like this.

"How long have you known Miss Grey?" he demanded.

"A whole year, papa. I have seen her constantly at madame's rooms."

"And quite lost your heart to her, eh?"

"Quite, papa."

"Absurd child!" then, with an air of making a great concession, he put down his cup, and added: "No doubt you *are* lonely and bored at times—these tendencies you inherit from your dead mother. I cannot object to any reasonable plan by which your life may be made happier—above all things, Lilian, I desire your happiness. Let Mrs. Maitland make the proper inquiries regarding this Miss Grey, and if she finds her a suitable person, you have my permission to bring her here at once. I shall be glad to pay her a fair salary to amuse you."

"Oh, papa, do you mean it?"

"Most certainly."

She sprang up from her chair like a delighted child, and cast her arms around his neck.

"A thousand thanks! I venture to prophesy that you will not regret your indulgence when you see Miss Grey. Now let me go and banish Aunt Maitland's headache. She must be ready to visit Madame Modiste before lunch."

He smiled in his cold, sarcastic way, but kissed her with fondness.

"What haste! Well, go." And she ran off to Aunt Maitland's chamber, and left Gerald Fortescue to finish his breakfast alone.

The duenna was taking a cup of chocolate in bed. Like a small whirlwind her niece broke in upon her with the news. Mrs. Maitland bounced up on her laced and ruffled pillows in angry dismay.

"Lily Fortescue, you must be crazy! A sewing-girl, a dressmaker! Has the judge lost his wits?"

"Rise, Aunt Maitland; your headache is gone, I know. You must go with me to Madame Modiste, and make what papa calls the proper inquiries, *en vérité* you must!"

Aunt Maitland groaned. This frail girl ruled her mercilessly.

"One would think that I, your own flesh and blood, ought to be companion enough for you, Lilian. I do not approve of heiresses choosing associates from the gutter. How can a born aristocrat, like the judge, countenance such a thing?"

"*Is* papa a born aristocrat?" queried Lilian, planting her elbows thoughtfully on the silken counterpane. "I do not remember that I ever heard him speak of his antecedents. Are you *sure*, Aunt Maitland?"

No, she was not in the least sure—quite the contrary. Mrs. Maitland feared her rich and honored brother-in-law quite as much as she admired him. He was a reserved man, holding her always at a distance, never talking about himself, and promptly resenting anything like curiosity from others.

"Lily," she answered, impressively, "your father's relatives were all dead when he married my poor sister; nevertheless, I do not need to be told that in life they stood upon the highest round of the social ladder. Judge Fortescue's aristocracy is patent to any sane observer. As for your Miss Grey, if she comes under this roof, she will bring trouble with her—mark my words."

Miss Fortescue laughed.

"You dear old goose! As a chaperon you do very well, but as a companion you are a total failure. Aunt Maitland, I want Miss Grey—I will have Miss Grey. I am hopelessly in love with Miss Grey—women do sometimes fall in love with each other. I forbid you to speak of her in that disparaging tone. She is a lady, far more"—with a sudden pathetic change of voice—"to be envied than I. She has health and beauty—each a fortune in itself. I have neither, and I am ready to die with envy every time I look at her."

"Well, have your way!" cried Aunt Maitland, testily—"you *will* have it, of course—you always do. But send that French baggage, Celeste, here, to help me dress. I was out half the night with you at Mrs. Ryder's ball, and I did *not* expect to be called up this morning, to go about the city inquiring into the character of work-girls. It is true that one never knows what evils a day may bring forth."

Miss Fortescue rang for Celeste, and then went away to select a room for the coming companion. She was greatly elated with the easy victory which she had obtained over her father and Aunt Maitland.

"Papa can never say no to me," she mused, smiling. "Dear, good papa! He is so reserved, so exclusive, so grand generally, that I suppose it cannot be quite pleasant for him to receive into his house a stranger whom he thinks my inferior; but when he sees Miss Grey he will be reconciled, I am sure, to what he calls my whim."

The luncheon-hour drew near. The carriage was ordered to convey Miss Fortescue and her chaperon to Madame Modiste's establishment; but Aunt Maitland, slowest of all slow mortals, was not yet ready. While her niece waited impatiently, the door-bell rang. Up the stair came a servant, bearing a card on a silver salver.

"A gentleman in the drawing-room to see Miss Fortescue."

The judge's daughter took the card, and read the name written thereon—"Danton Moultrie."

The color flew into her pale cheeks. Woman-like, she turned straight to her mirror.

"Celeste, is this street-costume becoming?" she gasped.

"It is heavenly, mademoiselle!"

"I will go down for just fifteen minutes. Aunt Maitland, I fear, is taking a nap. On your peril, see that she is ready when I return!"

Down the broad stair went Lily Fortescue, and opened the door of the sumptuous drawing-room. From a satin sofa there, Danton Moultrie arose eagerly, and advanced to meet her—the same fair, elegant Adonis who had worked woe at Gull Beach in the old days. None the worse he seemed for the experiences of the past—ready for fresh conquests he surely was.

Fortune had dealt rather roughly with Mr. Moultrie since that little episode at Beach Hall. Disgust at her caprices had led him, at last, to turn his back on the South, and seek better luck in the North. At present, Judge Fortescue was his sole hope. He was harassed with debts that he could not pay; and though he had managed thus far to preserve a decent style of living, and to keep his faultless exterior free from any seedy taint, the subject of ways and means made life a burden to him. The time had come when it was absolutely necessary for Danton Moultrie to concentrate his energies either upon drudging for a fortune or marrying one.

With a bright smile of welcome, Miss Fortescue gave her jeweled hand to her visitor.

"You are going out?" he said, holding the little palm much closer than the occasion demanded. "Your carriage is at the door."

"It can wait," she answered, lightly. "Sit down, Mr. Moultrie. How sober you look! What has happened—nothing unpleasant, I hope?"

He seated himself beside her upon the satin sofa. The great drawing-room was full of warmth and silence, and rich, glimmering colors. Fate had given him a golden opportunity. He drew a deep breath.

"A crisis has come to my life, Miss Fortescue, and I do not know how to meet it."

"That sounds very mysterious," she said, brightly; "pray explain your meaning."

His manner grew eager.

"You bid me do that? You invite me to speak to you frankly, Lilian?"

"Why not?" she answered, with a brave attempt to control her voice; "is not papa your sworn friend, and am I not papa's daughter, interested in all his affairs, all his friendships?"

He raised her hand to his lips. Danton Moultrie's days of romance and passion were well over. He had arrived at the sober conclusion that love is a great bore. He was satiated with its raptures and agonies. His desires had now taken a thoroughly practical turn. Beauty he must cease to sigh for. One cannot secure everything in this imperfect world.

"A month ago," he began, fixing on her drooping face the blue, insincere eyes which had made many a heart ache, "I came North, Miss Fortescue, to renew my old friendship with your father. You know how kindly he received me—you know the hospitality which I have enjoyed in this house. Never, while life lasts, can I forget the happiness of the last four weeks; and yet, it would have been better, perhaps, if I had never made this Northern journey—never renewed my acquaintance with the best of men, the preserver of my life."

"How flattering to papa—to us all; and only this morning he told me that some inducement had been offered you to remain at the North, and that—that you were likely to accept it."

"Miss Fortescue, my acceptance of the opportunity which your father has generously set before me depends entirely upon another person."

She raised her startled eyes.

"Who can that be?"

"Yourself."

The blood flew into her delicate, pale face, and out again. It was Danton Moultrie's custom to carry by storm the hearts of her sex wherever he went. For a month Judge Fortescue's heiress had seen him daily. Had she managed, despite his many fascinations, to preserve her peace intact?

"You cannot be serious," she faltered, making a movement as if to rise from the sofa. He held her gently back.

"I was never more serious in my life. Listen to me, Lilian—you promised to listen, did you not? If you bid me go, I shall go—if you bid me stay, I must stay. I am here to tell you that I love you—to ask you to be my wife. You hold my future in your hands. Only as your accepted lover will I remain a day longer at the North."

She was three years the junior of Meg, and his was the first voice that had ever stirred her girlish pulses. Being a novice in love, she did not perceive that it was a very calm voice, with no ring of passion in it. Intense emotion had driven every vestige of color from her little thin face. The great black eyes, her only beauty, filled up with amazed rapture. She trembled from head to foot. Suddenly she stretched out her slight, jeweled hands.

"Oh," she gasped, "is it possible that this happiness is for me? Danton, Danton, you must not go—you must not leave me, for—I love you!"

The next moment she was in his arms, upon his breast. This was always the way, he thought; women were easy game. None ever said him nay. He had only to speak the word, and they dropped into his hands like ripe fruit. Mr. Moultrie might have prized his conquests more, if the difficulties attending them had been greater. However, it was well for him now that Miss Fortescue was willing to be won. Her fortune, her father's friendship and influence, were the only things that could save him from ruin and disgrace, and, figuratively speaking, set him upon his legs.

And Lilian Fortescue lay upon her lover's heart, never dreaming of the thoughts that were passing through its secret chambers. After a space, in which Aunt Maitland and Miss Grey and the whole world were alike forgotten, she lifted her shy, tear-wet eyes, and whispered:

"How did you ever come to think of me in this way? It seems so strange! I am so small and frail and ugly! Aunt Maitland has always declared there was nothing for me in life but to fall a prey to some fortune-hunter."

He winced.

"My darling, I began by thinking of you for your father's sake; I ended by loving you for your own. Small? I adore diminutive women. Ugly? Hush! How can you talk like that? You are as lovely as an angel!"

He had made up his mind to stop at nothing now. A girl will swallow a big compliment as readily as a small one. He kissed her with fervor, wondering the while if the judge would be likely to object to a penniless son-in-law.

"Danton," she whispered again, with the foolish curiosity of her age and sex, "did you ever care for any one before? Mind that you tell me the truth! You must have seen many fair women in your own fair South."

He colored faintly.

"No woman of the South ever possessed so much as a corner of my heart, darling."

"Oh, do you mean that you have never loved any one but me?"

This was what Shakespeare calls "damnable iteration."

"My dear child," answered Moultrie, with calm effrontery, "I have had my fancies—what man of nine-and-twenty has not? But I swear that I now feel for you the first

A MERRY PARTY.—POLL AND THE BABY.

real passion of my life. Only one thing is needed to complete my happiness, and that is your father's consent to our union. I am not rich, as you know, as *he* knows, my darling, and it is possible that he may regard this fact as an obstacle in the way of our marriage."

She shook her head with a bright little smile.

"You do not know papa. He has wealth enough for us both. He will deny me nothing. Moreover, he is particularly fond of you. We have nothing to fear from him."

"And you will be my wife, Lily, upon the earliest day that we can persuade him to name?"

"Yes," she answered, with the happy tears in her big black eyes.

* * * * * *

It was high noon when Miss Fortescue's coupé stopped at the door of Madame Modiste's rooms. Aunt Maitland and her niece descended from the vehicle, and rustled, one with a sour, one with a radiant face, into madame's presence.

The poor little Frenchwoman, flushed, anxious and overworked, met the twain with that beaming smile which she kept only for her most profitable customers.

"Be good enough to show us to another room, madame," said Mrs. Maitland; "I have a word to speak to you in private."

To a private apartment the twain were led, and there Aunt Maitland proceeded to make what she considered to be the necessary inquiries regarding Miss Grey's character, and to unfold to madame her niece's plans.

"Ah, *mon Dieu!*" said the Frenchwoman, with her hand on her heart, "you grieve and delight me. You will find Miss Grey all that you can desire. She is amiable, refined and cultured—a fit companion for any lady. I shall be heart-broken to lose her—she is most valuable to me here; but I cannot stand in the way of the little mademoiselle's wishes. No, no! what she desires she must have. I yield Miss Grey to you."

"Madame," said Aunt Maitland, "you have told me nothing about her family. It is important to know if she has objectionable connections."

Madame congealed suddenly. She was not a woman to betray confidence, under any circumstances.

"Pardon," she answered; "I know nothing upon that subject. I can tell you about Miss Grey, but her family—no, I go no further. She is altogether alone in the world, and she has good blood in her veins. More, I cannot say."

"Quite enough!" cried Lilian Fortescue, with impatience. "You have asked all the necessary questions, Aunt Maitland. Call Miss Grey."

Madame obeyed. The morning had been a trying one in the workroom. Vexatious blunders had occurred, sharp words had been tossed about, the work dragged wearily. Miss Grey entered the private room with a worn and depressed look on her handsome young face. At sight of Miss Fortescue, a smile leaped into her tired eyes; but before she could utter a word the judge's daughter stepped before Aunt Maitland and began to speak.

"Miss Grey, you told me yesterday that you would leave madame, should a better position be offered you. I have found one. I now invite you to accept the post of companion to Miss Lilian Fortescue, a very trying and disagreeable young person, at a salary of six hundred per year."

"And a very generous sum, I am sure," said Aunt Maitland, in the background, "for you have actually nothing to do. I only hope that such kindness and condescension may be properly appreciated."

Lilian laughed gayly up in Meg's bewildered face, then grew grave again, and taking the girl's shapely hands in her own, she briefly explained the matter.

"You have sewed in madame's establishment for years," she said; "would you not like a change? Are you not weary of this hard life? I want a companion, and I am sure you will suit me. You look quite stunned. Remain here, and think over the matter, while I transact a little business with madame outside."

She went away, drawing Aunt Maitland after her, and Meg was left standing in the centre of the floor, face to face with a formidable array of new possibilities.

Truly this offer was most flattering and unexpected. Should she take up her abode with Gerald Fortescue—the man who had fainted at sight of her? Colonel Dysart had charged her to hate his very name. Yes, but the Colonel tarried long in a foreign land—she had grown weary with waiting for his return; moreover, she could not forget that he had forsaken her in her sorest need. She felt little inclination now to assume his private quarrels, or let his unintelligible words stand in the way of a golden opportunity. Since he had not thought his hatred of Fortescue worthy of an explanation, she could not afford, at this late day, to concern herself about it.

Stay! there was another matter to be considered. In the Fortescue house she was almost certain to encounter Danton Moultrie. Did she shrink from that prospect? Not at all. Her proud eyes shone, the blood burned in her oval cheeks. Good-by to a hard, monotonous, uncongenial life, to madame's work-room, and madame's tempers. Welcome the old familiar atmosphere of ease and refinement, welcome all that a sojourn under Judge Fortescue's roof might bring!

After a space, Lilian Fortescue returned to the room alone, and found Miss Grey standing as she had left her, with a far-off look in her eyes, and a faint, cold smile on her lips. She touched her arm softly.

"Dear Miss Grey, have you decided?"

"Yes."

"You will come with me?"

"Most gladly."

"I have paid madame for all the trouble that your sudden loss will cause in her establishment. You see I am very impatient to secure you. Can you be ready to begin life with me to-morrow?"

"The sooner the better," answered Meg, drawing a deep breath. "Yes, let it be to-morrow."

So it was decided. The whim of a girl was about to bring Meg under the roof and into the daily presence of Gerald Fortescue.

CHAPTER X.

FACE TO FACE.

At noon next day the Fortescue carriage was sent to Miss Grey's boarding-house, to bring that young person to her new home.

In the judge's Beacon Street mansion Lilian Fortescue moved restlessly about her crimson-and-gold boudoir, looking out for the expected arrival. Odors of *pot-pourri* filled the air; hothouse flowers drooped in the Roman vases; a superb open fire made Summer warmth and glow in the charming room.

"Lilian," said Aunt Maitland from the depths of a luxurious chair, "you remind me of a child with a new toy. Fie! And you are now engaged. One would suppose that your lover might amuse you, without any help from Miss Grey."

"A lover is all very well, Aunt Maitland," laughed Miss

Fortescue, pulling her lap-dog's ears, "but, as an engaged girl, I need Margaret Grey more than ever. When I quarrel with Danton, I must have some sympathetic ear in which to pour my woes; when I make up with him, that, also, must be told; and by-and-by there will be a *trousseau* to think about—she is a person of exquisite taste. Hark! here is the carriage. Aunt Maitland, I must insist that you treat Miss Grey in a friendly manner, for my sake——"

The door opened, and a servant ushered in the new companion. Lilian met her with a glad smile, Aunt Maitland gave her a freezing little nod.

"Here is one person who does not like me," thought Meg.

"We lunch in half an hour," said Miss Fortescue. "Celeste will show you to your room; your luggage is there before you. Ring for Celeste, Aunt Maitland."

The duenna obeyed. Meg was conducted to a chamber adjoining Miss Fortescue's own—a jewel of a room, furnished in pink and white—two colors which gave it the look of a Summer dawn. A cloud of silk and lace fell about the toilet-table, which was garnished with rare bits of porcelain. Paneled walls, hung with Turner's water-colors; a downy bed, draped in pink and white; chairs of white wood, upholstered with pink; and a deep carpet, wherein the same hues largely predominated, made up a most attractive interior.

"Is this for me? Are you sure there is no mistake?" said Meg to the French maid.

"None," answered Celeste, crossly—she, too, was jealous of the handsome intruder. "Mademoiselle selected the chamber herself—she is as generous as an angel."

Meg disposed of her outer garments, and returned to the boudoir. A bell was just ringing for lunch. She sat down to that repast with Miss Fortescue and her duenna; the judge was never with his household at this hour of the day. Aunt Maitland opened fire on her at once.

"Your place is no sinecure, Miss Grey," she began, biting her truffle vindictively, and evidently determined to dispel any comfortable illusion which might be growing in the new companion's mind. "You will be required to read and sing and play to my niece (I mentioned as much at Madame Modiste's rooms, did I not? I hope you are proficient in music?), to go out with her, to help her entertain, perhaps—to make yourself useful in a hundred ways."

Meg bowed, undismayed.

"She will tax your resources to the utmost, I fancy. Before the end of three months you will wish to go back to Madame Modiste's work-room."

Lilian looked up at Meg with a bright reassuring smile.

"Do not mind Aunt Maitland—she is horribly jealous of you. Only love me, Miss Grey, and we shall get on famously together—never fear."

"It is easy to obey *that* behest," answered Meg, smiling quietly back at her.

When luncheon was over Miss Fortescue threw herself on her sofa with a tired air—she was always tired, poor child—and beckoned Meg to her side.

"Come and sit by me, Miss Grey—you are just like Tennyson's poem:

> "'O, sweet pale Margaret,
> O, rare pale Margaret,
> Come down, come down, and hear me speak.'

Let us have what the girls at school used to call a 'good talk'!"

With her fat pug-dog squeezed to her side, and the firelight playing on her diminutive figure and meagre face, Lilian began the talk, and it turned first to her father. She had much to say about his greatness, his knowledge, his general superiority over the rest of mankind, and listening to her chatter, Meg could not fail to receive a favorable impression of Judge Fortescue. If he were not a superior person, she thought, his daughter would not so reverence him.

Aunt Maitland fell asleep, and presently the conversation began to flag. An unwonted color crept into Lilian's thin cheeks, she toyed with the golden fringe of the sofa pillow, and said, shyly:

"Now I am going to tell you a secret, Miss Grey—an enormous secret—I have a—a—lover!"

"Indeed!" answered Meg, watching the nervous fingers and shifting blushes with quiet amusement.

"Some time I shall probably marry."

"A natural sequence. Shall I congratulate you?"

"If you like," said Lilian, with a faint laugh. "Would it bore you to hear about him?"

"Not at all—quite the contrary," replied Meg with interest.

The pale-faced daughter of fortune drew a deep breath.

"He is grand and good and handsome—not rich, but that does not signify, for I am papa's sole heir. By birth he is a Southerner, and his name is Danton Moultrie."

Dead silence, save for the deep breathing of Aunt Maitland. Meg sat motionless, looking straight before her.

So he was about to marry this little frail girl for her fortune! She gave no start, no sign of agitation.

"Several years ago papa made his acquaintance in the South," continued Lilian, all unconscious of the shock which her listener had received, "and nursed him through yellow fever—that was like papa, who loves to do noble deeds. Of course Mr. Moultrie never forgot it, and a few weeks since he came North, and made haste to call upon us, and express his undying gratitude, and all that. He was invited here constantly, and yesterday, only yesterday, he asked me to be his wife."

"Go on," said Miss Grey, as calmly as she had ever spoken in her life.

"Danton is anxious for an immediate union, but papa will not listen to that. He gave us his blessing, like the father in a three-volume novel, but he says I am too young to marry, we must wait two years at least—think of it! two interminable years! Danton is wild with disappointment, and I am cross and depressed because he is unhappy. There! now I have told you all."

Meg was watching the firelight, as it shot through the polished bars of the grate.

"Do you love him?" she said.

"Yes—oh, yes!" answered Miss Fortescue, with a fervor that left no room for doubt.

"And he loves you?"

"He swears it by sun, moon and stars."

There was a pause.

"I wish you joy with all my heart," said Meg, "and I hope Mr. Moultrie is deserving of his good luck."

"He thinks his luck very bad just at present," pouted Lilian, as she curled herself up like a kitten among the embroidered pillows. "It *is* very disagreeable in papa to compel him to wait so long for me. Miss Grey, did *you* ever have a lover?"

"Once upon a time," answered Miss Grey, with a chilly smile.

"And where is he now?"

"Gone out of my life for ever."

"He was unworthy?" said Lilian, opening her black eyes very wide.

"I cannot judge of his worth. It is enough to know that he did not love me."

"Did he not? That is passing strange!" cried Miss Fortescue. "Were I a man, I should be at your feet in the twinkling of an eye. How grand and proud you look! I wish papa could see you now. You are just like a picture which he values highly. I am sure he would notice the resemblance—it is very striking."

Meg lifted her startled eyes.

"A picture?"

"The portrait of a lady, name unknown," said Lilian, smiling. "It hangs in papa's bedchamber. I will show it to you some day. Now I wish to hear you sing. Madame Modiste told me you had the voice of an angel. I am curious to know if she spoke truly. No opera, pray. but some old ballad—that is the music I love."

Meg went over to the upright piano in the corner—a superb instrument, made to delight the hearts of all true lovers of music. Her eyes brightened as she swept its responsive keys. The cracked and sorely abused boarding-house piano was the only one she had touched for years. It was long, too, since she had sung a note; but under the inspiration of those rich, swelling chords, and the expectant face watching her from the sofa, the old sweet desire rushed back to her lips; she lifted her strong, flute-like voice in the plaintive ballad of "Auld Robin Gray."

Colonel Dysart had loved that song in the days at Gull Beach. Old memories crowded into her heart. The piano wept and sighed under her hand. She did not know what was passing in the room behind her, she was oblivious to everything till the sad story was told. Then she turned on her tufted stool, to find the aspect of the boudoir changed.

Aunt Maitland was wide awake. Lilian had dropped her pug, and was sitting bolt upright on the sofa. By her side stood a third person, who had just entered the room—a man, with a look of blank consternation on his handsome blonde face.

"That was heavenly!" cried Lilian to the musician. "Madame was quite right. It is plain that you have learnt your art of the best masters. Danton, let me present you to Miss Grey."

Face to face, at last! He stood as rigid as stone. A chalky hue crept over his lips.

"Pardon," he stammered, "I fear I did not hear the name aright."

"Miss Grey," repeated Lilian, distinctly.

Not a syllable escaped him. Meg came forward with an unflinching step. Like heat lightning her dark eyes flashed over Danton Moultrie. She bowed silently, mockingly. He retreated a step, raising one hand in a confused way to his forehead. Thus they met after three years.

Large as the world is, it is sometimes difficult, as one travels it, to keep from stumbling upon the very people one most wishes to avoid. Here, beneath Judge Fortescue's roof, was the girl whom he had deserted at the Sagamore inn—fairer, grander than of old, masquerading under an assumed name, but herself, and none other. Luckily for him Aunt Maitland spoke at that moment.

"Lilian, are you going out with Mr. Moultrie?"

"Yes," answered Miss Fortescue, rising quickly—"to look at a new picture. Celeste will make me ready in ten minutes. Take care of Miss Grey. She has some notes of invitation to write for me. You will find the list of names in my desk."

Danton Moultrie retreated toward the door.

"This room is very warm, Lilian—quite unbearable," he faltered. "Permit me to wait for you in the hall."

The next moment he was off down the stair. Coward! he had actually fled at sight of his old love.

Celeste arrayed her young mistress for the street, and at the foot of the stair Miss Fortescue found her betrothed waiting. She was struck with something odd in his look and manner as he handed her into the carriage.

"That young person—that Miss Grey—who is she?" he said, abruptly, as they rolled away from the house.

"A new member of the family," replied Miss Fortescue, her little pale face all radiant with the joy of this *tête-à-tête* ride with her lover. "Is she not handsome?"

"I did not notice. In heaven's name, where did you find her? What do you know about her? For what purpose is she living with you?"

A strange gloom had overspread his countenance. She looked at him in such surprise that he hastened to change his tone.

"You are mine now, darling, and everything connected with you is of superlative interest to me."

She slipped her wee gloved hand into his own, and promptly told him all that she knew about Miss Grey.

"And you have engaged her as a companion, Lilian?" he demanded, almost angrily.

"Yes; and you cannot think how dearly I love her already. I know of no person half as charming in all my list of friends."

"Ah, indeed!"

His *châteaux en Espagne* seemed tottering before his eyes. He would probably meet her every day of his life. What would she do? Tell the story of his desertion to Lilian? Small fear of that, for she had a secret involved in it which he instinctively knew that she wished to keep. And so she had been earning her own bread for three years! Good heaven! Then the colonel and Constance had cast her off for ever!

"My darling," said Moultrie, grasping the little hand as though he feared it was about to slip from him, "I shall be miserable until I make you mine—mine beyond recall. Promise to give your father no peace until he reconsiders his decision, and consents to shorten our time of waiting."

"I promise," she faltered, coloring high.

Meanwhile, in the crimson-and-gold boudoir, Meg wrote Miss Fortescue's invitations, starting involuntarily when she came to the name of Robin Leith in the list. Was she to encounter *both* of her old lovers under this roof? Before her task was done, Aunt Maitland went away to dress for dinner.

She placed the pretty notes in Miss Fortescue's carved desk; then sat down by the fire, alone with Bijou, the pug, who had crept into his basket and curled himself up on its satin cushion, like a Sybarite. Already the shadows of the short wintry day were gathering. Meg dropped her head on her hand, and stared meditatively into the red coals. It was as well to meet Danton Moultrie now as at some future day—meet him she surely must in this house. Had she forgotten the vow of vengeance made against him in her agony and humiliation at the Sagamore inn—the vow that she had asked heaven to record? No; Meg rarely forgot anything. There, in the bright fire, she seemed to see Gull Beach, dotted with sandpipers, and the blue, windy bay, white with foam, dazzling with sunshine. In her ear was a pleasant sound of lapping waves, and a murmur of winds in the tall firs, under which she had once walked with him. Unconsciously a sigh escaped her lips; at the same moment the door opened behind her chair, and a step crossed the velvet carpet.

"Miss Grey, I presume?" said a cool, interrogative voice.

She started and looked up, to meet a pair of eyes sharp and fierce as a hawk's. They seemed to take her measure instantly.

"It *is* Miss Grey, I feel assured," continued the voice; "and since no third person is present to announce the fact, permit me to say that I am Judge Fortescue, Lilian's father."

She arose to her feet with a thrill of alarm. Yes, before her stood the man that she had seen in the hall, dark, grand, imposing, yet with a smile of rare fascination on his lips, a reassuring sweetness in his voice. She bowed.

"Miss Fortescue is out."

"So I perceive. Pray be seated. I fear I have alarmed you, and already there is one offense of that kind for which I must apologize—I mean the fright which you received two days ago."

"How did you know I was frightened?" said Meg, throwing back her head, and looking at him with handsome, fearless eyes.

He laid one arm carelessly over a corner of the mantel, his fingers closed upon an exquisitely painted vase which stood thereon. He was gazing at her with keen attention, but she did not shrink—it was natural that he should wish to know what sort of a person his daughter had chosen for a companion.

"I guessed it," he answered; "what could be more probable? I was seized with a sudden attack of vertigo—I fell almost at your feet. It was very unfortunate, and you were greatly startled, were you not?"

"Yes," frankly.

"But you did not for a moment imagine that *you* had anything to do with my indisposition?"

She hesitated, then replied:

"Surely not."

Crash! The painted vase lay on the tiled hearth in a score of pieces. Judge Fortescue had flung it absently from his hold.

"Oh, what a pity!" murmured Meg, with womanly regret at such costly destruction.

He quickly recovered himself.

"I will ring for a servant to sweep up the bits," he said, with a cold smile. "Miss Grey, my daughter has conceived a violent attachment for you, and shown, I must confess, more discrimination in the matter than I ever gave her credit for. As she is my one only treasure, her friends must be my friends."

He held out his hand. He could be, when he so willed it, one of the most affable and fascinating of men. Meg laid her slim fingers in his clasp, thrilling with something that was half pleasure, half fear.

"I am not often attracted to strangers," he said, lightly. "but the spell you have laid upon Lilian is working, I think, on me. May I ask you one question? Were you born in this city?"

She was on her guard in a moment.

"You may think it strange," she answered, with composure, "but I do not know my own birthplace—I never heard my friends mention it."

He lifted his eyebrows, but he was too well-bred to express surprise in any other way.

"One meets with people of your name every day," he said, slowly releasing her hand. "Have you relatives here?"

"No."

"There are many unaccountable things in this world, and one is the striking likeness which sometimes exists between utter strangers."

He turned his baffled eyes from her face, and rang for a servant to gather up the broken vase. Immediately after, with a rustle of silken garments, Lilian and Aunt Maitland entered together.

The elder lady looked suspiciously from the judge to Miss Grey. Might not this girl, who had subjugated the daughter, make the father also the captive of her bow and spear? But Lilian's face brightened.

"What! have you two been cultivating an acquaintance?" she cried. "Excellent, papa!"

"I found Miss Grey quite deserted," replied the judge, coldly—"a stranger in a strange house. We have exchanged the common greetings. Where is Moultrie? I thought he was to dine with us."

Her countenance fell.

"While we were looking at the pictures, papa, he was seized with a violent headache. He begs to be excused from keeping his engagement."

The judge shrugged his shoulders.

"My dear, I do not believe he ever had a headache in his life."

"I assure you, papa, that he was very pale and *distrait* to-day," said Lilian, in an aggrieved tone, "and altogether out of spirits. You know the cause—he thinks you very unkind."

"I should richly merit his opinion," replied the judge, dryly, "if I allowed him to persuade me against my better judgment. No, no! I must know Danton more thoroughly before I trust *you* to his keeping. Two years are not an eternity, child."

"They seem so—to Danton," she pouted.

Dinner followed. Meg was placed beside Aunt Maitland at the elegant table. It was plain that she was to meet with nothing but kindness and consideration under this roof. Colored servants came and went noiselessly around the board, the *menu* was perfect, the conversation delightful. The judge was a brilliant talker, and on this occasion it pleased him to lay aside his usual forbidding air, and exert every charm of voice and manner which he possessed for the benefit of this handsome young nobody—this unknown Miss Grey.

All through the meal he paid her flattering attentions—none knew the art of flattery better than he—and covertly watched her every movement. She saw that he could not keep his eyes from her face, but she did not know how that face chilled his very blood, and made the soul within him shrink and quail. Meg was bewildered and half frightened.

"Why should he try to please poor me?" she queried, inwardly; "he is a human Koh-i-noor, and oh, how he dazzles one!"

Aunt Maitland was angry and alarmed—Lilian, delighted.

"Papa," she whispered, touching his arm as they arose from the table, "it is very good of you to be kind to Miss Grey for my sake."

Was it for her sake that he was kind? The ladies returned to the boudoir, and he followed them.

"This is a great surprise, Gerald," said Aunt Maitland, tartly. "You do not often condescend to spend an evening with us."

"An era of strange things has begun," he answered, carelessly; "be not surprised at anything now."

He lingered long enough to hear Meg sing one of Christina Rosetti's songs, then kissed his daughter, bowed to the others, and retired, to be seen no more that night.

An era of strange things! He had spoken a truth, unawares.

Meg went to sleep in her pink-and-white chamber, thinking of Lilian Fortescue and the dark, hawk-eyed, silver-tongued judge.

"He is a most agreeable person, Colonel Dysart," she said, as if speaking to one across the sea, "and I like him immensely."

And below the broad stair, guarded by the marble Hebe, Judge Fortescue paced his library till long after midnight, back and forth, back and forth, as if he would never sleep again. On a table near lay important papers waiting for examination, letters to be opened, read and answered. He had no thought for these things now. Outside was the great city, where he was known, feared, honored by all classes of men—of nothing there was he thinking.

A maddening, appalling thing pursued him at every step, goaded him forward, would not let him pause. He could not shut it from his shuddering sight. Like the sword of Damocles, it hung above him in thin air, looked at him with strange menace. He quailed before it, as he would not have done before a legion of demons from the bottomless pit.

And what was it? Only a girl's face, made up of dark, dewy eyes, red lips, soft curves and flower-like color—the *riante* face of his daughter's new companion, Meg Grey.

(*To be continued.*)

THE MAHRATTA REBEL.

THE remarkable trial of Wassadeo Phadke for treason, at Poona, though little noticed, is a very noteworthy incident in Anglo-Indian history. Wassadeo, an educated Brahmin, according to English ideas—that is, educated in their colleges and their way—obtained some small appointment in a revenue office, and probably, in the opinion of his class, was a very fortunate man. He, however, had little prospect before him except of a long life as a clerk—he was a man of a dreamy ambition, and he was eaten up with envy. That, at least, we take to be the meaning of his frequent references to the oppressiveness of the salaries and pensions allowed to English officials, which naturally seem unjust to the permanent native staff of the offices, who think they do all the work, but which are far below the incomes that natives in the same position would have made irregularly, and which have never formed the ground of popular complaint. Wassadeo, however, pondered over them, until he came to hate the Government under which such payments to foreigners were possible, and then, looking around, he found in the condition of his countrymen ample materials for disaffection. To use the powerful native expression, "his heart burned within him" at the British *régime*—he could, as he says himself, neither eat nor sleep for it—and he resolved to overthrow it.

His plan was the old native one, and was radically different from that of any European conspirator of modern times. He thought if he could get together a few brigands, he could commit some successful gang robberies, or possibly plunder a local treasury, then seize a jail, and release the convicts, probably fifteen hundred in number—numbers of them passed soldiers—and then, with a band so swollen, he might achieve a small success, which, exaggerated by native rumor, might attract to him an army. He himself, with cynical candor, confesses in his diary, of which unfortunately only detached portions are preserved, that his main confidence was in the ignorance of his countrymen.

The plan was, in principle, perfectly sound. Sivajee succeeded in just such an enterprise; and there is nothing in the condition of western India, *except* the British Government, to render Sivajee's plans unworkable. If Wassadeo had become a great brigand, he would have gathered a band; and the band, on the first success, would have become an army, with which he might have struck a blow for the Mahratta cause. There would have been no opposition from the people, who all through understood that he was not a brigand, but a rebel; and while they refused to join him, as being too weak and timid, told him they would be glad to see the British overthrown; and when he was condemned, followed him through the streets of Poona, crying, "Victory to Wassadeo!"—a novel and not a pleasant phenomenon for the English.

Unfortunately for his career, Wassadeo, instead of trying to get together a band of roving soldiers in the Nizam's country—an idea which afterward occurred to him, and which he made an attempt to realize—betook himself to the ramoosies, or hereditary robbers by trade. They were willing enough to help him in dacoity, but they were unequal to rebellion, ran away at critical moments, and quarreled about the booty. Even of them he never could get together the hundred men with whom, as he says himself, he could have released the convicts and made a formidable band.

His grand attack, therefore, failed; he sank into a mere village dacoit, and he was forced at last to fly to the Nizam's country, where he commenced hiring soldiers at ten rupees a month each, but where he was arrested by Major Daniell, whose determined pursuit, carried on day and night, proved too much even for a native's power of endurance or of flight.

He was tried fairly and openly in the old Mahratta capital, before a jury consisting of four Brahmins and a Jew; and as the Government did not ask a capital sentence, in which case the Brahmins would have hesitated, and as the evidence was quite irresistible, he was found guilty, and sentenced to transportation for life, we presume to the Andamans.

It should be noted, as a singular illustration of the juxtaposition of two civilizations, that Wassadeo's counsel, a native, set up the newest scientific defense, and pleaded for acquittal on the ground that his client was a monomaniac, always dreaming of kingdoms, and had imagined all the occurrences written down in his diary, the heaviest evidence against him.

As we have said, the attempt illustrates at once the strength and the weakness of the British position in India. It is weak, because there must be thousands of men like Wassadeo, ambitious, semi-educated and able men, who would risk life to overthrow British dominion, who enjoy the passive sympathy of masses of their countrymen, and who can appeal, in the first place, with a certain assurance of success, to the multitudes of violent men who, armed with swords, spears or matchlocks, are ready in any part of India for any violent or illegal enterprise.

Wassadeo was unlucky; but had he carried out his second idea at first, he might easily have appeared in Poona with a determined band, have released the convicts, and have then gathered a force, as the new Sivajee, sufficient to be formidable. Tantia Topee, also a Mahratta, did it in 1857, though no doubt his force had a nucleus of regulars; and in the vast extent of western India, men who can march thirty miles a day and live on the plunder of small villages, can always escape pursuit for a time.

But it is precisely at this point, when an insurrection has become successful enough to be visible, that the British Government, at first so weak, becomes suddenly and irresistibly strong. The band, long screened by the tacit conspiracy of the people, is at last perceived by Government, and instantly an organization is set in motion which the band must either evade or defeat or perish under fire. Escape is impossible without subdivision, which

means the dissolution of the band, for the Government has cavalry, and the telegraph, and the command of endless spies; and in a week the armed police and soldiery of half-a-dozen districts are in motion to every point at which the insurgents may be expected, while so long as the band exists the pursuit is never given up. The only alternative is to fight, and a fight between native insurgents, however brave or determined, and the troops, is, after all, only a fight between a mob and regular soldiers. The defense, if the country is very difficult, may be protracted; but the soldiers, guided by trained officers, supported if needful by artillery, and fully supplied, can never be beaten in the end. The rank and file of the insurgents slip away, the ringleaders are either betrayed or surrender, or are hunted through India for months or years, and the end is a trial and an increase to the population of the Andamans. It is easy to see how a popular insurrection could succeed in the Deccan for a time, but almost impossible to perceive how, if the soldiers remained faithful, it could fail to be put down; and that is, no doubt, the native conviction also—a conviction which only disappears when a success, however trifling, has been gained over the troops, or a regiment itself has mutinied. Then the danger becomes real and great.

ANOINTING IN INFANTILE DISORDERS—SCARLET FEVER.

More than twenty years ago a correspondent communicated to the *Scientific American* the following simple treatment for scarlet fever:

When the first symptoms of the disease appear, anoint the flesh of the victim from head to foot with the inside of the rind or fatty portion of a smoked ham, and renew the application as often as the flesh becomes dry.

We are reminded of the above by reading in a recent number of the *Lancet* the following testimony of H. Guard Knaggs, M.D., F.L.S., on the value of anointing in infantile disorders of various kinds, reporting a number of remarkable cases in support of his theory:

"During the past eleven months I have been testing, with uniformly successful results, the value of a very simple method of treating such infantile complaints as atrophy, bronchitis, convulsions, diarrhea, febrile disturbances generally, and, indeed, all disorders of childhood which are accompanied by an unnatural state of the skin.

"The treatment simply consists in smearing with salad-oil the whole surface of the body, from the crown of the head to the tips of the fingers and toes, the process being repeated every twelve, six, or even four hours, according to the urgency of the case. Of course, the use of a long flannel gown or small blanket is obvious, and the fluid should be slightly warmed.

"The application of oil possesses the following immense advantages over the ordinary warm bath:

"1. Skin-action is more completely and permanently restored.

"2. The danger of reaction is avoided, for there is no sudden change of temperature; and, moreover, the sheet of oil protects the surface from atmospheric influences.

"3. It acts as a fuel-food, not only preventing waste of tissue, but actually increasing the bulk of the little patient.

"4. It does not depress, but, on the contrary, appears to exhilarate.

"It will scarcely be credited by many that the formidable affections above mentioned will frequently yield to this treatment, or, at any rate, show signs of abatement in from twenty minutes to four-and-twenty hours; but such is the case, though sometimes forty-eight or even seventy-two hours will elapse before any decided signs of improvement occur."

THE COLDEST TOWN IN THE WORLD.

Jakutsk (or Yakootsk), chief town of the province of that name in Eastern Siberia, is on the left bank of the River Lena, latitude 62° 1′ north, longitude 119° 44′ east, and distance from St. Petersburg 5,751 miles. The ground remains continually frozen to the depth of 300 feet, except in midsummer, when it thaws three feet at the surface. During ten days in August the thermometer marks 85°, but from November to February it ranges from 42 to 53° below zero.

The entire industry of the place—population about 500—is comprised in candleworks, and yet it is the principal market of Eastern Siberia for traffic with the hunting-tribes of the Jacats and Buriats. The former, mostly nomadic, having large herds of cattle and horses, bring to market butter, which is sent on horseback to the port of Okhotsh. The Buriats, also nomadic, bring quantities of skins of sables, foxes, martens, hares, squirrels, bears and the like, and many of them are sold at the great fair in June, which with May is the active period of the year. In May the collected goods are conveyed to the seaports, whence they are sent in every direction. The merchandise, chiefly furs and mammoth-tusks, sold at fairs, amounts in value to 400,000 ronbles ($300,000).

ANTS.

Mr. E. Gittins, of Tivoli, Queensland, communicates some interesting facts concerning ants. He writes: "If meat shows the least possible tendency to decompose—and it will do so in the course of twelve hours in Summer—the ants will find it, though suspended by a wire or string from the housetop or the top of a tent. The ant perceives decomposing animal matter at a long distance, and does not go exploring for such matter, but goes straight to it from the ant-hill. A snake killed in the 'bush' is generally placed on the branch of a tree, so as to be seen by travelers, and as soon as decomposition sets in the ants find it, and the flesh is soon carried off to the ant-hill; even their own comrades, when killed, are carried off to the underground cells. They never stay to feed, but they take up the booty and off they go."

The writer then describes a number of experiments, showing that portions of meat placed near ant-roads were overlooked till putrefaction set in, and were then eagerly carried off. He remarks that "ants that feed on saccharine matter are as difficult to keep off as the carrion-feeders; they smell the sugar, and endeavor to get at it wherever it may be placed. The largest kind of sugar-ants will feed until the cold air of night comes on, then fall into a stupor and there remain.

Can the two following points be determined: Whether meat ants prefer tainted meat to fresh when both are placed equally near, as, *e.g.*, close to one of their roads; and whether they will attack animal matter in an advanced stage of decomposition? It certainly seems that they occupy a more prominent place among "Nature's Scavengers" than has been hitherto supposed.

Live on what you have; live if you can on less; do not borrow, for vanity will end in shame.

"THE THREE CRANES."

THE OLD TAVERN LIFE IN ENGLAND.

By Henry Barton Baker, Author of "Mirabeau," "French Society," Etc.

Dr. Johnson used to say that a tavern-chair was the throne of human felicity, and that there was no private house in which people could enjoy themselves so well as in a capital tavern. "As soon as I enter the door of a tavern," he said, in one of his oracular utterances, "I experience an oblivion of care and a freedom from solicitude; when I am seated, I find the master courteous, and the servants obsequious to my call; anxious to know and ready to supply my wants: wine then exhilarates my spirits, and prompts me to free conversation and an interchange of discourse with those whom I most love; I dogmatize and am contradicted, and in this conflict of opinion and sentiments I delight."

Alas for the instability of all human institutions! the old taverns have passed away with so many other better and worse things, and the Doctor's words have no more significance in the present age than though they described the customs of the Assyrians under Tiglath-Pilezer. The cozy old tavern, in which every customer was known to and welcomed by the host and hostess, greeted with hair-pullings by the men-servants and courtesies by the women, has swollen into the huge, comfortless hotel, with its pompous manager—to whom guests are merely items in an account-book, and who would not deign to be a personality to any one under a duke or a cabinet minister—with its automatic servants, who, like prison warders, know the people they wait upon only by their numbers; vast wildernesses of dreariness, pretentiousness and shoddy gentility. Or, worse still, the cozy old parlor, with its red curtains, its beam-crossed ceiling, dusky with the smoke of generations, its sawdusted floor, long tables, comfortable wooden chairs and settles and blazing fire, has degenerated into the flashy bar of the gin-palace, with its gilded mirrors and execrable tawdry decorations.

There is no phase of the domestic life of Old England which has been so graphically and lovingly described in our literature as that of the tavern. It meets us on the very threshold, in the opening pages of Chaucer's famous poem. A stirring sight must it have been upon that April evening, looking down from the wooden galleries of the "Tabard," to see that goodly company of nine-and-twenty pilgrims entering the great courtyard; the grave, soberly-clad Knight, on his good horse; the lusty young Squire, with his long curling hair, his embroidered dress, that looked like a mead,

"All full of freshë flowrës white and red";

the Yeoman, in his coat and hood of green, with his sheaf of peacock arrows; the pretty, gentle Nun, in neat cloak and seemly wimple; the Monk, in fur-trimmed gown, gold-fastened hood and "supple boots"; the stout begging Friar, with his tippets stuffed full of knives and pins

"To given fairë wives";

the Merchant, "in motley," with his forked beard and "Flandrish beaver hat"; the Clerk, Chaucer himself, in threadbare cloak; the Sergeant of Law, in "medley coat" and striped silk sash; the Shipman, in gown of coarse cloth; the Doctor of Medicine, in red and sky-blue; and all the rest of that wondrous epitome, each a distinct figure of the days before dull Fashion had reduced the presentment of humanity to a hideous uniformity.

What a clatter of hoofs, what a Babel of tongues, what a running to and fro of servants, what a commotion in kitchen and cellar there must have been that night! But the "Tabard" was equal to the occasion:

"The chambers and the stables weren wide,"

and all were accommodated with the best. And when the meal was prepared—and what a meal of beef and venison and giant pasties, and cakes perhaps for the ladies, good ale and wine and mead, it must have been!—for men and women had digestions in those days, and drank water only when they could get nothing better; and when all was served in the long, rush-strewn, low-ceiled "pilgrims' room," lit up by a blazing fire of logs, and by red flaring torches, all sat down to supper, according to each one's degree, but all at the same board: Knight and Yeoman, Franklin and Ploughman, Abbot and begging Friar, Sergeant-at-Law and Shipman, in a simple equality that could exist only in an aristocratic age. What a jovial company it must have been! What platterfuls of the good food the Monk, the Friar, the Sompnour and the Miller must have devoured! for

"His mouth as widë was as a urnäce."

Not an appetizing sight, to our modern ideas, to see those huge fingers groping in the pasties for savory morsels, especially to the dainty Nun, who reached out her hand so seemly after her meat, that never

". . . let no morsel from her lippës fall,
Ne wet her fingers in her saucë deep."

What quips and cranks, and jests and laughter, and snatches of song—not always of the most decorous, and at which the pretty Nun must have blushed, and the Knight and the Man of Law have looked grave—were bandied between Pardoner and Sompnour, and Miller and Friar, between Franklin and Wife of Bath! But the presiding genius of the feast is mine host:

"A seemly man our Hostë was withal
For to have been a marshall in a hall;
A largë man he was, with eyen steep;
A fairer burgess is there none in Chepe:
Bold of his speech, and wise, and well ytaught,
And of manhoöd ylackëd him right naught."

This is no humble, bowing sycophant, but a man who holds his own with the best of his guests, sits at table with them, arranges their entertainment on the road, proposes to treat the best story-teller to a supper on his return from Canterbury, rides with them as their guide, and stipulates that any person who shall gainsay his judgment

"Shall pay for all we spenden by the way."

In fine, he becomes the director of the pilgrimage, and every person, of whatever condition he may be, must defer to him. The tone of perfect equality in which he addresses his guests, which is rather that of some rich gentleman extending a magnificent hospitality than of a public caterer, is highly significant of the social position of the tavern-keeper of the day, and Harry Bailly is drawn from life.

A famous place was the old borough of Southwark in those days for noble inns, for its main thoroughfare was the highroad to Kent and to all the southeast of England, and bodies of pilgrims were ever wending their way to the shrine of saintly Thomas, and all who traded with Kentish towns, or journeyed backward and forward to France and the Low Countries, either for war or pleasure or commerce, must pass along that way. So that these inn-keepers did a thriving trade, and were men of mark among the burgesses.

Mine host was a very centre of news—a kind of living

INTRODUCTION OF RANDOLPH TO BEN JONSON AT THE "DEVIL" TAVERN.

newspaper to all the neighborhood, for he was usually the first to hear the tidings of the world beyond. Sitting beside his blazing hearth of a night, he would listen to the merchant discoursing of trade and the price of wool, how the wars were impoverishing the kingdom and closing the foreign markets against him. Here the maimed soldier would "fight his battles o'er again," and "show how fields were won," and tell of great battles and defeats of the enemy; and stories, a little exaggerated, of the prowess of noble English captains. The monk and the pardoner would relate the last new discovery of saintly relics, and describe the last new miracle accomplished by the nail-parings of some holy ascetic, and, perhaps, the last ecclesiastical scandal. The traveled gallant would discourse eloquently upon the last new Italian fashion in shoes and gipsires, and perhaps chime in with the merchant in talk upon brocades and velvets; while a yeoman from some distant part and some trader from Southwark would talk in grave, low voices, upon the extravagance of the Court, the tyranny of the favorites, the oppressive taxation, the starving people, and the fierce discontent that threatened every day to burst into rebellion.

Passing from the dark days of the Edwards and Richards, of French wars, and unlettered barbarism, into the bright effulgence of the Elizabethan era of genius and letters, we come upon quite another aspect of tavern life, and quit the "Tabard" and the "White Hart" for the "Mermaid," the "Devil," the "Mitre," and the "Boar's Head." The "Mermaid" has been immortalized in that famous letter of Master Francis Beaumont, written to Ben Jonson from the country, while he lay and dreamt "of your full Mermaid wine."

"What things have we seen
Done at the Mermaid! heard words that have been
So nimble, and so full of subtle flame,
As if that every one from whence they came
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
And had resolved to live a fool the rest
Of his dull life; then, when there hath been thrown
Wit able enough to justify the town
For three days past: wit that might warrant be
For the whole city to talk foolishly,
Till that were canceled; and when that was gone,
We left an air behind us, which alone
Was able to make the two next companies
Right witty; though but downright fools, more wise."

The "Mermaid" was situated in Bread Street, Cheapside, with another entrance in Friday Street. Here, according to a tradition we are loath to reject, Raleigh instituted a club of which Shakespeare, Beaumont, Fletcher, Selden, Cotton, Carew, Martin, Donne, and many others were members; here it was that some of the famous wit combats took place between Jonson and Shakespeare, which Fuller * compares to a fight between a Spanish great galleon and an English man-of-war. "Master Jonson (like the former) was built far higher in learning, solid, but slow in his performances; Shakespeare, with the English man-of-war, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, and take advantage of all winds by the quickness of his wit and his invention."

No less famous than the "Mermaid" was the "Devil," in Fleet Street, which stood upon the site now occupied by "Child's Place," and in which was held the Apollo Club, of which rare Ben was the president. The inscription in letters of gold upon a black ground, written by Jonson, and placed over the entrance to the room in which the meetings were held, is still preserved, together with the bust of Apollo, in Child's Bank; the merry, rollicking lines show what jolly topers these worshipers of the Sun God were. Thus they run:

"Welcome all who lead or follow
To the oracle of Apollo.
Here he speaks out of his pottle,
Or the tripos, his tower bottle:
All his answers are divine,
Truth itself doth flow in wine.
Hang up all the poor hop drinkers,
Cries old Sim, the king of skinkers;*
He the half of life abuses,
That sits watering with the Muses.
Those dull girls no good can mean us;
Wine it is the milk of Venus,
And the poet's horse accounted:
Ply it, and you all are mounted.
'Tis the true Phœbian liquor,
Cheers the brain, makes wit the quicker;
Pays all debts, cures all diseases,
And at once three senses pleases.
Welcome all who lead or follow,
To the oracle of Apollo."

"Old Sim" was Simon Wadloe, the landlord, a man of Falstaffian proportions, and a witty fellow himself, as the host of such wits ought to have been, and upon whom, it is supposed, was written the famous catch "Old Sir Simon the King." Over the clock in the kitchen was inscribed in Latin a motto which signified, "If the wine of last night did not agree with you, take another glass in the morning and it will serve for medicine."

So fond was Ben Jonson of this tavern that he is said to have lodged at a combmaker's, just outside Temple Bar, in order to be near it. He wrote the "Leges Convivales" in choice Latin, in imitation of the rules of Roman entertainments, and they were engraved in black marble, and fixed up against one of the walls of the room. They enjoined that each one should pay his own shot, unless in the case of a friend being brought in; they banished the sad, the lewd fop and the sot as the plagues of good company, for their state was to be composed only of the learned, the witty, the jovial, the gay, the generous, and the honest; and to exalt the delight, no one was to be debarred from his choice female mate; the cooking was to be good, and the taste of each guest was to be consulted; there was to be no disturbance about place or precedence, for the sake of showing nice breeding or vain pride; the waiters were to be always on the alert, and always silent, and the wine was to be of the best, under pain of a broken head to mine host, and no sober bigot was to think it a sin to push round the moderate bottle; the contests were to be of books rather than of wine; the company were to be neither noisy nor mute, all serious and divine subjects were forbidden, and the entertainment was to conclude with mirth, wit, dancing and singing, that every sense might be regaled with delight; raillery was to be without malice, dull poems were not to be read; but a snug corner was to be found for the love-sick to sigh in; there was to be no fighting with goblets, nor breaking of windows, nor destroying of furniture in wanton pranks; and whoever published what was said or done at these assemblies was to be for ever banished.

If that dull, cold marble bust of bright Apollo, now slumbering in the dusty, uncongenial atmosphere of the old banking-house, could but be endowed for one hour with the faculty of speech and memory, what rare stories, what wit it could rescue from everlasting oblivion, telling

* Fuller's description, however must have been gathered from tradition; he could never have been present at these meetings, as he was only eight years old when Shakespeare died.

* Cup-bearers.

us more of the man Shakespeare and his glorious companions than biographers and commentators have been able to glean in a hundred years' search. Imagination may picture something of the scene and the characters, may image forth the great president's herculean form seated in state, his rugged ill-carved features, redeemed by intellectual fire, gleaming with witty malice, as he hurls some terrible bolt of satire at an adversary ; the noble, pensive face—so full of the divine afflatus, and with its vast superstructure of forehead—of the gentle Shakespeare, lit up by the merry humor of the moment; that model of a handsome, gallant gentleman, Francis Beaumont—and how handsome the men of that age were! what a refined type of countenance was theirs, so different from the coarse, sensual visages of those of the post-revolution period, and the mean vulgarity of the nineteenth century! Beside him is his fidus Achates, with whom his name is to be so inextricably associated that the one can never be thought of without the other following like a final syllable. Thither, too, doubtless, came Raleigh, with his fine face, bronzed on the Spanish main, to give a flavor of the sea and the camp to the rich medley dish of wit. Some of the players, too, would walk up from the "Blackfriars" with Shakespeare, after the play was over—the stately Burbadge and witty, roystering Will Kempe, not to know both of whom was to be a person of very little consequence in those days.

And so we may go on imaging, until we have assembled all the wit of the age, as doubtless it was at different times, around Jonson's elbow-chair. What a symposium! Could the ancients have shown anything like it? Perhaps; but certainly not the moderns of any other era. What flagons of canary and sack, and clary and sherris, must the jovial crew have dispatched, amidst the fumes of the Virginian weed, from the pipes of Jonson and Raleigh, and all who had studied the "noble" art introduced by the gallant Sir Walter.* And thus, leaning back in our easy-chairs, we may conjure up a faint picture of those nights at the "Mermaid" and the "Devil," but the airy phantoms are speechless; and they may laugh, and drink, and smoke, and move like puppets—we may even fancy we hear the thunder of Ben's stentorian lungs—but no imagination, however vivid, can bring forth out of the silent past the glowing words, the soul of those symposia; *they* have vanished into eternal silence.

One or two stories, apocryphal, maybe, have come down to us, but they are scarcely worth repeating. Here is a specimen: it is told of a country squire, brought to the club one night by a member, who doubtless thought to deeply impress this wanderer from bucolic regions by the brilliant company he would find himself among. But the jokel, instead of listening, talked, and all his conversation was about his own importance, his daily habits, and his large property; until Jonson, losing all patience, roared out, "What do your diet and your clods signify to me? Where you have an acre of land I have ten acres of wit." To which the man of clods replied sharply and readily, "Have you so, good master wiseacre?" which was a retort Ben did not look for, and he growled forth, amidst roars of laughter, for all loved to hear the dogmatist put down, that he had never been "so pricked by a hobnail before."

Another famous tavern of the day was the "Mitre" in Fleet Street; therein is laid one of the scenes of "Every Man Out of his Humor," and Carlo falls into as great rapture over the wine as would a puff advertisement in this present year of grace; it is nectar, the very soul of the grape, it will heat the brain and kindle the imagination. The house was celebrated for its suppers, and "a 'Mitre' supper" passed into a saying to describe all that was excellent in the way of feasting. An old MS. song bearing the title, "Shakespeare's Rime which he made at the Mytre in Fleet Street," and believed by Mr. J. P. Collier to be genuine, has been preserved, which runs thus:

> "Give me a cup of rich Canary wine,
> Which was the Mitre's (drink) and now is mine;
> Of which had Horace and Anacreon tasted
> Their lives as well as lines till now had lasted."

A century and a half later we shall look in at the old Fleet Street tavern again, to catch a glimpse of quite a different group. The "Three Cranes," in Thames Street, is another inn mentioned by Jonson as being frequented by the "'Mitre' and 'Mermaid' men," and there were doubtless many others where Ben's herculean form and Shakespeare's gentle face were familiar. But the tavern of all taverns the most famous, in a Shakespearean sense, is the "Boar's Head" in Eastcheap. It is said to have stood upon the exact spot now occupied by the statue of William IV. The old inn, of course, went down in the great fire, and among the *débris* was found a boar's head carved in bas-relief upon wood, set in a circular frame, formed by two boars' tusks mounted in silver; upon the back was an inscription: "William Brooke, landlord of the Bore's Hedde, Estchepe, 1566." The tavern was rebuilt in 1668, and it was in the new house, not Shakespeare's, with its oak floor, Gothic windows and ponderous mantelpiece, that Goldsmith ruminated so pleasantly, by the pleasant fire, in the very room, as he loved to think, "where old Sir John Falstaff cracked his jokes, and in the very chair which was honored by Prince Henry, and sometimes polluted by his immortal merry companions." The old "Boar's Head" must have been a favorite house of Shakespeare's, or he would scarcely have selected it to be the scene of the most exquisite comedy the world possesses. What a picture of the old tavern life is there presented! at an inn, as in the grave, all men seemed to be equal; the soldier of fortune, the bully, the drawer and the prince jostled each other with equal freedom. The "Chepe" was once famous for wit and wassail, "the clattering of pewter pots, harp, pipe and sawtrie." Alas, how changed the picture now! for dirt and dullness commend me to that hideous neighborhood above all others in London. The elder tavern dated as far back as the time of Richard II., and might have numbered Chaucer among its guests as well as Shakespeare. When the second house rose, after the fire, it was not unmindful of its immortalizer, for the figures of Sir John and Prince Hal, carved in oak, supported a beam on each side of the door. But it ceased to be an inn long before it was finally demolished.

The advent of Praise-God-Barebones put an end to these jovial days. Poets, wits and players were banished as unclean things, and the taverns that were allowed to keep open resounded with the doctrinal disputations and nasal hymns of the saints, in place of the merry laugh and witty jests of the ungodly. The Restoration did not bring back to the taverns their old importance, the introduction

* Smoking was regarded as "a noble art" upon its first introduction. Every druggist's or tobacconist's shop was an academy, where professors initiated aspirants in the gulan ebolitis, the euripus, the whiff, how to suppress and when to emit the smoke; and tobacco was accredited by its venders with the most wonderful medicinal properties—was proclaimed to be a panacea for almost every ill that flesh is heir to. Ben Jonson and nearly all the old dramatists abound in allusions to it; all except Shakespeare, who never once makes any mention of it—a most strange and unaccountable omission in so universal a genius.

AN OLD-TIME TAVERN AT WINCHESTER.

of a new beverage raising up a formidable rival in the coffee-houses. Bitter were the diatribes fulminated by the old topers against these exotics. It was prophesied that men would become as unfruitful as the deserts whence the berry was brought, and that the race would ultimately dwindle into a nation of pygmies and apes. Ben Jonson's manly ghost and the noble phantoms of Beaumont and Fletcher, "who drank pure nectar with rich canary ennobled," were apostrophized to look down upon these sons of naught, who gave up the pure blood of the grape for a filthy drink, syrup of soot, essence of old shoes, the aroma of which was called a stink, and its drinkers "horses at a trough." But its introducers accredited it with as many virtues as its traducers did with evils; it was said to make the heart light, was good for sore eyes, for a cough, was a cure for gout, dropsy and scurvy, king's evil, spleen, hypochondriac winds; it would keep the skin white and clean, and, however hot it might be drunk, would never burn the mouth or tongue. The coffee-house, as the newer fashion, won the day, and wit and learning migrated from the "Mitre" and the "Devil" to "Wills," the "Bedford," and the "Grecian," and the tavern never won back its old position. Every man who pretended to make any figure in the world was not a day absent from the coffee-house he affected. "At twelve," says Defoe, in his "Journey through England," "the *beau monde* is assembled in various coffee or chocolate houses, of which the best are so near one another, that we can see the society of all in less than an hour. We are carried to these places in a kind of chair, or litter, at the very reasonable cost of a guinea a week, or a shilling an hour."

"Wills," through Dryden's patronage, was the resort of the wits; so was the "Bedford" in after years; "Child's," in St. Paul's Churchyard, of the clergy; "St. James's," of the military and Whigs; the "Cocoa Tree," of the Tories; the "Old Man," or "Royal Coffee House," of the beaux, etc. Like the taverns, each was distinguished by a sign—as, indeed, was every place of business in those days—and, except in a difference of beverage, the life of the two resorts was much the same. If there were no strong drinks, tobacco was smoked in very large quantities at most of the houses, and especially at "Wills," where "Earls in stars and garters, clergymen in cassocks and bands, pert Templars, sheepish lads from the universities, translators and index-makers in ragged coats of frieze," all pressed to get near the chair of glorious John. Ned Ward, in "The London Spy," gives a striking contrast to this picture in his description of the "Old Man." "We ascended a pair of stairs which brought us into an old-fashioned room, where a gaudy crowd of odoriferous Tom Essences were walking backward and forward with their hats in their hands, not daring to convert them to their intended use, lest it should put the foretops of their wigs into some disorder. We squeezed through till we got to the end of the room, where at a small table we sat down, and observed that it was as great a rarity to have anybody call for a dish of Politician's Porridge, or any other liquor, as it is to hear a man call for a pipe of tobacco; their whole exercise being to charge and discharge their nostrils, and keep the curls of their perriwigs in proper order. The clashing of their snush-box lids, in opening and shutting, made more noise than their tongues. Bows and cringes of the newest mode were here exchanged 'twixt friend and friend with wonderful exactness. They made a humming like so many hornets in a country chimney, not with their talking, but with their whispering over their new *Minuets* and *Bories* (a Spanish-French dance), with their hands in their pockets if only freed from their snush-box." *

The ages of Anne and the Georges were hard-drinking

* Johnson, in his Life of Dorset, gives a strong and not agreeable picture of the tavern life of the Restoration. "Sackville, who was then Lord Buckhurst, with Sir Charles Sedley and Sir Thomas Ogle, got drunk at the Cock in Bow Street, Covent Garden, and going into the balcony, exposed themselves to the populace in very indecent postures. At last, as they grew warmer, Sedley stood forth naked, and harangued the populace in such profane language that the public indignation was awakened; the crowd attempted to force the door, and being repulsed, drove in the performers with stones, and broke the windows of the house."

times, and if the morning was devoted to the coffee-houses, the taverns still claimed the wits at night. Dick Steele frequently drank himself under the table at the "Kit-Kat" club, in Shire Lane, and had to be carried to his chair. That same delightful writer gives us a striking picture of another phase of old tavern life, the dull and prosaic, in his description of the club held at the "Trumpet." The original fifteen members have been reduced, by the severity of the laws in arbitrary times and the natural effects of old age, to five. Sir Geoffrey Natch, the oldest member, has possession of the right-hand chair, and is the only one privileged to stir the fire. He is a gentleman of ancient lineage, who has run through his estate in hounds, horses and cock-fighting, but who is always descanting upon his pedigree. Major Matchlock has served in the civil wars, and believes no action in Europe worth talking about since Marston Moor. There is old Dick Reptile, who speaks little himself, but laughs at all jokes; he always brings his nephew, a youth of eighteen, with him, "to shew him good company, and give him a taste of the world"—but whenever he opens his mouth he is told by his uncle, "Ay, ay! Jack, you young men think us fools; but we old men know you are." There is also a Bencher, the wit of the company, who tells stories of Jack Ogle, and, having got ten distichs of "Hudibras" by heart, never quits the club without repeating them. The fifth is Isaac Bickerstaff himself. Each night Sir Geoffrey traces his descent on both sides for several generations, and tells the story of Old Gauntlett, a cock upon whose head he had once won five hundred and lost two thousand; the Major gives a description of the Battle of Naseby; the Bencher recites his "Hudibras," and Old Reptile repeats his formula. The club meets at six, and at ten Isaac's maid comes with a lantern to conduct him home. Very decorously put, Mr. Bickerstaff, but we know you have been found at the "Kit-Kat" frequently at two or three in the morning, and when you pay a visit to Dick Estcourt, the actor and incomparable mimic, at the "Bumper," in St. James's Street, your "dear Prue" has to wait up for you long after ten o'clock.

Passing on to the Johnsonian era, we find the coffee-houses begin to decrease in popularity, and the tavern is once more in the ascendant. We hear little of the dear old Doctor at the coffee-houses, but much of him at the "Mitre." It was there, perhaps in the very room which had witnessed the revels of Shakespeare and his boon companions, that Jonson and Boswell took their first supper together, and it became thereafter their favorite resort.

There were some strong points of resemblance, both personal and mental, between Samuel Johnson and Ben Jonson. Each was abnormally ugly and of leviathan proportions; each was fond of ancient learning, and each was caustic and dogmatic. If the ghosts of the old days ever revisited this scene of former revelry, they must have been startled at the oracular thunderings of the later guest, and have fancied that mighty Ben had been brought back from the world of shadows, and clothed anew in the flesh. Cozy but somewhat ponderous in their gayety must these meetings have been—very different from the wit combats and wild revelry of "the 'Mermaid' men."

We can picture the scene on a Winter's night, the blazing fire flashing upon the old beams and rafters and dark wainscoted walls, putting to shame the feeble glimmering of the tallow candle, imparting a ruddier glow to the crimson curtains drawn across the deep-set window, and dropping a carbuncle into each glass of generous wine. Johnson, seated in his own sacred chair, holding forth with oracular pomposity; fat little Boswell on the opposite side, eagerly drinking in every word, making mental notes, and casting now and then a deprecatory, half-contemptuous glance upon Goldy, who is fidgeting in his chair, and occasionally interrupting the Doctor by throwing in some

AN EVENING WITH DOCTOR JOHNSON AT THE "MITRE."

of those haphazard flights which made Garrick say of him that he "wrote like an angel and talked like poor Poll." In the background is six-feet-six Langton, sitting with one leg twisted round the other, his hands clasped upon his knee, casting upon the fire-lit wall a strange, grotesque image that might be taken for a stork on one leg; near him, perhaps, the handsome, cynical face of his friend Beauclerck, who now and then chills the very marrow of toady Boswell by dropping in a sarcasm even upon the Leviathan, who, however, takes it with an indulgence he would not yield to any other man. But unless Burke be there—and we do not hear much of him at the "Mitre"—Johnson dominates the conversation. Now and then a more jovial humor may seize upon the Doctor, as when he was roused out of bed at three o'clock one morning by Beauclerck and Langton, to have "a frisk" with "the young dogs" in a Covent Garden tavern, where he roared out a drinking-song over a bowl of bishop; then took a boat to Billingsgate, and resolved to persevere in dissipation for the rest of the day. The Doctor usually drank but little, yet he once confessed that when young he could take his three bottles of port and feel none the worse.

In Hawkins's "Life" we catch a glimpse of him at the "Devil." There, one night in 1751, he gave a supper to celebrate the birth of the first novel of Mrs. Lennox, an authoress of some fame in her day, but now almost forgotten; and it was agreed that the whole night should be spent in festivity.

"About the hour of eight, Mrs. Lennox and her husband (a tide-waiter in the Customs), a lady of her acquaintance, with the club, and friends, to the number of twenty, assembled. The supper was elegant. Johnson had directed that a magnificent hot apple-pie should make a part of it, and this he would have stuck with bay-leaves, because, forsooth, Mrs. Lennox was an authoress, and had written verses; and, further, he had prepared a crown of laurel, with which—but not till he had invoked the Muses by some ceremonies of his own invention—he encircled her brows. The night passed, as might be imagined, in pleasant conversation and harmless mirth, intermingled at different periods with the refreshment of coffee and tea. About five A.M., Johnson's face shone with meridian splendor, though his drink had been only lemonade; but the far greater part of the company had deserted the colors of Bacchus, and were with difficulty rallied to partake of a second refreshment of coffee, which was scarcely ended when the day began to dawn. This phenomenon began to put us in mind of our reckoning; but the waiters were all so overcome with sleep that it was two hours before a bill could be had, and it was not till near eight that the creaking of the street-door gave the signal for our departure."

But within the old tavern life was already sown the germ of its destruction; at the "Turk's Head," in Gerrard Street, Soho, Reynolds had started a club, which afterward became famous as the "Literary Club," and which may be regarded as the progenitor of that race which has robbed the tavern of all its glories.

One more glimpse, however. At the corner of Tavistock Court, Covent Garden, there is an old inn called the "Salutation," which is now only supported on crutches, and seems to be rapidly going the way of all bricks and mortar. In an upper room of this house, on certain nights, some time during the closing twenty years of the last century, there assembled a company composed of the Prince Regent, Hare, Fox, Selwyn and Sheridan, who, under assumed names, although their persons were well known to the landlady, used to hold high wassail here, and, when well charged with wine, would sally forth into the regions of St. Giles's in search of adventures.

A little later, at another "Salutation," in Newgate Street, we have quite another picture. "When," writes Lamb to Coleridge (1796), "I read in your little volume your nineteenth effusion, or the twenty-eighth, or twenty-ninth, or what you call 'the Sigh,' I think I hear *you* again. I imagine to myself the little smoky room at the 'Salutation and Cat,' where we have sat together through the Winter nights, beguiling the cares of life with poesy."

A strange place it would be thought nowadays for two youths to discuss poetry in; but the inn parlor was formerly an institution; it was there men sought society and an exchange of ideas—it was a meeting-place, a relief from the cares and troubles of home, from scolding wives and crying children. Well, after all, things have not much changed; the club is but another name for a tavern, on a vaster and greatly improved scale, where you may choose your own company.

With the present century we have become more aristocratic and exclusive, and the tavern, when it ceased to be the resort of the gentleman, looked for its best customers among the well-to-do tradesmen; but these have long since deserted it, and even in country towns the linen-draper and stationer would blush to be found in a public-house parlor, although the butcher and the baker, if their wives be not too genteel to permit such indulgences, still smoke an occasional pipe there.

The old tavern life now exists for us only in the pages of our novelists, and with them, from Smollett and Fielding to Dickens, and even to George Eliot, it has been a favorite subject. What a capital bit of painting is that description of the "Maypole" and its company in the opening chapter of "Barnaby Rudge"! Who, after reading it, has not wished he had been seated in that spacious chimney corner, on that gusty March night, listening to the wind howling dismally among the bare branches of the trees, and rumbling in the wide chimneys, and driving the rain against the windows, while the flickering light of the fire made the old room, with its heavy timbers and paneled walls, look as if it was built of polished ebony—listening to the dogmatisms of sturdy Joe Willet, to Solomon Daisy's ghastly story, and to the subdued utterances of Parkes and Tom Cobb! Such coziness could surely be found nowhere out of an inn parlor. Yet, perhaps, still more graphic is that scene in the "Rainbow" parlor, in "Silas Marner." Being a night when the gentlemen customers are absent, the parlor is dark, and the company are assembled in the kitchen; the more important customers, who drink spirits, sit nearest the fire, staring at each other as if a bet were depending on the first man who winked; while the beer-drinkers, chiefly men in fustian jackets and smock-frocks, keep their eyelids down, and rub their hands across their mouths as if their draughts of beer were a funeral duty attended with embarrassing sadness.

Who that has ever spent an evening in a country inn, and not been too proud to drink a glass in the common room, has not heard some such conversation as that carried on between Bob Winthrop the butcher, Mr. Macey the tailor, Mr. Tookey the parish clerk, and the rest of those village oracles! But even here the great novelist is describing long-past days, when the squire's sons did not disdain to smoke a churchwarden clay and drink punch, and discuss the "burning questions" of the day, chiefly parish grievances, with the tradesmen of the village.

A more roystering, jovial picture of the last of the old tavern days is that given by Washington Irving, in one of the delightful papers of "The Sketch Book," of the club called the "Roaring Lads of Little Britain," held at the "Half-Moon," kept then by one Wagstaff, in whose family it has been for many generations. The club has a collection of glees, catches and choice stories, that are traditional to the place, and not to be met with in any other part of the metropolis. There is a madcap undertaker, who is inimitable at a merry song; but the life of the club is bully Wagstaff himself, a dapper little fellow,

with bandy legs and pot-belly, a red face, with moist, merry eye, and a little shock of gray hair behind. At every club night he is called in to sing his "Confession of Faith," which is the famous old trowl from the old English comedy "Gammer Gurton's Needle," the burden of which is:

"Back and sides go bare, go bare,
Both foot and hand go cold;
But belly, God send thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old."

It has been a standing favorite at the "Half-Moon and Bunch of Grapes" ever since it was written, and Wagstaff affirms that his predecessors had often the honor of singing it before the nobility and gentry at Christmas anniversaries. "It would do one's heart good to hear, on a club night, the shouts of merriment, the snatches of song, and now and then the discordant bursts of half-a-dozen discordant voices, which issue from this jovial mansion. At such times the street is lined with listeners, who enjoy a delight equal to that of gazing into a confectioner's window, or snuffing up the steam of a cook-shop."

But all this is only the pleasant and picturesque side of tavern life; the reverse of the medal would not be agreeable, and another hand might paint scenes of sottishness and debauchery that would make the reader very thankful that those old times have passed away. Yet it is not because there are beasts in the world that there should be no more cakes and ale. As an essential part of the times and the men of whom England, as a nation, has most reason to be proud, we must always look back upon the old tavern life with a lingering, indulgent fondness, much as we think of some pleasant scapegrace who is, in our secret heart, endeared to us even by his very follies and naughtiness.

"BUT ONE BOOK."

Off the City of Rio de Janeiro, surrounded by its lovely mountains and bay scenery, and on the rippled waters of the latter, lay at anchor a taut, rakish frigate, bearing at her peak the flowing flag of the Great Republic.

On the frigate's gundeck, aft, was the captain's cabin, the sanctum-sanctorum, whose sesame was by permission of its occupant, and that, too, through his orderly, who paced up and down in front of the door, guarding its approaches as Cerberus did those to the infernal regions.

A tall, neatly-dressed young officer approached the sacred precinct, and requested the orderly to say to Captain Tarpaulin that Lieutenant Marlinespike desired permission to see him.

The orderly disappeared in the cabin, and in an instant returned to notify Lieutenant Marlinespike that Captain Tarpaulin had condescended to receive him.

Reclining on a divan in the after cabin, and gazing contemplatively from the stern port at the beautiful Corcovado Mountains, was an old gentleman in the uniform of a naval captain.

His head was remarkable; it was one which phrenologists and physiognomists would have delighted to gaze at. It would have been pronounced that of a philosopher, or one gifted with unusual perceptive faculties. Indeed, Captain Tarpaulin had a fine head, piercing blue eyes, and an *ensemble* which indicated a man of brains.

When Lieutenant Marlinespike entered the presence of Captain Tarpaulin, the latter raised his eyes, gazed at him, and then at the book, and remarked, pleasantly:

"Well, sir, what can I do for you?"

"Captain," replied the young officer, "we have exhausted the reading stock of the wardroom and steerage, and solicit your permission to obtain books from the cabin library."

"Books, sir—books!" briskly exclaimed the captain. "What do you want with books, sir? I never read but one book in my life!"

Lieutenant Marlinespike thought the moment propitious to solve the mystery of the captain's favorite work. He seized it, and, in a beseeching tone, asked:

"May I make so bold, Captain Tarpaulin, as to inquire what book it was?"

"Yes, sir—yes, sir! The 'Arabian Nights,' sir. And hang me, sir, if I believe more than half of it—no, not more than half of it!"

For the first time, the captain was rude to his inseparable companion; he struck it with violence when he reiterated the words, "Don't believe more than half of it, sir!"

Lieutenant Marlinespike bowed, and retired in haste.

A moment afterward there was a roar in the wardroom; it was echoed from the steerage, and so loudly as to cause a message from the captain to the executive, "that there was too much noise below."

And thus a brief sentence dispelled the illusion that Captain Tarpaulin was a scientist, a deep thinker.

THE THREE WISHES.

(Francois Coppée, translated by O'Shaughnessy.)

Blushing, I see her linger,
I see her smile as of old;
Make for the loved one's finger
A beautiful ring of gold!

All's over. Still I shall find her;
I wait and scarce repine;
For all that she left behind her
Make me a silver shrine!

Nay, but life grows too dreary,
Heavy the heart and head;
Oh, exile! I am a-weary:
Make me a coffin of lead!

THE NEXT HEIR; Or, A FATAL COMPACT.

I PROPOSE to tell you a remarkable occurrence, and my only regret in its narration is, that I could never use it, as proof, to criminate the man of whose sin it convinced me.

It was several years ago that I left the heat and glare of London to spend a furlough of some weeks with an old friend and comrade, Bernie Esterley, at his family seat, Esterley Court, a grand old place down in a pleasant county bordering on Wales. Bernie was an only son, the heir of a large landed property—God help him!—from his father, and a greater heritage of dashing beauty and unflagging spirits from his mother. She had been a *petite* Irish belle, who married the old baronet because his persistent attachmen touched her warm heart, married him, and found herself less happy in the great house than in the tumble-down old mansion far away in Ireland.

So she died while Bernie was a boy, and he grew up, with winning, gallant ways, dashing on the fashionable

pavé, a pet of society from the outset. They called him the handsomest man in the cavalry, and even men conceded him the palm, all the while envying his magnificent physique and herculean muscles.

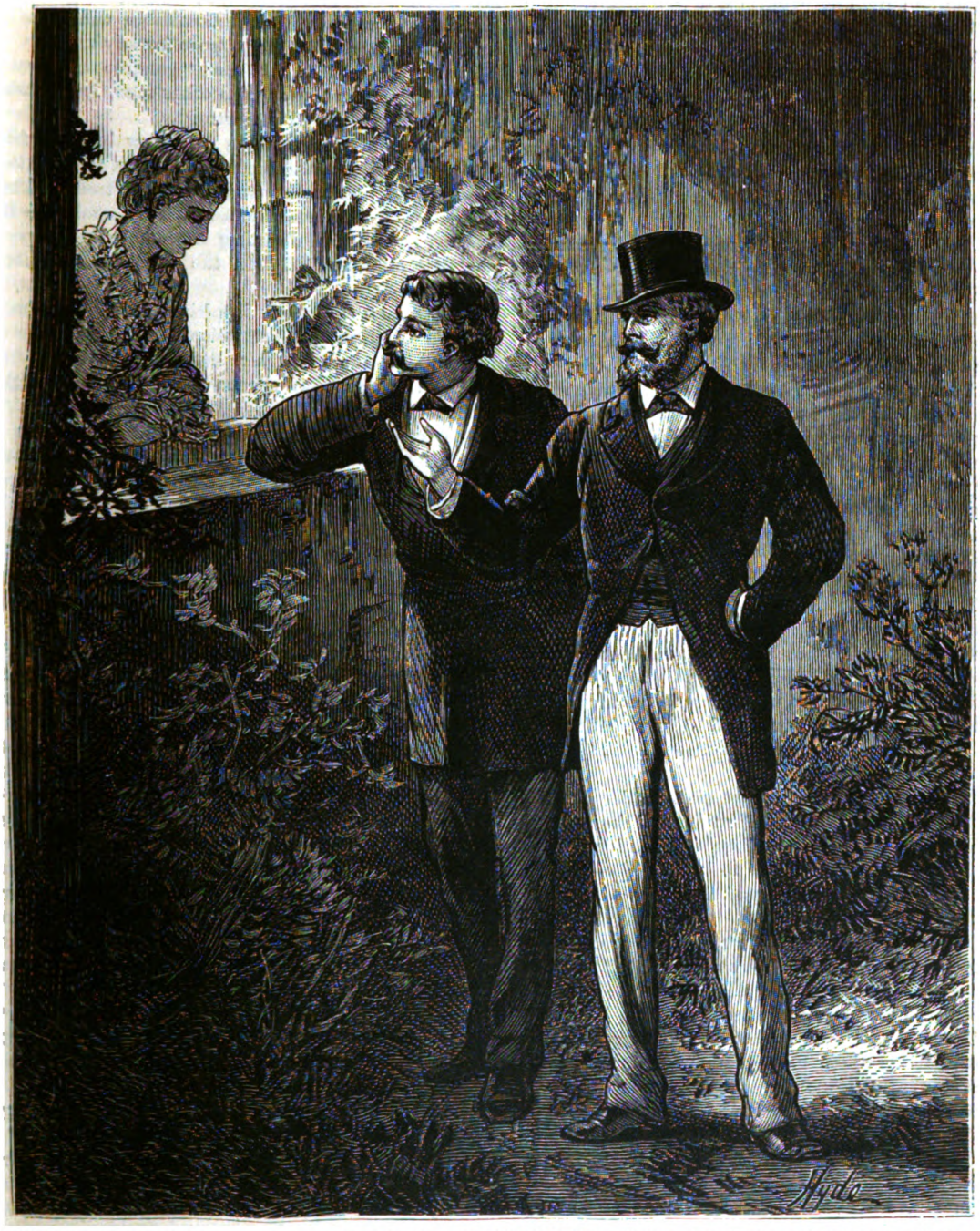
"WILL HE COME?"—SEE POEM ON PAGE 350.

The women raved of his Saxon style, his bright hair, violet eyes, and mustaches *à la militaire*.

Mothers talked confidentially of the broad acres in that fine old Esterley place, stretching to the sea on one side and far out to the blue hills on the other. He was an enviable *parti*, this gay, laughing officer. I reached the court at sunset, and drove up the long avenue to the stone steps of the great entrance just as Bernie, in advance of several companions, came out of a coppice on the right. His fowling-piece was slung across his broad shoulders, the heavy boots and rough hunting-suit mud-splashed and torn by briers, but imparting a brigandish, Green-rider air that would have driven an artist wild with delight.

An hour later he came into my room, in faultless necktie and Paris coat, to welcome me, with his glad, free tones, to Esterley Court.

"Who have you here, Bernie?" I asked, after answering his many questions of the news in town, and the gossip of the mess, for ever rife with queer canards about people we both liked and disliked.



THE NEXT HEIR; OR, A FATAL COMPACT.—"COME OUT AND SEE,' ANSWERED BERNIE, ADVANCING CLOSE TO THE WINDOW TO LOOK AT AND COMPLIMENT HER CLASSIC COIFFURE."— SEE PAGE 343.

"Oh, half-a-dozen good fellows—Curran of the Fifth, Bannock and Adams of ours, Hamilton of the Coldstreams, and two or three 'dips,' meditating imbroglios and tanning their complexions over the moors, and—and you know them all, except, perhaps, Fergus Esterley."

"And who is he?"

"My cousin," Bernie said, with abated ardor. "The next heir when I follow my ancestors to the chapel-vault. He is an Esterley all over—at least, that is what my father says. So the old baronet and the young one, for aught I know, are mutually attracted. Fergus is unscrupulous as a Borgia, and ambitious as an Antony."

"Then you are very inimical to his interests," I suggested, catching a certain bitterness in his tone.

"Yes; but as the days of free daggers and poison are obsolete, I don't apprehend any danger from my cousin's thwarted interests. My dear Danby," he added, as I was about to say more on a subject evidently distasteful to his pride of race, "if he sends me out of this world, I'll certainly give you the satisfaction of knowing it that very moment. Now, unless you fancy the old-fashioned

sobriquet of 'fool,' don't hint to our set that you have made a compact to see me, when Fergus makes a ghost of me."

I perceived the drift of his injunction; he disdained the possibility of a taint in the "blue blood" of the Esterleys, and already tired of this obtrusive Fergus. I said, "Make that a solemn promise, Bernie; it shall be the proof to me whether or not Fergus——"

"Puts a knife across my windpipe or a bullet through my heart," interrupted Bernie, half jocosely. "*Très bien*, old fellow," he added, seeing how much in earnest I was, "I'll pledge my honor to present my ghostship at the proper moment—there's my hand on it. It's an odd agreement, though," he continued, pensively, as I finished my toilet, reflecting that it *was* an odd agreement for two men of the world who were not supposed to heed such things; nevertheless, I would not laugh at it, or do aught than retain the promise.

"There is the dinner-bell. How negligent I have been, not to post you up as to the points of our fair dames," Bernie said, vivaciously, as the tones of the bell echoed through the endless corridors and saloons. "Those are our two beauties *par excellence*. You will fall a victim to one or the other. The Amazon is Helene d'Aubray, and the little bay is a thoroughbred, Laura Trevanion by name," whispered Bernie, as the guests swept by us into the dining-hall, and a moment after, by his management, I was near Helene, and Bernie himself on one side of the "little bay."

As we entered the dining-room, I saw Fergus standing near the door. He received me with a *hauteur* verifying Bernie's assertion, viz.: an Esterley all over—so genuine an Esterley that, from the moment of introduction, a barrier of dislike and distrust rose magically between us, repelling every future effort to regard him favorably.

Fergus watched his cousin with an eager, sinister look often in his eyes, positively startling on that classic, impassive Esterley cast of features. It recalled many of the floating stories hinted of him, and disregarded until chance brought us together, and then, oddly enough, I believed them all.

The expression of his countenance sank so deeply into my mind, that I wondered how Bernie could be unconscious of it, and go whispering to Laura Trevanion things that brought a peach-like bloom to her cheeks—things that made the long lashes droop shelteringly over their almond-shaped auburn eyes.

She was a lovely, piquant creature, a vivid contrast to Helene. Both gained by it, however. Preferring the blonde, nevertheless I acknowledged the peculiar fascination of this most unusual style, the sunset-tinged beauty of Laura Trevanion, who, with her sweet, naïve simplicity, her subdued, refined gayety, was too dangerously beguiling and captivating for a man not caring to be a pretty woman's toy. I aspired to no such honor, so I kept away from her.

"What do you think of her, Danby," asked Bernie, when the ladies had gone back to the drawing-room, to yawn and gossip, leaving us to discuss the last *on dits*, political and social, over the baronet's costly wines.

Fergus sat almost beside me. The question was as distinct to him, and I remembered that Helene had said he entertained a chilling sort of penchant for the shy-eyed auburn belle—therefore he threw a few careless words, more of a sneer than anything else.

"The best thing of the season, Captain Danby—at least, they tell me so. I am no *critique* myself, and don't profess to appreciate their charms; but Major Esterley does."

Bernie sipped his wine in leisurely amusement; the "slings and arrows" of the "next heir's" bitter envy merely entertained him.

"Take care that you are not made to pay the penalty of rashness," he remarked, filling his glass most tranquilly.

"I will take care of that. I have had few failures. It will be strange if I have to chronicle one this late day in my history," answered Fergus, coldly, and revealed a glimpse of that merciless, indomitable will which they said never turned from its purpose for any man.

I reflected, vaguely, that this "genuine Esterley" was capable of many things which other men, less polished or more worldly, rejected in horror.

I smoked my meerschaum on a low balcony fragrant with the scent of a clambering woodbine, twining its dark green leaves round and round the fragile trellis. Through an arch, with the curtains drawn back, I could see Helene singing, and Bernie devoting himself with the *empressement* of a cavalier skilled in the countless caprices of a woman's heart.

At last she sang an inspiring boating-chorus, and Bernie's deep, magnificent voice blended with hers and rang out on the night air, hushing the laugh and coquetry, thrilling into silence the groups of high-bred triflers.

They could not choose but listen, for a finer chorus never echoed along the shores of the Rhine than we heard that night as Bernie stood under the chandelier, with the softened rays of light streaming down on his Murillo head.

"The handsomest man in society," whispered Laura Trevanion, leaning back on her *fauteuil*, with two or three of the best men all attention, and drooping her lashes slowly, in that silly way of hers, that she might covertly watch for his approach—wholly in vain.

The *écarté* table won him first, rivaling too successfully the combined charms of *les beaux dames*, expending their fascinations rather resentfully upon Bannock and others, good fellows enough, when Major Esterley withdrew his resistless presence.

The old baronet loved *écarté*. It was the passion absorbing his failing faculties, as some such trivial pastime so often becomes the ruling passion of an existence shorn of its youth and energy. His *écarté* table was invariably rolled into one recess, doubly lighted by wax-candles, burning lower and lower in their wrought brackets, while the gray-haired *écarté*-player pursued his game with breathless interest far into the night, until younger men abandoned it in sheer exhaustion.

He seldom vouchsafed his son (in Bernie's brief visits to the court) more than the most distant politeness, and rarely asked him to join the game; but to-night the music possibly softened him, so he bade him take a hand.

I had a panoramic view of the scenes within from my balcony, where Helene joined me, magnanimously forgiving the meerschaum for the moonshine. Fergus had afforded many a theme for speculation, wreathing itself into the curling smoke, drifting on the night-breeze, and away among the pale, dew-covered flowers.

Oddly enough, we both glanced at Fergus when the old baronet and his son commenced their game. He had been deeply engaged in a low conversation with Laura Trevanion—one of those rare opportunities eagerly sought and improved—nevertheless, he turned instantly from her, yielding his place to other impatient admirers, turned abruptly away, and gave Bernie one swift look of scathing aversion.

"Fergus is not Major Esterley's *cher ami*," Helene

remarked, catching the look as it sped toward Bernie, and divining its meaning with a woman's errorless intuition. "He is cursing him now in his heart for playing *écarté* with such matchless skill as to compel his father's approbation. That old man has a large fortune at his disposal, besides the entailed estates, and Fergus don't forget it," she added, satirically. "Don't say that we poor women, envying each other her adorers, contesting the shade of a ribbon, have monopolized the green-eyed monster."

"I never believed it, mademoiselle," I answered, rather meekly, for Helene prided herself upon plain-speaking. It was her style to be positive and direct, and a very unpleasant style sometimes when the sentiment displeased her.

"No, Captain Danby," she said, energetically; "the jealousy of your sex does not take in matters so trivial. Fergus envies Bernie his fair inheritance, his baronetcy prospective, his family influence, and will wrest it from him if he can. Look at the man now," she continued, abruptly. "See how well a woman can read even Fergus Esterley. He has a head and heart of marble. Laura Trevanion must be second to his interest and ambition. They rule him, and will crush every obstacle remorselessly."

Fergus leaned back in his chair, motionless and silent, his pallid, perfectly chiseled features rigid as the sculptured work of art in the niche opposite, and apparently not more capable of sensation or more aware of the confused murmur around him. There he remained, unmoved, intent, perhaps, on nothing, solitary in a bright, *vivid* scene, without the twitch of a muscle or the flutter of a nerve.

The *finesse* of Laura Trevanion's pretty coquetries, the shafts of mocking pleasantries, glanced harmlessly against the impervious armor of this fathomless, companionless Esterley.

Nothing disturbed his frigid calm, save when the Chessvilles, by making their "*bon-soir*," signaled the ladies to close their *affaires d'amour*, and allow the masculine party to enjoy such matters as Havanas and rest.

Then Fergus raised his hand to detain Helene in passing, and said, quietly: "You have read me aright."

"You heard me, then?" she asked, quickly.

"Yes," was the brief reply.

"It was no compliment, but you had no right to listen," Helene fearlessly remarked, walking on with the grenadier step characteristic of her.

"I shall make it prophetic," Fergus slowly said, resuming his seat, and relapsing into the same statuesque oblivion of his surroundings.

There I left him, late that night; there he still sat, silent as death, when I looked back from the hall-door and saw him—Bernie playing *écarté* with his father, and Fergus opposite the bust of Catiline, with an odd resemblance between the two.

Long afterward, I believed I had discovered the subject of this intense concentration of thought—at least, I condemned him for it, and never altered my decision.

Night after night the old baronet would have Bernie take at least one game of *écarté*, though sometimes sorely against his will, and often late—late, when the guests of Esterley Court had been slumbering for hours, when the gray dawn hung over us, the stillness was broken by the low, excited words, "*je marque le roi*," and the same tableau reproduced of the *écarté* table, the intent face of the white-haired player, the half-interested, *vivant* countenance of the handsomest man in society, and Fergus maintaining a gloomy vigil from his chair opposite the bust of Catiline.

The mirth of the drawing-room did not prevent all observing how reserved and bitter Fergus had become; they talked of it in the seclusion of the boudoir, and even when the partridges were less shy than usual, it was discussed.

His natural *hauteur* permitted no one to cross the bounds of mere acquaintance; besides, his acrid satire saved him from any importunate desire for his friendship; and yet, with his fine intellect and cultivation, Fergus was capable of rendering himself very charming when these miserable humors left him.

The men ceased to regard him, the women only occasionally aroused themselves to charm away the devils that possessed him, and usually received a cutting epigram or two for their pains; yet they found him more tolerable than we did.

"There is a great deal in him when you get him off Major Esterley's track," Helene always said, with her free comments on people and things, an unabashed freedom inducing you to hope that her *griffes* might not close on either your not very shining virtues or very glaring vices. "There's bad blood between those two Esterleys, but Bernie's good angel guards him. He soon goes to Scotland for the grouse, and then to dazzling Paris, where those tawny brunes spoil him abominably."

Helene said this in the billiard-room one morning, where the bad weather compelled us to while away the hours between lunch and dressing-bell.

Just opposite us, the major had been standing, lending, no doubt, very valuable assistance to a handsome brunette.

In the excitement of the game, he slipped off, unperceived by any save a few feminine eyes, and—Fergus.

I found him in the library, laughing at *écarté* between his father and Laura Trevanion, who, with pretty, indolent tyranny, would have the grim old baronet teach her the game.

Reclining lazily among the cushions of her great chair, looking unusually lovely, only occasionally lifting her soft eyes to the man, handsomer by far in his way than herself, Laura played another game than *écarté* with the elder Esterley—a game of more exquisite *finesse*, of poesy and tenderness—but the sole game for which, at that moment, she could have felt a throb of agony at being the loser.

She was a witching little thing, and her eyes were beautiful; they challenged that stern, absolute Esterley, who viewed a blunder in *écarté* as a personal offense, to be out of humor with her if he could.

There we lingered until the bell rang out a summons to boudoir and adornment, too precious in female estimation to forego.

In the hall, as she ran up-stairs, laughing back some light mockery at the baronet's discomfiture, we met Fergus, wandering gloomily.

"Don't be disheartened, man. I am not in your way," Bernie said, pleasantly, as he nodded significantly at the retreating Laura.

Fergus drew away coldly, with the barbarous gleam of Catiline in his eyes.

"I care nothing for women. You are not in my way *there!*" he answered, imperturbably.

"Then what the deuce is the matter with the fellow?" Bernie asked, when he was in my apartments, lounging indolently on a sofa, the very picture of supine enjoyment, lying there, indolently smoking a perfumed cigarette, and puffing the smoke through his amber-hued mustaches.

I tried to give him a little advice, to insinuate a suspicion of Fergus, for I felt that he stood in danger from this

man's brooding jealousy and dislike; but he seemed in love with all the world, and rejected the insinuation.

"None of his race have been traitors," he said, half closing his eyes and laughing at my gravity. "You will join our hunt to morrow, on the Ferndown Hills, Danby?" he asked, suddenly tossing away a half-smoked cigarette, and forgetting Fergus, everything, in his enthusiasm for their great expedition, the event of the hunting season. "The sport will be fine—you must come, old fellow!"

"Impossible, Bernie! Those abominable reports must be made out, and returned. An inexorable necessity holds me here."

It was hard to refuse, but the reports must go by the next post, so Bernie could only lavish execrations on the service, and its confoundedly inconvenient requirements — fruitless enough, but the only satisfaction we had.

However, I had no desire to prove my devotion to Nimrod by foreswearing Mars, or, in other words, to stand a court-martial as a sequel to the day's sport. Besides, a chosen party were going to Scotland in the Autumn, and Bernie had urged me to join them, and enjoy our unrivaled sport among the crags and bleak little moors, where we had no women, no flirtations, no *déjeuners*, nor balls.

"BUT ONE BOOK."— SEE PAGE 343.

"One can't expect you to barter a captaincy for a day's fun," Bannock remarked, as we walked up and down that night under the trees and smoked.

"What is it—what are you persuading Captain Danby to do?" demanded Laura Trevanion, leaning out of an arched window, in the light of which we were sauntering, and through which we occasionally addressed her whenever the fair young face, shadowed by myrtle-leaves twined aristically into the burnished hair, turned toward us.

"Come out and see," answered Bernie, advancing close to the window to look at and compliment her classic coiffure.

She had exquisite taste, and that coronet of myrtles, woven here and there with a rosebud, was a triumph of simplicity and natural beauty.

"No, no; mamma is calling me. Wear these to-morrow," she whispered, pressing an exquisite bouquet of myrtles and rosebuds to her lips, then handing them to him. "*Tenez!* adieu, adieu!" and she was gone, with that sweet, musical farewell, so like her.

Fergus had joined us, and was noting silently and contemptuously the whole scene—a contempt never relaxing ten minutes later when Bernie tossed the flowers over the terrace.

"Beware of Fergus," I said, when the major looked in upon me at dawn, while the horses pawed the graveled walk, and grooms and valets hurried hither and thither, with fowling-pieces and game-bags.

"Fergus is not a social fellow, Danby, but he is not so bad as you imagine," Bernie said, good-naturedly. "Well, if Fergus won't be a scoundrel, I can't be a ghost and keep my compact. Make the best of the day, dear old fellow; we shall be here by luncheon to-morrow. I hope the belles will be amiable to-day."

He ran down-stairs, whistling a bravura, and a moment after I saw them move away, the misty sunrise glistening on Bernie's golden hair as he sat above the rest, holding the ribbons, and driving four-in-hand at a break-neck speed down the avenue.

It was not a long day; I had no time to be bored; the "dips" had their protocols, I had my reports; consequently we abjured the drawing-room until dinner and evening peremptorily demanded us. The belles were not especially charming—a scarcity of men is always provoking, or perhaps I was unusually tired.

Neither Helene nor Laura could retain my allegiance—my spirits were probably depressed. I felt *triste*, silent, *ennuyé*, and embraced the first opportunity of escape to the woodbine balcony, where the moon, now at its full, shed a pale, poetic light over a spot meant for poesy.

The night air was heavy with the subtle fragrance of roses and honeysuckle, creeping up like a spirit in that treacherous moonlight. Perhaps I may have become sleepily unconscious for an instant or two; I don't remember falling asleep, don't remember taking my eyes from the light and shadows of the artistically grouped evergreens; but I do remember feeling wretchedly weary,

THE BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN.— SEE PAGE 350.

when it seemed to me somebody called my name. At least, I started, thoroughly awakened, and certain some one called. I looked around, and there, standing at the end of the balcony, gazing straight at me, his face rather pale, was—Bernie.

His fixed attitude appeared unusual, and the bright violet eyes were riveted on me with an expression of such melancholy that it clings to me now with the fearful power of reality.

I never doubted my senses; I saw him distinctly, his face pale, as if the moonlight gave it an ashen hue.

"Bernie, old fellow, when did you come?" I exclaimed, hurrying forward to the end of the balcony.

No one was there. All was painfully still. He had gone, but the conviction, the certainty, was so strong that Bernie had been there and called me, that, fearing my imprudence in mentioning his name so loudly had occasioned his sudden disappearance, I leaned over the balcony and said, softly:

"Bernie, come around to my rooms. They don't know you are here."

All was still—not a sound, save the water of the fountain breaking on the marble, and the laughter of guests within. No one answered, no one could be seen, yet the moonlight was clear as day.

I waited several minutes, perfectly sure that I had seen him. The sound of my name had aroused me from sleep or reverie, and I saw Bernie as distinctly as I now see this page, and even noticed the strange pallor of his face.

I walked down from the balcony, and searched fruitlessly, of course; nevertheless, the impression remained with its original force. I could not shake it off, even when Carruthers joined me, and I told him of the delusion.

"Imagination plays us cruel tricks sometimes," he said, carelessly; then pointed out the fact of the balcony being at least ten feet above the ground, and the end at which I had seen Bernie totally unsupported from below, and closed by a railing. "It was a delusion. He is the life of the party just now at Ferndown," added Carruthers, dismissing the subject. "Suppose we go in? There is a premium upon us to-night, in the absence of fifteen or twenty fellows. It is now eleven."

"So late as that?" I asked, in surprise.

"*Vraiment!* ten minutes after!" answered Carruthers, glancing at his watch as we unclosed the glass doors and passed in, merely to see anxious chaperons already *en route* for the boudoir, their respective charges disgusted with the talk of *femmes aux femmes*.

I found it impossible to shake off the deep anxiety fastening itself upon me, consequently it was late when I fell into a sound sleep, from which the unceremonious and noisy opening of my door, flung back on its hinges by regardless hands, rudely awakened me.

"Danby!" exclaimed a voice I knew to be Carruthers's, although its tones were intensely excited and fraught with a certain horror and alarm, chilling the blood in my veins. "Danby! for God's sake get up! The major has been killed, shot through the heart. A courier has just arrived with the frightful intelligence."

"Killed!" I repeated, only half comprehending his terrible words, though they were brief and concise enough, God knows.

"Yes—blast it, can't you understand! Last night, about eleven. An accident, they suppose; nobody can tell. Good God! he was found shot through the heart," he added, shudderingly. "We are going to Ferndown at once."

* * * * * * *

They found him shot through the heart, lying on the turf, dead, "the handsomest man in society," our splendid Bernie—shot like a dog by an unknown hand, among the wilds of Ferndown.

We brought him home, with the lofty head laid low, the violet eyes closed, never more to open, and the gay voice hushed in the unenvied repose of death.

No one accused Fergus openly, but there were dark whispers in every circle, the servants' hall, the drawing-room, and messroom, for Bernie was idolized by high and low; and there were muttered execrations, but Fergus went away, silent and impenetrable, to shoot grouse and ptarmigan at Arvoch, the Esterley hunting-box among the Highlands to which Bernie had invited a gay party of his own companions.

Fergus went off; it was all his, in prospective, so he asked none of us, and he had no friends.

Lady Laura Esterley I met long afterward at the opera. The "little bay" had remembered the next heir, and married him, and, the world said, found her master; nevertheless, she coquetted as dreamily as in the old days.

* * * * * * * *

Ten years later, Fergus Esterley was thrown from his horse and died of the injuries, but with his last breath admitted that he had fired the fatal shot ending so abruptly his cousin's life—the life of the only man in his way, the man who kept with me the compact made in idle jest to be realized so swiftly in fatal earnest.

"WILL HE COME?"

Break into the beautiful blossoms,
  Oh, buds of the sunny May,
And sing, my robin, and bluebird,
  Your sweetest carol to-day;
For my love has written a letter,
  And the world is all in tune—
He is coming with the roses
  In the fairest days of June.

I am counting the days between us,
  I am counting the moments and hours—
Telling my beads, like a solemn nun,
  On a rosary of flowers;
For he said when the buds of the roses
  Are flushing in royal red,
He is coming to claim a promise.
  (I wonder what I have said!)

Break into songs and blossoms,
  Oh, birds and buds of Spring;
Lilies, scatter your fragrance,
  And sweetest song-birds sing;
And skies, drop golden sunshine
  In the beautiful days of June;
For my love is coming to see me,
  And the world is all in tune.

THE BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN.

Surrounded by a few faithful followers, Bruce prepared to carry on a predatory warfare; darting suddenly out from his fastnesses and falling on straggling bodies of the English, or by rapid and sudden attacks obtaining possession of strongholds and castles. This species of warfare he carried on successfully, and now fortune began to favor him. The fame of his exploits spread in all directions, and his numbers were daily augmented, while the English began to tremble at his name. His movements

were so rapid that his enemies could never obtain knowledge of his whereabouts, until he would suddenly appear before them.

His career became now one uninterrupted course of success. And to increase his advantages, Edward of England died, and was succeeded by Edward II., a weak, inefficient prince, from whose utter incapacity Bruce derived great advantages. Castle after castle, and town after town, now fell rapidly into the hands of Bruce, and the English King saw the conquests that had cost his father so much valor and valuable life rapidly fall from his hands.

The heroic spirit of Bruce transfused itself into the peasantry of the country; and the King began to reap the fruits of this popular spirit in the capture of the Castle of Lithingow by a common countryman named Binny, who was known to the garrison, and had been employed in bringing hay into the fort. He communicated his design to a party of Scottish soldiers, whom he stationed in ambush near the gate. In his large wain he contrived to conceal eight armed men, covered with hay. A servant drove the oxen, and Binny himself walked carelessly by his side. When the portcullis was raised, and the wain stood in the middle of the gateway, interposing a complete barrier to its descent, the driver cut the ropes which harnessed the oxen; upon which signal the armed men suddenly leaped from the cart, the soldiers in ambush rushed in, and so complete was the surprise, the garrison were put to the sword and the place taken.

About the same time, Sir James Douglas heroically obtained possession of the Castle of Roxburgh, in the following manner:

"On Fasten's Even, immediately before Lent, when the soldiers and officers of the garrison were indulging in wine and wassail, Douglas, with about sixty soldiers, favored by a dark night, and concealed by black frocks thrown over their armor, cautiously approached the castle, creeping on their hands and feet through the trees which studded the park. They at last approached in this way so near that one of the sentries observed them moving; and, deceived by the darkness, remarked to his fellow that yonder oxen were late left out. Relieved by this fortunate mistake, Douglas and his men continued their painful progress, and at length succeeded in reaching the foot of the walls, and fixing their ladders of rope, without being discovered. They could not, however, mount so quietly but that the nearest sentinel on the outer wall perceived the noise, and ran to meet them. All was like to be lost; but the first Scot soldier had now mounted on the parapet, and he instantly stabbed the sentry, and threw him over before he had time to give the alarm. Another sentinel shared the fate of the first, and so intent were the garrison upon their midnight sports, that the terrible cry of 'Douglas! Douglas!' shouted in the great hall, was the first thing which broke off the revels. In a moment the scene was changed from mirth and joy into a dreadful carnage; but the resistance became hopeless, and Douglas gave quarter.

"At this time, Randolph, Earl of Moray, was besieging the Castle of Edinburgh. Six weeks had been spent in the siege, when an English soldier, of the name of Frank, presented himself to Randolph, and informed him he could point out a place where he himself had often scaled the wall, and by which he undertook to lead his men into the castle. This man, in his youth, when stationed in the castle, had become enamored of a girl in the neighborhood, and for the purpose of meeting her had discovered a way down and up the steep and perilous cliff, with which custom had rendered him familiar; and Randolph, with thirty men, fully armed, placed himself under his direction, and resolved to scale the castle at midnight. The surprise, however, was not nearly so complete as at Roxburgh, and the affair was far more severely contested. Besides, Randolph had only half the number of men with Douglas, the access was far more difficult, and the night so dark that the task of climbing the rock became extremely dangerous. They persevered, nevertheless, and on getting about half-way up, found a jutting crag, on which they sat down to take breath. The wall was now immediately above them; and it happened that the check-watches at this time were making their round, and challenging the sentinels, while Randolph and his soldiers could hear all that passed.

"At this critical moment, whether from accident or that one of the watch had really perceived something moving on the rock, a soldier cast a stone down toward the spot where Randolph sat, and called out: 'Away! I see you well!' But the Scots lay still as death, and the watch moved on. Randolph and his men waited till they had gone some distance. They then got up, and clambering to the bottom of the wall, at a place where it was only twelve feet in height, fixed the iron crochet of their rope-ladder on the crib-stone, and began to mount. Before, however, all had got up, the sentries, who had heard whispering and the clank of arms, attacked Randolph, and shouted 'Treason!' They were soon, however, repulsed, and the Scots rushed on to the keep, or principal strength. The whole garrison was now in arms, and a very desperate conflict ensued; but, discomfited by the suddenness of the attack, it soon yielded to Randolph and his valiant followers."

It was by deeds like these on the part of Bruce and his adherents that the King obtained his ascendency in Scotland, and struck terror and dismay into the ranks of the English. Alarmed at these successes, Edward was at last aroused to energetic action. He raised an immense army of 100,000 men, and marched into Scotland. Bruce's force, all told, was but 40,000, but securing a very advantageous situation, where the immense body of English cavalry could not act, he determined to await the attack of his enemies, and once more risk his crown upon the issue of a battle. His position was near the river called Bannockburn, which name was given to the celebrated battle there fought by these belligerents. Every precaution was taken to secure his position, and to increase its strength. In the Scottish army all were united, determined, and sanguine from recent victories; in the English army there were dissensions, weakness and misgivings. In the first there was great military genius, prudence and valor, with which to out-balance a great superiority of numbers in the other.

On the evening previous to the battle a striking adventure occurred to Bruce. He was marshaling the ranks of his vanguard, meanly mounted upon a small horse or pony, but clad in armor, and carrying a battle-ax in his hand, and distinguished from his attendants by a golden coronet which he wore on his helmet. A part of the English vanguard made its appearance at this time, and a knight amongst them, Sir Henry de Bohun, conceiving he saw an opportunity of gaining much honor, and ending the war at a single blow, couched his lance, spurred his powerful war-horse, and rode against the King at full career, with the expectation of bearing him to the earth by the superior strength of his charger and length of his weapon. The King, aware of his purpose, stood as if expecting the shock; but the instant before it took place, he suddenly moved his little palfrey to the left, avoided the unequal encounter, and striking the English knight with

his battle-ax as he passed him in his career, he dashed helmet and head to pieces, and laid Sir Henry de Bohun at his feet a dead man. Upon this, the Scottish King's soldiers raised a great shout, and advanced hardily upon the English van, which retreated in confusion to the main army.

On the 24th of June, 1314, commenced the battle of Bannockburn. It is not our office to follow this great battle through all its details. It was a terrible and a desperately fought battle, but the genius of Bruce was superior to the numbers of Edward, and the English King was conquered. The English army first wavered, was then broken, and eventually became a complete rout—that whole vast concourse fleeing in every direction, pursued with much havoc and dreadful carnage. The victory was most complete, and although a desultory warfare was kept up for some time after this, yet the battle of Bannockburn established the independence of Scotland, and eventually led to the expulsion of the English from her soil. Robert Bruce to this day is justly the pride and veneration of Scotland.

One of the most important, but one of the most difficult, things for a powerful mind is to be its own master; a pond may lay quiet in a plain, but a lake wants mountains to encompass and hold it in.

OUR SALTY YACHTSMAN.

Bella.—*"Oh, Captain Hawser, we've just been to the pier to see your lovely yacht. Didn't you have a very stormy passage?"*

Captain H.—*"Eh! ah! I'll go and ask my sailing-master. You see—fact is, I came on by rail, to avoid the sea-sickness, you know."*

LINDLEY HALL.

By Eleanor Kirk.

The Lindleys were a proud race. Sir Edward Lindley, born in the beginning of the last century, and almost the last of the male Lindley stock, was perhaps the proudest of them all. By some of the facetious among his tenantry he was nicknamed "Cornwall Ned," so fond was he of tracing his ancestry from the renowned Richard, Earl of Cornwall.

At this time there were only two of the male Lindleys—Edward, and Austin, the son of Edward's brother. The grief of Edward's life was that he was without male issue, and it is said by those who knew Lady Lindley intimately that she died of a broken heart, caused by her husband's disappointment in this regard. She gave birth to four daughters, the last three dying in infancy. The poor lady survived the last one only a few months.

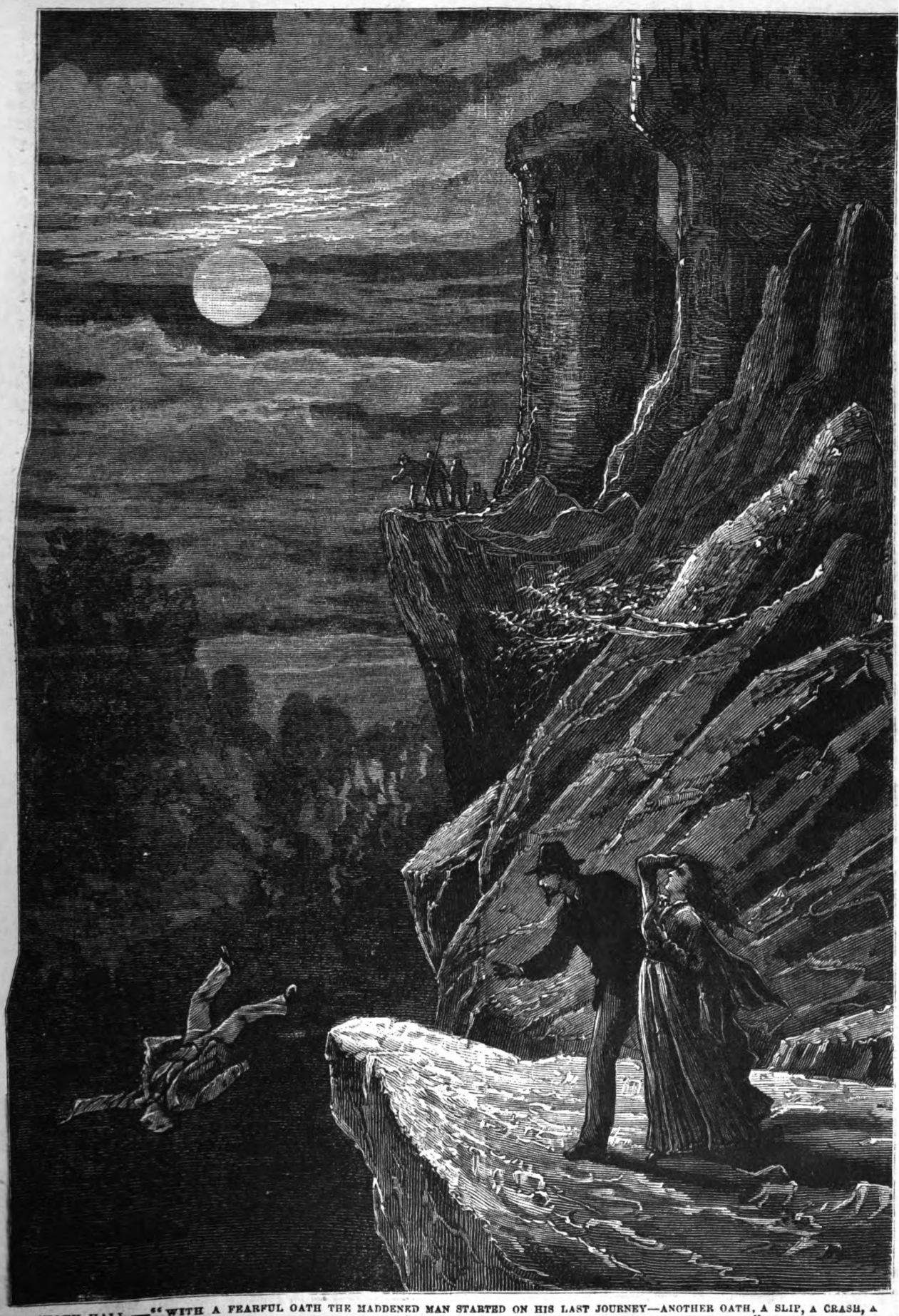
Blanche, the first-born, was now eighteen, and had been betrothed to her cousin Austin from her childhood. This was the only way to preserve the noble name of Lindley, and the gentleman disposed of his daughter with far less ceremony and thought than he would have bestowed upon the very least of his hereditary possessions.

Blanche was very beautiful, very talented and very wild. She was a good rider and a good shot, as fearless as a man, and as modest as a woman should be. She was of medium height and slight figure. Her face was oval in shape, mouth and chin firm and delicate. Her complexion was wonderfully fair, her eyes large and dark-brown, fringed with heavy dark lashes, and her hair was of very light color, and of great abundance. When the sun struck it, it was golden; in the shade, blonde.

She adored her father, but he had never recovered from his disappointment in regard to her sex, and kept her at arm's-length. This had once been a great grief to her, but she had finally taught herself not to notice it, and after a while, as health failed, and he began to be more and more dependent upon his daughter for society and care in illness, they became, as Blanche said, "better acquainted, and quite like lovers."

For prudential reasons, Sir Edward had never allowed his daughter to mingle much in society. It would be time enough for all this after she was married, he told her, and this marriage was to take place on her nineteenth birthday.

Years before, some wandering old fortune-teller had foretold that the marriage



LINDLEY HALL.—"WITH A FEARFUL OATH THE MADDENED MAN STARTED ON HIS LAST JOURNEY—ANOTHER OATH, A SLIP, A CRASH, A TERRIBLE SHRIEK, AND AUSTIN LINDLEY WAS PRECIPITATED HALF WAY DOWN THE MOUNTAIN."

which would be consummated on this day would be happy and prosperous beyond compare, and any attempt to bring it about earlier would be fraught with indescribable wretchedness and disaster.

Sir Edward was by nature superstitious, and the singular knowledge the witch had displayed in reference to many episodes in his own life which he thought sacred to himself, induced him to hearken to her warning, and disregard all appeals for an earlier date.

Blanche herself would have been glad of this change. She longed to see the world, and, though not in the least in love with her cousin, was quite willing to be his wife for the sake of the advantages such a position would give her.

For this the young lady was not to blame. Familiar from childhood with the thought of this union, and entirely debarred from the society of gentlemen, it had become quite a matter of course, and the only way out of a position she was heartily sick of.

Lindley Hall was a lonely place, indeed. It was situated on a high point of land, about a mile from Dartmoor, in the County of Devon. Not far from this place, Richard, the Earl of Cornwall, had lived and died—a good many years before, it is true—but portions of the castle still stood, and to this drear and romantic spot Blanche, when tired of everything else, would repair to read, and build castles about the time when she should see the world, and only return to the Hall when quite worn out with sight-seeing and society generally.

The Lindleys had no near neighbors, and had Blanche not possessed the sweetest and most sunshiny disposition in the world, she would have fared hard, indeed. As in the matter of society, so about books. Sir Edward selected his daughter's reading very carefully, and at eighteen she had never read a love-story. He was quite determined that her imagination should have no outside helps, and that she should be kept, until her marriage at least, in this delightful state of indifference in regard to her affections.

Sir Edward—a connoisseur in affairs of the heart—knew that hers had not been touched; and so completely did he trust the Lindley honor that, once married, he was sure that Blanche would never disgrace the name. That she might suffer, probably never occurred to him. If it had, it would have made no difference.

One fine morning in June, Blanche, a little lonely, started for her favorite place of resort—the deserted old castle. Her lover had just bade her good-by, and her father was to accompany him on horseback part of the way to the village.

Blanche saw them off, and then wended her way in the opposite direction. Austin had broken in upon the monotony a little; but, as she said to herself as she walked on:

"It will be more lonesome than ev[illegible] Why does my father keep me such a prisoner? [illegible] I could only be married and done with it!"

And then she laughed, as she thought how silly it was for her to be so disconsolate, when she had so much to make her happy—the sunshine, the beautiful hills and clouds, and the birds and the old castle! She always was discontented after Austin went away, and she never could tell why—not that she was particularly happy in his society, and it was worrisome to have to submit to his caresses. She wondered why there must always be kissing when two persons were engaged.

And so thinking and speculating, she clambered up the steep hill, and reached the castle-wall, where it was her habit to sit and enjoy the wonderful beauty of the surrounding scenery. On the other side, a few feet from her, sat a gentleman sketching. He rose, lifted his hat, begged pardon for the intrusion, mischievously remarking that he had no idea any of the family were at home, and resumed his work.

Hundreds of times had the young lady visited this place, and this was the first time any such thing had ever happened, and for a moment she was far too surprised and disconcerted to speak. She was on the point of returning, when the artist came forward, deprecatingly, and said:

"Please do not allow me to interfere with your ramble. I came down to sketch a few bits of scenery, here and there, and chanced upon this spot. Will you forgive me, please?"

"I have nothing to forgive; and you are quite welcome to the Castle of Cornwall," she answered. "I have often wished I could sketch myself, the views are so beautiful from these walls."

"And did you never try?"

"Oh, never, sir! I am not a born artist, who must sketch or die. I think I am a born musician, though, for without music I am sure I should not care to live."

This was evidently quite as rare an experience to the gentleman as to Blanche. The *naïveté* and sweetness of her manner puzzled and pleased him. It certainly was a most uncommon episode, and he determined to make the most of it.

Here was the sweetest and most innocent face he had ever seen; and she was conscious of a sensation of pleasure in this acquaintance which she had never before experienced.

The stranger was tall, finely-built, not slight, as artists are generally described, but of firm, muscular development. His complexion was dark, eyes dark and large, hair almost black and inclined to curl. He had a sensitive mouth, which Blanche thought could express a great deal of contempt on occasion.

"If it would give you any pleasure to look over my portfolio, Miss——"

"Miss Lindley, of Lindley Hall," Blanche answered, with dignity.

"Arnold De Vere, at your service;" and Blanche, with the utmost friendliness, extended her hand, and the acquaintance commenced.

Two minutes afterward, the young lady and gentleman sat side by side in the castle wall, and Blanche was expressing her opinion about the sketches with great freedom and judgment, the artist was obliged to confess. This was a long and bewildering *tête-à-tête*. Was it any wonder that Mr. De Vere promised to bring more pictures to the old castle the following day, and that Blanche promised to come and look at them? And is it any wonder that they met every day for a week, Blanche all the time deciding to tell her father, and have her new friend invited to the Hall, and all the time putting it off, as she took it into serious consideration? And is it any wonder that in this beautiful eyrie the girl learned the definition of love?

"I am acquainted with a gentleman of your name," De Vere remarked on one of these occasions—"a Mr. Austin Lindley."

"Indeed!" said Blanche, feeling the color forsake her cheeks. Not once had she spoken of her engagement, and now, as the dreadful truth stared her in the face, it seemed as if the blood was forsaking her heart also, so cold and deathlike she grew.

"I do not think he can be any relative of yours," he continued, as he put some extra touches on a head he was drawing.

"And why not, pray?"

"Tell me first if he is, please."

"Austin Lindley," she repeated. "Austin Lindley? It seems to me as if I had heard that name before, somewhere. Does he live in London?"

"I believe not, though he is usually to be found there. Mr. Austin Lindley and I fought a duel last year."

"Fought a duel!" whispered Blanche, in terror.

"Yes; he insulted my adopted sister, and I called him out. He got the worst of it; though, I regret to say, I didn't kill him."

"And is this Mr. Lindley a very bad man?"

"The very worst man in London. He gambles, and does not pay his debts. Nobody is safe in his society, and no lady's reputation is safe in his hands. Now, I have put too many scowls on that brow. Wait a moment, and I will show you Mr. Austin Lindley." Sure enough, with a few strokes, Blanche looked down upon the face of the man she was engaged to marry.

"Mr. De Vere," she said, after a moment, "swear to me on your honor that Austin Lindley is the bad man you have represented him."

"My dear girl"—and De Vere's pencil fell from his fingers—"I see what I have done, and it is too late. Austin Lindley is a relative of yours?"

"Austin Lindley is my cousin, and I am engaged to him."

"I beg your pardon." And, after a moment, "Would to heaven we had never met! Do you love this man?"

"I do not!" said Blanche, proudly.

"There is no man living whom I consider so utterly unworthy the hand of a good woman as this Austin Lindley. He is everything that is vile, and I tell you so because I know."

The birds and the breezes and the blue sky must have listened to many whispers and promises that day; for when they separated, Blanche had told him all about her father, the long engagement and her utter indifference, and they had sworn to live for each other alone, and to deal as cleverly as possible with the obstacles they would inevitably be compelled to encounter.

De Vere's letters were to be sent to Dame Marjery, once Blanche's nurse, now landlady of the Double Heart, in the town of Cornwall. With her their secret would be safe, and a secret it was to remain until Blanche could satisfy her father of the bad character of her cousin. This De Vere had made easy, and the lovers separated with tears and protestations.

That night Blanche was aroused from a deep sleep by a summons to her father's bedside. She found him unconscious and rapidly sinking. Attacks of a milder form had been common for some years, but all knew that this was the last. He revived only for a moment, and whispered to his daughter these words:

"Marry your cousin on your nineteenth birthday, and let nothing prevent it."

"Oh, father, I never, never can! Do you not hear me, father?"

But the eyes were fixed now, and no sound would ever issue again from those pallid lips.

For days Blanche moved about like one in a trance. Her cousin was now the devoted, self-sacrificing lover. He came to the Hall and remained. He did all in his power to cheer and console. Her grief was excessive because of her despair. Her father's last words rang in her ears from morning till night: "Marry your cousin on your nineteenth birthday, and let nothing prevent it."

Dame Marjery was taken entirely into her confidence, and in her society she was rested and refreshed.

Letters were delivered regularly, and Blanche poured out all her fears and sorrows to her lover. It was sometimes difficult to account for the time consumed in this correspondence, for her cousin, in proportion as his passion increased, became correspondingly exacting.

He was jealous of the old nurse, jealous of her maid, jealous of the books she read, and Blanche shuddered as day by day brought out the true character of the man she was engaged to marry.

The will of Sir Edward was read, and it was found that his daughter had inherited the bulk of his estate, but in case of her dying without issue, the property was to revert to her husband—Austin Lindley.

One morning, as Dame Marjery was on her way to the Hall with a letter, as usual, for Blanche, she was overtaken by Austin.

"If you have any letters or messages for anybody at the Hall," he said, somewhat rudely, "I will take them up."

"I am going up to see Lady Blanche," said Marjery, "and my errand there, good sir, is my faithful love."

"Well, if that's the case, you can take your wares to another market. You have been there quite enough lately, and I don't care to have any more of your society at present."

Dame Marjery saw that the man had been drinking, so she said, very quietly, turning about as she did so:

"I can wait till another day."

"Come up, and I'll throw you into the horse-pond, old woman," was the brutal reply.

Blanche, who had been sitting for more than an hour under a tree by the side of the road, heard the whole of this conversation.

Her first impulse was to go out and confront her cousin; the next, to let them go in their different directions, and when Austin was out of sight to follow the nurse, and get the letter she was so anxiously expecting.

This was a new revelation. The whole character of her cousin stood confessed, and then and there she vowed that, come what might, she would never be his wife. Dame Marjery had trudged on about a quarter of a mile when she was overtaken by Blanche.

"I heard it all," she said, "dear nurse, but I would not come out for fear of making matters worse. Give me my letter, nursey, darling!" and then Blanche burst into tears.

The kind-hearted woman was deeply distressed. She felt sure that Austin had discovered or suspected something, and was fully impressed that a most disagreeable crisis was at hand, and in the midst of all she was powerless to be of service. By the dame's advice, Blanche had destroyed her lover's letters as soon as read, and after going over this one a dozen times at least, she passed it over to Marjery to burn when she got home. Then she started back to the Hall.

Austin met her at dinner, a little flushed, it is true, and a little unsteady, but his voice was pitched in the sweetest possible key, and his little civilities were more numerous than usual. In the letter just read De Vere had written:

"Keep quiet for a while longer, and I shall be with you. If you are uncomfortable or afraid, let me hear from you at once."

She was extremely uncomfortable, but up to this time she had felt no fear. Now she was oppressed by a nameless horror. For the present Austin should not know that she had overheard his conversation of the morning.

He was talking of going to London for a month, and then Blanche decided she would take her fate into her own hands. A quarrel now would be productive of the most

DAIRY FARMING IN AMERICA.—DELIVERY OF MILK AT A GREAT CHEESE-FACTORY.—SEE PAGE 358.

desperate results, she was sure, so she forced herself to appear as usual.

"I think I shall start for London tomorrow," he remarked, casually, after dinner. Blanche was a good actress, and her face betrayed nothing. "My aunt will remain," he continued, "and see that you don't get into mischief."

Aunt Lindley was staying for the sake of the proprieties, and was so thoroughly harmless that Blanche cared very little what she did.

"What do you wish me to do?" he asked, abruptly, as Blanche made no answer.

A falsehood here seemed imperative, but Blanche shrank from uttering it, so she said:

"Did you not tell me you had important business in London?"

"What if I did? Do you not know that women in love are impatient of business, and would rather a man were ruined than leave their society to attend to it?"

"I don't know anything about such love," she replied.

"Do you know anything

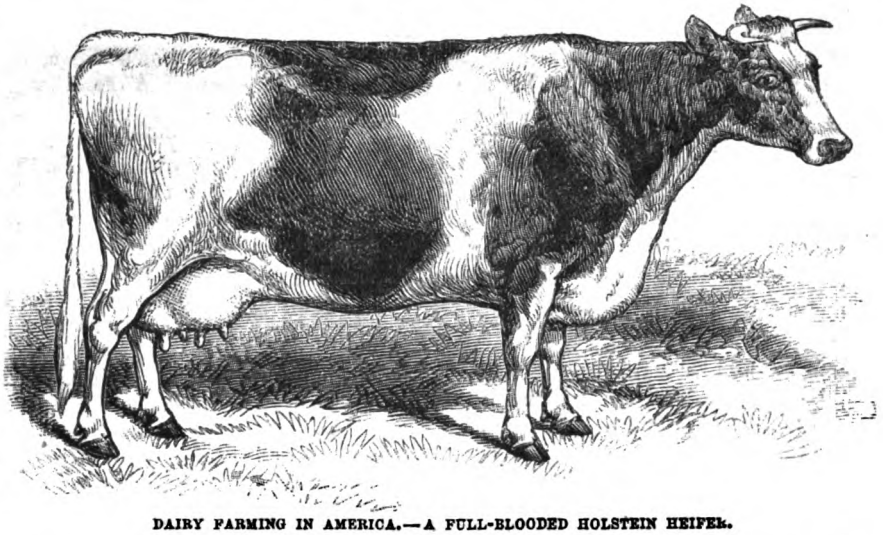
about any kind of love, do you think ?"

Blanche flushed crimson. Austin's eyes were searching her face. Finally she said :

"I would like you to recall our experience as so-called lovers. Did I ever, Austin—do you remember one single time when I told you that I loved you ?"

"Can't say that I do, but then that was understood. What are we going to do as married people if you have no love for me ?"

"Heaven knows, Austin ! Does it not appear to you that this should have been thought of before ?"



DAIRY FARMING IN AMERICA.—A FULL-BLOODED HOLSTEIN HEIFER.

Not once did this heart-broken girl think of appealing to her lover for release. She had sounded him too deeply for that, and her only thought was to get him away as quietly as possible, and then to decide what steps she should take for her own happiness.

Without another word the gentleman arose and walked to the window ; then whistling to his groom who had just ridden into the court, said :

"Get everything ready for a start to-morrow morning." Then turning to Blanche, said, laughingly, "It is rather late to do the sentimental, now. We shall get on well enough, I've no doubt."

The next day Blanche was comparatively happy. The dreadful incubus of her cousin's presence was removed, and in spite of the last words of her father, she found herself building high hopes in regard to her union with the man she loved.

"I will go to London with you," said Dame Marjery to Blanche, "and then we will see Mr. De Vere, and talk the matter over with legal advice, which I think necessary ; but do not send for him to come here at present."

Blanche did not share her old nurse's anxiety in reference to this visit, and the Lindley pride forbade her leaving her own home. De Vere was to come after she had formally dismissed her cousin by letter. This was her plan, but Dame Marjery would not hear of it.

"Take my advice in this, my dear child," said the dame. "Once maddened, I do not think your cousin would hesitate at anything."

De Vere once at the Hall, Blanche believed everything could be accomplished. Her faith in her lover was absolute, and of course the good woman's fears were entirely disregarded.

So De Vere was summoned to his ladylove, and the expectant girl counted the hours until it was time for him to arrive. After the first few days succeeding Austin's departure, De Vere's letters ceased entirely. This was a terrible blow, and utterly unexplainable.

"The villain has intercepted them," said the old nurse. There was but one way for this to be accomplished, and that was by robbing the Dartmoor mailbag on the last few miles of its journey, and this could be done only by bribing the carrier, a man whom the dame had known as an honorable man for over twenty years.

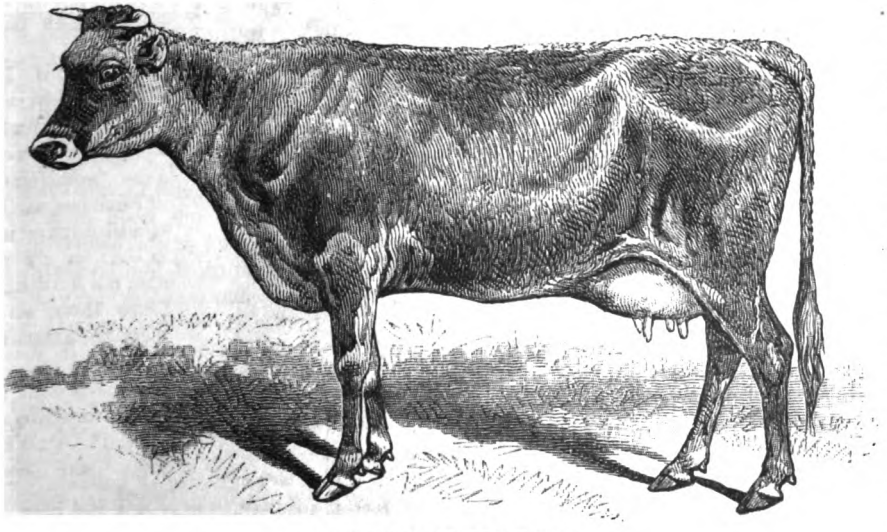
Blanche pined and fretted, and was only hopeful in Marjery's society. So two weeks passed without any tidings, and Blanche had almost completed her preparations for a journey to London. This her faithful friend had planned and hastened, all the time impressed by a sense of danger from further waiting.

One night, during a fearful storm, Marjery was surprised by the sound of Austin's voice in the barroom of the inn. She had seen Blanche that afternoon, and they were to start for London the next morning. Fearful and wondering, she walked into the room, and took a seat behind the counter. Sure enough, it was Austin Lindley, and very drunk. Two or three rough-looking men accompanied him, one of them in quite as bad condition as his master. Another man—from his garb, a priest—sat by the table and read.

"I'll take another drink to steady my nerves," said Austin to the priest, in a drunken whisper, "and then we'll start up the hill."

The priest smiled, and Marjery's heart sank within her.

Determining to send her trustiest servant to remove Blanche



A FULL-BLOODED JERSEY COW.

from the Hall instantly, she was startled again by the entrance of another man, in an india-rubber cloak and hood, whom she immediately recognized as De Vere. At that moment Lindley was dozing on the bench. De Vere was about to speak, when a signal from Marjery stopped him.

"Who the deuce are you?" said the intoxicated man, rousing for a moment.

De Vere did not reply to this question, but in a disguised voice requested Marjery to show him to a room. She lit a candle, and as she did so, said:

"Will you not have a bite to eat?"

"If there's anything ready," said De Vere, in the same tone.

Doors closed between, Marjery said:

"That is a wedding-party in there. Go to Blanche for your life. They intend to surprise and marry her in the dead of the night."

"You must give me a fresh horse," he answered; "mine is completely fagged. I have kept in the rear of those rascals for the last ten miles, and the last mile I lost them."

In five minutes De Vere was off, and when about half-way to the Hall, was surprised by the sound of horses' hoofs behind him, coming on at a rapid rate.

It had now stopped raining, and the moon straggled through the clouds just as he galloped into the court. His quick eye caught sight of a little figure on the piazza.

"Blanche!" exclaimed De Vere, almost under his breath.

"Arnold!" she answered, "is that you?"

"It is I. Get a wrap quickly, and come with me," he said. "I will explain when you are by my side."

In a moment Blanche was mounted before him, and in another moment they were on their way to the old castle, where De Vere believed was to be found safety as well as shelter.

"To run away like this," said he, "seems cowardly; but there were four of them, all well paid and desperate characters, ready for the money they are to receive to do the bidding of the wretched man at their head. To-morrow Austin Lindley will be arrested, ostensibly for a duel, but really for treacherous conduct in a duel, and will have his choice of leaving the country for a term of years or a life in prison. Then will come my revenge."

This conversation was interrupted by fiendish yells, and De Vere knew that they were pursued. He put spurs to his horse and dashed on.

In their long rambles amid these ruins, they had found a niche where it was easy climbing to the most deserted and dangerous spots.

At this place De Vere and his frightened companion dismounted. De Vere gave the animal a sharp cut with his whip that sent him plunging ahead, for there was no other way to prevent this entrance from being discovered; and then, taking Blanche as some men might carry an infant, he flew up the rocks, only stopping to take breath when he found by the yells of his pursuers that they were on the wrong track. On the broad ledge where the lovers had first met they halted.

"Oh, Arnold!" whispered the trembling girl, "if they ever find us, your life will pay the forfeit. I feel it—I know it!"

At the left of this ledge was a precipitous set of stones and earth leading to the side of the mountain. Down this, in the daytime, De Vere and Blanche had often ventured; but now the moon was shining only fitfully, and one misstep would be sure death.

De Vere listened. They were certainly climbing up from the other side, and this precipice was their last resort.

"Come with me, darling," said De Vere, tenderly; "and do not be afraid, for I will certainly deliver you from the hands of your enemies."

They were not a moment too soon, for directly the party stood on the ledge.

"I thought you said you saw them!" said Austin. "Curse you! you have led me a pretty race! I'll tell you where they have gone—down to the old hag at the inn. There's another road round these infernal ruins. Let us go, or we shall be too late."

"There they are, now," said one of the men, as the moon came out from the clouds once more.

"Where?" roared Austin.

"I swear I saw two people—a man and a woman—right there," continued the first speaker, drawing the group to the very edge of the precipice.

"Yes, by——!" roared Austin, as the moon once more shed her light, and, with a fearful oath, the maddened man started on his last journey—another oath, a slip, a crash, a terrible shriek, and Austin Lindley was precipitated half-way down the mountain.

The men fled in terror, and five minutes after were on their way to London.

More dead than alive, De Vere drew his precious chargo to the rock again, and after a while succeeded in restoring her to consciousness.

At daylight, search was made for the body, and De Vere, Blanche, Dame Marjery and the old priest, who waited at the Hall for the return of the wedding-party, gave their testimony to the occurrences of the previous night.

The mangled body of Austin Lindley was borne to his town-house, and a week after this funeral there was a quiet wedding at Lindley Hall. Dame Marjery gave the bride away, and left the inn a year after to nurse the happy mother with her first-born, a healthy boy, whom she would call Arnold De Vere.

DAIRY FARMING IN AMERICA.

By A. S. Fuller.

Dairying in America is being rapidly reduced to one of the exact sciences; not by the majority of farmers, it is true, but by the thoroughly educated dairymen.

The old idea that any kind of a cow would give rich milk, and in abundance, in proportion to the kind and quantity of food supplied her, is now known to be one of the fallacies begotten of ignorance. It took a long time to convince farmers that it was not the food, but the breed, or individual cow, that insured rich or poor milk; and even at this time some affect not to believe it, although the truth may readily be determined with a very few experiments, in almost any farmyard. A cow in one sense is only a living machine, that turns out good or poor work according to her peculiar make-up or characteristics, irrespective of the quality of food supplied her, and while the quantity of milk given may be increased or decreased at will, the quality is fixed by the individual animal or breed, and is susceptible of but slight variations. If the quality of milk could be as readily changed as the quantity by a change of food, then almost any mongrel cow could be made to yield as rich milk as the famous Jerseys, by merely giving her an abundance of rich food; and there would be no occasion for selecting special animals or breeds for special purposes. But as this is not the case, breeders have recognized the fact, and exerted themselves

during a long series of years to develop and fix certain characteristics, that are now considered peculiarities of certain breeds.

It is certainly true that the great bulk of dairy products of this country are not derived from any one or all of what are strictly speaking the dairy breeds of cattle; in fact, these as yet form no considerable part of the cows of this country; still, as their value is admitted, it remains only as a matter of time to see them take the place they are specially qualified to fill.

The three best known dairy breeds of cattle are the Channel Island, or, as commonly called, Jerseys, Ayrshires, and Holland, or Holstein.

The Jerseys are the most noted of all the dairy breeds for their rich milk, not so much for quantity, although the yield is fair, and often will compare quite favorably with animals of other breeds generally considered to be much deeper milkers. There are several strains of blood or varieties of these Channel Island cattle, but for all practical purposes they may be classed as one breed, as all are alike noted for the extreme richness of their milk; and to use the language of a noted author, "The business of the Jersey cow is emphatically that of butter-making—and she can be kept for nothing else so profitably." When, how or how long ago these cattle were introduced to the island in the British Channel is not now definitely known, but their fame has been world-wide for a century, and diminishes not a whit as time rolls by. The Jersey cow is far from being a symmetrical, polished animal, for in her make-up she is rather small and angular, laying on flesh slowly under the most favorable conditions—the development of body appearing to be sacrificed to the contents of the milk-pail. The typical Jersey cow of modern herds, as shown on page 360, is much improved from those seen thirty or forty years ago in this country. Her milk is richer, and the butter made from it more delicate in flavor than that of any other breed, commanding the highest price in market; but it may be well to add that pure Jersey butter, which often goes under the name of "Gilt Edge" has a reputation of not keeping well.

Valuable as the Jerseys are in their purity where milk of the finest quality is desired, and the requisite care can be bestowed upon them to keep them up to the proper standard, their great work is undoubtedly the improving of our native breeds, through judicious crossing. A little Jersey blood introduced into almost any herd of native cattle, some of which are usually deep milkers, will greatly improve the quality of the milk without lessening the quantity to any considerable extent. By a little judicious crossing of this kind our dairymen can readily increase both quantity and quality of their butter and cheese, without adding anything to its cost.

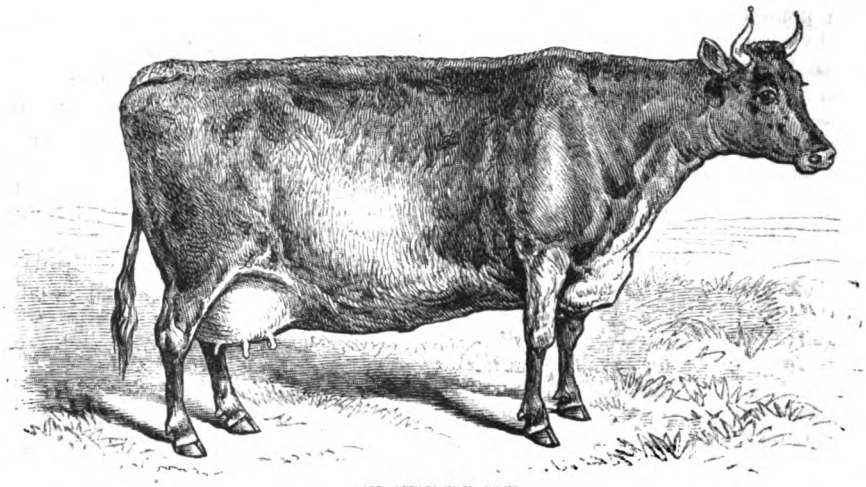
The Ayrshire cattle are of quite a distinct character from any other of the foreign breeds, and, as their name indicates, come to us from Scotland, and are supposed to have originated in the County of Ayr, although upon this point there is some disagreement among those who have undertaken to write the history of the various breeds. For a long time it was claimed in England that the Ayrshires were the greatest lactiferous breed known; and while they still hold a good position among dairy breeds, they have lost some of their former prestige for milk and butter. Like the Jerseys, the Ayrshire is of only medium size, the cows seldum reaching a thousand pounds weight. The Ayrshires are rather more symmetrical in form than the Jerseys, but still lack roundness and fullness, as seen in the short horns. The length of the body is greater proportionately than the height; the legs short, face broad, but rather short; while the expression is gentle but dull. The horns are short and turned up. The colors are red and white, sometimes mixed with black, but always arranged in blotches, as shown in our illustration. One peculiarity of the Ayrshire cow is her immense flattened udder and small, short, cylindrical teats, set very far apart. European accounts of the great yield of milk, reaching in some instances to a thousand gallons or more annually, have not been realized in this country; still, the universal testimony of our dairymen who have pure Ayshires is that they are among the most valuable breeds known for dairy purposes. The milk is rich and abundant, and the animals easy keepers; and being originally from a cold climate, are quite hardy even in our most northern States.

The Holland, or Holstein, is a comparatively new breed in this country, as it is less than twenty years since the first importation of what have been variously termed the Dutch, Dutch-Friesian, Holland, and lastly Holstein, reached our shores; but it is doubtful if any breed has gained so many friends in so short a time. A cow of this breed was recently awarded the sweepstakes prize as the best milker at the International Dairy Fair at London. This breed comes from North Holland, where it has been bred for many years, and with the greatest care in regard to purity. Their colors are what is termed piebald, black and white. They are large, the cows weighing twelve hundred pounds or more, very gentle, and giving an enormous quantity of moderately rich milk. Several cows of a herd in Central New York are credited upon the best authority with giving a quantity of milk which may well be considered as marvelous. One is credited with 15,760 pounds in 1878, and two others under five years old over 14,000 pounds. Already a herd-book has been commenced for the "Holstein," a name of American origin, as the breed is known as the Dutch or North Holland cattle in Europe. They are without question noble animals, and will eventually have a most beneficial effect upon the dairying interests of the United States. It is not so much what the few imported animals may yield to their owners, but by using them in crossing upon the neighboring stock, the latter can be much improved and frequently doubled in value. Then, again, the appearance of a few superior animals in a town or county soon begets a spirit of rivalry that in the end brings good to all parties concerned and the country at large.

Soil and climate limit to a great extent the regions of country wherein dairying can be carried on with any considerable degree of success, just as they do the successful cultivation of different kinds of fruits. The great bulk of all our dairy products come from cool climates and where the soil is adapted to the growth of the perennial and most nutritious grasses. Of course a small quantity may be produced outside of the range of what are known to be the best dairy regions of country, but at a greater expense and of inferior quality to those from within, and consequently are only of local value and importance.

Wherever the perennial pasture grasses, like timothy, red-top rye-grass and Kentucky blue grass thrive, all of which, and several other species, furnish the most nutritious food for stock in Summer as well as dry forage in Winter, there our best dairy regions are, and probably always will be, found. Nature has settled this question of location, and a man would be very foolish to disregard the signs that are plain and intelligible to the most casual observer; and it is preposterous to talk, as some writers have of late, about the Southern States competing with the Northern in dairy husbandry, for the farmers of Maine or New York might as well talk of competing with the South

in raising cotton, rice or oranges. It is true that there are circumscribed regions in the more elevated and mountainous parts of the northern tier of the Southern States where dairying may be carried on with a moderate degree of success, but these are merely exceptions to the general rule. Neither can the dairymen of the most extreme northern localities expect to successfully compete with those in the milder and more favorable regions, as there are parts of our Northern States where the Summers are too short and the Winters too long to admit of much profit being made from the dairy. Still, if the growing season is sufficiently long to allow of raising and gathering an abundance of food for stock, the making of good butter may proceed without interruption throughout the entire twelve months of the year. Climate, however, though limiting the range of successful dairying, is not everything, for if the soil is not adapted to the growth of the species of grasses we have named, all else goes for naught. A light poor sand, gravel or low red undrainable clays and vegetable molds are of little value for dairy farming, no matter in what region of country they may happen to be situated, for these will yield little out of which good butter and cheese are made. We have in this country what have long been appropriately termed cotton, corn, and wheat belts or regions of country, extending from the Atlantic westward toward the Rocky Mountains, and we may now add the dairy belt; and while dairying may be considered legitimate anywhere within the prescribed limits, it is also well known that certain towns, counties, or even larger areas of the different States, produce a better article of butter and cheese than others adjoining, or at most not far distant. For instance, at the recent meeting of the New York Dairymen's Association held in Oneonta, N. Y., the question was asked "Why Delaware County butter excels that made in Otsego?" and while no one denied the fact, a satisfactory explanation was admitted to be difficult. The opinion, however, seemed to prevail that the slaty formation of the rock in Delaware County had some influence in making the water of the springs, wells and brooks sweet, and this of course had its effect upon the butter.



AN AYRSHIRE COW.

It is quite probable that the fine quality of the butter made in Delaware County is due to the care and skill in making, as it is well known that its dairymen have long made a specialty of butter-making, and have not, like many of the farmers of Otsego, turned their attention to hop-raising and other crops not belonging to legitimate dairying.

The climate, soil, water and all the natural advantages may be at hand and available, and still poor butter and cheese be produced through a lack of skill and experience on the part of the dairyman or his assistants. The natural advantages are, of course, of the first importance, because they are the foundation upon which to build; but with these at command, and in their greatest perfection, the products are frequently unsatisfactory, both to the producer and consumer, as seen in a vast quantity of inferior butter and cheese coming from the best dairy regions of the country. Of course this will be rectified in time; but the majority of farmers and professional dairymen are slow to learn, or to give up old ideas and methods and adopt the new and improved.

The first cheese-factory in this country was erected by Lewis M. Norton, of Goshen, Conn., in 1844, the milk being coagulated at the farm where produced, and then sent to the factory to be converted into cheese. But what has since been known as the associated system of dairying, originated with Mr. Jesse Williams, of Rome, N. Y., in 1851. The products of Mr. Williams's dairy at the time commanded a better price in the market than those of some of his neighbors—among these his own son—and for the purpose of securing as good a price for his son as for himself, he proposed to take the milk of both farms and work it up together, and, after dividing the cost of manufacturing, share with him *pro rata*, accord-

CHEESE-MAKING.— CUTTING THE CURD.

ing to the number of pounds of milk furnished by each party. This proved to be so advantageous to both parties that the offer was extended to other neighbors, who availed themselves of it, until the original manufactory worked up all the milk of the various private dairies within a radius of several miles.

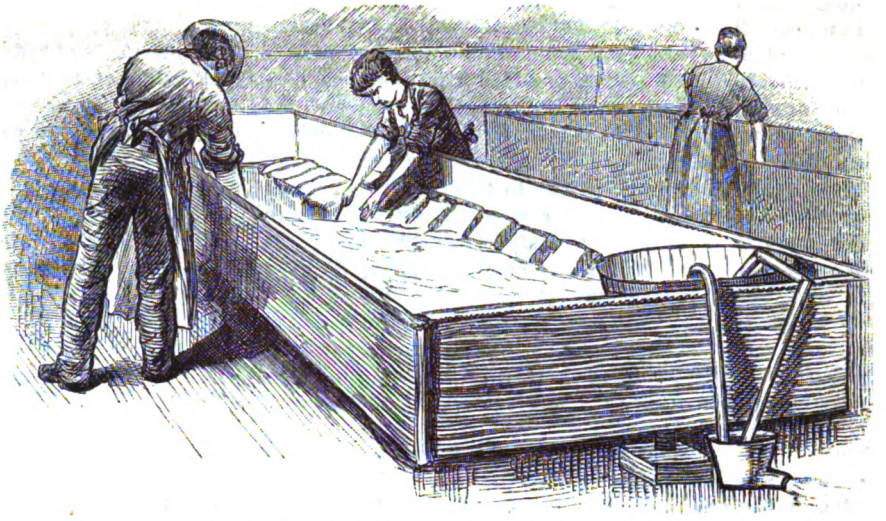
This idea of Mr. Williams, of placing all the milk produced in a neighborhood in the hands of an expert to work up, was a grand one, and the results have exceeded the most sanguine expectations of the originator of the system of associated dairying.

It requires no great stretch of imagination to perceive that, with all the conveniences for handling a large quantity of milk, and under the care of a scientific and experienced butter and cheesemaker, not only the cost of manufacturing must be far less than when divided up among fifty or a hundred individuals, but the results must necessarily be far more uniform, and the product of a higher grade.

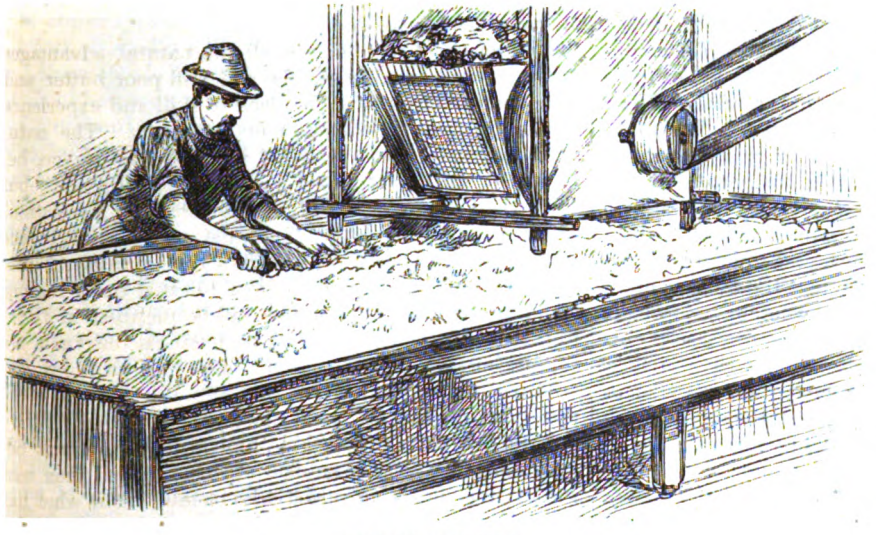
From this small beginning in 1851, the factory system has become almost universal throughout the dairy regions of the country, and butter and cheese factories are numbered by the thousand, their products taking a high rank in the markets of the world.

With these aids, it can be readily seen that in a favorable dairy region the farmer has a great advantage over those who cannot avail themselves of the factory system, and are compelled to make cheese at home, and in the old way, where the conveniences are likely to be limited to a few ordinary domestic utensils, a home-made cheese-press and an ill-constructed, unmanageable cheese-room.

The associated system has revolutionized dairying in the United States, and done more than anything else to make a market for our dairy products abroad. In 1851 we exported only about 10,000,000 pounds of cheese, but in 1878 almost 124,000,000 pounds, and some



CHEESE-MAKING.—CUTTING THE CURD AND DRAINING THE WHEY.



GRINDING THE CURD.

FILLING THE HOOPS.

22,000,000 pounds of butter, against less than 4,000,000 pounds in the year first named. The amount exported in the past year will probably considerably exceed that of 1878, and there is no good reason for doubting a further increase in years to come, provided our dairymen continue to improve the quality as well as increase the quantity produced. There is room for both, as only a small portion of the land adapted to dairying has as yet been occupied or appropriated to this industry, and vast quantities of the butter and cheese that finds its way to our markets is of such an inferior quality that it is scarcely worth the freight and cost of handling it after leaving the hands of the producer.

The great want of the day is improvement in quality; and, although the cheese-factory has done much, the individual butter and cheesemakers, as a class, are sadly in need of instruction, or some incentive to turn out a better article.

Cheese-factories are of course erected in the most convenient spot to be reached by the owners of the cows whose milk is to be used in making cheese or butter, as the case may be. The size and capacity of the structure is also varied in accordance with the amount of work to be done, and it may be for making the cheese from the milk of 100 or 1,000 cows; but of late years the tendency has been toward smaller factories, on account of the greater convenience in delivering the milk from the neighboring farms, as hauling milk a long distance, or more than two or three miles, is inconvenient, especially during stormy weather, and when other farm-work has to be attended to; besides, hauling milk over rough country roads to any considerable distance is likely to give it a bad shaking up and make it refractory when it gets into the cheese-vats, if not before. The milk is delivered either once or twice a day at the factory, and always weighed instead of measured when received, and the amount credited on a book kept for the purpose, whether the milk is to be made up on the associated plan, or purchased outright, as practiced in some districts. The milk is then emptied into large manufacturing vats; that received at night is left to cool until morning, and then the cream removed and afterward mixed with the morning's milk, all going back into the cheese-vats.

When the cheese factories were first started, the night's milk was stirred all night with what were called "agitators" to prevent the cream rising, but of late years these agitators have for the most part been dispensed with, and the cream allowed to rise on the night's milk and removed in the morning, as stated. The milk when ready for making cheese is heated to the proper temperature, varying somewhat according to the kind of cheese to be made, and then the rennet added, and enough to give signs of curdling in fifteen or twenty minutes, and the curd is ready for cutting up in the course of a half-hour to an hour. When the curd has reached the proper consistency, which is determined by passing the finger or even a stick through it, and if it breaks with a clean fracture, it is ready for the curd-knife, with which it is finely cut up. The cutting is done lengthwise and crosswise, as shown, after which it is allowed to rest for a few minutes for the lumps of curd to settle. After this process, if for cheddar cheese, more heat is applied and the temperature raised to about one hundred degrees and left a few minutes longer, after which the whey is removed with a syphon, as shown in the illustration, and the cutting up in chunks convenient to handle proceeded with. The chunks are turned over at short intervals until ready for grinding and putting into the hoops. Testing the curd in order to have it of the proper consistency requires experience, and the cheesemaker can usually tell by handling it if all has gone well up to that stage of the operation, and the prospects are good for final success.

The methods of testing the curd are various as the ideas and habits of makers, but it is by the texture and feel that the operator generally determines whether it is right or wrong; and the anxiety often depicted in the face of the tester is well shown in our picture, and his wife and assistant are also watching the operation with evident interest in the decision soon to be given.

After the curd is ground it is salted, two and a half pounds of salt to one thousand pounds of milk being used, and when the curd is cooled to about 70° it is put to press. Of course the above is only a general description of cheese-making, for with each different kind of cheese the process is varied, and each maker has his own peculiar notions in regard to manipulating the curd, some using a little more or less salt than others. Then, again, if the milk or curd is pale and looks poor, a little annotto is added to give the cheese a good rich color. Some persons object to coloring either butter or cheese, but as looks go a good way, not only in affecting the price of these articles but also the appetite of the consumer, we see no harm in it so long as it neither adds nor detracts anything from the flavor, and is in itself perfectly harmless.

The pressing of the cheese is the next operation in the process of manufacture, and this, like others, is varied according to the size, variety and form of cheese made.

The ordinary circular flat cheeses are pressed in hoops, sometimes singly, or in large numbers at a time, in a horizontal press, as shown on page 364. This form of press, known as the Frazer patent, is less cumbersome and more convenient than the old form, and is now being extensively adopted in larger factories. The bandages are usually applied to the cheeses before putting them to press, and left on until ready to go into the curing-room. The time required for pressing varies somewhat according to the size of the cheese; but for those of fourteen to sixteen inches in diameter, eighteen hours is usually sufficient.

When taken to the curing-room the cheese should remain undisturbed until the surface becomes thoroughly dry, then the rubbing and greasing commenced. First, they are usually rubbed with butter to prevent the surface from cracking and the too rapid escape of moisture. Every cheese must be turned over daily and the greasing repeated until the cheese is thoroughly cured and ready for market. The room in which they are kept must also be ventilated if too warm, closed when too cold, and during long-continued wet weather heat may have to be used to dry the room.

To make good cheese requires not only the proper materials and apparatus to start with, but constant care and watching during the entire process until the finished article is boxed and shipped to market. To do all this and make a profit at the low prices at which cheese has been selling for the past two or three years, would seem to be almost impossible; still we are assured that it has been done, although the profits must necessarily be rather light.

The importance of the dairy interests of the United States may be imagined from the following figures, taken from the New York census statistics of 1879:

197,873,361 pounds butter, or	323,620,083	gals. milk.
7,778,413 " cheese, "	9,074,815	" "
Sold in market	41,511,599	" "
Sent to butter and cheese factories	110,482,849	" "
Product of 1,301,879 cows	484,689,346	" "

This is quite a respectable show of figures for one of a dozen States all noted for their dairy products.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

The wild waves come tumbling in from the sea,
And whiten the beach with foam;
But when will they whiten my life to me
By bringing my sailor home?
When the tempest roars, and the sea runs fast,
My heart's with my boy away,
And I see him high on the bending mast,
Or low in the drifting spray;
And I wish him safe in my arms, and then
That he never would go to sea again.

Oh, a mother's heart is a constant spring
Of love, with its pain and joy;
And how much of both to her life will bring
The love of her sailor boy!
I have wondered oft if the ocean's strife
Is taking his love from me;
And whether the wish of a loving wife
Would hold him from going to sea.
But I'd give his love—though the gift be sore—
To the wife who'd win him to stay on shore.

IRENE.

"NOW, my son, you know the whole sad story, and it remains for you to decide whether you still desire to make Irene Ensfield your wife."

As Mrs. Haviland spoke, she looked earnestly and wistfully into the handsome, troubled face that was to her the dearest face on earth—that of her only child, Morris Haviland, owner of Roselawn, and master of his father's large estate, that had become very valuable during the heir's long minority.

"Mother," he said, after a long, painful silence of several minutes, "I love Irene, and I hope she loves me. Should two hearts be made miserable for a sin of the past?"

"If it were entirely past, I should say No," was the answer, "but in two years more Jerome Ledyard will be a free man again. It is impossible to estimate the annoyance he may give you. Irene is wonderfully like her mother, my poor cousin Laura. I loved her like a sister, Morris. When I was left an orphan, without any fortune, my uncle brought me up with Laura. We shared all things, as if we were own sisters, until we both married. When, in her heavy trouble, Laura turned to me for comfort, I gave her back the sisterly protection she had given me. When her heart broke, and she died, I promised to be a mother to her child."

"And you have nobly kept your promise," said Morris. "I can well remember, when I was a mere boy, being cautioned to be gentle and tender to my little cousin, because she had no mother. I loved her then, mother, when one of her first baby-words was 'Morris!' I loved her when she would come to me, with her soft brown eyes heavy with tears, to ask my help in the lessons her governess gave her. I loved her when I was in college, and her childish letters were full of her affection for her big cousin. And when the sweet, gentle child developed into the maiden—ah, then, mother, I knew, as I know to-day, that nothing but death can ever conquer the love in my heart for Irene. I will take her away where the sad story I have heard to-day will never cloud her young life. We will let Roselawn, will seek a new home, where Jerome Ledyard will never find us. Perhaps, when we are old people, mother, nearing the grave, I may tell Irene this tale of crime and sorrow, but not till years of happiness have proved that it never conquered my love for her. You will welcome her as my wife, mother?"

Mrs. Haviland's face was sorely troubled as she answered:

"Your happiness is the dearest of all earthly blessings to me, Morris. I have given Irene a mother's love for years. It shall not fail her now."

"God bless you for that promise!" said Morris; and then he passed from the room, grave and resolute, as a man who is about to make an important move in his game of life.

The mother sat where he left her, his kiss warm upon her lips, his blessing ringing in her ears, and in her noble, sweet face an unutterable sadness, as if in the last hours some heavy woe had fallen upon her life.

She was a woman past fifty, beautiful, with the expression of noble goodness upon her broad white brow, and in her clear blue eyes. Her brown hair, thickly strewn with gray, was folded in broad bands against her cheeks, and twisted in a heavy coil behind. She wore a black silk dress, with the finest lace at the throat and wrists. Tall, erect and vigorous, she possessed yet more attractions than many women twenty years younger. Left a widow after two years of happy marriage, she had for twenty-seven long years given the strongest love of her heart to her only son, Morris. She had watched him develop from a studious, well-principled boy to a noble, upright man, who bade fair to make an honorable name in his chosen profession—the law.

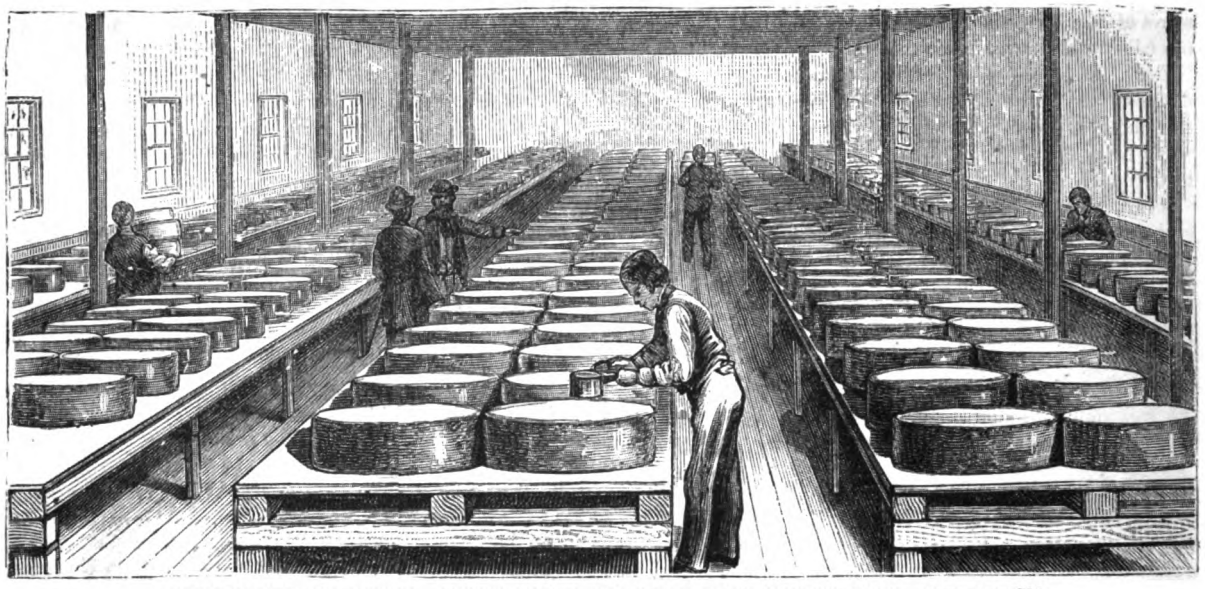
When, in her grateful love for her cousin, she had taken her motherless babe to her own warm, tender heart, Mrs. Haviland had thought of Morris only as the adopted brother of the little one. They had grown up together, as if indeed both were her children; and when the man found duties outside his home that took him frequently from his mother's side; when college, the law-school and professional claims separated mother and son for months together, then Mrs. Haviland would turn for comfort to the child of her adoption.

Together they cultivated the noble intellect each possessed—reading, with a strong appreciation few women can claim, the works of the great authors, in German, Italian and their own language. Together they conquered intricacies of music, in which both delighted, and when Irene was found to have great artistic talent, her adopted mother gave her every encouragement and tuition from good masters, watching with delight her wonderful progress.

And yet, though she loved the beautiful girl with a mother's love, Mrs. Haviland bowed her stately head and wept bitter tears when her son left her to seek an answer to his love for Irene Ensfield. She had built such grand castles in the air of her son's future career, and had never thought of this possible blight upon his life. He would be a great lawyer, occupy perhaps the highest position in his profession, and men would point to his wife and whisper the tale of shame that rested upon the fair young head.

True, it was eighteen years ago, when the fair girl was but a few months old, that the stain fell upon her young life, but in the next two years the story would be revived, with perhaps additional horror added to the record.

Morris was no boy, but a man long past his majority, free to act as he thought fitting and right. Mrs. Haviland knew that he had a strong will, and would not waver from any course his own conscience approved, and strife between



DAIRY FARMING IN AMERICA.— CHEESE-MAKING—THE INTERIOR OF THE STOCK-ROOM.— SEE PAGE 358.

herself and her only son seemed to her simply impossible to endure. One effort to stay him she had made, when she told him the story of Laura Ensfield's life; that failing to shake his purpose, she could only bow her head and wait for the blow to fall.

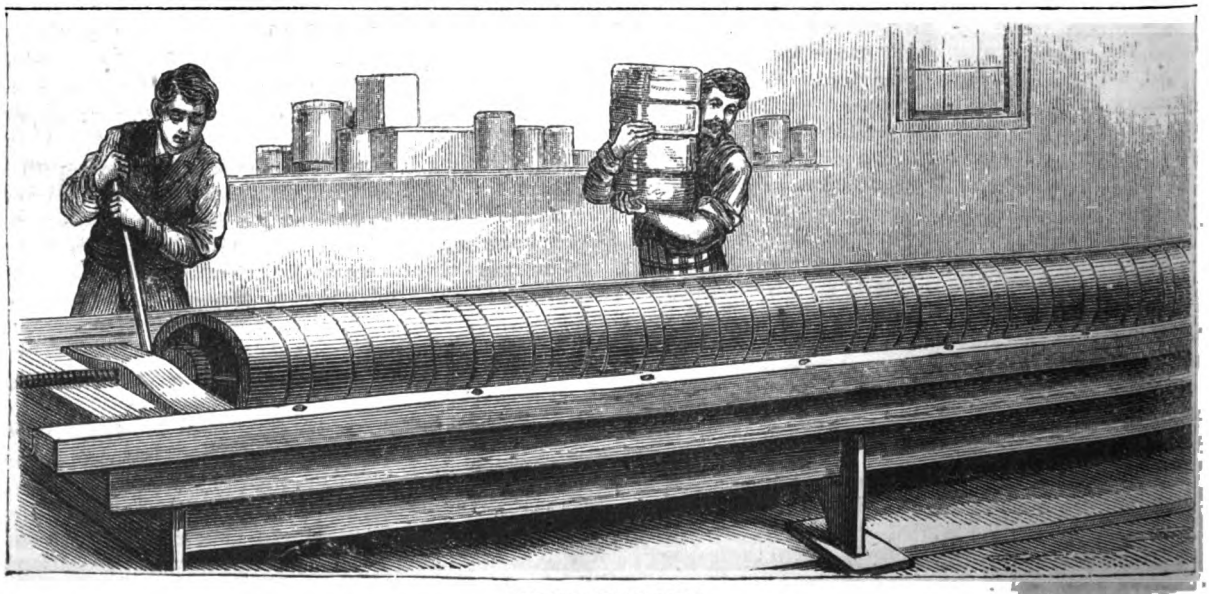
She had no hope that Irene would refuse to listen to her cousin's wooing. Too well she knew that Morris would find answering love to meet the tidings of his own devotion. The maiden herself, in her pure young heart, did not know its secret so well as the mother, who would not till now acknowledge to herself what had been often unconsciously revealed.

Mrs. Haviland knew whose remembered tastes had guided Irene's pencil when she had chosen subjects for her pictures; whose features were drawn when a face was needed for the hero of some romance of knightly valor; whose favorite songs were learned, whose admired authors read and re-read.

Mother and son were to Irene the noblest, purest and truest of all God's creatures, and the life they had guarded from infancy could only be perfected by their love, and in their home. Fearing that the story of her bitter birthright might fall upon the child's ears from some unguarded or malicious tongue, Mrs. Haviland had kept her secluded at Roselawn, seldom visiting the great city thirty miles away, excepting a semi-annual pilgrimage they made together for the feminine purpose of Spring and Fall shopping.

Two or three friends only had Irene in New York, the most beloved of whom was her old drawing-teacher, a man of seventy, who was very proud of his pupil's great talent and love of art. He had given her weekly lessons at her own home, and taken pride in pointing out to her the treasures of art in the city during her brief visits, and some of Irene's happiest hours had been passed in the old man's studio, watching his busy hands striving for the fame he never gained.

The history of Paul Travers's life was a brief, sad, and only too common one. With an artist's soul, and a deep love of art, he had yet lacked the power to convey to canvas the deeper inspirations of his genius. He could not tell, others could not point out, exactly, where lay the



PRESSING THE CHEESE.

secret of failure in all his paintings, yet each and every one failed to win praise or money.

Youth passed in the eager race, manhood was spent in devoted study and effort, till old age brought only a sufficient name to secure a living as a teacher of those who would enter the career so fascinating, yet often so cruel, to its votaries.

It had been one of the few joys of the old man's life to guide Irene's fingers and train her ardent fancies in her artistic pursuits. Often he had regretted that the wonderful power the girl wielded in her genius for painting should be cramped in the seclusion of Roselawn.

"Had you only the spur of needing daily bread," he would say to her, "you would make a great artist."

"But I am a woman," she would say.

"Genius knows no sex," he would answer her. "You are an artist. It is written on your low, broad brow, in your large brown eyes, that are dreamy and soft as you dwell upon your own artistic imaginings, and kindle with such wondrous fire as your hand springs to obey the promptings of your soul. Ah, child! home, friends, wealth may be earned, may come without effort, but the artist-soul is God-given, and must work out its own career of success or failure. It cannot lie idle."

And encouraged by her teacher and adopted mother, stimulated by Morris's praises when he was at home, happy in her own poetic fancies, Irene drew and painted, dreaming her pure maiden dreams, growing from girlhood to womanhood without one painful memory or fear to darken her life. True, she was motherless, had never known a father's love or care, but she had known no void. Mrs. Haviland, or Aunt Louisa, as she was taught to call her, had so encircled her life with fondest mother-love and tenderest mother-care that she missed nothing her own mother could have given her, and Morris was her knight and hero from infancy. Every school triumph, every college honor the young heir of Roselawn won, called as proud a flush to Irene's cheek, as glad a light to her eyes, as to those of his own mother.

When she was eighteen, Mrs. Haviland had put into her hands the control of a small income her mother had held from her grandfather's will—only a few hundred a year, a mere trifle in comparison with the sum her wealthy protectress delighted to lavish upon her education, wardrobe and pleasures, and yet enough to place her above actual want, should she ever be thrown upon the mercies of the world.

It would require a pencil as skilled as the one Irene herself wielded to paint the young girl as she sat under a wide oak-tree on the June morning when Morris Haviland stepped from the low window of the library to put the most momentous question of life to the test.

CHEESE-MAKING—TESTING THE CURD.

Even her lover, to whom her face was a life-study, stopped a moment before she noticed his approach, struck by the exquisite loveliness of her face, the perfect grace of her slender figure, the delicate oval of outline, the perfect molding of feature, the sweet, sensitive mouth,

with even pearly teeth, revealed by a dreamy smile, the profusion of hair—chestnut-brown in shade, and flashing back golden lights in the sunshine—the long dark lashes shading the golden-brown eyes, were all perfect in beauty; but above these, throwing its glory over all, was the halo of maiden purity, the glory of genius in the expression of the wondrous eyes, the tender smile on the small mouth. She wore a dress of soft white muslin, without ornament, except a knot of pale-green ribbon at the throat, and her clear, colorless complexion stood bravely the test of the trying color.

As Morris approached she looked up, and upon her fair round cheeks sprang a flush of glad welcome.

"Morris, I did not know you were here!" she said, rising quickly to greet him.

"I came by the nine o'clock train, but I have been with mother," he answered. "I want to get the office-dust blown away in Roselawn breezes. What are you doing out here? Dreaming?"

"Making a face for my Titania. I have nearly completed it, Morris; but I have painted the face out over and over again. I cannot suit myself."

"Sit by a mirror, and paint in the one you see. Then make me a present of your picture."

"Should you really like it?" Irene said, coloring deeply with pleasure. "I meant to paint something for you when I could paint ever, ever so much better than I can now. I should like to give you something, Morris."

"There is a gift I came to crave of you, Irene," Morris said, his voice trembling with deep emotion, "far more valuable than even the work of your hands. Can you guess what it is? I have come to ask your love, Irene—to ask you if you will be my wife."

As he spoke, Morris Haviland drew the unresisting form closely into the clasp of his strong arms, looking down, as she bowed her head upon his breast, with all the love of his noble true heart in his eyes.

"Will you not speak, Irene?" he said, after a moment of deep silence. "Will you not tell me if I may hope to win your heart?"

Then the low, sweet voice answered him as the soft brown eyes were raised to his face:

"Morris, I know now what my heart has waited to hear—I know now why your voice was sweeter to me than any strain of music; why your face was fairer to me than any of the pictures I saw or dreamed of. When you came my life seemed complete, full of deep happiness; when you left me, I felt as if I groped in the dark for some want I could not define. It was your love I needed, Morris—your love to tell me I had given you mine. When? Ah, it must have been when I was a baby, Morris, for I cannot remember one day of my life when it was not all yours."

Frank and fearless, yet so modestly spoken, was this confession, that Morris could only bend to kiss the pure face raised to his own, and thank God for the priceless gift of a good woman's heart.

Under the shadow of the oak-tree they talked till the luncheon-bell sounded, and Mrs. Haviland had conquered every trace of emotion in her face, to greet them with her own sweet dignity.

Irene little guessed the struggle that had won the calmness with which Morris's mother took her hand and spoke the few words that told her she was welcome as a daughter in the heart where she had so long filled a daughter's place.

There was no talk of an immediate marriage. With love's keen instinct Morris read the pain his betrothal gave his mother, and refrained from urging his own desire too soon to secure Irene for his own. He made more frequent journeys from his city boarding-house to Roselawn, and Irene brightened to new beauty under his love and tender care.

The picture of Titania was completed, with the face of the artist smiling from the bank on which the fairy queen held her court. Mrs. Haviland prepared dainty bridal garments, and Irene embroidered her own fanciful designs on snowy linen and cambric, but the day for the wedding was not set.

Summer waned, and September was bringing some nipping winds to wrap the foliage in its death-robes of scarlet and gold, when Irene was called one morning to an errand of mercy.

In a small cottage belonging to Mrs. Haviland, and situated upon the Roselawn estate, lived an old woman who had been nurse to Louisa and Laura Ensfield when they were babies, had fondled Morris when an infant, and guided Irene's first tottering footsteps. She had lived with Mr. Ensfield until he died, and followed Louisa to Roselawn, when she married Mr. Haviland.

When her nurselings grew beyond her care, she performed duties in the household suited to her advanced years, till she felt the weight of age bearing too heavily upon her, and by her own request was allowed to live in the little cottage upon the savings of years of faithful service. But although no longer an inmate of the great house, Hester Martin was a daily visitor there, and delighted to receive any of "the family" in her own cottage. Especially was she fond of Irene, who read to her, brought her dainty dishes, and was never tired of hearing the old woman's stories.

In the September winds, Hester had contracted a severe cold, which had taken strong hold on her aged frame, so that for many days she had not left her bed. Mrs. Haviland had sent one of her own servants to take constant care of her old nurse, and both Irene and herself spent many hours each day at the old woman's bedside, each knowing that it was the last work of affection they could ever give to her.

Gradually, and with but little suffering, the aged woman was loosening her hold on earth, knowing herself that she would see but few times more the faces of those she loved. It was, therefore, without surprise that Irene received a summons, one morning, to go to Hester's cottage.

Mrs. Haviland was dressed to go to New York with Morris when the messenger arrived from the cottage.

"Is Hester worse?" she asked.

"No, ma'am, not as I see. But she is fidgety, and wants Miss Irene to read to her."

"I will be back at five o'clock, Irene," Mrs. Haviland said, "and come to the cottage on my way home from the train. I really must go to the city to-day, and Morris is waiting for me now."

"He's whistling 'We won't go home till morning,' now," laughed Irene, "to hurry you. I will stay with Hester till you come."

She followed Mrs. Haviland to the porch, and watched her as Morris wrapped her in the carriage-rug, returning himself for a last caress, for he was to be gone a week.

"I won't undertake another long case till we are married," he whispered, and then left her to spring into his place beside his mother.

Both turned to see the lovely face smiling farewell from the porch, and it was many a long day before either mother or son forgot that last look at the beautiful white-robed figure. It was the last time the face, unclouded by sorrow, serene and happy, ever met their eyes. When again they

saw it, sorrow and suffering, the martyrdom of duty unlighted by love, had set their seal upon the features, elevating the expression and casting a shade of new, high beauty upon the face so bright in girlish loveliness on that September day.

With a light, buoyant step that would have been pitiful to witness, had any one seeing her guessed the end of her errand, Irene went to Hester's cottage. In her hand she carried a basket of jelly, soup and choice grapes, with a bunch of late garden-flowers. As she entered the small bedroom, where her old nurse lay anxiously waiting for her, even her inexperienced eyes read in the face of the invalid the foreshadowing of the great change that was drawing near.

"Come close, Miss Irene," the old woman said; "I have much to say to you to-day, and only a little time to say it in. God forgive me if I am doing wrong in telling you at all; but in the day when death stares one in the face, secrets kept for years look black and ugly to carry to the grave. I made your mother a promise when she died, Miss Irene, and, for love of Mrs. Haviland, I broke it. But I cannot die and meet your mother with the promise unkept."

"What was the promise, Hester?"

"When she was dying, and I held her head on my bosom, she said to me, 'Hester, when my baby is a woman, if her father is not dead, bid her comfort him for my sake. Tell her I loved him to the last, and my last breath was a blessing for him.' Those were the very words."

"My father! I thought he died years ago."

"They kept it from you, dear. They are proud, the Havilands and the Ensfields, and when your mother died they tried to hush up the disgrace that had fallen on them. They gave you your mother's name, and they kept you here at Roselawn for fear, seeing you, folks would always remember your father's shame."

"What was my father's shame, Hester?"

"Eighteen years ago, come October, he was sentenced to Sing Sing for twenty years for manslaughter. Folks said if he had not been a gentleman he would have been hung; but he was spared that."

The face upon which Hester's eyes were fastened grew white as snow, the lips trembled, but Irene neither screamed nor fainted.

"Tell me all, Hester," she whispered, sinking into a chair close beside the bed.

"They were only three years married—your father and Miss Laura—and they were as happy a couple as one could wish to see. He was the very picture of a man—tall, strong and handsome—and if you'll look in the glass you'll see what your mother was. But there was one curse in their home, Miss Irene—the curse of many another household. Your father loved good company and good liquor. He was not a drunkard, but he would drink when his friends were around him; and one day, when he was under the influence of liquor, in a quarrel, he struck one of his own chosen friends, who dropped dead at his feet. You see, your father was a powerful man, and did not realize the force of the blow he gave till he saw the man fall. He was arrested, tried, and sentenced to twenty years' confinement at hard labor in the State's Prison. It killed your mother. She faded away in a few months, and died, after making me promise to tell you this story when the time came for your father's release. Mrs. Haviland never wanted you to know, and I was persuaded to wait until the time came for your father to come out. But, Miss Irene, I shall not live to see that day, and I cannot die without telling you. Deary, will you forgive me that my tongue puts the sad cross upon your heart?"

"There is nothing to forgive, Hester. I wish I had known it before. What was my father's name, and when does his sentence expire?"

"His name is Jerome Ledyard, and his sentence expires on the third of October, 1870."

There was no word uttered for a long time after Hester thus spoke. The young girl upon whose innocent head had fallen such a weight of disgrace and misery sat quietly holding the wasted hand of the dying woman in her own, speaking no word of the agony, doubt and pain in her heart. Silently she performed all the usual duties of the sick-room with strange, mechanical precision, trying to see her own duty in the hard, cruel future before her.

One necessity of all others seemed most urgent—to face this duty alone. Morris must never share the shame, must never wait with sickening dread the day when the condemned felon would be again at large. Morris had loved her, had generously wished to shield her from all knowledge of her father's sin; but he should never have to clasp hands with one stained in blood because the guilty hand was that of his wife's father. Her mother had left her a sacred charge, and she would fulfill it, if God spared her life; but there was no such obligation upon Morris.

In his career, the public life open for such talents as his, Morris might strive for the highest honors of the land; but not if his wife was a felon's child—not if a felon could come and go in his house, holding a parent's right there.

But, while this resolve to leave Roselawn and the happy promised future gained force every moment in Irene's heart, she shrank from the thought of a parting scene. She felt that the same love that had given her the past happiness of Morris's wooing would still prompt him to attempt to make her give up her resolution, to deny her mother's dying prayer, or else to burden Morris also with the weight of its obligations. She saw now in a new light the shadow that her betrothal had cast upon the face of her adopted mother.

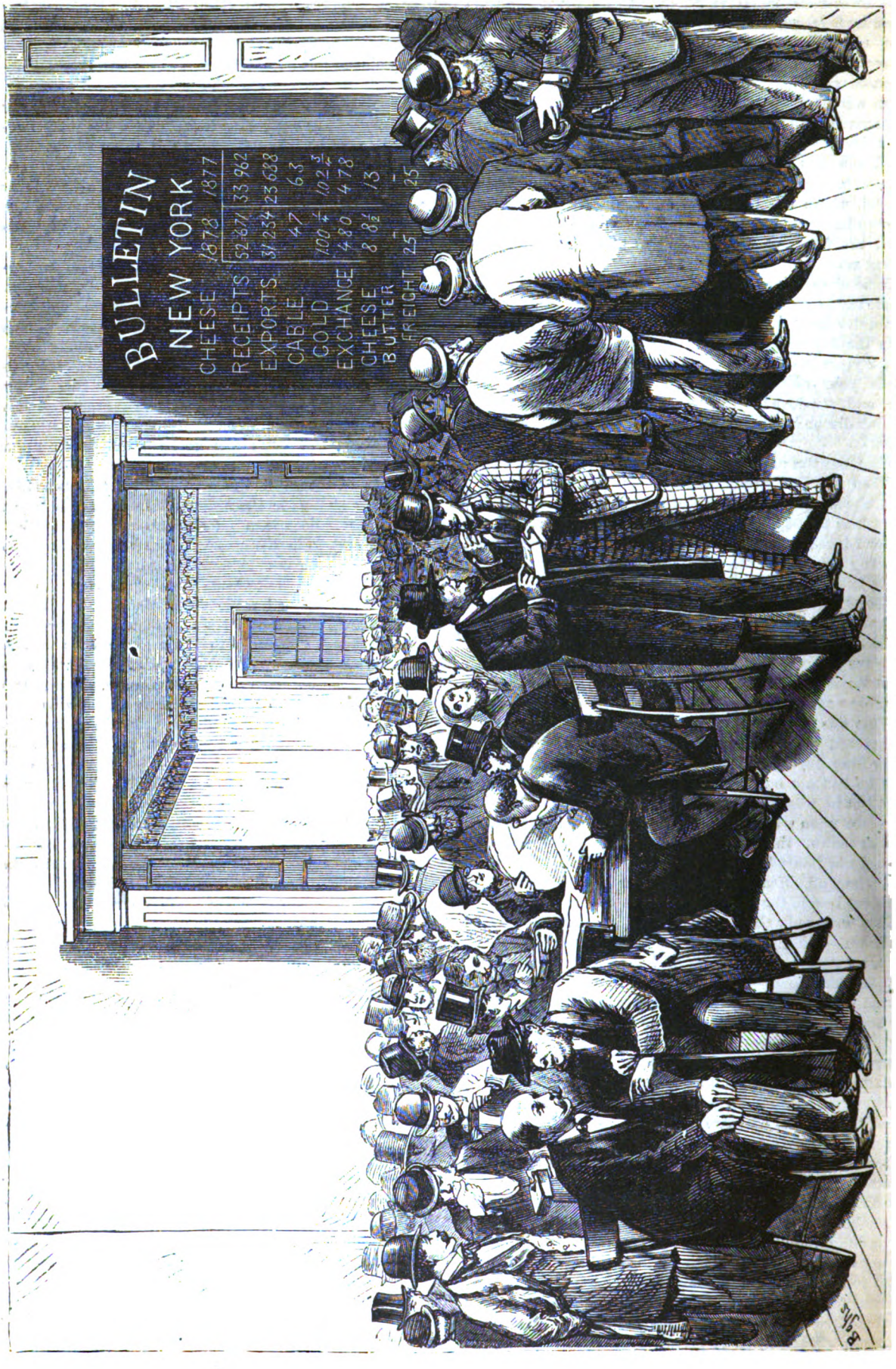
Before the noon train was due, she had bidden farewell to her old nurse, and was in her own room hastily packing a small satchel with a few plain garments and donning a quiet traveling-dress. In her purse were nearly two hundred dollars—her last half-yearly instalment of her own small income having come to her but a few days previous. The simple preparations for her journey completed, there was the harder task of writing the words of farewell.

Several times she tried, and finally, with a white, set face and trembling fingers, she wrote:

"Hester has given me my mother's dying message, and told me my father's story. I cannot blight another life as mine has been by this revelation, and Morris must try to forget me. I cannot write the gratitude, the love I feel for the years of happiness I have been allowed to enjoy. God will bless and reward you both. Do not seek me; but, if you can, forget IRENE."

When Mrs. Haviland returned, in the five o'clock train, the little note was handed to her in Hester's cottage, and the woman who gave it told her Hester had been dead two hours.

In a moment there rushed over Mrs. Haviland's heart the full, tender mother-love that overpowered all other considerations. Irene was her child, her darling, her pet and companion from infancy; Morris was the son, suddenly bereft of his promised wife, the chosen love of his life. All prudent considerations, all worldly prospects faded into insignificance as she thought of Irene wandering away alone, bearing the heavy burden of her sorrow—of Morris mourning for the lost girl.



DAIRY FARMING IN AMERICA.—INTERIOR OF THE CHEESE EXCHANGE, UTICA.— SEE PAGE 368.

The tongue that had wrought all this bitter sorrow was still for ever, or Mrs. Haviland felt she could not have kept back her bitter reproaches. Yet there was but little time lost—perhaps even yet Irene could be found and convinced that this sad record of crime, hidden from her for eighteen years, did not affect the love she had won from mother and son.

"Drive to the station," she said, getting again into the carriage; and, tearing a leaf from her memorandum-book, she wrote her son's address, and under it the words:

"Come at once to me. LOUISA HAVILAND."

"Take this to the telegraph office, and wait for an answer," she said to the driver, as the carriage drew up beside the station. It seemed hours before the answer came:

"Will come on 6:30 train. M. HAVILAND."

Then home to the desolate house, to question the servants, to try to get some clew to Irene's movements. No one had seen her leave the house. Only the servant at Hester's cottage could tell that Miss Irene had a satchel, and wore her gray hat and dress and a thick vail, and took the road to the station.

It was dark when Morris arrived, and it was evident no search could be made that night. One comfort only was in the knowledge that the wanderer had the money paid her a few days before, and could draw the interest of her mother's small fortune half-yearly at the bank. But this was poor consolation to those who loved the delicate, lovely girl, and realized how her inexperience of life, her shy, sensitive nature, unfitted her for fighting the battle of life.

"What was this dying message, mother?" Morris asked.

"I do not know. I bound Hester to secrecy when Irene

IRENE.—"'TELL ME ALL, HESTER,' SHE WHISPERED, SINKING INTO A CHAIR CLOSE BESIDE THE BED. . . . 'WHAT WAS MY FATHER'S NAME, AND WHEN DOES HIS SENTENCE EXPIRE?'"—SEE PAGE 363.

was a mere child, and I never asked her what Laura said. Hester was alone with her a great deal during her last illness. I had my household duties, my care of you and of the baby, to call me away from the sick-room a great deal, and I knew I could thoroughly trust Hester. Why did I go to town to-day? It was about some of Irene's wedding sewing that seemed important; but how trivial compared with the misery wrought during my absence! Oh, Morris! find her, and I will never murmur if you take her father home to Roselawn."

"If it be possible, I will find her!"

Only a few words, briefly spoken; but in Morris Haviland's face could be read how faithfully the promise would be kept. Till a late hour that night he wrote advertisements and descriptions of Irene's dress and appearance for the detectives he intended to put upon her track.

There was no sleep for either mother or son that night, and the first morning train found Morris on his way to New York. Here he put all the machinery of search at work, giving himself no rest, trying every method his experience or love could suggest to find the wanderer. All his efforts were in vain.

Winter passed, and Spring opened. The bank was watched, that Irene might be found if she applied for her money, and she never came. This was the sorest blow of all, for it seemed to point to death as the lost girl's hiding-place. Was she suffering for the little pittance, when the wealth of her lover and his mother was being lavished in the hope of once more seeing her face? Or was she dead? Mrs. Haviland feared the worst. Morris still clung to hope.

The third of October, 1870, found a number of men and women waiting for noon, outside the prison walls of Sing Sing. As the strokes of the clock fell slowly upon the chilly air the gates opened, and four men passed out—four men whose sentences expired on that day and hour, and who were free once more to breathe God's air outside of the prison walls.

Waiting near for the gates to close once more, a slender figure in a dark dress, wrapped in a large shawl and heavily vailed, watched these four men as they stood, as if dazed, just at the gates. She was looking for a tall, handsome man, of middle age, erect and powerful. She saw two men, young, with hard, evil faces; one mere boy, and one old, old man, bent nearly double, with white hair and deeply-wrinkled face. This last carried a rough stick, fashioned into a cane, upon which he leaned heavily, walking very feebly, as if ill, as well as burdened by the weight of years.

As the woman watched the group the old man stumbled, and would have fallen but for the arm of the boy, who said with a hard laugh:

"Here's Ledyard drunk with a little free air."

Ledyard! Irene's heart stood still with horror. Was this the wreck twenty years' imprisonment had made of her father? Could this aged, feeble man be the one she was seeking? She waited until the young men, with a merry farewell, had left their companion, and he stood alone in the road, shading his eyes, as if the full light of noonday was dazzling them.

Then she went forward, and, lifting her vail, said in a low, clear voice:

"I have come to take you home, father!"

The old man looked up, dazed, and evidently not understanding her.

"They have turned me out!" he said, plaintively.

"But you will come with me?" she answered, gently leading him.

"They won't let me into my room!" he repeated. "I've slept there years and years—I've forgotten how many—and now they turn me out."

It was heart-breaking to see him turn his eyes with longing grief to the prison that had been his only home for twenty years. It required gentle force to lead him to the carriage Irene had waiting for him very near, and he wept as a turn in the road hid the gloomy walls from his eyes.

The journey to New York was one Irene could never forget. The childish, bewildered man, who seemed eighty years old, broken and feeble, was bewildered by the sights and sounds, the confusion and light, from which he had been so long excluded.

When at last the rooms in a tenement-house that Irene called home were reached, the father she had brought to share them sank down upon the bed exhausted, and seemingly almost dying.

A long, deep sleep, during which Irene learned the wasting history of long imprisonment in the sunken, wrinkled features, the corpse-like pallor of the poor face, seemed to restore something of physical strength. He roused up once or twice to drink a little soup his daughter placed at his lips, and again sank into deep sleep.

So the long night passed, and morning found Irene still watching. It was still early when a gentle knock upon the door was followed by the entrance of Paul Traver. In strange contrast to his yet vigorous frame, and in spite of seventy and more years of life, was that wasted, feeble one so much younger—yet, oh! so many, many years older in appearance!

"I would not disturb you last night, dear child," he said, coming softly to Irene's side. "I saw you come in, and I judged you would rather be alone. Oh, Irene, I fear this has been too much for you!"

For the face of the young girl bore upon it heavy traces of that night of watching. Pale it had been for many long months, but not with such deadly pallor as it wore now. The large eyes were heavy with a weight of sorrow they had borne uncomplainingly for two long years, but a keener, sharper pain shone in them now.

She had looked forward to the time when she could keep her mother's dying charge as the reward for all the sacrifice she had made, and in place of the penitent she hoped to comfort, the father to whom she brought a tender daughter's love, she found an aged imbecile, with a mind darkened by years of confinement, a body feeble, and seemingly sinking into the grave. The disappointment was hard to bear, and her old friend read something of it in her sad eyes, as she whispered:

"He has slept so all night. He seems utterly exhausted."

"That is natural. But you look ill—worn out. Leave him in my care till you get some rest."

But, even as he spoke, Jerome Ledyard stirred, and lifted himself feebly from the bed.

"I am coming," he said, moving as if to walk. "I was tired. I am coming!"

"Friend," Paul Traver said, touching his hand, "where would you go?"

"You are not in our gang," was the reply. "Are you a newcomer? What are you in for?"

Irene knelt down, and took the withered hand in her own.

"Father," she said, "those days are over. You are at home now."

"Father!" he repeated — "father! Who calls me father?"

"Your daughter Irene—the little baby you left twenty years ago," she said, struggling to keep back her tears.

"My baby! I remember"—and he put his shaking hand to his head—"there was once a baby—a little baby. That was Laura's child."

"Yes, yes; I am Laura's child," Irene said, eagerly. "You remember Laura, father?"

"Poor Laura!" he said. "I am hungry, sir," he added, looking at Paul Traver.

"I will get some breakfast," Irene said, glad to escape to hide the sobs that would no longer be repressed.

The weeks that followed were the hardest to bear of all the time since Irene had quitted Roselawn.

Reason and memory came to the weakened mind in such brief flashes that they were gone again before Irene could gather any comfort from the few broken words that seemed to point a hope of the restoration of the crushed, dazed intellect.

The released prisoner missed his companions, missed his daily toil, and, though always patient and uncomplaining, wandered about the small rooms in a dazed, purposeless way that was piteous to see.

When Irene found him employment in a simple routine of domestic duties, he seemed happier, but he grew weaker day by day, till the warm Summer days prostrated him entirely. From the first, the effort to coax him out caused him such positive suffering of terror, that Irene and her constant friend, Paul Traver, gave up the attempt.

During July, Jerome Ledyard sank slowly, baffling the skill of the physician Irene called in, and seeming to experience no pain as he neared the confines of the grave. A clergyman visited him, and he would repeat the words of prayer, as he would obey any command given him, with a mechanical obedience.

At the very last, he seemed to realize something of his child's devotion and unceasing care, for he spoke broken words of thanks, bidding God bless and reward her. So he died peacefully and happy.

"An old gentleman to see you, ma'am," was the message that preceded Paul Traver as he entered the drawing-room at Roselawn one Summer morning.

"Mr. Traver," Mrs. Haviland cried, "you bring me news of Irene!"

"I have come to take you to her," he replied.

"Where is she?"

"Where she has been since she left Roselawn—in a small tenement-house in New York. I see in your face that you blame me bitterly that I denied all knowledge of her when you came to me for tidings, but I was bound to her by a sacred promise of secrecy, and I kept it, knowing she was safer in my protection than she could be if she left it. She has earned a comfortable support by her pencil, and has been under the care of a thoroughly respectable landlady. But the sacred duty that took her from home is over. Her father was buried yesterday, and Irene is prostrated with fatigue and sorrow. She needs you now—will you go to her?"

"Does she expect me?"

"No; she knows nothing of my coming. I will tell you all you wish to know as we ride to New York."

"I will go as soon as I speak to my son."

All alone in the room where her father had died, Irene, lying pale and still upon a low couch, tried in vain to find rest after the painful weariness and excitement of the past. Her face, lovely as it had been in her happy girlhood, was more beautiful now, in the sanctified beauty of high, noble purpose and patiently borne sorrow and duty. The woman's face, purified by the baptism of sorrow, wore a higher, nobler loveliness than had ever rested in the girl's sweet features.

Her eyes were closed when the door opened softly, but they were lighted with a rapture of joy as Mrs. Haviland bent over her to fold her in a loving embrace, to weep glad tears, and caress her with a mother's tenderness.

Morris came next, and the old drawing-master withdrew softly, satisfied with his morning's work; glad that the weary trial was over, and his pupil restored to home and friends.

The protestations Irene made were silenced at once and for ever. The cloud that had overshadowed her was dissipated by her father's death; the secret so long kept was easily kept still.

In her old home, health and happiness came again to Irene, and before Winter snows covered Roselawn, Morris Haviland claimed his wife.

A NIGHT OF HORROR.

THE train stopped for a moment at the little country town of C——, in Georgia, and a young man sprang lightly upon the platform of the small depot. He was of medium height, with a fine open countenance, and strongly marked features, denoting both firmness and intellect. He was an old traveler, not a novice in the *art* (traveling in these modern days has become a branch of science), and in five minutes he had seen his large, heavy trunk wheeled off by a stout darkey to the only hotel in the place, and was himself leisurely following, examining as he went, with critical eye, each store he passed, and viewing with evident interest the owners of some of these shops, who, for want of something better to do, were lounging before their doors, waiting for a stray customer to rouse them from their doze over the C—— *Weekly Gazette.*

The street looked deserted, and when the gentleman reached his destination he was surprised to hear the landlord assert that he had but one empty room; his house was full.

"How is that?" asked Charley Hayes. "You've a large building here, and I see no one moving about. I had heard your town was quite a thrifty place, with a considerable amount of trade; but there seems to be nothing doing here at all. My information could not have been correct."

"Oh, sir, the town is crowded to-day; but everybody is out at the fair-grounds at the other end of the street. There is a race this evening between the two finest horses in the State, and lots of the country people have come in to see it; that's the reason I'm so hard pushed for room."

"Bah! I'd forgotten the fair. I heard some one mention it on the train. Well, my good fellow, you must manage it so as to accommodate me. I want a large chamber on the first floor, and you must put a good-sized table into it for me. I shall be here a day or two, and have specimens of hardware which I wish to show your merchants, and get some orders for our house in Baltimore. We have the best goods at the lowest prices, and I want your people to see what I have; that is all that is necessary to convince them that it is better to send to us than to New York or elsewhere. I shall expect to find my room ready for me when I return."

There was a pleasant tone, yet one of decided command, in Mr. Hayes's voice, and he quietly deposited his overcoat in the bar beside his trunk, and walked out with

FEEDING THE SWANS.

the conscious air of one who knows that his orders will be obeyed.

In a half-hour he returned and found, as he expected, every arrangement made for his comfort. The apartment assigned him was large and airy; a long, broad table stood in one corner, ready for the contemplated display of his goods, and two beds occupied the space on either side of the door between it and the front and rear windows. He mentally selected the most comfortable-looking of the two for his place of repose that night, and then went into the dining-room, with an excellent appetite for the savory meal already being rapidly consumed by a number of guests, whom curiosity had brought to town.

The evening was cool, and Charley drew his chair close to the fire, and picked up *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper* to entertain himself with while awaiting the arrival of the hour for the concert he meant to patronize by attending.

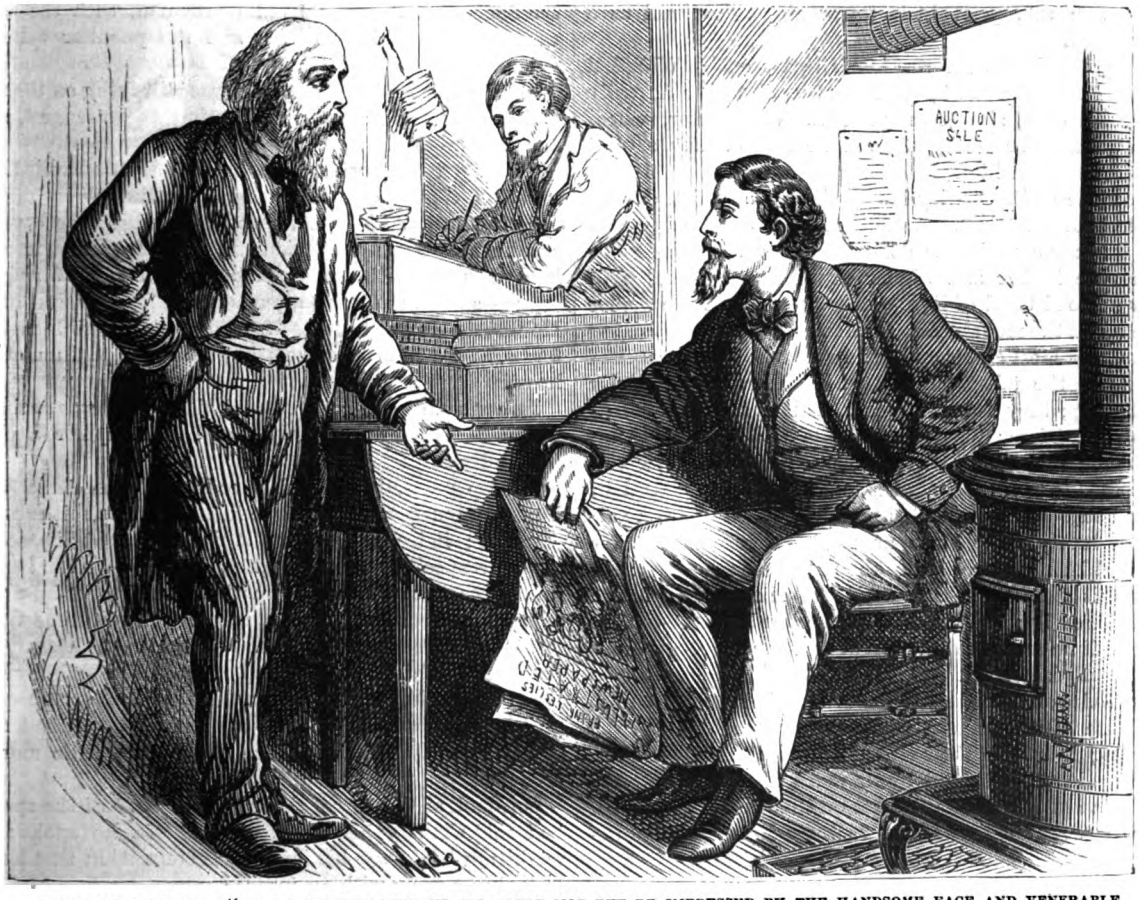
He was deeply interested in an article, when he heard his name mentioned, and looking up, perceived that another traveler had made his appearance upon the scene, who was earnestly requesting a night's lodging.

"I would like very much to accommodate you, sir; but there is only one vacant bed in the house, and that is in the room prepared for the gentleman sitting by the fire. If he is willing, you can take that. It seems hard to turn an old man like you out of the house, when you seem to have had such a long walk and must be greatly fatigued by your journey. Perhaps Mr. Hayes will consent, if you do not intend remaining over to-morrow."

Mr. Hayes frowned, and took no notice of this indirect appeal. He had always been opposed to having a stranger in the same chamber with himself, and though he glanced furtively from behind the shadow of his paper at the newcomer, he said nothing.

"Mr. Hayes, I believe? Allow me to introduce myself. My name is Sayles—*Dr.* Sayles, sir, of Mobile. Perhaps you've heard of me, if you were ever in this part of the country before. Our host throws me upon your mercy for the night. You're a fine-sized fellow, but *one* bed ought to be sufficient for your comfort, I should think. You'll not object to my taking possession of the other which happens to be in your room?"

The gentleman spoke in a low, soft voice, and as Charley looked up, he could not but be impressed by the handsome face, the venerable form of the aged physician, whose hair and beard were snowy white. Though his clothes were of coarse cloth, and his shoes covered with mud, his refined manner bespoke the cultivated gentleman; and it seemed a mere matter of politeness to yield gracefully where a refusal might have been vetoed by a money-making landlord, while it wounded the feelings of a courteous fellow-traveler.



A NIGHT OF HORROR.—"AS CHARLEY LOOKED UP, HE COULD NOT BUT BE IMPRESSED BY THE HANDSOME FACE AND VENERABLE FORM OF THE AGED PHYSICIAN, WHOSE HAIR AND BEARD WERE SNOWY WHITE."—SEE PAGE 371.

"Well, doctor, I suppose you must have the bed; but my business compels me to have entire possession of the apartment to-morrow."

Dr. Sayles bowed, expressed his thanks, and said he would be off early for home.

As Charley left the room to go to the concert, he heard him remark, in quite an earnest, almost excited, manner:

"What a splendid figure! fine development of muscle! a perfect study for an anatomist!"

The evident sincerity of these compliments, uttered in a low tone to his host, did not at all prejudice young

Hayes against his venerable companion for the night, nor lessen the pleasant impression made by his polished manners and striking appearance.

The concert was a failure, and Charley returned to the hotel tired and sleepy. He felt slightly inclined to grumble at finding the couch he had chosen for himself already occupied; but the gray curls falling over the pillow softened his resentment, and, locking the door, he prepared himself quickly for repose.

Taking a pocket-pistol from his valise, he placed it, as was his custom when on a journey, under the bolster with his watch and purse, then composed himself for slumber.

A shutter of the window was open, he found, when the candle was extinguished, but the faint moonlight was not objectionable, and the twenty feet between him and the ground prevented any uneasiness in regard to possible burglars in this quiet little town, already as still as a churchyard.

"Only five hours for rest! Half-past one! Well, I'll not need rocking to-night," he muttered, as he drowsily closed his eyes, almost envying the old doctor, whose regular, heavy breathing showed he had already several hours the start of him.

In a little while Charley Hayes slept—the quiet, dreamless sleep of one who works faithfully during the day, and takes an easy conscience as his bedfellow at night. The moon rose higher and higher in the sky, and at length threw a broad band of light across the floor. Like a pure white spirit the moonbeams glide silently down the shining planks, and steal closer and closer to the snowy coverlid that hides the tall figure of the old man so peacefully slumbering; they reach it at last, and nestle childlike on its downy surface; they creep within the folds about his shoulders; they play with his curls until they glitter and gleam as if formed of silver threads, and then gently drift upward and onward until his head is encircled with a pale halo of lovely fairy lunar rays. A frown contracts the arched black eyebrows of the handsome sleeper; he moves his head restlessly, as if the fair, fleeting crown pressed heavily upon his massive forehead; he tosses his arms, as if he would rid himself of some oppressive weight, and moans plaintively.

The halo of moonbeams drifts on; it sparkles on the linen case of the pillow, and seems reflected upon the quivering lids, with their singular jetty fringe, of the uneasy physician, disturbed by its weird light. He started up with a shudder, and sat erect on the side of his couch, while the wan, snowy wreath of silvery rays floated noiselessly on, unconscious of the evil it had evoked.

* * * * * * *

We are all conscious of the power of the human eye. We know that, reading or meditating, asleep or awake, if any one looks intently at us, we *feel* the glance, and turn at once toward the object from whence it comes; we have heard of the influence of this human eye over the wild beast, and perhaps have seen a lion cower before his keeper, who made our childish hearts flutter by entering the cage filled with fierce animals at a circus and menagerie show, delightfully combined. What this influence is, exactly, it would be hard to explain. Modern writers call it magnetism—the innate power of mind over matter animated only by instinct, or of a superior intellect over an inferior one, even as the comet is turned from its course by the attraction of a star. An electrical current certainly passes sometimes from one brain to another, conveying its thoughts as plainly as if expressed in words; and Charley Hayes, wrapped in utter oblivion, was roused from the deep sleep by a consciousness of imminent danger.

A cold chill passed over him from head to foot, as if his veins were suddenly flooded with an icy fluid, and in an instant he was as wide awake as if he had not slept for hours. His senses in a moment were alive and active—more intensely active than usual, from the very fact of their having been absorbed by such perfect rest—and he opened his eyes without a doubt as to his present position—a stranger in a strange place, the occupant of a room shared by another, and the owner of a valuable watch and purse lying beneath his pillow, guarded by a six-shooter.

Conscious of imminent danger, he awoke, but all unprepared was he for the *kind* of evil by which he was threatened. His fears were not alone for himself, for selfishness had not entered into his composition; he thought also of the danger of the genial old gentleman, with the snow-white curls and long beard, and the peculiar soft, low voice.

The broad band of moonlight was still lying on the floor and on the bed, faintly illuminating the strangest, most startling tableau.

The aged man, with gray hair wildly disheveled, was standing close to Charley's side, bending over him, his eyes fixed upon his broad chest, from which the covering had been thrown back; his hand was raised, and in it he held a knife with long, sharp, keen blade of singular shape—such a knife as surgeons use in amputating limbs. He was muttering to himself, using unintelligible medical terms, and evidently calculating the exact position of the heart.

In a second he discovered that his subject was gazing at him with fearfully dilated eyes, and with a queer laugh he said, hurriedly:

"Keep perfectly still. I'm only going to *dissect* you! You've an uncommonly large heart. I think it must be diseased; indeed, I'm sure it is, for heart-disease was always a specialty of mine—*angina pectoris* we call it. It's some time since I had the opportunity of dissecting a body where I was so sure of being gratified by finding what I want—a perfect specimen of an enlarged heart. I'm bothered by this dim light, or I could have stuck my knife in an instant in the right spot. I think I can manage it. Just lie still now, and I'll show you how quickly and beautifully I can take it out. Turn yourself a little more to this side."

One look at the fierce, glaring, animal eye of the speaker had told Charley his story, even before he spoke; and frightfully vivid was his immediate conviction that he was locked in a room with an *insane* surgeon—a powerful, tall, sinewy man, who meant to dissect him.

Like an electric current these thoughts flashed through his mind, and, as the crazy doctor was speaking, he was meditating every possible means by which he might hope to escape. A scream would bring instant death; the movement of a limb, with that knife so close to his breast might produce the same result. Mother, sisters, pray that guardian angels may shield your loved one from death, for it is awfully near! What *can* he do? Ah, he has heard, he has read, somewhere, of the power of the eye, through which a fearless, determined spirit shines, and of what may be accomplished by appearing to agree with one who is not accountable to reason.

Charley Hayes is cool and brave, though his heart has never throbbed before as it throbs now; that coolness and bravery rid him for a moment of his terrible foe, and the knife is removed from its horrible proximity to his chest.

Dr. Sayles had not ceased speaking before a cheerful voice interrupted him, saying, pleasantly:

"You're quite right, doctor. I admire your wonderful powers of penetration. There's no doubt about my heart being enlarged, and that it ought to be examined by one who thoroughly understands his business; but this light, as you say, is very bad for a surgical operation. Suppose you open the window-shutters, or strike a match and light the candle, then you can see better. While you do that, I can put myself in the proper position."

Charley kept his eyes intently fixed upon those of the old man while he spoke. Had he moved a muscle of that upraised arm he would have been startled by a shriek, and would have met with all the resistance a living subject could offer to so horrible a martyrdom.

With sternly composed terror, Charley watched the effect of his words. He saw the restless red eyes lose something of their cunning expression, and then beam with fierce joy as the idea of a better and easier mode of accomplishing his object was suggested.

"Yes, yes, I need more light; I'll open those other shutters. That'll do!"

He rubbed his hands gleefully together, and waved the knife over his head with a loud "hurrah!" Then a shadow passed over his face, and the cunning of insanity induced him to suspect the honesty of his subject's purpose. He might not be disinterested in his proposal. Perhaps this impression was created by the motion of Charley's hand, which had buried itself beneath the pillow the moment the knife was raised and the madman's eye removed from his face. The aged lunatic shook the sharp blade over his head, as he said:

"Death to you if you move while I open the window! Beware how you try to deceive me! I know your tricks!"

"My dear doctor, I've not moved an inch; but I'd be obliged to you if you'd hurry up. I'm tired of lying on my back."

Again the red light faded from the bloodshot eyes, as he hurried across the room to throw back the blinds.

"I'll not keep you waiting a minute; I'll have that heart of yours out before you can say Jack Robinson; then it won't trouble you any more."

Poor Charley only waited for his back to be turned. He scarcely heeded his rapidly spoken words, for with one bound he was at the door, pistol in hand. At the door! Another second, and he is safe! Alas, alas! how deceitful is human hope! He had locked the door himself before retiring, but had left the key in its usual place. Where was it now? It was *gone*, and his frantic efforts to escape were in vain!

A loud laugh echoed his despairing cry for help, and the furious maniac rushed wildly toward him.

"So you thought you'd run away from my knife! Ha, ha! young man, I'm too smart for you. Here's the key. Catch it, if you can!"

And with furious gesture he threw it at the window. The glass crashed and broke into fragments, and the key was heard to strike with a heavy thud against the bricks of the pavement below.

Charley was almost in despair. He knew not what to do, for he did not wish to kill the wretched being now chasing him around and around the room. He was fleet of foot, and managed to keep a considerable distance between them. His first effort during the race was to gain the bell-rope, and by its aid to alarm the house; but the wire was broken, as is too often the case in small hotels and boarding-houses, and this hope of speedy assistance proved abortive.

He now cried aloud again and again for assistance, while he still held his pistol ready cocked in his hand, hating the thought that dire necessity might compel him to use it. The bedstead was no protection, for the old man would spring like a tiger upon it, and be at his side in a second.

His strength is almost exhausted, when he thinks of the long, broad table as a shield. He rushes to it, and draws it as close as possible to the corner of the room, and there he stands at bay. He has managed to impress the maniac with the belief that he will shoot if he jumps upon the table, and so he only darts from one end to the other, trying to catch him with his long arms, to wound him with his knife; and the unfortunate young man flies like a weaver's shuttle from one end to the other of his barricade.

The whole house has been roused by his cries for help, and a throng of half-dressed men and women fill the passages, and so loudly demand, "What is the matter? what is the matter? Why don't you open the door?" that his reply can scarcely be heard.

"Break down the door, or I'll have to kill this madman!" he shrieks, in his effort to drown the hoarse laughter of the lunatic, and be heard above the clamor of the crowd.

The landlord catches his reply, and at once a dozen of men are hammering away at the door. The wood is oak, and yields slowly to the shower of blows falling upon it; but the mad doctor perceives that it *is* breaking, and, like a panther, moves off from the table, and prepares himself to spring upon young Hayes, regardless of the pistol pointed at his breast. He meets the calm, steadfast gaze fixed upon him, and hesitates; then his eyes glare, and he evidently determines to make a last effort to plunge his knife into the heart of his adversary.

"Make haste, or I *must* shoot!" Charley cries once more, as he sees the desperate resolve written upon the distorted features opposite him. Too late! He must perish by the knife if he waits another second.

"Die, then, wretched man!" and he pulled the trigger.

Fortunately, the pistol, long loaded, did not go off. The door falls in with a tremendous crash, and the miserable doctor, already on the table, and about to carry into execution his murderous intent, is caught and pinioned by half-a-dozen strong-armed men. He made vigorous efforts to free himself from their grasp and use his knife, but all in vain; and soon he lay bound hand and foot.

The next morning, an officer from a distant insane asylum arrived in C——, inquiring for a patient, a "fine-looking old man," who had escaped two days before from his keeper.

"He is perfectly sane upon all except one subject, and that is surgery. He lost his mind while attending a field hospital during the war, after a long spell of illness, from which he had not entirely recovered before a battle called for his services in the terrible emergency following a night attack upon the enemy. The shock to his already shattered nerves proved too much for a mind enfeebled by disease and age, and it became necessary to place him in confinement. No one would ever suspect him of insanity in ordinary conversation, and it is only at long intervals that he becomes violent, and wishes to operate upon or dissect any subject he happens to fancy. Where he obtained his knife, I cannot tell."

Such was the story of the unhappy Dr. Sayles, as related by his keeper.

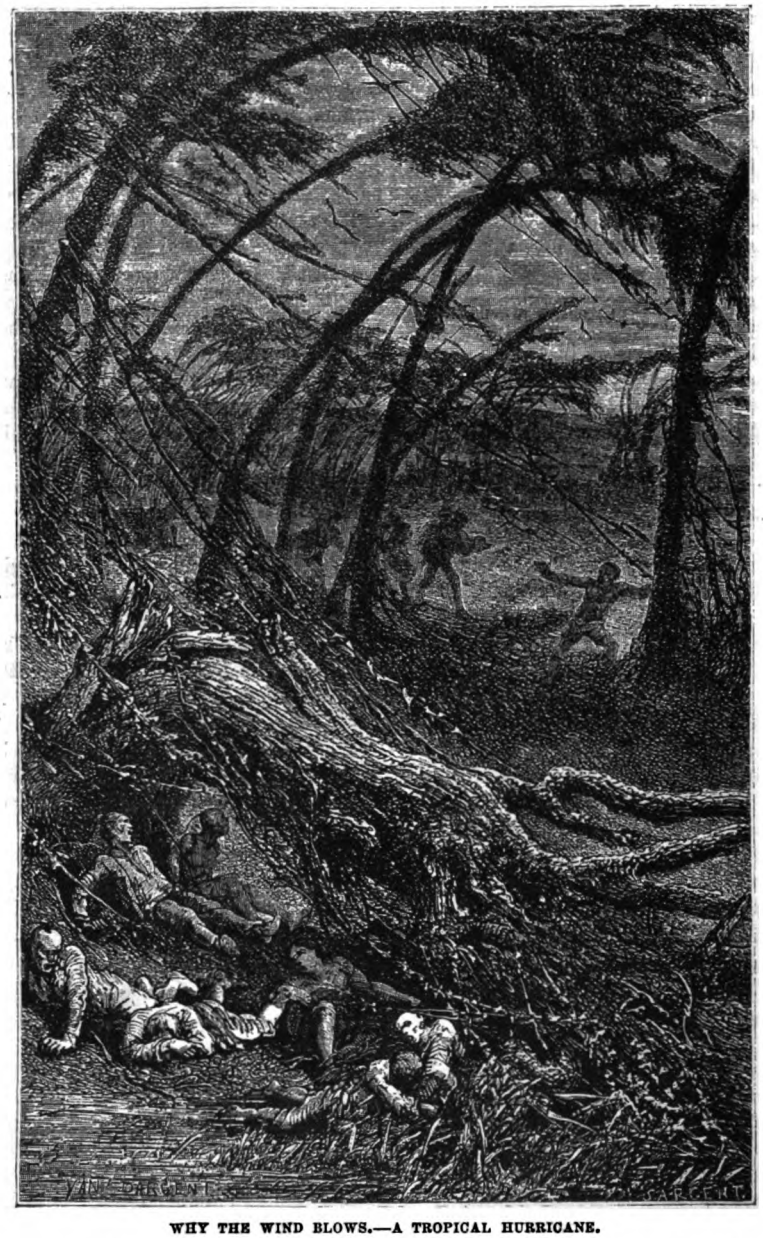
From that day forward, Charley Hayes vowed nothing would ever induce him to share his chamber with any stranger.

WHY THE WIND BLOWS.

By Robert James Mann, M.D., F.R.C.S., F.R.A.S., etc.,
Vice-President of the Meteorological Society.

It is a very intelligible fact, as well as an inexorable law of nature, that two distinct bodies cannot occupy the same space at the same time. When two different bodies are pressed against each other, each resists the other as soon as they come into contact; and if the two are pressed against each other with unequal force, then the one which is most strongly pressed drives the other out of its way, and takes its place. In such cases the familiar adage is certainly true—"The weaker goes to the wall."

A notable instance of this natural operation is seen when a lump of lead is dropped into a pail half-full of water. The lump of lead falls to the bottom of the pail; but, in doing so, it has to drive a bulk of water as large as itself out of its way, or it would never be able to get there. In this instance, however, as the lead *goes down*, the water is *driven up*. It cannot get through the wooden sides or bottom of the pail; and it is therefore driven in the only direction in which it can go—that is, up toward the open mouth above. If in the sketch (Fig. 1) *a a* represent the height at which the water stood before the lump of lead (L) was dropped into the vessel, *b b* would represent the height at which the water would have to stand after the lead had been placed in the pail. To produce this change, portions of water which are in the first instance at *c*, are *lifted* in the pail as high as *d*.



WHY THE WIND BLOWS.—A TROPICAL HURRICANE.

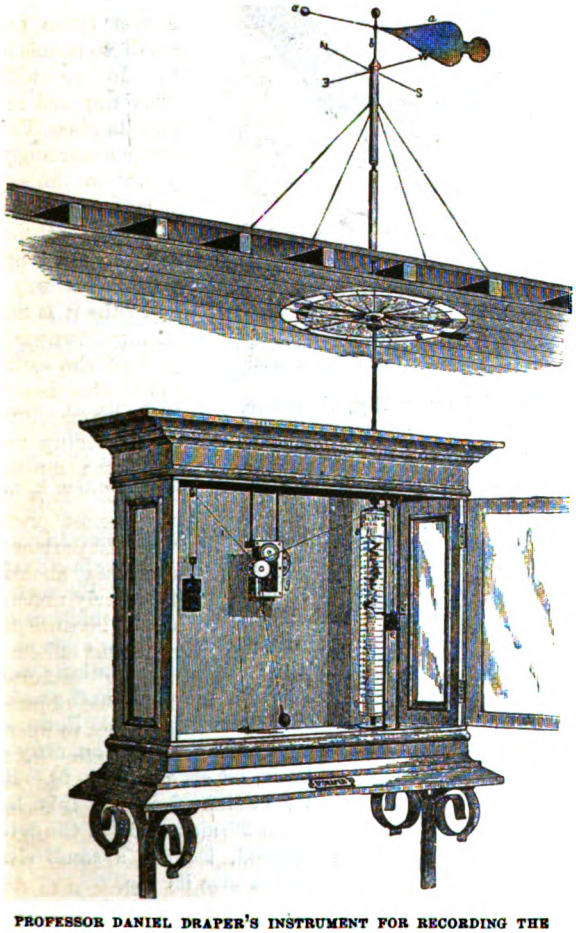
There is, however, something else to be remarked concerning this enforced upward movement of the water that is of still greater consequence on account of the bearing it has upon the subject of this paper. It is really caused by the downward pull of the earth, although the movement of the particles is the opposite way, or up from the earth.

It could not with any propriety be said, in the circumstance which has been described, that the water moves up from the bottom of the pail to make way for the lead. That would not be a true representation of what had occurred, as it has been already shown that the water has moved up because it was pushed out of the way by the descending lead. The real and full statement of the case is that both the water and the lead are drawn to the earth in virtue of their weight. But the lead is eleven times heavier than the same bulk of water. It consequently is drawn to the earth eleven times more forcibly than the water; and the water resists the downward pressure of the lead with a strength that is eleven times too small to enable it to do so with efficiency and retain its place. The water accordingly yields to the superior downward pressure of the lead, and goes up out of its way; and thus it is the strong downward pull of the earth upon the heavy lead which lifts the water up toward the top of the pail. It is of the utmost practical importance that this should be clearly understood, because it is a great all-embracing natural truth that objects never move upon the earth from one place to another unless they are driven to do so by the exertion of some active force that impresses them with the movement. The question therefore arises, since the water does move from the lower to the higher position in the pail, what is the force which drives it to do so? The answer to that question plainly is, The downward attraction of the earth upon the heavier mass, which, by its downward movement, pushes the lighter mass of the water out of its way. If a block of wood of exactly the same size as the lump of lead were dropped

into the pail, it would not sink to the bottom of the water, like the lead. It would float upon the surface of the water with its own mass only a little way plunged in; and the reason of that would be that, whilst both the wood and the water were drawn toward the earth, the wood was less forcibly drawn than a quantity of the water which had equal bulk with itself, and therefore could not push the water out of its way to get down to the bottom of the pail. All this happens because wood is lighter than water, bulk for bulk.

The invisible air, which floats everywhere about the solid bodies standing upon the earth, and which rests upon the water and the ground, is made of substance that has weight, and that is therefore drawn by terrestrial attraction after the same manner as water or lead, although its substance cannot be seen. A pint bottle, which seems to be empty, in reality contains 11 grains of air. The same bottle would hold something more than 9,000 grains of water, if water were poured into it in the place of air. Air is therefore 840 times lighter than water. Water can be poured into a bottle that was previously filled with air, because the water is heavier than the air. The water goes down into the bottle in consequence of its greater weight, and drives the lighter air up out of its way, just as in the experiment recently described the heavy block of lead drives the lighter water up out of its way when it sinks to the bottom in the pail.

The particles of which the invisible air is made, like



PROFESSOR DANIEL DRAPER'S INSTRUMENT FOR RECORDING THE DIRECTION OF THE WIND.

that air itself, are incapable of being seen. One notable reason for this is that they are individually of very minute size. Very small specks of material substance can in some circumstances be seen by the human eye. Little shining particles of gold can still be perceived when they are so small that something more than one million and a quarter of them could be placed side by side within a

A HEAVY GALE.

square inch. And when the exceedingly powerful microscopes which are now at the command of science are employed in looking at them, objects that are exceedingly much smaller than this can be discerned. Such microscopes are capable of magnifying objects five thousand times in diameter. The surface of the speck of gold already spoken of might therefore be sub-divided into twenty-five million parts, and each one of those parts would still be within reach of the powers of the microscope.

One very small thing that has been seen by the human eye when aided by the microscope is the fine lashing tail of a minute living organism, called the *Bacterium termo*, which after long watching has recently been discovered by a very skillful observer, the Rev. W. H. Dallinger. The form which this pigmy of living creatures assumes when it is contemplated in Mr. Dallinger's microscope, with a power that magnifies its diameter 5,000 times, is something like that which is sketched in Fig. 2. From the mean of 200 observations, Mr. Dallinger estimated the breadth of that fine moving streak as being certainly less than the twenty thousandth part of an inch. But as the particles of the air cannot be seen by even this splendid instrument, they *must* at any rate be of smaller diameter than the twenty-thousandth of an inch, at which size four hundred millions of them could be packed in a

square inch side by side, like the tiles of a mosaic pavement. How much smaller they may be it is not yet possible to say. But scientific men, such as Sir William Thomson, who concern themselves very much about the molecular composition of matter, and who therefore have the best right of all people to express an opinion on the subject, conceive that a molecule which was not more than the twenty-thousandth part of an inch would have to be again sub-divided, even into *many millions* of parts, before a size like that of the ultimate atom which is concerned in fabricating such substance as the invisible air is reached.

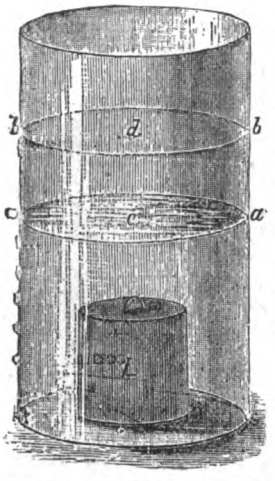


FIG. 1.—SHOWING DISPLACEMENT OF WATER BY DROPPING A PIECE OF LEAD INTO A VESSEL.

Another familiar proof of the ponderous substantiality of this unseen and unseeable air is that which everybody experiences every day without taking any notice of it, until the attention is specially drawn to the matter. Like all other substances which possess weight, the invisible air *pushes* against bodies which stand in its way, when it is moving. It rushes against the face so that it can be felt. It turns the sloping mill-sails round when it drives against them, if traveling itself with sufficiently impetuous speed. It forces the ship, with its burden of a thousand tons, to glide along over the sea when it strikes upon the broad canvas sails that are spread to catch the impulse.

FIG. 2.—FORM OF BACTERIUM, AS SEEN WHEN MAGNIFIED WITH 5,000 DIAMETERS.

But the minute particles of the invisible air, which are substantial enough to produce these very obvious mechanical effects, do not touch each other, as they exist in their natural condition in space. They float, in their inscrutable minuteness, certainly many times their own diameters apart. They may be driven to approach a little nearer together by the exertion of external compressing force. but they cannot be squeezed into contact by any power that man can bring into play for the purpose. They are not forced into contact by any of the incalculably greater powers that Nature herself deals with in her own majestic and mighty operations. They constantly stream and roll about amongst each other in all conceivable directions. Science, indeed, teaches that in all probability they are in perpetual unrest and unintermittingly rushing about amongst themselves, and that when eleven grains of air-particles are corked up in a glass bottle, notwithstanding their apparent stillness, they occupy themselves with a never-ending dance during their forced imprisonment, each particle dashing from side to side, and to and fro, and never pausing an instant in its headlong and mad career, although it has all the time to wheel itself out and in and round its companion particles, to avoid coming into collision with them. Such is what science has, up to this time, been able to ascertain and to conceive in reference to the molecular constitution of air.

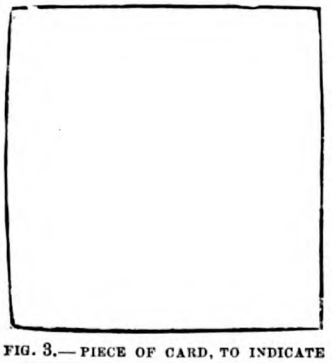


FIG. 3.—PIECE OF CARD, TO INDICATE WEIGHT OF AIR OCCUPYING THIRTY-FIVE CUBIC INCHES.

But although air is so light that the quantity which fills a pint bottle, and which occupies 35 cubic inches of space, does not weigh more than a piece of card of the size of the figure which is here sketched (Fig. 3), its weight nevertheless becomes a very important affair when large quantities have to be taken into account. The air stretches everywhere about the earth, and folds it all round, and extends out into space a very considerable distance away from the surface of the ground. No one yet knows exactly how far it reaches, because no one has yet been able to get far enough out to ascertain where it ends. But it certainly spreads more than fifty miles from the solid surface of the earth and from the liquid surface of the sea. The quantity, therefore, that rests upon an acre of ground, in consequence of this, presses down upon that space with a weight of no less than 22,000 tons! Fifteen pounds of it are sustained upon each square inch of the land that is near the level of the sea.

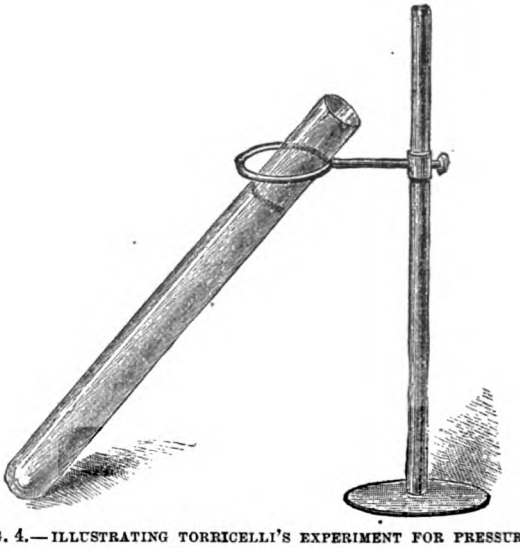


FIG. 4.—ILLUSTRATING TORRICELLI'S EXPERIMENT FOR PRESSURE OF THE ATMOSPHERE.

This height of the invisible air was first ascertained at Florence, 235 years ago, by the Italian philosopher Evangelista Torricelli, in a very ingenious way. He took a glass tube, like the one sketched in Fig. 4, which was a little more than 30 inches long and which was open only at one end. Then, holding the tube perpendicularly, with the mouth upward, he filled it with mercury, and placing his finger over the open end, turned it upside down, so that he could plunge the mouth into another quantity of mercury held in a broad basin or cistern (Fig. 5). He then found that the mercury contained in the tube fell a little way until it rested about 30 inches above the level of the cistern, and there stopped, leaving a small altogether empty space in the tube above its top.

It was shortly afterward shown, either by Torricelli or by Pascal, that the 30 inches of mercury were kept up in the tube by the weight of the air which pressed down upon the surface of the mercury in the cistern outside of the tube. The air was pressing down upon the mercury outside the tube at A, and the mercury, without any air,

was pressing down upon the same liquid mass at the bottom of the tube at B, and the two exactly balanced each other by their opposing pressures when the column of mercury in the tube came to rest at T, leaving the entirely empty space V above it. The column of air, which went up more than 50 *miles* on the one side, was exactly of the same weight as the column of mercury which went up, on the other, 30 *inches* into the tube. By repeating the experiment with a tube that contained a cross area, or section, equal to a square inch, he afterward found that it required just 15 lbs. of mercury in the tube to resist or balance the antagonistic column of air, and he was thus able to show that a square column of air of the same size, or 1 inch across, and extending to the utmost limit of the atmosphere, weighed 15 lbs. It was this experiment, first contrived by Torricelli, which led to the construction of the instrument called the "barometer," or "measurer of weight"—that is, measurer of the weight of the atmosphere.

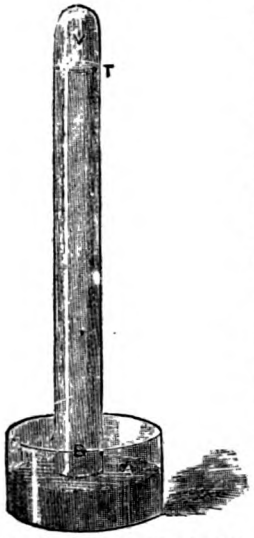


FIG. 5.—IN FURTHER ILLUSTRATION OF TORRICELLI'S EXPERIMENT.

But any given bulk of air is not always of the same weight. An inch-square column of the atmosphere sometimes weighs more than it does at others. This, therefore, is why the mercurial column of the barometer, which is the counterpoise of the equivalent column of the air, goes up and down from day to day within the glass tube of the instrument. The cause of this change of weight, however, is quite understood, and can be very easily explained. It is due to the fact that the little invisible particles of the air sometimes lie more closely together than they do at others—or, in other words, that any given bulk of air—such as a cubic foot—sometimes contains a greater number of air-particles in it than it does at others.

This effect can be produced by mechanical pressure. Air, under particular management, can be actually squeezed in, so as to be made to occupy less space. The operation would, of course, make the air specifically denser than it was before. That is to say, a cubic foot would weigh more after the compression than it did before. There are, however, other means by which the same result can be brought about. Cold, for instance, will do the same thing as compression. Imagine the case of 11 grains of air, possessing the ordinary Summer temperature of 70°, being poured into a pint bottle, and the bottle being then surrounded outside by ice, while it is still left uncorked at the neck. This is what would then happen: The air inside the bottle would be made cold by the ice, and as it gradually became more and more cold, its little particles would be drawn more closely together, and so its entire mass or bulk would contract. But as it did this, more air-particles would necessarily flow in through the open neck of the bottle, until at last it would be found that the bottle contained more than 11 grains of air, although its size had not been materially changed. In other words, the pint of air would have become heavier. If, then, the bottle were taken away from the ice, and placed over the flame of a spirit-lamp, as represented in the annexed sketch (Fig. 6), the air would become hotter and hotter minute by minute, and, as it did so, its little particles would be driven further and further asunder, so that many of them would be forced to rush away out of the neck of the bottle, until finally the bottle would have less, instead of more, than the original 11 grains of air in its inside—or, in other words, the pint of air would to that extent have become lighter.

FIG. 6.—ILLUSTRATING EXPERIMENT OF AIR TREATED BY HEAT.

There is another very simple way in which the same effect may be, and is very commonly, shown. A bladder is tightly tied up at its neck, after it has been only half-expanded by blowing into it. Then, if it be held before a clear fire, it very soon swells up until it becomes smooth and tight. This is caused by the expansion of the air in its inside, when the particles are driven more widely asunder by the heat. The bladder would weigh exactly the same before and after its expansion, if it were put into a pair of delicately poised scales. There would be the same *quantity* of air in it in each case. But if any given fixed *bulk*, such as a cubic inch, were taken out of it both before and after the expansion, it would be found that that cubic inch weighed more in the first case than in the last—just as the pint of cold air is heavier than the pint of warm. This it is which is meant by air being rendered heavier by cold and lighter by heat.

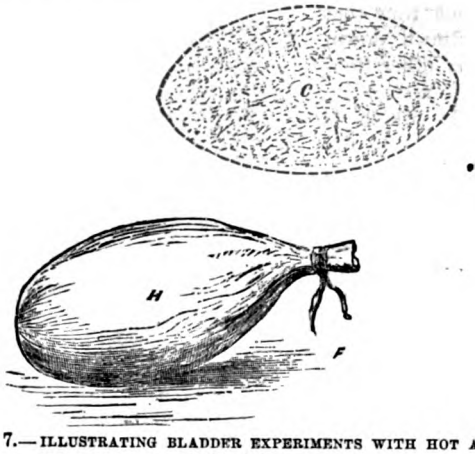
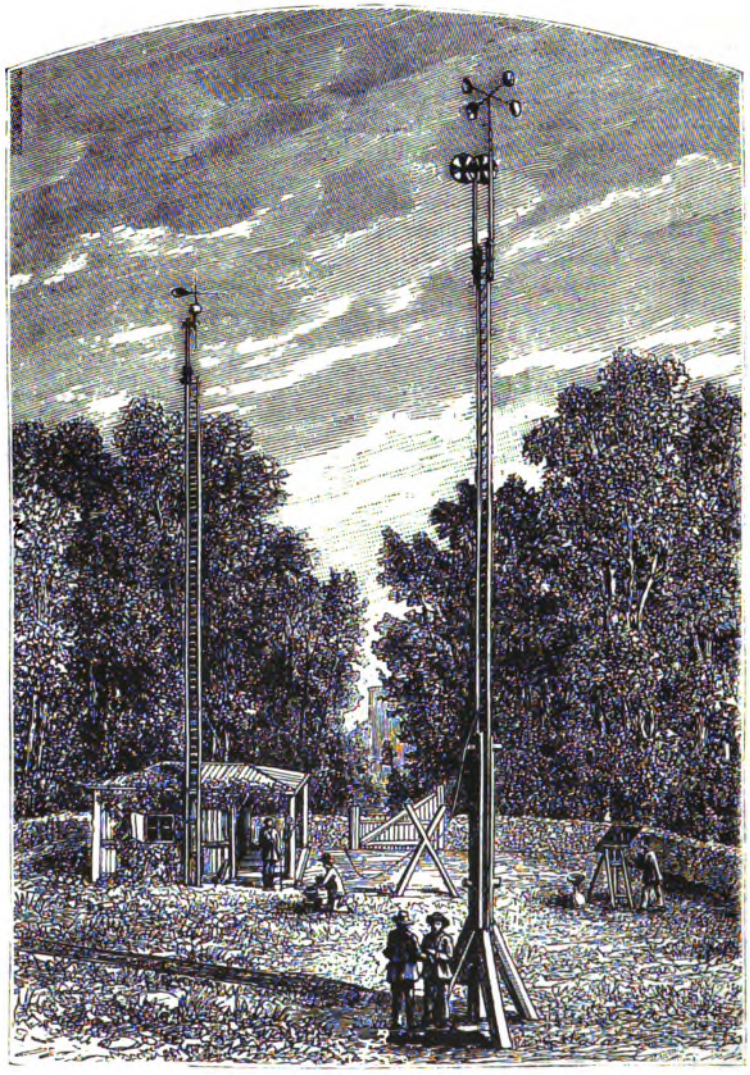


FIG. 7.—ILLUSTRATING BLADDER EXPERIMENTS WITH HOT AND COLD AIR.

A very remarkable consequence, however, follows from this change in the density of air from differences of heat. Suppose that an exceedingly thin bladder of gold-beaters' skin, so fine and thin that it is almost without weight in itself, be filled with very hot air, and be laid upon the floor in a moderately cold room, then all the equal bulks of cold air around and above will be drawn down toward the ground with greater energy or force than the bladder of hot air is. In the annexed sketch (Fig. 7), let H be conceived to represent the bladder of hot, light air, and C an equal bulk of cold air just above; then the cold air, C, would be circumstanced just like the lump of lead which was described a few pages back as being put into a pail of water. It would be drawn much more forcibly down toward the ground at F than H, the bladder of lighter air, and consequently it would fall to the ground under the stronger pull, just as the lump of lead fell to the bottom of the pail,

and as it did so would drive the light bladder, H, up out of its way. The light bladder, H, would actually mount *up* toward the ceiling of the room, because the surrounding cold air was drawn more forcibly *down*. This, indeed, is exactly what the balloon is seen to do when it is filled with hydrogen gas, which is lighter, bulk for bulk, than even the hot air itself. The balloon mounts up into the open air for the same reason that some of the water in a pail ascends when a lump of lead is thrown in to drive that portion of the liquid up out of its place. The balloon mounts in the air, in real truth, under the impulse of the same force that makes a stone fall through the air to the ground—that is, the attraction of the earth for ponderable matter. It merely goes up under the impulse, instead of going down, because, at the same time that it is drawn down, there is other ponderable matter by its side which is more strong to descend than it is, in consequence of superior weight; and which, therefore, does descend, in spite of such inadequate resistance as is offered by the lighter mass, and in doing so drives the lighter mass up out of the place into which it forces itself.

It should now be a quite easy thing to understand why it is that the wind blows, and must blow, in the open spaces of the earth. In different parts of the world the sun shines with different degrees of heating power upon the ground and sea. Where it falls with most heating power, it warms, expands and makes lighter the air. Where it falls with least heating power, the air remains unwarmed, unexpanded and heavy, with its little particles squeezed more closely together. Both kinds of air, the heavy and light, are drawn toward the earth, because both have weight. But the heavy air is more forcibly and energetically drawn down than the light, and on that account gets nearer to the ground. But, in doing so, as two different bodies cannot occupy the same portion of space at the same time, it drives the light air, which is less forcibly drawn, out of its way. Suppose that, in the annexed sketch (Fig. 8), A and B are two places on the earth which are fifty miles apart, and that at B each cubic foot of air weighs 1,700 grains, whilst at A, on account of stronger sunshine and greater warmth, each cubic foot weighs only 1,675 grains; then, as the air at B presses down with more strength than the air at A, and as both, with all the intermediate air along *c*, and *c* and *c* are, in consequence of the disconnected state of their particles, free to stream and flow in whatever direction they are impelled, the light air at A will certainly give way before the stronger pressure of the heavy air at B, and the air from B will rush along the ground toward A. But rushing or moving air is *wind*. There will consequently be a wind blowing from B to A. The air always thus moves from the place where its weight or pressure is most, toward the place where its weight or pressure is least. And in every case it moves with a velocity and strength which are greater in proportion as the difference of weight at the two places is greater, and which are less as that difference is less. Thus, if the wind were blowing from B to A with a velocity of 30 miles an an hour, when the air weighed 1,700 grains to the cubic foot at B, and 1,675 grains at A—if suddenly the weight of the air at A were changed to 1,650 grains per cubic foot, without any analogous change in the weight at B, the wind would then certainly blow from B to A with a velocity of 60 instead of 30 miles per hour.



VIEW OF THE METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATORY AT SAINT-MARIE-DU-MONT, FRANCE.

It is now well understood that the wind is, in the main, at all times blowing from places where the air-pressure is great, toward places where the air-pressure is small; and the way in which it does this, under the circumstance of continually altering pressures, and of continually shifting situations of greatest and least pressure, has been reduced to a methodical explanation and expression, which is known as Buys Ballot's law, because a distinguished Dutch meteorologist of that name has carefully and closely studied the subject.

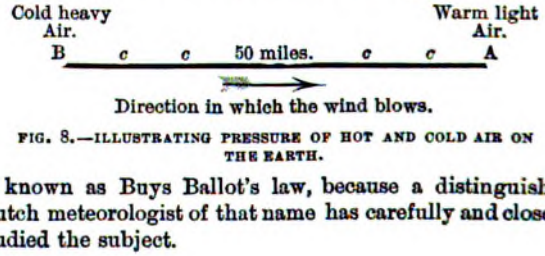
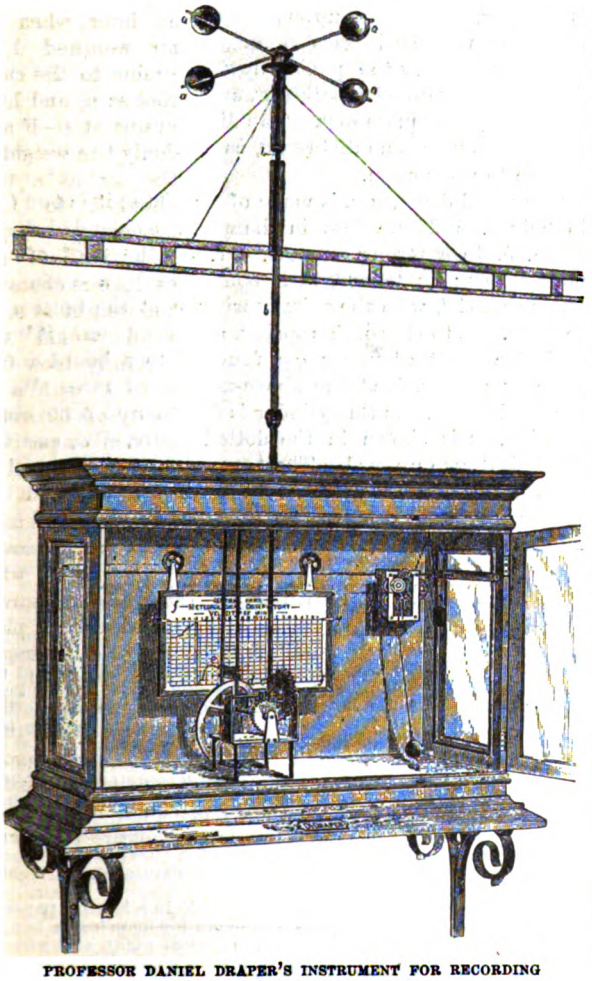


FIG. 8.—ILLUSTRATING PRESSURE OF HOT AND COLD AIR ON THE EARTH.

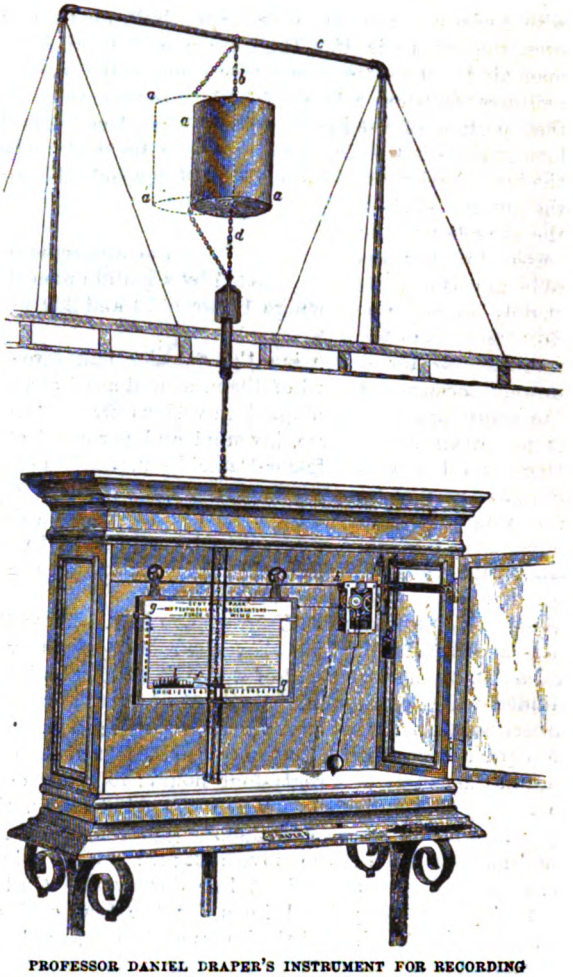
The ventilating power of an open fire-place in dwelling-rooms depends upon precisely the same influence. In establishing ventilation in the interior of a house, men simply create an artificial wind to take the place of the natural wind which is shut out by walls and doors. When there is an open grate and chimney in a room, without a fire, the air presses down through the chimney-shaft, and in through the crevices of the windows and doors, with equal force, and is supported, as it does so, in a sort of even balance, by the air which fills the room. If, in such circumstances, however, a fire is lit in the grate, the column of air in the chimney becomes very hot, expands and gets lighter. The even balance is then, in consequence, disturbed. Heavy air presses in through the chinks of the doors and windows, and light air presses down through the chimney; but the light air has not resistance enough to withstand the strong pressure of the heavy air, and gives way before it, escaping in a continuous stream up the chimney, as the heavy air squeezes in upon it through the room below. The artificial ventilation of a room by a fire is thus again simply the movement of a wind from the place where the air-pressure is greatest, toward or to the place where it is least. As in the case of the external wind, the velocity of the air-current is in proportion to the difference of the air-pressure in the two



PROFESSOR DANIEL DRAPER'S INSTRUMENT FOR RECORDING THE VELOCITY OF THE WIND.

places. With a very large fire, and with very hot air over it, the draught up the chimney becomes proportionally rapid and strong.

The air is kept in its place all round the denser substances of the earth by its weight. It is driven out of the way when bodies which are heavier than itself come into competition with it; but when there are no more such heavier bodies to be brought into play, it is held fast by



PROFESSOR DANIEL DRAPER'S INSTRUMENT FOR RECORDING THE FORCE OF THE WIND.

the earth, and piled up on itself further and further, and higher and higher, until there is no more to be so piled. It, however, gets thinner and thinner as it is further and further away from the solid ground, because in those outer regions it has less air-particles above it, and consequently less weight pressing it down, and squeezing its little particles into closer companionship. Every cubic foot of air which is in contact with the ground sustains upon itself an air-load of more than 2,000lbs., and is therefore squeezed in and compressed by that weight. But at the top of Mont Blanc, which is a trifle more than three miles high, each cubic foot of air would have to bear a load of 1,000lbs. of the higher part of the atmosphere, and, in consequence, would expand into two cubic feet, of which each one would then contain 850 grains of air-particles, instead of the original 1,700. If a pint bottle, with an open mouth, containing 11 grains of air, were carried up to the top of Mont Blanc, it would be found there to contain only 5½ grains of air-particles. The other 5½ grains would have been forced out through the neck as the air within expanded with the removal of the superincumbent weight. One-half of the actual substance of the atmosphere in reality lies within the limits of the height of this lofty mountain; the other half stretches out to a very much larger distance, because the thinning away of the air, under the removal of the superincumbent weight, goes on at a more

rapid rate than the removal of the pressure. With increasing distance, the specific density is halved for each successive 3½ miles of ascent. If a cubic foot of air weighed 850 grains at a height of 3½ miles, it would weigh 425 grains at 7 miles, and 106 grains at 14 miles, and it would still weigh 2 grains at a height of 35 miles. The highest point in the atmosphere that has ever been reached by living men in a balloon is 7 miles. It is almost certain that at a height of 8 miles no animal could continue to live. The atmosphere, in all probability, terminates externally where the natural expansion of its own thin and incoherent substance is balanced by the force with which the outermost range of particles is drawn in by the earth's attractive pull. As has been already stated, it is not yet ascertained at what distance that outer limit of the atmosphere is placed, but it is generally conceded by scientific men that the limit must lie somewhere between 50 and 200 miles above the level of the sea.

Instruments for measuring the velocity and force of wind and making a record of them, as well as of changes of direction, have been adopted in various observatories. We give diagrams of three, invented and perfected after many years' trial by Professor Daniel Draper, of the New York Meteorological Observatory, Central Park, New York, which have attracted no little attention from their simplicity and efficiency. He kindly permits us to use them, with his description of their construction and working:

Draper's Direction of Wind—(Page 377). From the wind-vane placed several feet above the roof descends a vertical shaft, to the lower end of which is fastened a brass cylinder, which carries a register sheet of paper to receive the oscillations of the wind. A pencil bearing lightly against the paper descends from the top to the bottom of the cylinder in the course of twenty-four hours; its movements are regulated by a clock. When the wind shifts, the paper register therefore correspondingly turns, and the pencil makes a trace of the movement; if the wind is lulling, the pencil makes a straight line downward. On the sheet of paper are printed lines for the four cardinal points, N., E., S., W., and the hours of the day, the trace thus showing the direction and all the variations of the wind, and the time of their occurrence.

The wind-vane, *a a*, 15 feet above the roof of the building; the vertical shaft, *b b*, which is fastened to, and turns with, the vane, and gives corresponding movements to the brass cylinder, *c c*, round which the register paper is fastened. At *d* is a pencil tube attached to the top of the weight, *e*, and the pencil bears lightly against the paper by an india-rubber elastic spring. A clock, *g*, permits this weight to descend to the bottom of the cylinder in twenty-four hours, when the cylinder is taken out and the register slipped off. Another one is put on by pasting one of the edges of the paper, and letting it overlap the other edge round the cylinder.

Draper's Velocity of Wind—(Page 381). On the ends of a cross, supported by a vertical shaft several feet above the roof of the building, are four hemispherical copper cups. These, whatever may be the direction of the wind, are caused to turn round with a speed, as has been determined by experiment, of about one-third the velocity of the wind. This portion of the contrivance was the invention of Dr. Robinson, of Ireland. It is used in the foreign observatories, and is known as Robinson's cups.

To the lower end of the shaft, thus made to revolve by the cups, is attached an endless screw, connecting with a train of wheels, which move a cam. The wheels are so arranged that one turn of the cam answers to 15 miles in the movement of the wind. A pencil, which rests on the edge of the cam, and bears lightly against a surface, is carried from the bottom to the top of the paper by each revolution of the cam. It should be understood that the paper is attached to a board drawn aside by a clock at the rate of half an inch an hour. The number of times that the pencil moves from the bottom to the top of the paper, multiplied by 15, gives the number of miles that the wind has moved in an hour or day.

The four hemispherical cups, *a a a a*, turned round by the wind, impart their motion to a vertical shaft, *b b*, at the bottom of which is the endless screw, *c*, its lower end resting in a small agate cup filled with oil, connected with the train of wheelwork turning the cam, *d d*. At *e* is the pencil resting on the edge of the cam; *f f* is a sheet of ruled paper attached to the board, *g g*, by means of small brass clamps, which is drawn aside at the above-mentioned rate by the clock, *h*.

Draper's Force of Wind—(Page 381). This instrument consists essentially of a cylindrical metal drum, suspended by a chain from an unyielding frame or support, and exposed to the action of the wind, the lower end of the drum being connected by another chain and guide-rod with a spiral steel spring, on the top of which a pencil is placed, bearing lightly on a sheet of paper fastened to a board, which is drawn aside by a clock at the rate of half an inch an hour. When the drum is pressed upon by the wind, it is pushed in the direction toward which the wind is blowing, and pulling upon the spring, causes the pencil to make an upward trace upon the paper. The force necessary to draw the pencil upward to a given point is determined by direct experiment, and expressed in pounds weight upon a square foot. The direction from which the wind blows makes no difference, as it always has the same surface to press upon.

The metal drum, *a a*, is made of tin plate; it is two feet in height, and one foot in diameter, suspended by a chain, *b*, to a strong support, *c c*, on the roof of the observatory; its lower end is connected by a chain and guide-rod, *d d*, with the spiral spring, *e*, at the bottom of the case. On the top of this spring, at *f*, is a pencil; it bears against a sheet of paper, *g g*, fastened to a board drawn aside by a clock, *h*, at the above-mentioned rate. When the wind blows, the tin cylinder is forced into some other position, as is shown in the dotted figure, *á á*, and the pencil is drawn upward. The more violent the wind the further will the tin cylinder be pushed aside, and the higher the pencil drawn.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

A Remarkable Walking-stick.—A walking-stick for tourists and botanists, recently patented in Germany by Herr Herb, of Pulsnitz, is furnished with the following articles: One side of the handle is a signal-call, and on the other side can be fixed a knife (which is above the ferrule). In the middle of the handle is a compass. The handle itself can be screwed off, and within is a small microscope with six object-glasses. In the stick, under the handle, is a vessel containing ether or chloroform. Outside the stick there is inserted on one side a thermometer, and on the other a sand or minute-glass. Above the ferrule is the knife already referred to, and to the ferrule can be screwed a botanist's spatula, or an ice-point for glacier-parties. Lastly, a metre measure is adapted to the stick. A small hammer and a blowpipe are needed to make it suitable for geologists as well as naturalists.

Ice in the Sick-room.—Mention is made in a foreign paper of a plan pursued by an ingenious physician for insuring a supply of ice for use in sick-rooms during the hottest night, and without disturbing the patient. This plan is to cut a piece of flannel about nine inches square, and secure it by a string round the mouth of an ordinary tumbler, so as to leave a cup-shaped depression of flannel within the tumbler to about half its depth. In the flannel cup so formed pieces of ice may be preserved many hours—all the longer if a piece of flannel from four to five inches square be used as a loose cover to the ice-cup. Cheap flannel, with comparatively open meshes, is preferable, as the water easily drains through it, and the ice is thus kept quite dry.

THE INVENTOR OF BALLOONS.—Mlle. Adelaide Montgolfier, a daughter of the inventor of balloons, is still alive, aged eighty-seven years. She is possessed of a large fortune, and recently presented the Museum of the Aeronautic Society with a copy of the large medal executed by Houdon, and representing her father and uncle engaged in inventing balloons. This medal was executed to commemorate that event. A movement has been started in France for celebrating the centennary of that memorable event, which took place in June, 1783, in the vicinity of Lyons. Montgolfier had heard of the great discoveries of Priestley and Lavoisier in reference to gases, and, being unsuccessful as an artist, conceived the idea of filling balloons with hydrogen and selling them as toys. These little affairs were called after the inventor, *montgolfiers*, and have since afforded an unending source of amusement to children in all countries. The size was subsequently greatly increased, and, with Arago's advice and assistance, was brought to considerable perfection.

COMPARATIVE ANTHROPOLOGY.—Dr. Wiesbach, the head of the Austro-Hungarian hospital at Constantinople, has accurately measured more than 200 individuals belonging to nineteen different races, from countries situated at points of the globe vastly distant one from the other. He finds that the number of pulsations varies considerably in different races. In the negroes of Congo, the average is 62 to the minute, while it is 79 for the Chinese. As to stature, the shortest of all the peoples measured were the Hottentots—4 feet 2¾ inches; the tallest are the natives of the Sandwich Islands—5 feet 6¾ inches. Dr. Wiesbach gives the stature of the European races as follows: English, 5 feet 6½ inches; Norwegians, 5 feet 7½ inches; French and Italians, 5 feet 6 inches; Spanish and Portuguese, 5 feet 5⅝ inches; Germans, 5 feet 6½ inches. The Patagonians have the greatest circumference of head—25½ inches, and the North American Indians the largest development of chest.

CANTON PHOSPHORUS.—Canton phosphorus is the name given to a combination of sulphur with lime, barium or strontium—that is to say, it is a sulphide of calcium, barium or strontium, made by fusing the sulphates of those bases with some reducing agent, so as to expel the oxygen. If these substances are exposed to the light for a short time, they immediately become luminous in the dark. This property is called phosphorescence, and may last several hours, or a whole night. When the power of emission is exhausted, the sulphide has only to be exposed to the light again to recover all its luminous properties, and this process may go on indefinitely, especially if it be kept hermetically sealed. These are the chemical compounds with which phosphorescent artificial flowers were made some time ago, and they are now used on clock-faces, on which the hour can be seen in the dark. In default of sunshine, they can be revived by burning magnesium wire close to them for a few moments.

THE DRAINAGE OF LAKE FUCINO.—Lake Fucino is, or, rather, was, situated in the centre of the Apennines, about fifty miles southeast of Rome, and some 2,200 feet above the sea. It received the rainfall of a large district, and was constantly varying in extent, frequently destroying the labors of the humble tillers of the soil, while at the same time it was a source of disease and death. Even in the time of Julius Cæsar attempts were made to drain it, but of no avail. It has been left to Prince Torlonia to bring the project to a successful issue. An expenditure of $10,000,000, and a labor which has extended over twenty-four years, have, however, sufficed for the making of a tunnel and the erection of other works, and the lake is now only a small catchment basin which effectually drains the surrounding districts, leaving about 35,000 acres of the richest arable land, on which the finest crops can be raised, without fear of inundation or devastating fever.

THE NAVISPHERE.—This instrument, the invention of M. de Magnac, is intended to facilitate the determination of the course of a vessel and its position. It is of very simple construction, and shows, without calculations and in a few moments, the names of the stars which are above the horizon at a given moment. Moreover, it enables the observer to determine within about one degree the heights and the azimuths of the same stars. In addition, it will give the angle of route from one point to another, and the distance between these two points to within about fifteen miles. The invention has already been tested on board the Transatlantic Company's steamer *Washington*, and with such satisfactory results that M. de Magnac has no doubt its use will soon be generally adopted, not only in the French, but in foreign navies.

FOSSIL SHELLS IN ALGERIA.—M. Cotteau has been making some extensive geological observations in Algeria, from which he comes to the conclusion that many of the rocks in that province are contemporaneous with parts of France. In Algeria, the deposit of Neocomian (lower cretaceous) fossils is sometimes 1,500 feet in thickness, and contributes to the formation of nearly all the great mountain ranges, except, perhaps, those on the seacoast. The deposits are extremely rich in *echinoderms* (sea-urchins), which are remarkable for the variety of their genera and species, the number of individual specimens and their excellent state of preservation. Twenty-five species suffice to establish a close connection between the deposits formed at the same geological epoch in Europe and Algeria.

DEFECTS OF TELESCOPES.—It has been found that opera-glasses are preferable to telescopes in some classes of astronomical observations. The reason is, that in the opera-glasses the lenses are hermetically sealed up in the tube, and do not become dimmed by moisture. By pursuing a similar arrangement with telescopes, the evil complained of can be remedied.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

A BITING WIND.—A gnaw-easter.

A LAY SERMON.—A "curtain lecture."

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.—The railway.

THINGS THAT MUST BE PUSHED.—Barrows.

A MAN OF STANDING.—An omnibus conductor.

"NEVER dispair," is the motto for married people.

"STIRRING times!" as a Scotch lass said when she was making porridge.

HOW TO turn people's heads.—Come to a concert late in a pair of squeaking boots.

A GIRL said of her bow-legged beau that she "didn't like to waltz in brackets!"

WONDER if it screamed? A sporting paper says, "The yacht came down on a tack."

"A MAN can't help what's done behind his back," as the tramp said when he was kicked out-of-doors.

A YOUNG man described a taxidermist to a bevy of young girls as one who sort o' upholstered animals.

"THAT'S a poser!" replied the photographer's assistant, when questioned as to whom he had in the chair.

"IS THERE any clove or cinnamon," asks a despairing moralist, "that will sweeten the breath of scandal?"

THERE'S many a girl called a "daisy" before marriage, who, after a few years, looks like a faded old "buttercup."

"DAUGHTER," said an anxious parent to his little one, "didn't I tell you to eat no more green apples?" "Yes, papa; but this is a yellow one!"

BUSINESS LIFE.—*Effie:* "Oh, my dear husband, I can't consent to your going across the ocean until—until your life is fully covered by insurance!"

A STUDENT said, in response to a reproof for the lowness of his position in the class, "Well, professor, never mind; I presume I am as much to blame as you are."

"MONEY does everything for a man," said one old gentleman. "Yes," replied the other one; "but money won't do as much for a man as some men will do for money."

AN Irish crier at Ballinasloe being ordered to clear the court, did so by this announcement: "Now, then, all ye blackguards that isn't lawyers must lave the court."

"VILL you take sumding?" said a German teetotaler to a friend while standing near a tavern. "I don't care if I do," was the reply. "Vell, den, let us take a valk!"

LOTTERY OFFICIAL: "Sir, is this your ticket? If so, you gain——" "Hooray! Tell me quick! What is it?" "Three months' imprisonment; your ticket is a forgery!"

"AH, Augustus, how soothing is Nature! See how beautiful those birds look upon the wing!" "Yes; just so, Angelina. But, excuse me, I—I think the wings are on the birds!"

ON being deserted by her adorer, a young lady in the millinery line broke forth in this way: "Such a wretch ought to be battered to death with thimbles, and buried in a bandbox!"

A VERMONTER has invented a new and cheap plan for boarding. One of his boarders mesmerizes the rest, and then eats a hearty meal—the mesmerized being satisfied from sympathy.

AN old maid has a cat and a canary. The cat dies first. She has him stuffed, and places him in the cage of the canary, saying, "I have put the dear creature where he always desired to be."

"WIFE," said a man, looking for his bootjack, "I have places where I keep my things, and you ought to know it." "Yes," said she, "I ought to know where you keep your late hours, but I don't."

"YOU'VE destroyed my peace of mind, Betsy," said a despairing lover to a truant lass. "It can't do you much harm, John, for 'twas an amazing small piece you had, any way," was the quick reply.

A LADY, who edits a newspaper in one of the Western States, says that "the popularity of her journal is due to the fact that people are always expecting her to say something she ought not to."

"IT'S strange that you should have grown so fickle of late, my dear," said Mrs. Mic to her husband, "for in earlier years you were as staid as could be—you never came to see me but you staid till twelve or one o'clock."

THE art of printing will never be complete till Prof. Edison, or some one else, invents a means of conveying to readers' ears the shrill whistle that escapes a young husband's lips when he first learns that his wife has twins.

THE BAVARIAN DAIRYMAID'S RETURN HOME.

FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY.

VOL. IX.— No. 4. APRIL, 1880. $3.00 PER ANNUM.

THE NEW IRISH MOVEMENT

BY N. ROBINSON.

IN order to lead up to the new Irish movement, it will be necessary to step back and take a passing glance at the now extinct volcanoes that in their time blazed so fiercely all along the line, and to notice in chronological order the political upheavals which have led to "Obstruction" and the agitation for a "Peasant Proprietary."

The law of defeats separates the vanquished into two or three well-defined parties or sections: one party more bitter in opposition than ever; one party quietly put out of the way, who retire upon their shields; and a little party who recognize no defeat. This is just the outcome in Ireland of the years '48 and '49.

O'Connell's movement was from '42 to '44; but from that date, although Smith O'Brien and John Mitchel came to the front, the country was not at their backs. It is a fallacy to suppose that the Young Irelanders broke with O'Connell on a war policy. *They* had no war policy, neither had he. It was the blaze of revolution lighted in Paris in '48 that set men on fire in Ireland. The Young Ireland party seceded from O'Connell on the point of the celebrated test resolutions, which declared it would not be lawful to take up arms for the recovery of national rights. The non-acceptance of this declaration led to the Irish Confederation. The Confederates were decidedly unpopular, especially after the death of O'Connell, whose demise was laid at their door, and they themselves became the victims of secession. John Mitchel and his following were for preparing the people for war against England. Thus, Ireland had three parties, and no real national movement.

MR. C. S. PARNELL, M.P. FOR "ROYAL MEATH."

When Paris hurled Louis Philippe from the throne, the pulse of Ireland became intensely agitated, and two schools of insurrectionists were to be found in the new insurrectionary party: one that declared that Smith O'Brien wanted a rose-water resolution; the other, that Mitchel was a Red, and wanted a Jacquerie. The refusal to rise for the release of Mitchel led to bad blood, and the subsequent rising resulted in a *fiasco*. The men who ordered it had no command from the nation, and were but a fraction of a nation. The Catholic clergy were opposed to the insurrectionists—not in a combative sense, but in the sense of a decided disapproval of rebellion. Also against them were the bulk of the million in favor of Repeal.

The cities, to be sure, became imbued with the spirit of revolution, and a desire to see it out; but, beyond their natural antipathy to English rule, the rural population had little or no participation in the '48 movement.

After the '48 movement had exhausted itself in transportations and expatriations, and the flower of Ireland's intellect and patriotism was literally pining away in England's penal settlements, the gaze of the country turned instinctively toward one man, Charles Gavan Duffy, and behind crouched the terrible problem "What next?"

Gavan Duffy's policy was a retreat all along the line. He tried the original Irish Confederation policy, but received no support. He at last got together a party under the banner of "Tenant Right." This was a move that brought the Presbyterians of Ulster to take counsel with the Catholics of Munster; it brought Repealers and Anti-Repealers, and men of every shade of politics and religion, upon one common platform, and an organization was formed to compel Parliament to pass a measure which would prevent the eviction of the tenant farmer, except for the non-payment of rent, and to prevent, also, the arbitrary raising of the rent.

Ireland sent about thirty-five or forty members to the British Parliament, who were returned at the instance of the Tenant League, and to work out its programme. They used the new shibboleth to suit their own ends, and many of them being both corrupt and dishonest, the pass was sold, and the party bought up through its leaders, Sadlier and Keogh. Some of the Catholic clergy there were who considered it was a goodly step in the right direction to see Catholics on the Bench, and their convictions were lulled by this soporific; but the cause of the luckless tenant was lost, and Ireland grasped the shadow while the substance floated beyond its reach.

A cohort of the exasperated section of the '48 party now came to the front, who, seeing the utter and shameful defeat of the Gavan Duffy following, instantly raised their voices for war to the knife, to the bitter, bitter end; and out of this cry arose the Fenian movement.

The Fenian movement did not represent anything like the full force of Irish patriotism, or even, indeed, a considerable portion of it—the bulk of the millions who believed in O'Connell and Smith O'Brien stood with folded arms outside the movement. Its policy was disbelieved in, although the Fenians worked with an energy worthy of the highest admiration, while an honest, manly, self-sacrificing spirit of patriotism marked the men who were its martyrs. Never did braver men stand in the dock; and to the Fenians, Ireland owes that stirring-up of public opinion upon Irish subjects which hitherto had slumbered in a wasting inactivity.

Ireland at length reached that stage where, as Phædrus says:

"Gratis anhelans, multi agendo nihil agens."

She had been checkmated, and Britannia smiled contemptuously at her from behind the glistening bayonets of the regiments with which she had flooded the country. It was again the horrors of the lash and triangle, loathsome details of the treachery of informers and prosecutors, the chain-gangs at Portland and Chatham, and the terrible outrages inflicted upon men whose only fault lay in loving Ireland not wisely, but too well.

We now come to the burning question of Home Rule.

The Irish passion for national existence still glowed in Ireland's bosom, and the nation cried for light; a field for Irish devotion and heroism was what was wanted. The country was sick of the hecatomb of victims offered up by the last sad effort—sick "nigh unto death." The Tory party came into power during the Fenian scare, and they went to their work in a spirit that would have shamed Oliver Cromwell himself. They fined, fettered, imprisoned and hanged, until a glut of vengeance seemed an impossibility.

"This is my chance," said Mr. Gladstone. "I'll make capital out of this Fenian scare, and, dashing at the Church Establishment, I'll gather in the straying bands which once formed the rank and file of the Liberal party. England wants a salve, and when she finds herself doing a virtuous thing she will purge her conscience of all her recent evil-doing."

With the war-whoop of "Down with the Irish Church," Mr. Gladstone bounded into office at the head of a majority only equaled by that of Sir Robert Peel in '41; and with the faculty of persuading himself into a fervid conscientiousness upon any subject he likes, he flung himself body and soul into the disestablishment of the Church established in Ireland.

At this, uprose the Irish Protestants, who declared that, as faith had been broken with them by the English Government, they would repeal the Union by way of retaliation, and kick another crown into the Boyne.

"Break with us," said they, "and we'll break with you."

The Irish Church was disestablished, and the Irish Protestants, in a very craze of indignation, eagerly sought a vent for their feelings of revenge. They wouldn't touch Fenianism, and their minds insensibly reverted to '82, and to such Protestants as Grattan, Flood, Curran and Lord Charlemont. Some of the most influential Protestants were now prepared to take up the cudgels—peers, dignitaries of the Protestant Church, large landed proprietors, bankers, merchants, deputy lieutenants, and even Fellows of Trinity College.

This was no Falstaffian army—no mere food for powder; but a band of men who had a vast property at stake in the country, who saw a thousand reasons why Irishmen alone should regulate affairs. And now the late Mr. Isaac Butt comes upon the stage.

Mr. Butt was called to the front, from an obscurity into which a wild recklessness had hurled him, to defend the Fenian prisoners in 1865. Mr. Butt then became the centre figure, and, through the meetings of the Amnesty Association—larger than any since Tara and Mullaghmast—a centre figure he remained. The Protestants, who now chafed under the disestablishment, were, many of them, Butt's old comrades, college chums and political associates, and to them he turned, urging them no longer to act the secondary *rôle* of an English garrison.

"Act boldly and promptly now," he said, in one of his powerful addresses, "and you will save Ireland from revolutionary violence on the one side, and from alien misgovernment on the other. You, like myself, have been early trained to mistrust the Catholic multitude; but when you come to know them you will admire them. They are not

anarchists, nor would they be revolutionists, if men like you would do your duty and lead them—that is, honestly and faithfully and carefully lead them—in the struggle for constitutional liberty."

Mr. Butt made a great impression, but, of course, was met with the old cries of "Wolf," "Catholic ascendency," "The tools of the priests," "Yoke of Rome," and all that sort of low Orange claptrap.

In the defeat of "honest John Martin" for Longford, the country saw a Catholic people fighting their own clergy—who had foolishly pledged themselves to support the Fulke-Greville-Nugent candidate—as vehemently as they and their own clergy had ever fought the Tory landlords. This was an exceptional and painful incident. A meeting was held in Dublin, under the presidency of a Protestant Lord Mayor, and a resolution was enthusiastically adopted, that the true remedy for the evils of Ireland was an Irish Parliament; and the standard of Home Rule was unfurled to the political sky.

A "Committee on Resolutions," comprising all the participators in a private conference which took place on the evening of Thursday, the 19th of May, 1870, at the Dillon Hotel, Dublin, was charged with the delicate task of formulating the national demand which they proposed to recommend to the country. They carefully disclaimed for themselves any representative character, or any right to speak or act in the name of Ireland. They proposed merely to ascertain what support such a scheme as they meditated might command, with the view of eventually submitting it to some formal assembly competent to speak with the national authority. In due time the committee reported the following as the fundamental resolutions of an organization to be called "The Home Rule Government Association of Ireland":

"I.—This association is formed for the purpose of obtaining for Ireland the right of self-government by means of a national parliament.

"II.—It is hereby declared, as the essential principle of this association, that the objects, and *the only objects*, contemplated by its organization are:

"To obtain for our country the right and privilege of managing our own affairs, by a parliament assembled in Ireland, composed of her Majesty the sovereign, and her successors, and the Lords and Commons of Ireland;

"To secure for that parliament, under a federal arrangement, the right of legislating for and regulating all matters relating to the internal affairs of Ireland, and control over Irish resources and revenues, subject to the obligation of contributing our just proportion of the imperial expenditure;

"To leave to an imperial parliament the power of dealing with all questions affecting the imperial crown and government, legislation regarding the colonies and other dependencies of the crown, the relations of the United Empire with fore gn States, and all matters appertaining to the defense and the stability of the empire at large.

"To attain such an adjustment of the relations between the two countries, without any interference with the prerogatives of the crown, or any disturbance of the principles of the constitution.

"III.—The association invites the co-operation of all Irishmen who are willing to join in seeking for Ireland a federal arrangement base i upon these general principles.

"IV.—The association will endeavor to forward the object it has in view, by using all legitimate means of influencing public sentiment, both in Ireland and Great Britain; by taking all opportunities of instructing and informing public opinion; and by seeking to unite Irishmen of all creeds and classes in one national movement, in support of the great national object hereby contemplated.

"V.—It is declared to be an essential principle of the association that, while every member is understood by joining it to concur in its general object and plan of action, no person so joining is committed to any political opinion, except the advisability of seeking for Ireland the amount of self-government contemplated in the objects of the association."

This was not Repeal, as O'Connell's scheme was loosely and imperfectly called. O'Connell entirely avoided defining his plan of arrangement. By "Repeal" he caused the people to understand the one simple fact that the illegal overthrow of the Irish constitution in 1800 was to be undone. But in 1844 he knew right well that reverting to the state of things previous to 1800 would in many respects be impossible, and in others mischievous. He knew that many international arrangements, compromises, checks and counterpoises would have to be agreed upon; but he never attempted to outline or define any plan. This vagueness, while on the one hand it saved him from attack in details as well as principles, on the other gave room for Protestant alarm and apprehension. Repeal, *plus* all the changes of the past forty years, was very nearly separation; and O'Connell would not show his hand as to future details or guarantees.

This new plan of the Home Government Association took the other course. It attempted to suggest or indicate the nature of the arrangements under which the unity of the empire might be secured equally with Irish management of Irish affairs. In this sense it was at once less and more than "Repeal." "The pre-Union system," says Mr. A. M. Sullivan, M. P., in his "New Ireland," "had two serious faults—one hazardous to the English connection, the other perilous to Irish liberties. The voting of Irish supplies, not merely for domestic, but general and imperial purposes, the voting of men, money or material for the navy and the army, lay altogether with the Irish Parliament. This was a state of things too uncertain and dangerous for British ministers to be really content with. It was a perpetual inducement, in the interests of imperial unity and safety, to a consolidation of the Parliaments. On the other hand, the Irish Parliament had no responsible ministry. Its vote was as powerless to remove a cabinet as to stir the Hill of Howth. The result was a standing menace to the freedom of the Assembly. The ministry sought openly, as it often did, in the most violent and corrupt attempts, to purchase a majority in the Chamber; and yet the Chamber itself could by no vote of 'want of confidence' remove the ministry from power."

The great feature in the Home Government Association scheme was: On the one hand, it offered to surrender the Irish control over imperial supplies; on the other, claimed a responsible Irish administration. All that related to imperial concerns was left to the imperial legislation; all that related to domestic Irish affairs was claimed for an Irish parliament.

"But what are 'local,' and what are 'imperial,' affairs?" asked hostile critics, anxious to draw Mr. Butt into a battle in details.

"That may or may not be a difficult point of arrangement between the countries, when they come to adjust such matters," was his reply. "Such points have been easily settled elsewhere, and they will not defy the ability of English and Irish statesmen when the time arrives for considering them here."

Conscious of the difficulties surrounding them, the leaders of the new society pushed their way very diffidently and hesitatingly at first. The new movement, however, made steady progress, and by the middle of January, 1872, the struggle had assumed national significance and importance. The London *Daily Telegraph* declared that Ireland was "on the eve of a very critical test." The *Daily News* said: "The contest is already exciting an amount of

A CABIN ON THE ESTATE OF LORD CASTLEMAINE.

interest in Ireland scarcely equaled there since O'Connell contested Clare County. . . . . There are all the materials of a struggle, the result of which every English statesman must regard as important, if not indeed momentous."

The Kerry election decided the fortunes of the new movement, the Home Rule candidate, Mr. Blennerhasset, winning in a canter. On the 13th of July, 1872, the Ballot Act became law. This Act gave a death-blow to electoral intimidation, from whatever quarter directed, and delivered the reality of political power at the polls, for the first time, into the hands of the people themselves.

A PEASANT'S FUNERAL.

AN IRISH PIG FAIR.

Mr. Butt's policy was the "policy of conciliation." It meant that, Lazarus-like, the Home Rule party were to pick up any crumbs that fell from the Dives Government Benches, and then to utter a long and devout grace of thankfulness. Mr. Butt, being an acute and able lawyer, believed thoroughly in constitutional measures, and above all in the great "leveler up," Time. But the fiery spirits in the Home Rule party, and there were a few, chafed under the galling weight of inactivity imposed upon them by their leader, and the humiliation of sitting session after session in the British Parliament, without being permitted to give scorn for scorn, and blow for blow. Session after session the Home Rule party preserved a masterly inactivity. "*Festina lente*," said Mr. Butt. "Let us make haste slowly. Everything comes to him who knows how to wait."

"Remember the fable of the peasant who waited for the river to pass away, retorted Mr. Biggar. And the reply of this sturdy North of Ireland man found its echo in many an Irish constituency, which had been befooled into sending "kid-gloved" representatives to Parliament, who had used the shibboleth "Home Rule" solely with a view to the social distinction of a seat in St. Stephen's, and who, by their persistent absence on the occasion of discussions in which Irish

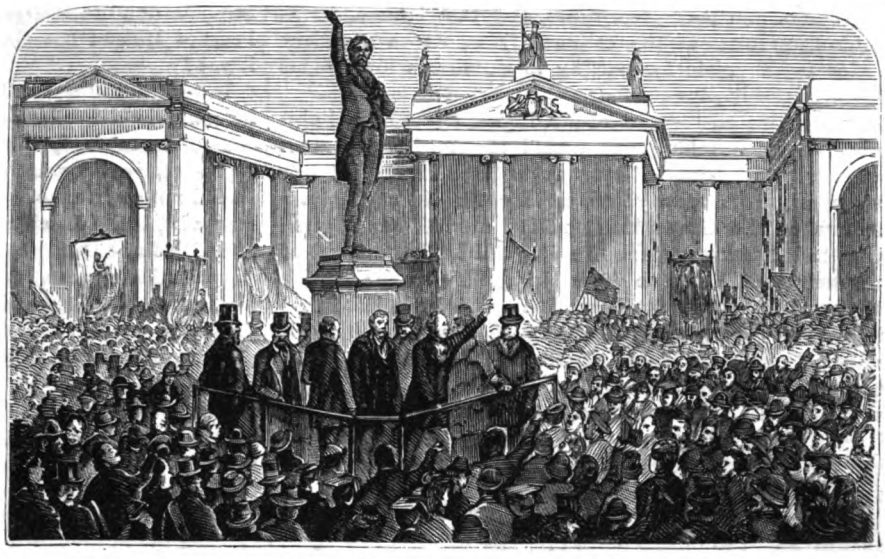
interests were concerned, plainly showed that they were either acting in concert with the powers that be, or were, Micawber-like, waiting for something to turn up to their own immediate advantage.

The few honest men and true remonstrated with Mr. Butt on the folly of pursuing a policy that reaped nothing but ridicule and contempt from the Government, and mistrust and anger from the Irish people; but their leader, true to his original programme, would not alter his plan of action by a single hair's-breadth.

And now Mr. Biggar steps into startling prominence. The Prince of Wales had come down to the House of Commons, and had entered the gallery allotted to the members of the royal family and peers of the realm. His Royal Highness had come down to the House to hear a speech from a devoted adherent and boon companion. A Home Rule question had just been disposed of with very scant courtesy, and the member whom the Prince seemed so desirous of listening to had just arisen, when Mr. Biggar, springing to his feet and addressing the Speaker, exclaimed, while gazing up at the gallery where was seated the heir to the throne, "Sir, I espy strangers."

Now, it is the privilege of any member of Parliament to utter these words in his place in Parliament, and with the effect of causing the Speaker to order strangers to withdraw. Instantly the galleries are cleared, the members of the press relegated to outer darkness, until no person remains within the House but its members and its officers.

This cry of Mr. Biggar fell like a live shell upon the assembled Commons. Order the Prince of Wales out of the House? Impossible! The dazed Speaker asked Mr. Biggar if he persisted in his "espial of strangers." Mr. Biggar replied, "Yea"; and the Prince of Wales marched out of the House, in company with the *oi polloi* — briefless barristers, country cousins,



STATUE OF HENRY GRATTAN IN DUBLIN.

LANCERS CLEARING THE STREETS OF AN IRISH TOWN.

POLICE DISPERSING A HOME RULE MEETING AT DUBLIN, IN 1871.

promoters of bubble companies, and that large and uninteresting class of the community who seek a gallery order as an opiate for putting to slumber a few tedious hours out of the twenty-four.

This action on the part of Mr. Biggar flashed like lightning all over Ireland, and a wild shout of approbation arose from the Giant's Causeway to Cape Clear. Two or three members, who cared neither for the smiles nor frowns of the Government, rallied around Mr. Biggar, who had become a marked man; and in the removal of the heir to the throne from the gallery of the British House of Commons was born that stout little babe that in so short a time was destined to develop into the stalwart and muscular youth, known as "Obstruction." As the spirit of open and defiant antagonism to English sneer and English insolence was awakened, Mr. Biggar became the centre of a devoted band resolved upon showing the Government Benches that it neither courted nor feared their contemptuous occupants.

The pulses of Ireland leaped into life when she found that at least two or three out of those whom she sent to St. Stephen's to represent her were faithful to her, and the word passed all along the line:

"Let us send men of the Biggar stamp into Parliament whenever and wherever we get a chance."

This sentiment elected Mr. Charles Stewart Parnell, for Royal Meath, who at once stepped into the very front rank, and commenced that system of lawful obstruction—for he is always within his rights—which has literally brought the business of Parliament to a complete standstill. Ministers at first adopted their usual tactics of sneer—sneer failed. They then tried soft sawder—soft sawder failed. They then resorted to threats—threats failed. They then invoked the Orders of the House. Mr. Parnell and his following had complied with them. Appeals were then made. But Government stood aghast. This nettle that stung so badly had grown up in the midst of their fair garden. Could it not be plucked up by the root?

One by one, the occupants of the Treasury Benches endeavored to seize it, only to recoil discomfited and dismayed.

Mr. O'Donnell was elected for Dungarvan, and almost before he had taken the oaths and his seat he was at the throat of the Ministry. Came the now celebrated continuous sitting of thirty-six hours, when the Obstructionists, six in number, divided the House all day and all night and all the next day on the question of South African Annexation. Six men, like Horatius in the days of old, kept the bridge, and if the Home Rule party as a party, or even a small, very small, section of it, had come to the rescue, the Bill could have been absolutely defeated.

After this hand-to-hand encounter, both parties paused for breath, and the Government were fairly driven to their wits' end in debating measures to be introduced into Parliament for the purpose of silencing the redoubtable Obstructionists. But the Irish Obstructionists could not be muzzled unless the English Radicals were muzzled, and to infringe on the rights of any member of the House would be to assail the prerogative of all, and a breach of the privilege of Parliament; consequently all remedial measures proved abortive, and the last measure of the Government at the end of last session was to place a special reporter in the gallery, for the purpose of taking down the exact expressions of Messrs. Parnell, Biggar, O'Donnell, O'Connor Power, and a few others, with the view of pouncing upon them should a treasonable word flash from their lips.

We now come to the question of a Peasant Proprietary. Just ten years have elapsed since Mr. Gladstone, then in possession of great power, said at the Guildhall, "The heart of Ireland has got to be won." Has England won it yet?

In regard to the Land Act, Mr. Gladstone did the best he could in a Parliament which, for two hundred years, has been composed, as to the majority, of very determined representatives of what is called the landed interest. But he did not do enough. He left the Irish farmer—and, we may add, he left Irish agriculture—a prey to that tenure of which Lord Dufferin, late Governor-General of Canada, a great Ulster proprietor, and a thorough Irishman, exclaimed in the House of Lords: "What is the spectacle presented to us by Ireland? It is that of millions of persons, whose only dependence and whose chief occupation is agriculture—for the most part cultivating their lands—that is, sinking their past, their present and their future upon yearly tenancies. But what is a yearly tenancy? Why, it is an impossible tenure—a tenure which, if its terms were to be literally interpreted, no Christian man would offer and none but a madman would accept."

From the figures of a leading official statistician in Ireland, it appears that at present no fewer than 75 per cent., or 440,000, of the tenant farmers of Ireland hold their lands upon this insane and unchristian tenure, of which Adam Smith wrote, "It is against all reason and probability to suppose that yearly tenants will improve the soil."

In 1845 (the year immediately preceding the famine) the population was at the highest point it attained during the present century, and probably the highest it ever reached. It was estimated at 8,295,061. In 1847, the year when the famine was at its height, the numbers are given as 8,025,274. In 1875, just thirty years after the maximum, the numbers had fallen to 5,309,494. In 1877 they were estimated at 5,338,906, showing an increase over 1875 of 29,412.

Now, the census returns show that from 1851, very shortly after the famine, there has been a steady decrease in the number of farms under fifteen acres, and a steady increase in the number of farms between fifteen and thirty acres, as well as in farms exceeding thirty acres in area. Up to 1861, the number of holdings not exceeding fifteen acres had declined 55 per cent., while those above fifteen acres had increased 133 per cent. The number of farms between fifteen and thirty acres was, in 1861, double what it had been in 1841, and the farms above thirty acres amounted, in 1861, to 157,833, against 48,625, which had been their number twenty years before. Between 1861 and 1871, farms under fifteen acres decreased by 12,548, and farms above thirty acres increased by 1,470. According to the latest returns (1875), the farms not exceeding one acre in area were 51,459; those of one to five acres were 69,098; those of five to fifteen acres, 166,959; fifteen to thirty acres, 137,669; the total above thirty acres being 160,298 holdings.

This distribution of the land seems to indicate a considerable improvement, compared with the state of things prevailing before the famine. Unfortunately the increase in the size of holdings has not been attended by a corresponding decrease in the number held on an insecure tenure. Tenancy at will continues to be the rule, and permanency the exception, in Irish land tenure

An attempt to estimate roughly the classes of landholders has been made by an able writer in the *Contemporary Review*. The "Domesday" list of proprietors of land gives the number of owners of one acre and under ten as 6,892, holding 28,968 acres, or an average of a little over four acres each; between ten acres and fifty, there are 7,746 owners, holding 195,525 acres, or an average of a little over twenty-six acres; between fifty acres and a hun-

dred, there are 3,479 owners, holding 250,147 acres, or an average of just under seventy-two acres. These make up a body of small proprietors, owning from one to a hundred acres, numbering 18,117.

Eason's Almanac for 1879 estimates the number of "proprietors in fee" of agricultural holdings at 20,217. The same authority gives the number of leaseholders in perpetuity as 10,298; for terms of years exceeding thirty-one, as 13,712; for thirty-one years and under, as 47,623 (many of which may be short leases); and of leases for lives, or lives and years alternative, as 63,759. The number of tenancies at will is 526,628, or 77.2 per cent. of the whole number of holdings. These statistics, collected in 1870, have doubtless been in some degree modified by the working of the Church Act and the Land Act.

The Domesday list of the proprietors of under one acre is given in *Thom's Directory* as 36,144, holding 9,065 acres; but their holdings do not affect the present question, as they are mostly non-agricultural. The estimate in *Eason's Almanac* purports to relate wholly to agricultural holdings. Domesday includes all classes.

Another index of the condition of a people may be found in the way they are housed. Mean and comfortless dwellings imply not only a low standard of comfort, but often a low morality. Let us see how this matter has stood in Ireland.

The Census Commissioners of 1841 divided the dwellings of the people into four classes. The fourth, or lowest, comprised all mud cabins having only one room. Of this class there were in all Ireland, according to the 1841 census, 491,278. In the last census, 1871, the number had fallen to 155,675. The third-class dwellings were also built of mud, but contained three or four rooms, with windows; the latter convenience being by no means universally present in the one-roomed cabin of the fourth class. Of the third class, the census of 1841 enumerated 533,297; by 1871 this number had fallen to 357,126. The second class are described as good farmhouses, and in towns, houses having from five to nine rooms. Of this class, in 1841, there were 264,184; and in 1871 the number had increased to 387,660. The first class of houses increased during the same period from 40,080 to 60,919. Let us see now in what way the population has been distributed in the different classes of houses.

In 1841, the number of families occupying first-class houses was 31,333. In 1871 the number had risen to 49,693. During the same period the number of families in second-class houses rose from 241,664 to 357,752. On the other hand, the families in third-class houses decreased from 574,386 to 432,774; and those in the fourth-class, or one-roomed cabins, from 625,356 to 227,379. By a curious coincidence, the *proportion* of families to houses was the same in 1841 and in 1871—one hundred and eleven families to one hundred houses. In this way the very great shifting in the *classes* is all the more clearly proved to indicate a real rise in the condition of the people.

Mr. Baldwin, the Assistant Government Commissioner, has reported to the Irish Executive that "wide areas of land in Ireland are not yielding a fourth of the produce which could be obtained from them. The dwellings of a vast number of small farmers in Ireland are wretched. In this age of progress it is unsatisfactory to find that there are in Ireland very many small farmers with large families whose dwellings consist of a single apartment, in which cattle and pigs are also housed. There are 4,000,000 acres of medium land, now growing poor herbage, which would pay far better in tillage. At present, the gross return of these 4,000,000 acres does not amount to twice the rent; if put under a proper system, the yield would amount to five times the rent, and the wealth of the country would be increased to the extent of several millions. The want of drainage is a crying defect in Irish agriculture. In Ireland, at least 6,000,000 acres are in need of drainage. This work could be effected at a cost of £5 an acre. The annual letting value would be thereby increased by £3,000,000."

Mr. Baldwin's conclusions are worthy of attention. He says the small farmers fear that any improvement in their agriculture would be taken hold of by their landlords as a cloak for raising rents.

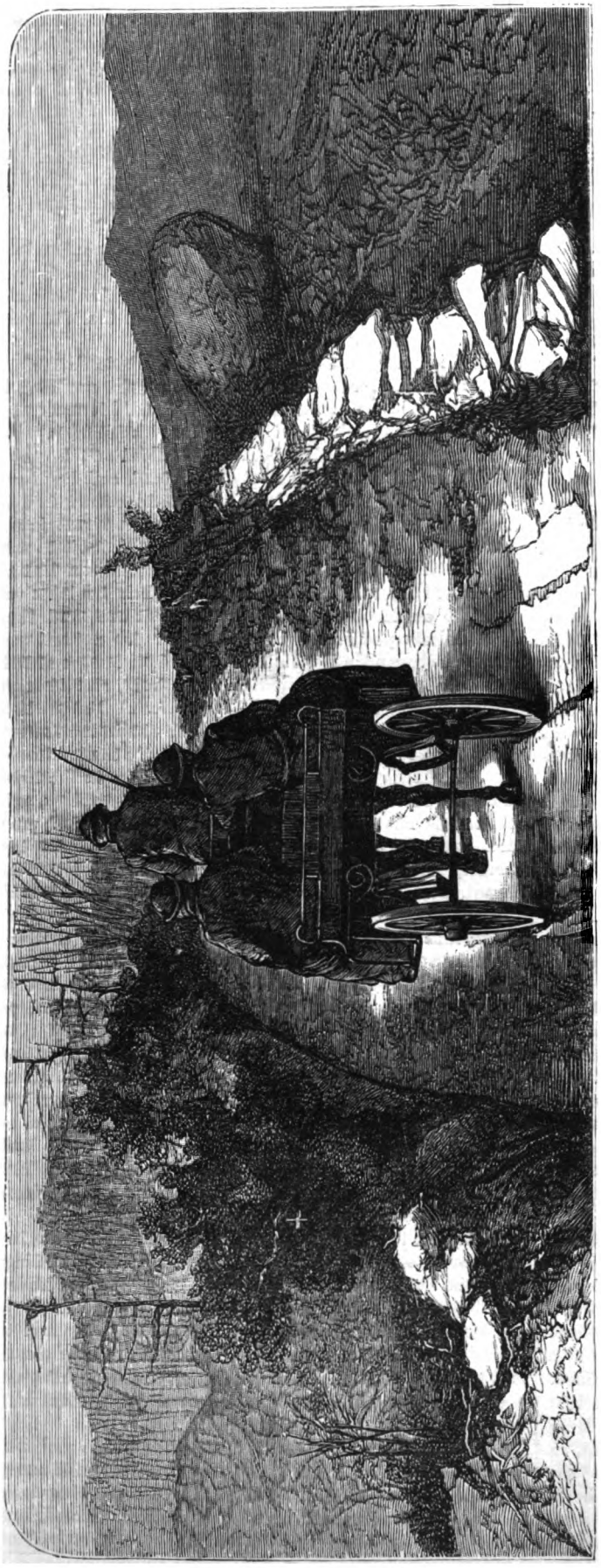
Hinc illæ lachrymæ. The cause of the backward and unproductive condition of Irish agriculture is declared, upon the authority of the man selected by their Lordships of the Government Commission, to be the fear that the landlords will confiscate improvements!

This is really the keystone to the whole fabric. A tenant, be he ever so anxious to improve the condition of his holding, has an inner wholesome dread of his rent being raised—a strange abiding terror. It is his *bête noir.*

In Ireland the relation between landlord and tenant is altogether different from that of England and Scotland. Previous to the famine of 1846, the great landowners were non-resident, and the land was still in a measure in the hands of middlemen on leases for lives, with leave to subdivide and sublet for the same time. These men had no permanent interest in its prosperity; their business was to make an income out of it at the least cost, and their intermediate position severed the otherwise natural connection between landlord and tenant. The famine of 1846 prostrated the class of middlemen entirely, and brought the landowners and real tenants face to face. But the hold which the latter had been permitted to obtain led them to consider the landowners very much as only the holders of the first charge upon the land, and they were in the habit of selling and buying their farms among themselves, subject to this charge—a course which, as a matter of practice, was tacitly accepted by the landowner. He had security for his rent in the money paid by an incoming tenant, who, for his own safety, required the landowner's consent to the change of tenancy; and the landowner's agent thus received the price of the farm—for that was the term used—and handed it over to the outgoing tenant, after deducting all arrears of rent. This suited the convenience of the landowners, the most of whom had no money to spend in improvements, many of them non-resident, and taking little interest in the country, and dealing with a numerous body of small tenants with whom they seldom came in personal contact. In the north of Ireland the custom of sale became legally recognized as tenant-right. The want of it in other parts of Ireland produced an agitation which ultimately led to the Irish Land Act, under which legislative protection is given to customs capable of proof. Cottier Tenancy has meant in Ireland that the peasantry were to accomplish all the improvements of the land, to do the drainage and building, which in England and Scotland fall upon the landlords; and they have to do this without security of tenure.

Absenteeism has proved a fruitful source of grievance to the Irish tenants, who, instead of being brought into contact with their landlords, are icily handled by matter-of-fact, unsentimental agents, whose duty and interest it is to squeeze to the uttermost shilling.

The Government return of 1870 gives the total number of Irish absentee landowners as 2,973, owning 5,129,169 acres, at the annual valuation of £2,470,816. Of these absentees, 180 are described as not usually resident in Ireland, but occasionally on property of their own to the extent of 1,368,347 acres, and an annual value of £601,072. All



ASSASSINATION OF THE EARL OF LEITRIM.

others are set down as rarely or never resident in Ireland.

The following are the most prominent absentees:

COMPANIES AND CORPORATIONS IN THE CITY OF LONDON, AND PROPRIETORS OF LAND.

Name.	*Acres Owned.*	*Annual Value.*
Salters' Company	29,000	£17,000
Drapers "	27,000	15,000
Mercers' "	21,000	11,000
Skinners' "	24,000	9,000
Fishmongers' "	20,000	9,000
Ironmongers' "	12,000	8,000
Grocers' "	10,000	6,000
Honorable Irish Society (Committee of London Corporation)	6,000	11,000
Sir Richard Wallace	61,000	74,000
Earl Fitzwilliam	91,000	47,000
Duke of Devonshire	60,000	34,000
Marquis of Lansdowne	120,000	31,000
Marquis of Ely	48,000	23,000
Lord Dillon	89,000	21,000
Marquis of Clanricarde	52,000	20,000
Lord Leconfield	43,000	20,000
Marquis of Bath	22,000	79,000
Earl of Dartrey	26,000	18,000
Earl of Darnley	21,000	18,000
Earl of Devon	33,000	14,000
Earl of Egmont	16,000	13,000
Lord Doneraile	14,000	13,000
Kilmerley estate (English trustees)	37,000	13,000
Lord Digby	30,000	13,000
Lord Hill Trevor	15,000	13,000
Sir Charles Domville	6,000	10,000
Earl of Arran	36,000	10,000
Earl of Normanton	10,000	9,000
Lord De Clifford	13,000	5,000
Earl of Orkney	10,000	5,000
Earl of Norburg	12,000	4,000
Lord Ormathwaite	11,000	4,000
Mr. Smith Barry	27,000	32,000
Earl of Dunraven	15,000	11,000
Earl of Pembroke	2,000	37,000

Absenteeism is, and long has been, a serious drawback to Ireland. The yearly drain is no trifle, economically, apart from the bad political effect of treating with tenants exclusively through agents, who have no interest in the estates, and look upon the whole question as a mere matter of salary and commission. In any steps which are taken to enable the Irish to become possessors of their holdings, the estates of permanent absentees may at least be considered fit subjects for experiment. Not the most abject idolater of the rights of real property can contend that *they* feel any deep interest in the welfare of a country which they rarely or never visit, and which, in many instances, their continuous demands for increased rent tend to pauperize. To allow such people to assert their privileges to the full extent, when they altogether neglect their duties, is simply to legalize and encourage a ruinous system.

In the good old time, when Ireland was "great, glorious and free," the sparse population of the country was divided into various clans, about seventy in number, whose chiefs were elected from among the members of the ruling family. The condition of the kern, or peasant farmer of that time, is thus described in Dr. O'Connor's "Historical Address": "Until the period of James I. the lower orders of Irish had no legal tenure, no freehold property; no, they were worse off than the negroes

in the West Indies. . . . . Their haughty chiefs could punish them at pleasure by coigne and livery, by cosherings, cessings, cuttings, tallages, spendings, etc., and even by death."

After the last of the various uprisings against English conquest, the conquered territories were granted to English settlers, who, especially in the west and south-west, let the lands on the system that existed in England in the 13th and 14th centuries, and is now to be found in Russia, and, to a very small extent, in the west of Ireland.

TURF-GATHERERS IN IRELAND.

A quantity of land is taken by a village, whose head man is accountable for the rent. He divides the arable land, changing the division every year, so that no tenant can tell where he may sow his crop next year. Sometimes a tenant is apportioned a ridge for potatoes or a patch for oats in one part of a field, another in another, and a third in a field a quarter of a mile distant. This is called the Rundale system, and represents the early attempt of a community to farm to a certain extent on communistic principles.

The greatest difficulty experienced in the management of Irish estates is the preservation of subdivision, and for this tendency the tenant is not entirely to blame, as, for over fifty years previous to the famine of '46–7, estates had been deliberately divided into very small holdings. This system was inaugurated in 1793, when the Catholic Relief Act restored to the Catholics the power to vote without having first taken the oath of supremacy. The Bill gave a vote to every person who held a lease for a life, the declared annual value of the farm being forty shillings over the amount of rent reserved in the lease. It is scarcely necessary to say that landlords were not slow to take advantage of the Act for the Incorporation of Voters, and subdivision was carried on to its very uttermost extent.

The failure of the potato crop in 1846 culminated with that ghastly famine, when corpses lay thick on the roadside. Men quietly laid down their spades at the public works and died under the eyes of the overseer. Children were found vainly endeavoring to draw nourishment from the cold breasts of their dead mothers, and every horror

painted from the time of Josephus found a counterpart in the awful scenes of that terrible time.

Landlords found ruin staring them in the face, and from one extreme opinion veered to the other; and the most prosperous property was that on which fewest tenants were to be found. Then came the time of enforced emigration, scarcely less terrible than the famine itself, when thousands, enfeebled by disease, died on the passage to America, or in the hospitals where they were received on landing. Bands of men, armed with crowbars and ropes, accompanied the sheriffs, and completed the evictions by pulling down the houses just vacated, and the face of the country presented a scene of desolation; the site of some populous villages being now marked by a mass of smokeless and roofless gables. After the famine of 1846-47, and the "rising" in '48, a large number of estates changed hands by the action of the Encumbered Estates Court; and the encumbered estates were sold at prices so small that many of the mortgagees found themselves minus their money. Then came the system of "driving," and the abolishment of the "hanging gate."

The Fenian movement passed the Land Act of 1870, by which every small tenant was granted an interest of seven years in his farm, to the extent of seven times the annual rent; the county court judge was permitted to amerce the landlord who capriciously evicted a paying tenant. At the expiration of the tenancy, claims were sustainable for improvements made during its continuance, and for unexhausted manures used on the farm. This Act, in a word, is an attempt to compel a bad landlord to act like a good one; but "hard" landlords in Ireland are thick as leaves in Vallombrosa.

Previous to the meeting at Irishtown, at which the present land agitation was inaugurated, the farmers showed no intention to repudiate their liabilities. For several years they had prosperous seasons; and though in 1872 there was a partial failure of the potato crop, nearly as serious as the failure of 1879, no agitation was resorted to for the purpose of obtaining remission of rents. But in 1872 there was no party in the House of Commons on whom the Irish farmers could place the slightest reliance. In fact, the Irish party was a mere mockery, a delusion and a snare.

In prosperous times no agitation is dangerous. "Agitation," says a distinguished writer on the subject of the new movement, "requires a basis of real depression to give it force." This depression existed in Ireland in the April of last year. A reckless system of credit had sprung into existence—so reckless that, in 1878, the majority of small tenant farmers found themselves almost hopelessly in debt when the commercial collapse came, of which the failure of the City of Glasgow Bank was the central incident. The Irish banks, in a panic, called in their outstanding debts, and refused further accommodation on almost any terms, trembling for their own stability, when no man knew what giant interest might go next. In April, the condition of affairs in Ireland was, then, favorable for any proposition that promised the farmers some relief from their difficulties. The tactics of the Obstruction were such as delighted the Irish heart, being always "agin the Governmint"; and the forced modification of the South African Bill; the forced amendment of the Mutiny Bill, fought with dogged tenacity by Mr. Parnell and his following; and the annulling of the Queen's University charter—achieved entirely by the efforts of that section of Irish members who, casting off traditional Parliamentary restraints, determined to win, by sheer force of unceasing obstruction to the ordinary business, the measures to which the almost unanimous voice of Great Britain had declared itself—caused the pulse of the peasant farmer to beat at its highest.

In 1878, it was generally supposed that an election was at hand, and it was necessary that the electoral campaign should open with a policy or movement to which the Catholic clergy would not be in opposition; for *Soggarth aroon* is as strong in the Irish heart of to-day as it ever was, all assertions to the contrary notwithstanding. A series of meetings was arranged for the purpose of adopting the new agitation, the first of which took place on Sunday, April 20th, at Irishtown, a small village in the portion of Mayo adjoining the counties of Galway and Roscommon, where a considerable tract of country is owned by absentee proprietors. The chair was taken by Mr. Daly, one of the four persons since arrested, and the resolutions adopted were as follows:

"*Whereas*, The social condition of the Irish people having been reduced, through their subjection to England and its coercive legislation, to a state below that of any civilized country in the world; and,

"*Whereas*, The mouthpiece of English public opinion, when speaking of Continental misgovernment in late years, having declared that 'Government should be for the good of the governed, and that whatever rulers willfully and persistently postpone the good of their subjects, either in the interests of foreign states, or to assist theories of religion or politics, such rulers have thereby forfeited all claim to allegiance,' be it therefore

"*Resolved*, That we, Irishmen, assembled to-day in our thousands, do hereby indorse the foregoing declaration, as embodying the position and wrongs of our misgoverned and impoverished country, and as likewise affording us a justification for recording our unceasing determination to resort to every lawful means, compatible with an outraged civilized people, whereby our inalienable rights, political and social, can be regained from their enemies."

The pressure upon the people at this time was certainly great, but, until the Irishtown meeting, no refusal was made to pay the rent, which has always been looked upon as a first charge upon the farmer's income. When rents due in March had been punctually collected, they were paid before the meeting without a murmur, but from that day the doctrine preached from the Irishtown platform has been adopted to the fullest extent by the tenantry in the West of Ireland, and by many in the South and East; the canny North fighting shy of the new departure.

The agitation thus begun was followed up by meeting after meeting in many towns and villages in Mayo, Galway and Roscommon, and spread quickly to other parts of Ireland. The object of the agitation is avowedly to procure the purchase of properties by the state, and resale to the tenants on easy terms; to effect which, two things are necessary—firstly, to impress the Government with the advisability of purchasing, in the hope of allaying a dangerous agitation; and, secondly, to compel the landlords to sell, by withholding the rent, produce a panic amongst the mortgagees, and force the properties into the market. This plan was advocated by Mr. Parnell in Galway, but the too numerous combinations seemed to bar its fruition.

Through Spring and Summer the meetings continued, and the deluge of unceasing rain that saturated the ground lent additional weight to the statement that starvation stared the people in the face. In the Summer, the turf that had been cut in the Spring was still lying unstacked in the bogs. In July and August the hay was still uncut and the corn green, and the continual dampness looked as if it would never cease. A wet September came and went; the hopes of the most hopeful wavered, and everything looked as if there must be an entire failure of the crops. Boards of Guardians passed resolutions that famine was impending; the Catholic clergy declared that, failing prompt aid, the people must starve. A settled

determination manifested itself that, except upon a reduction of rent, no rents would be paid at the Autumn sale day.

The agitation now took deep root, and the arrest of Messrs. Davitt, Killen and Daly, and a few days subsequently of Mr. Brennan, brought it up to fever heat.

The opponents to the new movement declare that the full pith and marrow of the anti-rent agitation is the determination to force the purchase of the property by the State, and its resale to the tenants on such easy terms that even the unthrifty and slovenly husbandman can pay the instalments when he can pay the rent. They say that the plain English of the demand is, that England is to advance four hundred millions of pounds sterling—for that is the value of Irish landed property—for the purpose of removing the class whose loyalty has earned the hatred of the disaffected, and the character of "the English Garrison in Ireland." Having got rid of the obnoxious opponents of disaffection, England is to take upon herself, for forty or fifty years, in addition to the trouble and difficulty of the government of Ireland, the odium attached to the position of an Irish landlord and agent. It is asked, "Should such a time arrive when the State was landlord, would the interest be demanded? and if resisted, would the tenants be evicted? and if they were, who would manage the farms?"

The scheme of a peasant proprietary is thus combated by the writer of a recent article in *Blackwood:* "The theorists who argue in favor of a peasant proprietary as a source of national prosperity, have never gone the length of alleging that Ireland was a soil peculiarly suited for such an experiment. They point to the success which has attended peasant proprietors in Belgium, in Switzerland, and in some parts of Western Germany, as the most conclusive plea in favor of their system. But we do not need the teaching of political economy to tell us that the success of a peasant proprietary must entirely depend upon the character and habits of the cultivators themselves. The Belgians and the Switzers, had their lot been cast under large landowners, would, doubtless, have been as successful tenants as they have been cultivators of their own homesteads. It is their frugality, steadiness, contentment with small profits, that have secured the success of peasant proprietors in both countries.

"In Norway—which used to be a country cited in favor of this tenure, but where these qualities are less conspicuously displayed in the character of the people—a peasant proprietary is beginning to clog the prosperity of the country, and to retard its agricultural development. And it has always been held essential to the success of a peasant proprietary that the population should be animated by orderly and law-abiding instincts. Will the Irish agrarians venture to tell us that their cultivating masses are possessed of these qualifications? Judged by a comparison with the habits of the Belgians and Switzers, we know of no country where it would be less of a blessing to the agricultural classes to convert them into the owners of the land. We have of late had painful illustrations, in our trade disputes, that the Belgian can thrive as an artisan where the English or Scotch workman fails; and we need build no hopes of prosperity to Ireland from peasant proprietors because the system has succeeded among the soberer and more frugal races on the Continent."

In Russia and Germany the system of peasant proprietary has been acted upon, and in Russia the land has been partly, in Germany entirely, taken by the Government from the great landed proprietors. In France the same process has been accomplished, but by a resolution which deprived the landowners of compensation. Competent authorities have arrived at the conclusion that there is but one remedy for the land question of Ireland, namely the establishment of a peasant proprietary. Stein and Hardenberg considered that it was the only remedy for a similar state of things in Germany, and the experiment has proved their case. When Mr. Gladstone's Land Act passed, it was thought that the "Bright" Clauses pending for the extension of Government aid to those tenants who wished to buy their land, would gradually lead to the establishment of a large body of peasant proprietors all over the country. There are no clauses compulsory upon the landlord in this Act; consequently, it is but a dead letter in Ireland.

This question is now at issue between the English Government and the Irish tenant: "Will you purchase the land for us, and let us repay you by thirty-five annual instalments? Yes, or No?"

On the reply of the ministry may hang a revolution.

AN ALTER EGO.

By G. A. Davis.

I wonder—oh, I wonder here to-night,
By the dim hearthstone, when the flame sinks low,
If any other woman counts, as I,
Her rosary of prayers, said long ago?
If she, remembering all the vanished time,
Thanks God for hopes that only dawned to die;
And, looking backward down the shadowy years,
Finds their old landmarks hateful—even as I?

I wonder if some other woman knows
The story that the changing seasons sing?
If the first violets to any heart
Whisper the legend that to *me* they bring?
If to the hills *her* hopes and fancies turn,
Crossing their ramparts as the wild birds fly;
And she, outreaching to the sunset's bars,
Longs for the opening of their gates—as I?

I question, with a wonder never old,
If every woman, sitting by the fire,
Finds in her heart of hearts the dull, dead pain,
The life-long ache of some intense desire?
If something stings her in the sunshine's kiss,
And haunts glad music with a minor sigh;
Or if she feels life's narrow prison walls
Locked on her heart for ever—even as I?

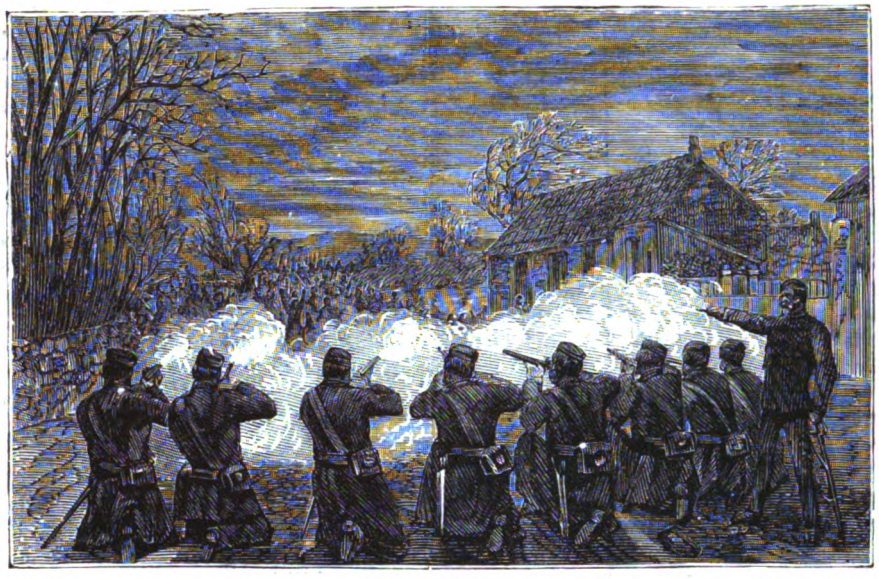
And if there *were*—and she could come to-night
And lean upon my shoulder, here alone,
Whispering the echo of my silent thoughts,
Of new-born dreams and idols overthrown—
Even to *her* footsteps I would bar the door,
And turn the key for all eternity;
And she—my *alter ego*—well I know
That she would pass in silence—even as I!

OUR CHURCH FESTIVAL.

We decided to have it on the Fourth of July. We got ahead of the Baptists once, so they need not flout us with their superior prosperity.

Our village is a very small place, and our congregation the very smallest in it. I am a plain-spoken woman, and never mince matters when the truth is to be told. Therefore, I have no hesitation in saying that we are as poor as church mice (if there are such animals as religious mice); but we love our little church, and would sooner perish than strike our colors to those rich Baptists over the way, with their big meeting-house and smart spire.

Sometimes it seems to me as if that spire was trying to



THE NEW IRISH MOVEMENT.—THE POLICE AND THE FENIANS AT TALLAGHT, IN 1867.—SEE PAGE 385.

climb nearer heaven, and tell the Almighty how much more *they* are doing than *we* can possibly do. I suppose this is an unchristian thought.

Something had to be done. We were in debt, and entirely through our own fault. I told them so from the first. We had been led away by our ministers. (We changed pretty often; a man with a family could not live on our salary more than two years.)

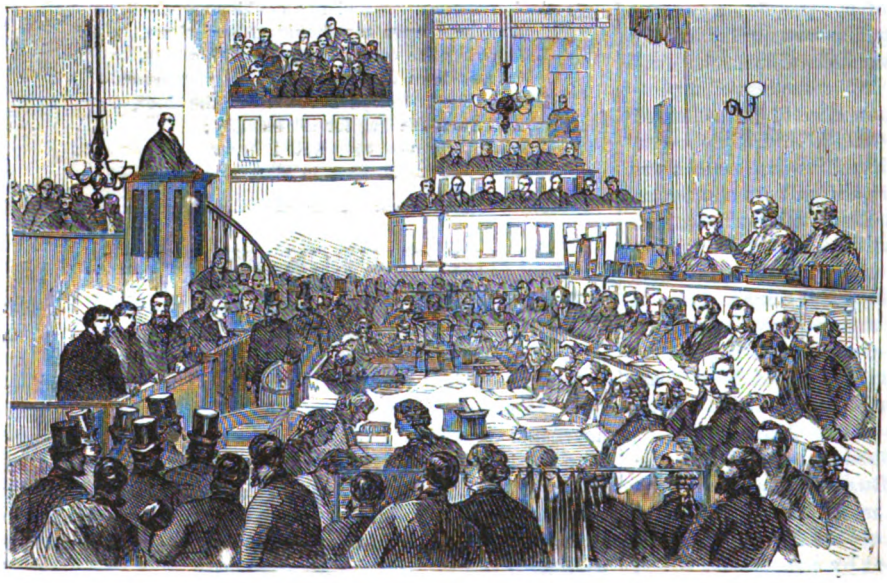
Each new-comer was sure to find fault with the arrangement of the church. With one the stoves roasted him, with another the chancel was too dark, with another the pulpit was too high. As for the altar-rails, they never suited anybody.

I thought young Mr. Emmons would have ruined us entirely before we had done with him. Not contented with making us get a carved lectern, and putting up crosses everywhere, he started a subscription for a painted window, which was to be set, like an ogre's eye, in the centre of the building, in contrast to plain glass neighbors, and then left us in the lurch by accepting another call.

"We must quit exceeding our income," I said, plainly, to the church-wardens.

As I am a business woman—for I keep the best shop in town, and make it pay—they had to listen to me.

FENIAN ATTACK ON A MARTELLO TOWER.



FENIAN TRIALS FOR HIGH TREASON, IN 1867.

"Let us be in season one year, and give our fair the first chance," I suggested, as I passed a package of yeast-cakes over the counter to Mrs. Blake's girl.

"It might be a good plan," assented the senior warden, pulling a straw out of one of my best brooms and thrusting it into his mouth.

A tall, thin old man was the senior warden, with a ruddy, russet-apple countenance, first surveying the world through his spectacles, then passing grave, deliberate judgment on it.

"I tell you what it is," chimed in the junior warden, enthusiastically. "Let's do the thing handsome. Have fireworks, a bazar, and——"

A POOR MAN'S CABIN, COUNTY GALWAY.

Here he fell with a crash over one of my patent tin boilers. (I keep everything, from crochet-cotton to herrings, from Brandreth's pills to sewing-machines.)

The junior warden has been mighty skittish since his marriage to that young thing, Molly. There were many more mature ladies in the parish who would have made him better wives, but, of course, he did not see that when there was a pretty doll-face in the bargain.

We should have known better, but the junior warden carried us completely off our feet, so to speak, and bore us away on the stream of his own zeal.

"What if we have a tent? A real out-of-door party?" I then hinted, recklessly.

So it was all arranged.

For weeks we posted placards, stitched pin-cushions, and flew about on mysterious errands. I shall never forget that Fourth of July.

Not because the boys began to jangle the bells insanely and explode crackers before four o'clock. Oh, no.

There were other trials in store. The thermometer stood at ninety-nine degrees in the shade. We were wilted and unstrung.

The tent-owner was to freeze the cream for us, and that man proved a broken reed.

Twelve o'clock came. Some of the farmers declared that their horses could not bring us supplies and drop dead in the service. No tent-man.

"Oh, Miss Clapp, what shall we do?" wailed a female chorus among the barrels of my store.

"Do? Make it ourselves."

I put on my hat, and hurried along the hot road toward the senior warden's house. In doing so I passed the captain's gate.

The captain was a very terrible old gentleman who had moved into our neighborhood some years before. We had no reason to suppose that he was a God-fearing man. He never attended church; he swore roundly on occasion; his wife and daughter dared not say their souls were their own; and none of the villagers had ever set foot inside his grounds. He was lounging in the entrance as I came along—a fat, apoplectic old man, with surly jowls, and a huge meerschaum pipe in his mouth. Everything matched about him, from his short velveteen coat, his fat watch, with the broad seals of yellow gold, to the square-set mastiffs at his feet, ready to tear me limb from limb if I ventured too near. I do not suppose another woman in our village would have dared to do what I did.

"Good-morning, captain. We are going to have a festival to-night, and should be happy to see you."

FUEL FOR THE SCHOOL FIRE, COUNTY MAYO.

"Eh?" growled the captain, glowering at me beneath his broad hat-brim.

My heart thumped loudly, but I went on:

"We are to have an oration and refreshments."

"I never eat any of your sloppy stuff, woman," he interrupted, with pettish rudeness.

I walked on with my head in the air. I distinctly heard the old fellow chuckle—a wheezy chuckle of satisfaction all to himself. No doubt it was vastly amusing.

After that there was neither beginning or end to the work. One o'clock, and no tent-man. The Baptists began to give us good advice over fences and behind doors. The senior warden's front yard had been converted into a bedlam. Everybody ran away with articles wanted, and busily fetched those not needed. The girls and young men *would* carry on. Pails were upset, crockery smashed, and packages mislaid. The dreadful sun stole around corners, penetrated shaded recesses, blighted our fruit, and melted every meltable article.

"We must make our own cream," said the senior warden, standing serene amidst the hubbub.

Now, there is a theory as old as the hills among us that ice-cream must first be subjected to fire before it is frozen. So on to the stove did ours go, with Susie and Jim to watch it. I thought the three would bear watching, myself, for Susie was all blushes, blue ribbons and white frock, while Jim seemed absent-minded.

"Miss Clapp, the tent has come!"

I hastened out, limp with perspiration and fatigue.

The tent-man said he *had* meant to arrive sooner, but somehow his pole had got mislaid. He guessed there would be plenty of time.

Speechless with anger, I returned to the kitchen. My two young cooks, their faces red from excitement or the fire, said, hastily, the cream was all right—they had poured it into cans and taken it out to be frozen.

For three mortal hours the senior warden turned and whizzed that freezer, with groans for an accompaniment. As if we were not already sufficiently tried by hurry and anxiety, the captain could be seen, away over through the cool trees, seated on his piazza, clad in linen, flapping a palm-leaf fan and watching us.

Sometimes the senior warden straightened himself, and gently rubbed his spine—either to feel if he still had one, or to judge if it was hopelessly curved.

Then whiz-z—grind, and groan again.

The heat was intense. People panted on the grass, sought the gloom of cellars on the most frivolous pretext, gazed longingly down wells.

Still the patient swish-swish of the senior warden's reluctant freezer was heard.

At last the tent was up, looking pretty and gay; tables were pushed into place, and we watched for the orator of the day. Alas! a second edition of Job's messengers awaited us. From the east, the orator had been sunstruck, driving in an open buggy; from the west, the Briarbushville congregation had gone on a picnic; from the south, all the milk had soured; from the north, *thunder*. Yes, all the world had grown suddenly dark, and we had not had time to notice it. Lurid masses of cloud were sweeping up from the horizon, pierced by vivid lightnings.

The junior warden said it would pass over. The farmers were of sadly divided minds—it was good for the growing corn to have frequent showers, if not for humanity. We had never thought of the weather!

There was a blinding glare of light; a sudden blast of wind, which made the festival-tent stagger; a startling crash of thunder, like a volley of musketry discharged directly above our heads, and then the rain descended in torrents.

"Guess that struck somewhere pretty near," remarked the junior warden, rubbing his elbows reflectively, as if they were electric conductors.

The wildest uproar ensued.

"Save the things!" we shrieked.

I gathered up the cloth from my table, by the four corners, and sped to the church-door. Of course, that door was locked. By the time I reached the open door my fancy work—the patient industry of a year—was a sight to be seen. Every umbrella in the village seemed to be missing. The tent-man—as if he had not already sufficiently disgraced himself for one day—was declaring his tent to be water-proof. Blindly believing him, some of the ladies had piled together afghans, cakes, tidies, lemons, hams and biscuit, and spread tablecloths over them. Horror! The tent leaked like a sieve. The ground was soaked; rivulets trickled down the breadths of our best gowns; a waterspout rushed down the pole.

"I believe you are a liar!" said the senior warden, stung to desperation.

In the memory of man the good soul had not been known to make so severe a speech before. The tent-man visibly wilted under it.

We lost all presence of mind, either doing too much or too little.

Fat Mrs. Bangs, with a frosted plum-cake under each arm, ran wildly down the road, never pausing until the post-office was reached, and the cakes reduced to pulp by the rain. The junior warden tried to carry off a tray of coffee-cups and urn to a place of safety, and only succeeded in running into the sexton, as the latter approached with a vase of wax-flowers, scalding everybody within reach.

I cannot understand, to this day, how Mrs. Rodgers so far lost her wits as to cast a cradle-blanket over the minister's shoulders, then throw a milk-can at him, and afterward retire into the dampest corner of the tent to burst into tears. She was always a dreadfully nervous creature, though, and I suppose the lightning was too much for her.

Eight o'clock in the evening found our church lighted with hot, flaring lamps, rough boards having been placed across the tops of pews to serve as tables, and the ruins of our feast spread out in melancholy array. I put up a clothes-line from the reading-desk to the window, and hung up the wet worsted-work to dry—so that it looked as if we were doing washing, besides everything else.

The thunder-storm had subsided to a gentle, persistent rain. Among the farmers a subdued cheerfulness was perceptible; they could not help thinking of the growing corn.

"We will do something, yet," I said, encouragingly.

Yes, the cake was dilapidated; the jelly had been washed away; their own baker could not have recognized the biscuits, which looked as if they had been through the wars; but, oh, tower of strength—the ice-cream was left! There was not a child in our village who would not pass through fire and hail to obtain this luxury.

"We will not uncover it until the last moment," I said.

Susie and Jim went off, and sat down in the dark gallery. The church began to fill with round-eyed children, each clutching the required sum in their little fists, and skeptical elders, who shook their heads solemnly over our ruined finery.

The public gaze was fixed on the ice-cream cans. Further delay was useless. I revealed the frozen delicacy; and as I did so, a dreadful doubt stole over me. I have a

very good nose—I mean a most useful one. I sniffed—tasted—sniffed again, clapped the lid over the can, and said, firmly:

"We shall have no ice-cream to-night."

I looked straight up to the gallery, where guilty Susie and Jim cowered out of sight. The ice-cream was scorched! Instantly the truth flashed upon me. The young people had allowed the milk to burn while they were billing and cooing, and then dared not confess the calamity.

I acknowledged that the cup of our affliction had overflowed, and went home to bed.

Next morning we rose with spirits heavy as lead. Ruin stared us in the face. Make money? We had lost heavily for our slender purse. We all gathered around the senior warden in his sitting-room. Many murmurs arose that we ought to have known better, and been contented to use the schoolhouse. As for the senior warden, he was rheumatic in every joint, after his labors.

"Plowing is nothing to it," he sighed, leaning back in his arm-chair.

"Is he alive? Are all his bones dislocated? I thought he would need a doctor by this morning."

There stood the captain, broad hat, meerschaum pipe and dogs.

A faint grin stole over the senior warden's dismal countenance, as the captain, with real concern, lifted his arm, thumped his shoulder, and, from a pocket, produced a brandy-flask of considerable dimensions.

"I watched that man work yesterday afternoon, with his plaguey freezer," said the visitor, carefully filling the silver cup of the flask. "No galley slave ever toiled harder. There, drink that."

He made the senior warden swallow every drop of the fiery liquor, and at the same time forced upon our contemplation the possibility—never entertained before—of having our respectable leader tight before ten o'clock in the morning.

Then the captain began to laugh, until all his pendulous chins trembled, and he seemed on the verge of apoplexy.

"What a mess you have made of it! Feel better, eh?"

The senior warden winked one eye at his physician. I never would have believed it if I had not seen it. It was high time somebody interposed. With dignity, I said:

"We have suffered enough, without being laughed at by outsiders."

The captain relapsed into a second fit of merriment, pointing at me with one fat thumb, over his shoulder.

"She don't like it. If you only could have seen it!"

The senior warden winked slowly again. Evidently he was going over to the enemy. Even the junior warden, usually the blindest of men, shifted from one foot to the other uneasily.

"I can't have my fellow-creatures going on in this fashion. I would rather pay your debt than have that man shorten his days by such exposure in the sun. Now then, here's a check for five hundred dollars. Don't let me hear any more about your festivals."

Could it be true? The senior warden mechanically held a slip of paper between finger and thumb, and the captain waddled off before one of us recovered sufficient breath to thank him.

Yes, it was true. Each of us studied the check, looked through it, and turned it upside down. There could be no doubt that Captain Dawks's latest whim was to "set our society on its legs," as he expressed it, for ever.

The gift was productive of incredible good. The surly old man began to feel an interest, a sort of pride of possession, in our meek little church. He pulled out the old pews, built a spire, and insisted on frescoing the ceiling. I should not be surprised if he took the crotchet into his queer brain of giving us a set of chimes equal to those of Trinity Church.

One never knows where to find him. He comes to church regularly, and makes a great display of going to sleep in sermon-time. The senior warden says he believes the captain to be as wide awake as anybody.

Oh, blessed sun that broiled the senior warden! Oh, blessed rain that caused the farmers' crops to sprout, and ruined our tidies!

Never should we have touched that heart of stone—Captain Dawks's—had he not beheld us passing through the furnace of affliction.

Truly, "sorrow endureth for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

A CURIOUS PLEASURE YACHT.

His Majesty the Czar has ordered the construction at Glasgow of one of the most curious vessels ever built. It is a pleasure yacht of some 7,000 tons burden, to be made of steel, and to be driven by three bronze screws. The lower portion of this experimental craft will be shaped like a huge flat-fish, being almost as broad as it is long, with sharp sides, and a pointed head and tail. The Imperial yacht will be exactly like a brill, in fact, as regards contour and dimensions.

On the back of this vast pleuro-nectid will be reared a floating palace of halls, saloons, boudoirs and cabins, rising story above story, so that, though the strange vessel will nowhere draw more than fifteen feet of water—and this only when the screws are submerged—she will tower out of the sea high above the loftiest waves, which are expected to dash and break in vain against her enormous area.

THE MOST NORTHERN POINT OF THE UNITED STATES.

If the question were asked, Which is the most northern part of the United States, excepting Alaska? perhaps many would say, The line of 49°, from the Lake of the Woods to the Strait of De Fuca. But that answer would be incorrect. There is a point where the United States reaches 49° 23′ 54″ north latitude. It is in longitude 95° 14′ 38″ west from Greenwich.

In other words, at the Lake of the Woods, in Minnesota, our territory includes a small area reaching beyond 49° more than twenty-five miles. This little excrescence, jutting out into British America, is recently put down on some of our maps, but I have not seen it on many of them. It is indicated, though roughly, upon Case's large map of the United States, and upon the large map published by the Government and issued by the Land Office. I observe it also in Warren's school geographies.

The map which shows it most accurately is perhaps the map of the State of Minnesota, published by the St. Paul Book and Stationery Company, at St. Paul. On most of the maps the Lake of the Woods is by no means correct, or even approximately so.

After learning the fact that our country does hold this little jutting piece of both land and water, the question arises: How did it happen that the boundary should take this circuitous direction? The answer is as follows: In the definitive Treaty of Paris, signed (September 3d, 1783)

by John Adams, David Hartley, Benjamin Franklin and John Jay, Article II. defines the boundaries of this country. In this Article we find that from Lake Superior westward, the boundary is given as follows: "Thence through the middle of Long Lake and the water communication between it and the Lake of the Woods to the said lake of the Woods; thence *through the said lake to the most northwestern point thereof*, and from thence in a due west course to the River Mississippi."

Evidently it was then supposed that the source of the Mississippi was to the north and west of this point. When, however, it was subsequently ascertained that the headwaters of the river were to the southward, the line was made to run from this "most northwestern point of said lake" due south to latitude 49°.

We next find allusion to the matter in the Treaty of "Amity, Commerce and Navigation," signed at London, November 19th, 1794, by Grenville and John Jay. The IVth Article proposes that, "Whereas it is uncertain whether the River Mississippi extends so far to the northward as to be intersected by a line to be drawn due west from the Lake of the Woods," measures shall be taken "to make a joint survey," and "the two parties will thereupon proceed to amicable negotiation to regulate the boundary line in that quarter."

By the VIIth Article of the Treaty of Ghent, it was agreed to refer to commissioners "the boundary line from Lake Superior to the Lake of the Woods." In 1827 the commissioners made their final report, with maps of actual survey from Lake Huron to the Lake of the Woods. In this report they say: "The extreme northwestern point of the Lake of the Woods is declared to be at latitude 49° 23′ 54″ north and longitude 95° 14′ 38″ west; so that in conformity with the Treaty this point, having been ascertained to be north of parallel 49°, a line is drawn due south from it to parallel 49°, on which parallel it is to be continued to the Rocky Mountains. No means have yet been taken to delineate the boundary westward from the Lake of the Woods."

The commissioners were Peter B. Porter and Anthony Barclay. No change was made from these agreements by the "Webster-Ashburton Treaty" of 1842.

It is to be hoped that all future school geographies and larger maps will show this boundary.

THE NEW IRISH MOVEMENT.—"NO WORK, NO CREDIT."—A FRIENDLY VISIT, ASHLEGH, CONNEMARA.—SEE PAGE 385.

THE fear of the opinions of others is one of the most prevalent of all feelings in our society; a feeling which is more destructive than almost any other to sincerity and manliness of character.

POOR HARRY.

It was a lovely Winter night, and there was to be a splendid masquerade, only four doors beyond Lu's boarding-school. Lu had nearly gone distracted with hopeless longing to go. She would have asked permission of the duenna (Mrs. Owle), only she knew better. Even as late as that morning there had flitted through her brain the wild scheme of asking permission of his Imperial Majesty, his Serene Highness, the owner of the school; but he kept himself in such strict seclusion, was so young and handsome, and known to be so unbearably stern and severe when he did appear, that she gave it up.

The theory that Lu and her friends held regarding him was, that he had been disappointed in love, and so had bought a boarding-school to take it out in being a perfect ogre to all the girls imprisoned there—only he never would see them, but made known his hateful orders through Madame Owle.

Of course, Lu would never dare ask him; so, at the last minute, she sat down in desperation and wrote a note to her cousin Harry, telling him that, though no earthly power could get her permission to go, she meant to go anyway, and he must be at the west door at ten o'clock precisely.

POOR HARRY.—"NOW OR NEVER! HE SLOWLY RAISES HIS MASK WITH JUST THE PROPER DRAMATIC EFFECT, AND WITH A LOOK OF WITHERING SCORN."

She spread out her costume (with the door locked), and remembered with serene satisfaction how nice she had looked and what fun she had had the last time she wore it. Then she hid it all away, and, looking out into the darkness, began to wonder why Harry did not come.

A well-worn little cord hung over the window-sill, on the lower end of which the long-suffering Harry had been wont to fasten packages of *bonbons* or paper boxes of ice-cream; and on this particular evening Lu felt her need of *bonbons* to be imperative. She left the window a few minutes, and when next she touched the cord, there was a heavy weight at the end. But just before this a rather unusual scene had taken place in the garden below.

His Imperial Highness (otherwise Mr. Paul Lacy) had been smoking an after-dinner cigar, and probably musing over his disappointment.

Suddenly he observed a very tall and very young gentleman mysteriously make his way through the shrubbery toward one of the west windows, and go through some strange process with what seemed to be a note and a paper box. Not displeased that something had happened to pass away the time, Mr. Paul pounced upon the frightened young gentleman and the note, and bore them round the building to his private apartments.

All Harry's courage forsook him when he saw how fierce his antagonist then looked, and when he remembered writing that Lu was just a jolly girl to fool the old dragon so, and he would surely be at the west door at ten to take her to the masquerade.

The old dragon glared at him in silence when he had read the note.

But Harry looked away, and, as he nervously pulled out his handkerchief, his invitation card fluttered to the floor.

Still transfixing him with that stony glare, the ogre picked it up, and then with a strong arm led him to what seemed a dark dungeon, and before he could speak or move he found himself a prisoner. He yelled wild threats of vengeance, and tried desperately to break down the door, but finally sat himself down on the floor, a prey to dark despair.

In fact, he was in what had been a wine-cellar, and older boys than Harry might have been unable to get out.

Meanwhile Mr. Paul, filled with wrathful emotions, hurried round to the west window, determined to make short work of the fair eater of *bonbons*.

Some one whispered, laughingly:

"Is that you, Cousin Harry? The candy is splendid; climb up on the trellis, and I'll feed you some."

With the idea of getting within reach, and then boxing her ears soundly, Mr. Paul rapidly climbed the trellis.

But by the time he neared the window he saw the impracticability of the plan, and felt himself in a most unwise position. How could he quench and wither a girl when he was hanging on a trellis in that style?

So, though the *bonbons* nearly choked him in his wrath, he swallowed some; and, when she asked about the masquerade, whispered it was all right—he'd be there by ten.

A dark plan entered his mind, and he determined to meet her at the gate himself, and let the thunderbolts of vengeance fall then. He quite congratulated himself on the scheme, and, lest she should suspect anything, exerted himself to act as he supposed Harry would under the circumstances—even going to the length of tenderly squeezing her hand as she reached him the last *bonbon*.

As he walked away he began to wonder whether he might not improve on his scheme, after all.

What if he were to take her to the masquerade—in costume—just as poor Harry had meant to do, and, while dancing, unmask and let her see his awe-inspiring countenance, and know that dread vengeance awaited her, leaving her a prey to the most agonizing apprehensions until the dance was over, and he took her home?

He rather liked the idea. He lit another cigar, and looked at his watch. Then he walked rapidly down-town, and all was quiet at the west window.

Lu finished her *bonbons*, lighted the gas, and began the serious task of dressing for the masquerade.

However, she had been arrayed in that dress once before at another masquerade, so the task was not so difficult. Then she surveyed herself in the mirror with great approval, as well she might, for the "butterfly" dress was perfect in every detail.

Especially did she admire the pretty little wings, which she could cause to flutter, and which exactly matched the pale-gold of the lovely, scantily proportioned, Paris-made costume.

It suited her pretty, laughing, gypsy face to a charm, and she was well aware of the fact. She enveloped herself in a great black cloak, and began her difficult and dangerous journey to the west door.

She had prepared the way with much planning and scheming, but who can tell which plans and schemes will fail, and which succeed? Once she was nearly discovered, but she finally reached the door, and leaned on Harry's arm, exhausted.

"Oh, Harry!" she whispered, "you can't imagine the dangers I've undergone to reach here!"

A few steps brought them to the door, and, with other arrivals, they made their way to the dressing-rooms, Lu warning Harry beforehand that she was a golden butterfly.

But when she met him at the dressing-room door, a scene of mutual admiration ensued. Harry certainly seemed to admire her unusually, and, for her part, she could scarcely stop complimenting the stately cavalier in black velvet and plumed hat.

"Why, Harry, you never did look so well!" she cried. "How very, very becoming that costume is! and what a lovely false mustache you have!"

Lu did not want to lose a single valuable minute, as one short hour was positively all she dared stay. So they began dancing at once, attracting much attention, because they looked so well and moved so gracefully.

Waltz succeeded waltz. Why did not Mr. Paul unmask, and allow those thunderbolts of wrath to fall?

No mortal knows, not even the gentleman himself. Even when they are about to separate at the west door, he keeps his disguise.

"Oh, Harry," Lu whispers, laughing, "how in the world did you fasten on that mustache?—with glue, or a steel spring? Do take it off a minute."

Mr. Paul feels that if his scheme is to be carried out, he had better not delay; a little longer, and the situation may be too much for him.

Now or never! He slowly raises his mask, with just the proper dramatic effect, and with a look of withering scorn.

It certainly produces all the impression he could have wished. After one look of terror, Lu gives a little gasp, and quietly proceeds to faint away. It is not a very serious case of suspended animation, but Mr. Paul, who catches her before she can fall, does not know that.

"You poor little butterfly!" he whispers, remorsefully.

And what with his remorse and—well, he has been Harry so long, he does not really seem to know whether he is that individual or not, and he kisses her. Lu's eyelids flutter, and she revives, only to give utterance to an ear-piercing little shriek.

Doors open and shut in the other part of the house, hurried steps are heard, and it would be hard to tell which disappears more precipitately, the butterfly or the cavalier. His Imperial Highness disappears in the shrubbery, but he hears the duenna's voice, loud and shrill, and—horror of horrors!—she seems to be following him! Breathless, he locks himself into his dressing-room, just as the duenna's voice, at the outside door, demands his presence at once.

"The powers above! If she'd caught me——" he mutters, with an apprehensive shake of the head. With hypocritical surprise, he assures her he will dress and come to the school at once.

When he does come, matters are resolved into the fact that the cook told the chambermaid, who told the duenna, that she thought she heard some one scream.

Mr. Paul overwhelms the cook with scathing sarcasm, and she finally admits that she may have dreamed it. Then the duenna pours vials of wrath on her for disturbing the house, and she goes back to her room in disgrace, and in much fear of losing her place.

Mr. Paul makes his way to the wine-cellar, and wakes poor Harry, who has gone to sleep on the floor, no other accommodation having been provided. He rubs his eyes, and looks as if he expected the ogre to eat him alive.

But Mr. Paul lectures him with a mildness at which he is himself surprised. Harry swears and vows never to attempt anything of the kind again, and is released, to his unbounded joy.

The next day was the last day of the term, and Lu's father made his appearance early to escort her on her journey home. He took particular pains to see Mr. Paul Lacy, and express his gratification that his daughter had been surrounded by such good influences, such watchful care.

A week or two after, Harry came to visit her in the city, where she lived. In the course of the visit he said:

"By-the-way, Lulu, you can't think how awfully sorry I was to break that engagement for the masquerade; but circumstances *no* fellow could control kept me from it. Do you forgive me?"

"Oh, yes, Harry," said Lulu; "I didn't care. In fact, I was glad it happened so!"

Poor Harry!

SKETCHES OF HIGHLAND CHARACTER.

SHEEP FARMERS AND DROVERS.

It is well known that the Highlands have undergone a great change within the last thirty years; that the human population has become less dense, the woolly population more so; that the old proprietors have nearly all disappeared to make room for new; that bogs have been drained, and moors reclaimed, making the "bonny blooming heather" succumb to the "yellow corn." Much, however, remains to be known of the ways of the people—how they eat, and how they drink; how they speak, and how they act; how they live, and how they die. The object of the following sketches is to show something of this, and to begin with a night with drovers and sheep farmers on the Mull of Cantyre.

I believe there is no town, district or country without a grievance or difficulty. Great Britain has its neutrality and income-tax; France has its Bourbons, Orleanists, Imperialists, and gagged press; Russia has its Poland; Austria, its Venetia; Turkey, its principalities; America, its rebellion, and long bill to pay; and Argyleshire, its Mull of Cantyre.

I was guiltless of such wise reflections as these some years ago, as I started for the pretty well-known sunny little town of Oban. I had heard a great deal about Great Britain, but neutrality was not practiced there at the time, and the income-tax did not greatly affect me; and as for the grievances and difficulties of foreign countries, I really cared very little about them; and, must it be confessed, I had never heard of the Mull of Cantyre, except in my geography lesson at school, until the day I began my travels, as just mentioned.

It was a squally, not very pleasant day as I bowled along on the Glasgow and Greenock Railway toward the latter town, where I was to join the *Arab*, which was to sail thence for Oban at four o'clock P.M. I knew little of steamers, and it never occurred to me that the voyage might prove anything but an agreeable one. There was a sallow-faced man sitting opposite to me in the carriage, who kept constantly looking out at the windows, every now and then turning up his eyes as if he expected his death-warrant from the clouds that scudded past toward the east. He carried something between a portfolio and a parcel on his knee, which he nervously clutched when he took his eyes off the sky.

He looked at me wistfully at last, and seemed desirous to make some communication; and as, I presume, he saw that I was ready to receive it, he leaned forward, and said:

"It's rather blowy, I'm thinkin'."

I nodded assent.

"Weel," continued my fellow-traveler, "that will be against me."

"No doubt of it, if you are going against it."

"I am going ower to Belfast, and I doot it will be roch wark or we win to Belfast Loch; but no so bad as goin' roon the Mull o' Cantyre to Oban."

This was interesting to me, and he saw it.

"You'll be goin' that gate?" continued he.

"Yes; but I don't care much for the Mull of Cantyre."

Of course not, for I knew nothing about it.

"Lucky that for ye, for there will be a jabble there the nicht, or I'm no judge."

This last remark was uttered after a long look at the sky, and was not very reassuring.

Immediately on arriving at Greenock I went to the quay, and found the *Arab* lying uneasily there, the wind whistling viciously through the rigging, and the steam screaming and tearing frantically from the steam-funnel. I went on board and got my luggage disposed of, and walked to where I saw a number of people standing round the funnel busy talking, and having nothing particular to do, I listened.

"Ye'll think it'll pe a plowy nicht?" said a hairy-faced fellow, who had a plaid rolled tight round his neck, as if he had serious thoughts of doing himself a grievous injury.

"Ay, will it," answered a short squat man in moleskins all covered over with coal-dust. "Ye see the clouds, hoo they chase ane anither; that's a gran' sign o' wind; we'll hae a dance on the Moil the nicht, or I'm mista'en. There is plenty o' that afore us, or the Winter is ower."

"No toot o' that; but ye're accustomed to it, and 'ill no mind it."

"We wadna need, Dugald, for mony's the awfu' nicht we hae o' it on the Mull o' Cantyre."

"It'll pe sometimes washing ower the feshel?"

"Washing ower the veshel! ay, man, sometimes washing ower the funnel, and near putting out the fire on us, and wad do sae if the smoke didna keep it frae comin' doon. I mind——"

At this point of the conversation I heard a bell ring, and my dusty friend disappeared, leaving something very wonderful untold.

After this I went down to the cabin, where I saw some three or four ladies sitting together in a quiet corner. I could not help hearing part of their conversation, and again it related to the Mull of Cantyre. It is unnecessary to repeat any part of it except the conclusion at which they arrived, as enunciated by one of the party.

"I have," said the lady, "lived in Argyleshire for fifteen years, and, but for this dreadful Mull of Cantyre, I would say it is as pleasant a place to be in, and as healthy, as any part of the world. But I have much there to make me happy and contented," she added, "and I trust I am so, and grateful, too, notwithstanding of the 'Moil,' and the wretched night I expect to spend in making the voyage round it."

By this time the conviction forced itself upon me that Argyleshire had a real grievance, and was to be felt for, and I began to imbibe a decided dislike to the Mull of Cantyre, and wondered very much how I had never heard of it before, when it was so well known to every one else. With this feeling gaining fast upon me, I again went on deck, and saw every kind of lumber for the Highlands taken on board. Old beds, old tables, old chairs, old boxes, old hampers, old everything, were knocked about in great confusion; but the principal part of the cargo consisted of tar-barrels. These were rolling in all directions, and perfuming the boat and all in it in a way I did not by any means like. There was a number of patriarchal-looking rams—some with astonishingly tortuous horns, and some with none—cooped up forward; and as to the number of wild, savage-looking fellows, with large whiskers, unshaven beards and dirty faces, and gaunt but sagacious-looking dogs, their name truly was legion. All this was soon seen, and I must say it did not prepossess me with any favorable opinion of the comforts of the *Arab*.

"WASHING OWER THE VESHEL! AY, MAN; SOMETIMES WASHING OWER THE FUNNEL!

The longest voyage I had ever before made was from Newhaven to Kirkcaldy, and I was therefore not aware of all the manifestations of a disagreeable one in prospect, that presented themselves to more experienced eyes than mine.

After losing a couple of hours of good daylight, everything was got on board, but certainly not in a ship-shape condition, and we started for Oban. I like to see everything going on around me, and instead of again going below to the cabin, I mounted up to a cross-plank resting on the two paddle-boxes, which I heard them call "the gangway," and found a good-looking quiet man standing there looking right before him, and not taking the least notice of anything but the head of the vessel. I went up to him, and remarked it promised to be a good night.

"Oh, yes," he said, "it's a good night." He then

looked down to where the tar-barrels were crowded about the deck, and cried, "Take you there, M'Innes, some planks, and confine these sheep well forward—the shepherds will help ye. You, Beaton, get some hands and stow away these tar-barrels, and make things snug for the night."

"Ay, ay, sir," sounded from below.

"You are the captain of the *Arab?*"

"Yes."

"She is a good boat," I ventured to say.

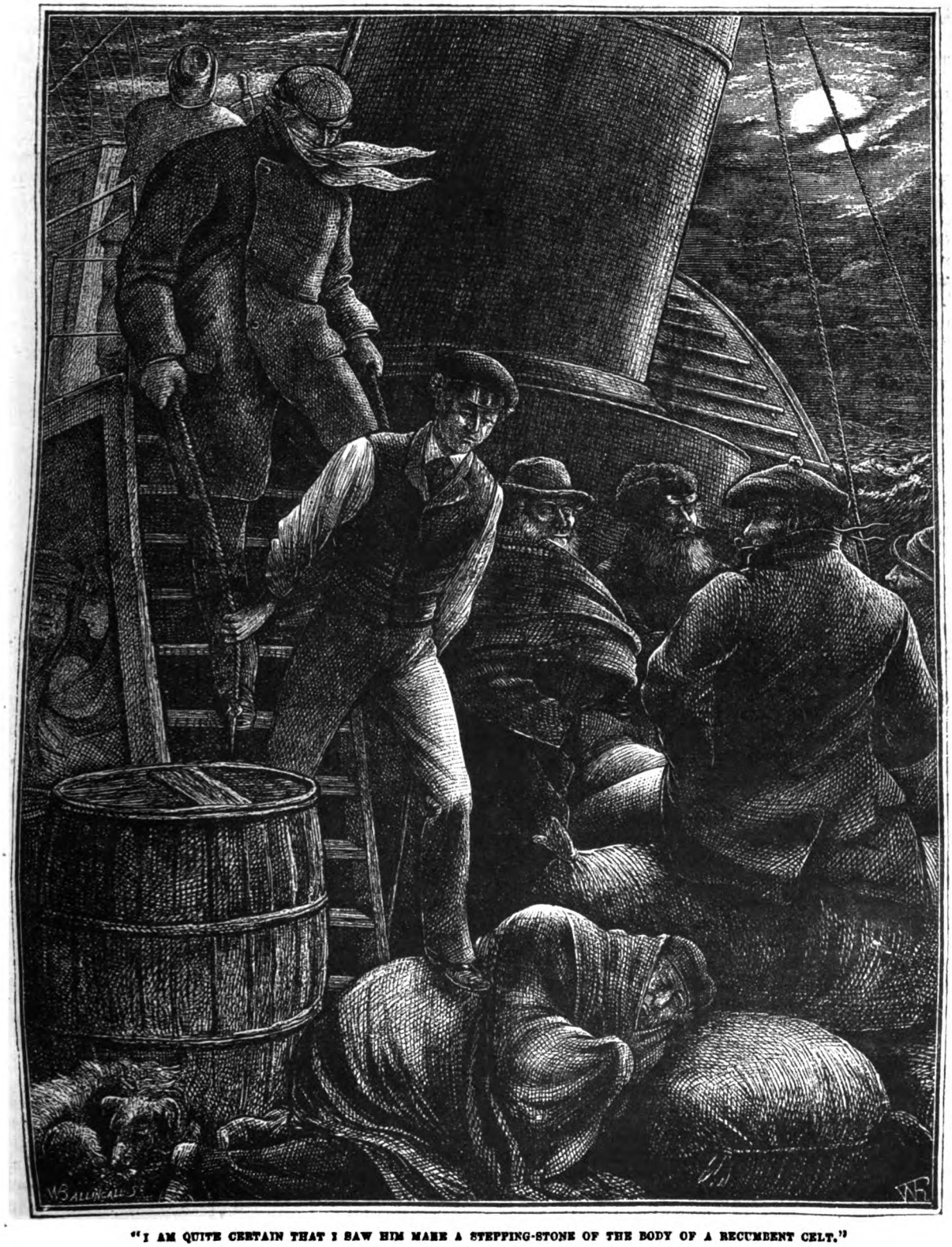
"Yes, sir, she's a good boat," shortly.

"Is the wind fair, captain?"

"It will do very well if it keeps this way."

"You do not expect a change, do you, captain?"

"Well, sir, it is difficult to say when to expect a chang and when not. I do not expect any change to signify."



"I AM QUITE CERTAIN THAT I SAW HIM MAKE A STEPPING-STONE OF THE BODY OF A RECUMBENT CELT."

I observed that he looked at the moon, which was surrounded by a bright golden ring. The clouds were scudding past her very fast, and a black cloud stood right ahead of us, which I would have willingly steered clear of, if that were possible. I saw the captain every now and then looking to see that his orders about the tar-barrels had been carried out, and I confess that a sort of disagreeable idea began to creep upon me that we were to have a stormy passage round the Mull of Cantyre. I kept up on the gangway to see how matters were likely to go, and I began to perceive a decided heaving under me. This suddenly increased, and the steamer gave a plunge that made my heart start to my mouth. Still the reflection of the moon shone brightly on the water, and there was plenty of laughing and talking on all sides, which made me think, at all events, that there was no danger. The plunges became more frequent, and by-and-by the vessel began to go down sideways, and then come up with a sudden spring that was very unpleasant to me.

Shortly after this a bell rang, and I saw a man making his way toward me, and with much ingenuity avoiding the many obstacles that lay in his path. He would dive under one thing, round another, and lightly step over a third. I am quite certain that I saw him make a stepping-stone of the body of a recumbent Celt, almost without being noticed. At last he reached me and said:

"Tea is ready, sir; will you be pleased to take some?"

"Well, I suppose I had better."

"This way, if you please, sir;" and away he went in the same 'eel-like manner as he came, but every moment looking back and saying, "This way, if you please, sir."

I soon found following him a matter of no small delicacy and difficulty. Every place that was not taken up by tar-barrels and other unsavory lumber was occupied by human beings, who lay about in inconceivable places, and I found myself tumbling and floundering among them, kicking this one, trampling upon that, and leaving behind me a track of "oich-oichs" and guttural benedictions which I did not pretend to understand.

My first feeling on getting into the cabin was one of dislike to everything I saw. There was a smell of fish, flesh and fowl, combined with a close and oily atmosphere, and the fumes of toddy and bilge-water, which prejudiced me against the display I saw of dish-covers, cups and plates, surrounded by a goodly row of weather-beaten, rugged faces, seemingly intent upon some expected event of considerable interest.

"This way, sir, if you please," said my friend the steward, who steadied me into a seat, and then bustled out of the cabin.

There was solemn silence for a few minutes, and I observed my neighbors never took their eyes off the dish-covers, and one or two began to finger their knives, as if impatient for the word of command. The captain made his appearance at the door, and there was a simultaneous move of satisfaction. He sat down quickly, said grace, and instantly off flew the dish-covers, giving to view an enormous quantity of substantial fare. It was worth while seeing the earnest alacrity with which the passengers turned to.

"Mr. Finlay, I'll trouble you for a bit of feesh."

The party addressed was at the moment conveying a liberal allowance of ham and eggs to a capacious and willing mouth, and gave a questionable grunt before he seized the fish-slice and helped the requisitionist. The clatter of knives and forks went on for a long time with scarcely an interruption, except now and then that one would ask another for something that he fancied.

"Mr. M'Craw, I'll thank ye for a little cheekan," and forthwith the "cheekan" was consigned to the tender mercies of a case of powerful grinders. I do not know that I ever before saw good cheer done such ample justice to. The assailants, however, began by-and-by to give in, one by one, but some of them returned more than once to the charge, and seemed reluctant to give up to the very last. Indeed, it is difficult to say when some veterans would have finally ceased, had not the steward commenced operations whereby he very summarily cleared the tables.

For my own part, I felt little disposed to eat. Every time I attempted to swallow anything, there was a repelling movement inside, which, as I did not understand, I marveled at. When tea was over, I rose to take possession of an unoccupied sofa, but of a sudden felt as if the top of my head had flown off, and I dropped into my seat again in much perplexity. An intolerable heat came over me, and the perspiration came streaming out of every pore. The steward came past, and I said to him:

"The room is too close. Will you open the window?"

"All battened down for the night, sir."

"Steward, what can the matter be with me? I feel very uncomfortable."

"Perhaps you are getting sick, sir," without even attempting to throw a grain of compassion into his voice; "a little brandy might do you good, sir."

"Bring me some;" and forthwith it came, but I cannot say that I experienced much relief from this sovereign remedy for sea-sickness.

The rest of the tea-party still lingered about the table, as if there yet remained something to be done, and my helpless state, for I may now call my state helpless, attracted their attention. They instantly began to prescribe.

"A pottle of porter did me goot once," said one.

"I think ale's petter," said another.

"Goot room (rum) is apout the pest thing I know," said a third.

"If ye tak my advice," said a gaunt old fellow, with a pair of threatening eyebrows, "ye'll gie a rub to the pit of your stamach wi' a little turpentine and vanagar."

"Weel, chentlemen," said a round-faced, jolly little Celt, "I wadna gie a drap of good whusky for them aal put together."

"Ferry goot observation, sir," responded on all sides.

At this time a fine old man, with a shrewd, intelligent face, came quietly up to me, and advised me to lie down on the sofa, and keep very quiet in whatever position I felt most free from the intolerable feeling of sickness and nausea I had. The good old fellow, God bless him! helped me to the vacant sofa himself, and made me snug there. I lay flat on my back, and was greatly relieved; but the least movement brought back the sickness. My feelings and faculties were in a preternatural state of vigilance and susceptibility, and a mouse could scarcely move in the cabin without my hearing her.

Under these circumstances, none of the sayings and doings of my fellow-passengers escaped me, and for a time they nearly drove me distracted. As the sickness went off, however, I became more reconciled to them, and by-and-by I was, for a time, almost unconscious that there was any one in the cabin, though I afterward remembered every word that was uttered, as well as everything that was done.

"I think, chentlemen," suggested a sober-looking young man with dark hair and a lively twinkle about the eye, "that we would pe the petter of something warm aitter our tea."

"Ferry goot observation," was repeated simultaneously by the whole company, who, with astonishing unanimity, seated themselves round the table.

"What will ye pe for, chentlemen?" asked the first speaker. "Will we have prandy?"

"Prandy is a ferry goot trink, there is no toubt," answered a round-faced drochy, with very broad shoulders and large whiskers, "and I like it ferry well."

"So do I," and "so do I," was repeated by several.

"Weel, chentlemen," said an old man of immense stature, wearing a very broad hat, "I have nothing particular to say against prandy, altho' three or four smaal tastings that I took of it the other morning pefore preakfast at Falkirk did not agree with me. Put, to tell ye the truth; I would rather have whusky; the real Talisker is the thing for me."

This brought down a shout of applause, and the Talisker was accordingly ordered.

"It's a fine speerit, the Talisker," said the stout gentleman, looking round.

"Ou, ay," said a dozen voices, "a fine speerit."

"There's no a petter made. That is the real right thing, chentlemen; I would know it anywhere," continued the stout gentleman; "and weel I might, for many's the trop of it I have drank. No man knows goot whusky petter than Talisker himself. Tacent man, Talisker."

"A goot man," sententiously pronounced a leathern-jawed middle-aged man, dressed in home-made shepherd's plaid clothes.

"A goot man and a goot whusky is goot company," answered the gentleman that suggested the brandy.

"Chentlemen," said the stout man, in a voice that all understood to preface a toast, "chentlemen, I see aal your classes are filled; I think, after the Falkirk we have had, we may trink goot markets."

"Goot toast, Glenbogary;" "excellent toast;" "no one can object to that toast;" "aal feels interested in goot markets;" "the whole country is the petter of goot markets;" were the various remarks suggested by this toast, which was drunk with much good-will.

"I heerd," said the abominable old fellow that wanted me to burn myself up with turpentine, who turned out to be a stray Lowlander that had settled in the North, "that ye got a lang price for yer queys, Glenbogary."

"What did ye hear, Mr. Chaik?" (meaning Jack).

"I heerd twenty punds for ane."

"Forty for two, and fifty was got for them the next day, but the queys was goot."

All expressed astonishment and admiration, which greatly flattered Glenbogary.

"Tell us aal apout it?" demanded several voices.

Glenbogary took a deliberate gulp out of his tumbler, and commenced:

"Chentlemen, since it is your pleasure, I'll tell you aal apout it. I thought I would take a turn to Falkirk as usual, although I had nothing to sell there, and when leaving home it came into my head that I might take some peasts with me to pay my expense. So I sent away the two queys—one of them is pranded and the other black. People looked at them as they went along, and I heard them saying, 'Fine animals,' 'goot peef,' and observations of that kind; and when I got to the toun of Stirling, out comes a fat short pody, and says he to me:

"'Are them queys yours?'

"'Ay, they're mines yet,' says I.

"'Will ye sell them?' says he.

"'Yes,' says I.

"'What are ye seeking for them?' says he.

"'Forty pounds,' says I.

"'I'll gie ye thirty-six,' says he.

"'I'll no take a penny less than forty,' says I.

"He then took another look at them, and pressed me to take thirty-six pounds, then forty with four pack, put I would not, and went on my way to Falkirk. The night pefore the tryst, who comes up to me put Peter Lamont from Atholl. Ye'll aal know Peter. He took a goot long look at the queys, and then he turns to me, and asks my price.

"'Forty pounds, and no a penny less.'

"'They're mines,' says Peter, shaking my hand, 'and I'll take them off your hands in the morning, and pay the money now or then.'

"'The money any time you likes, Mr. Lamont,' says I. 'and the queys now or never.'

"'Say ye sae,' says Peter, 'now then be it.'

"Peter is a sure hand. Weel, chentlemen, I sees Peter next evening, and asks him if he had sold the queys.

"'Oh, yes,' says Peter, 'I sold them, and made of them, too.'

"'How much, Mr. Lamont?'

"'Ten pounds.'

"'Ten pounds! Peter, you're choking. Fifty pounds for my two queys! that was a price.'

"'That is just the figure I sold them for to an Englishman that wants to gain a prize wi' them, and I wish he may.'

"Now chentlemen, that is the whole story. Put the queys was goot, and the price was goot."

"And the story is goot," answered Mr. M'Craw. "I'll pe pound there wasn't a pair of queys like them at Falkirk this many a day, Twenty pounds for a quey; that is a price."

"Forty pounds for two queys, and fifty the next day," said Glenbogary, as setting the matter in a clearer point of view; "put the queys was goot."

"Ye maun hae gien them oil-cake," said Mr. Jack.

"I did not, sir," replied Glenbogary, very decidedly.

Mr. Jack still looked dissatisfied.

"Tell us their age, and how reared, Glen," demanded Mr. Finlay, who wanted the brandy.

Before doing so, however, another supply of Talisker was placed on the table, and the tumblers were promptly replenished.

"You want to know their age and rearing, chentlemen? You will know it then, chentlemen. The mother of the plack came from Barra, out of the colonel's fold, and the mother of the pranded from Harris, old Tonalt Stewart's fold—poth as goot preeds as anywhere. Weel, the plack—no, it was the pranded—no, put it is no matter—the one was three years old on the 3d of April, and the other fourteen days later. Then as to the rearing of them. Chentlemen, they got their mother's milk, every trop of it, and they never were hungry again. 'Deed, chentlemen, I don't like hungry man or peast apout me."

"Ferry goot observation, sir," was repeated here, with much emotion.

Mr. Jack did not join in this mark of confidence, but mumbled something between his teeth about oil-cake, and shook his head skeptically.

"Pless me, Maister Chaik," said Mr. Finlay, "ye wat refuse anything. Glenbogary has told as plain as any English how the queys was porn, pred, and prought up, and ye look as if ye thought that he wat cheat people as the old Carles of Achanadrish tid when they used to went to the market."

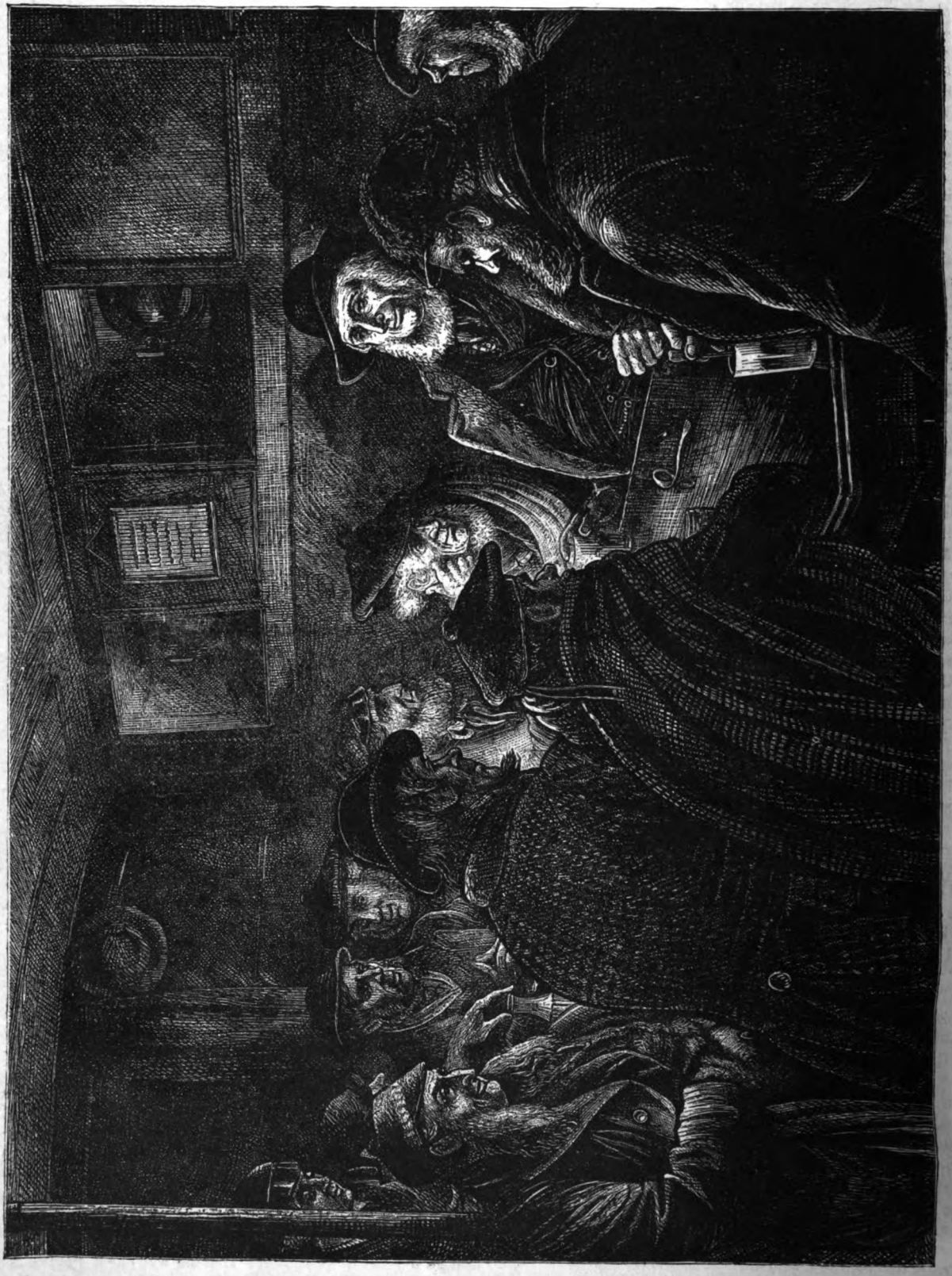
"Mr. Finlay," answered Mr. Jack, solemnly, "I am no gien to cheatin' mysel', and I dinna like folks that is;

but for a' that has cam and gane, I think the queys maun hae gotten oil-cake."

"It matters fery little, Mr. Chaik," said Glenbogary, with warm dignity, "what you or the like of ye thinks. Put my advice to you is, when ye py accident find yourself among chentlemen, to pehave yourself like a chentleman, and no like an ill-put-thegither low-country nowte, as ye are."

"Weel, Glenbogary," answered the impervious Mr. Jack, "whether ill or weel put thegither, I maybe will haud thegither as lang as yoursel'."

As Glenbogary was about to make a suitable reply, the



"CHENTLEMEN, SINCE IT IS YOUR PLEASURE, I'LL TELL YOU AAL APOUT IT."

vessel gave a plunge that made the glasses tumble about, and a good deal of liquor was spilt. There was considerable commotion, and the warmth that began to manifest

"IT IS A PITY, MR. TOPS."

itself was cooled, and the embryo quarrel forgotten by the time things were got into their proper places, and a new supply of Talisker was on the table.

When the glasses were once more charged, a short, squat man, with a lively pair of gray eyes, large whiskers, tween a yellow and a gray, and a sharp hooked nose, up. He seemed to be liked by the rest of the compa

and no wonder; his laugh was the loudest and merrie he had most to say, but principally to those immediat around him, and there was none among them that to his tipple with more scrupulous fairness. He no soo

stood up, than there was a general cry of "Scoodarach!" I wondered what was meant, and thought if I had been hailed by such a cognomen, I should be very angry. He, however, bowed, as if flattered by his reception, from which I correctly divined that "Scoodarach" was his patronymic.

"Chentlemen," commenced Scoodarach, "I pelieve it is pretty fresh weather outside" (he had to hold hard by the table to prevent being pitched off his feet), "and I cannot see the reason why we shouldn't refresh ourselves inside" ("hear, hear," and "ferry goot observation"). "Chentlemen, we have here a chentleman that is an honor to the whole country, and I challenge the world to produce another man that got twenty pounds for a quey at Falkirk."

"Forty pounds," cried Glenbogary, "and fifty pounds the next day."

"Yes, chentlemen," resumed Scoodarach, "forty pounds, and fifty the next day; altogether ninety pounds!"

"Guide us! Scoodarach," interrupted Mr. Jack, "ye're no gaun to say that Glenbogary got ninety punds for his twa queys?"

"I says more, Maister Chaik. They were worth a hundred to any man that took a fancy to them." (Great applause, and Mr. Jack refused a hearing.) "Then, chentlemen, as my friend and your friend Glenbogary is so well worthy of our pest thanks for the honor he has prought upon the country, we'll trink his health in full pumpers."

Very great honor was done the toast—*heel-taps* were out of the question. Glenbogary got up, quite overcome; but as the laboring of the vessel made it difficult to stand, he sat down immediately, and begged permission to return thanks sitting, which was of course granted.

"My tear friends," commenced Glenbogary, affected, "I wish I had the tongue of Donach Ban, the bard, to speak for me. I would then pe aple to do chustice to my heart. Ye have tone me creat honor, chentlemen, and I am ferry much opliged to ye aal. I am getting an olt man now. Chentlemen, I have stoot thirty Falkirks without missing one." ("Hear, hear," and applause, which encouraged a young man that had said nothing before, doing every justice to Talisker all the time, however, to say, "My father stand thirty-five, and he is alife yet.")

"Tid he ever get twenty pounds fot a' quey there?" broke in Mr. Finlay.

"Forty for two queys," persisted Glenbogary, "and fifty the next day; put the queys was goot."

"Put, Mr. Finlay," said Scoodarach, "how tid the Carles of Achanadrish cheat when they went to the fairs?"

"Eh, Scoodarach! I thought everypody heard of them. The way they tid was this: Pefore they would start with their horses they would put a number of peats round their fires, and turn out their wives and bairns; then one would go to his neighpor and ask him if he was to send a horse to the market. The answer was 'yes,' of course. 'I'll puy him.' 'What will ye give?' 'I will give so much,' peing always a pound or two more than the prute was worth. This offer was refused, and the offerer wat hasten home, and wat in his turn pe called upon in the same way, and the same scene pe gone through. After every one that was to send a horse to the market had got his offer, they wat aal go away to the fair. Well, when they got there they asked a few shillings more than they had peen offered at home. 'That is a great deal too much,' the purchaser wat say. 'Oh no,' the seller wat say, 'I was offered within three shillings of it at home.' 'Impossible!' 'May I never again see those I left around my fireside if I was not.'"

"The auld scoonrels!" said Mr. Jack, "they should hae been banished."

"Well, Mr. Chaik," answered Mr. Finlay, "whether they should or no, or whether they was or no, you'll find none of them in the country now."

"Weel, I am thinkin' it's no a bad riddance. But whar hae the rogues gane till?"

"Some of them is in Australia, some in America, some on the sea, and some in their graves. Poor men! Sorry they were to pid farewell to the prown hills of the Highlands; put the times was against them, and they were aal sent away."

"Noo, Mr. Finlay, we'll say nae mair aboot them, wi' your leave," said Mr. Jack, who was warming to the work; "but I am of opinion that a drap mair of Glenbogary's frien' Talisker wad do us nae hairm. What say ye a', gentlemen?"

There is no earthly doubt what they would have said, if allowed to speak. This, however, they were not; for, just as a burst of approval was about breaking out, a thin, meagre-looking man, who had sat the whole evening with his plaid drawn tight round his throat, and enveloping the lower part of his face, only allowing easy access to his mouth, a road traveled very often by the glass which he seldom let out of his hand, started fiercely to his legs. This, however, was of very little use to him, as he as suddenly disappeared under the table from the rolling of the vessel. He was up in an instant, and his temper by no means improved by the disaster he had met with. He looked about him as if he would annihilate all present. His rage prevented his uttering a word for a few moments. At last he blazed out:

"Talisker! Talisker!! Talisker!!! Who is Talisker, that we should pe trinkin' him? He is no fit for shentlemen to sit upon. I say, Long Shon!"

"Preserve us a'," said Mr. Jack, in considerable astonishment, "is the man wud? What does the crater mean?"

"I mean," retorted the irate Celt, "that I pe no more a crater nor you; and I mean that Long Shon makes petter whusky nor ever cam out of Talisker's pot."

Glenbogary struck his fist on the table, and silence ensued.

"My coot friend, Mr. Cameron, it is natural you should pe for upholding your own countryman, and no man has more respect for Long Chon than I have; put pefore we can admit that he is petter than Talisker, I would like to put one question to you. Mr. Cameron, where does Long Chon get his watter from?" This question was put with a solemnity that made the whole company turn up their eyes, and it quite posed Mr. Cameron; and, after a short pause, Glenbogary went on: "Mr. Cameron, Talisker's watter comes over eighty faals pefore it reaches his pot."

"Eighty faals! eighty faals! eighty faals!" repeated by a dozen voices. "That must be goot watter, and make good whusky. Eighty faals!"

"It maun be gaen weel saddened aifter sic tumbling," remarked Mr. Jack, "that maun be said, and doobtless it maks pleasant drink; but as Mr. Cameron is so fond o' doin' the thing, I dinna see why we shudna tak his treat of Lang John."

This suggestion proved extremely to the liking of the company, and there was such a cheerful acquiescence on the part of every one that a remonstrance as to his giving the treat died away on the tongue of Mr. Cameron, and he ordered a supply of "Long John" in a way that would make one believe he was in a mortal rage at the steward.

When the tumblers were filled and tasted, he looked

round for the company's approval of his taste, and as they were drinking at his expense, he of course obtained it; and Mr. Jack proposed his health, which was drunk with all the honors.

The applause with which the toast was honored had not entirely ceased when a small door nearly opposite to me opened, and a round gray head came cautiously out, and then a round short figure dressed in whitey-brown clothes of good quality and make. The personage no sooner appeared than a shout of "Welcome, Mr. Tops!" sounded from all sides of the table, and the individual so named slowly approached his friends, holding by every available object to prevent his being tumbled over by the rocking of the vessel. "Mr. Tops," whose real name was Dobbs, was an Englishman, and his round, smooth, ruddy face presented a decided contrast to the shaggy and gaunt physiognomy of the topers at the table. "Sit ye town, Mr. Tops, sit ye town," and room being made opposite Glenbogary, Mr. Dobbs was soon seated there with a steaming tumbler of "Long John" before him.

"We were chust drinking Mr. Cameron's health when ye cam in, Mr. Tops," said Scoodarach, whereupon Mr. Dobbs did honor to the toast.

"Perhaps you'll give us a toast yourself, Mr. Tops?"

"I'll be very happy to do so, gents, since you call upon me."

"Mr. Tops's toast—no taylight."

"Well, gents," commenced Mr. Dobbs, "in responding to the call you have made, and seeing that your glasses are filled, I propose the health of the Lord-Lieutenant of the County."

"A ferry goot toast," and great cheering, and no heel-taps.

After this there was a short pause, as if the whole party were thinking. At last Mr. Cameron got up like a tiger, and, looking fiercely at Mr. Dobbs, asked him, "who the tefil the Lord-Lieutenant is?" This question was hailed with "hear, hear!"

Mr. Dobbs stood up with difficulty, and, looking about him with a pair of large, light, prominent eyes, said, "Gents, the Lord-Lieutenant is a man that knows his duty; he is the right man in the right place." He then sat down with the air of a man that had done his duty. But Mr. Cameron was not to be so satisfied. He started up again, and, casting a glance all round, as if challenging all the world, shouted at the top of a shrill voice, "Tamn the Lord-Lieutenant—who is he?"

This raised the spirit of the British lion in Mr. Dobbs, whose face got very red. He gave the fiery Lochaberman as hostile a look as he could muster, and said, in a very decided way, "I will not tell you."

This would have brought on a crisis, but Scoodarach got up and said with great solemnity, "Chentlemen, poth Mr. Tops and Mr. Cameron is right, and when I tells Mr. Cameron that the Lord-Lieutenant is a fine teer-hound tog that Locheil sent as a compliment to a friend of Mr. Tops's in England, he will never again tamn the Lord-Lieutenant." This explanation elicited great applause from the company, and Mr. Cameron got hold of Dobbs's hand, and shook it till that gentleman's eyes watered. Perfect harmony having been restored, Mr. Finlay asked Dobbs if he sold his cast ewes. "Yes," answered Dobbs, who had scarcely slept off the effects of a previous potation, "and got the highest price at the market for them."

"That's pefore the luckspenny was taken off it?"

"I never give luck-penny."

"You never gives luckspenny! Weel, I know ye're a goot hand at a pargain; would you like to puy a fine lot? I'll sell ye the Tomsrachaltney yowes."

"I did not know they were yours to sell."

Neither they were, as all well knew, and Mr. Dobbs at first suspected.

"Well! ye can try me, Mr. Tops. I'll give them to yo for 18s."

"I take them delivered in Glasgow in October."

"Tone, Mr. Tops—they are yours."

"That is a fair pargain," resounded on all sides.

"Yes; it is a fair pargain," said Scoodarach, "and we'll make a note of it."

This proposal rather startled Mr. Dobbs, the Tomsrachaltney lot being a heavy one, evidently; and he did not imagine that Scoodarach was in earnest, thinking they were not his.

"Between friends it is not necessary to make a note of a bargain," suggested Dobbs.

"Oh, Mr. Tops! oh, Mr. Tops! You *are* an Englishman!" was repeated on all sides.

"Yes, I am proud of being an Englishman," said Mr. Dobbs, patriotically.

"Mr. Cameron will make a note of it," said Scoodarach, which made Mr. Cameron look as if he would demolish him.

This was agreed to, and Cameron got hold of a dirty piece of paper, and commenced writing on it with pencil. But it would take a better scribe than he evidently was to make a job of it—what with the drink he had taken, what with the pitching of the vessel. After indescribable exertions, he handed the note to Scoodarach to read and sign. Reading it was out of the question, but both parties signed it—Dobbs with his full name, and Scoodarach with a few scratches that no one could make anything of.

"Now, Mr. Cameron, ye'll sign as a wutness to the pargain, and you, too, Mr. M'Craw."

Both signed.

"How many tid ye pought, Mr. Tops?" asked M'Craw.

"Why, I bought the whole."

"I tidn't say that," said Scoodarach.

"Yes, you did!" retorted Dobbs, who was getting "very fu'."

"Was it the whole of the tops, or the whole of the shots, Mr. Tops?"

"It was the whole of both, and no mistake. Come now, sir; no nonsense."

"Nonsense, Mr. Tops! I'll refard it to the wutnesses. What to ye say, Mr. Cameron?"

"I say they are to pe telivered in Clasgow in Octoper."

"Put how many?"

"I tell ye, they are to pe telivered in Clasgow in Octoper!" in wrath.

"Yes, but what is?" inquired Dobbs.

"To ye tare to tout my word?" said Cameron, trying to get up, but he was held down by the rest.

"I want to know," said Dobbs, emphatically, "what the bargain was? You wrote it down, and are referred to. What do you say now?"

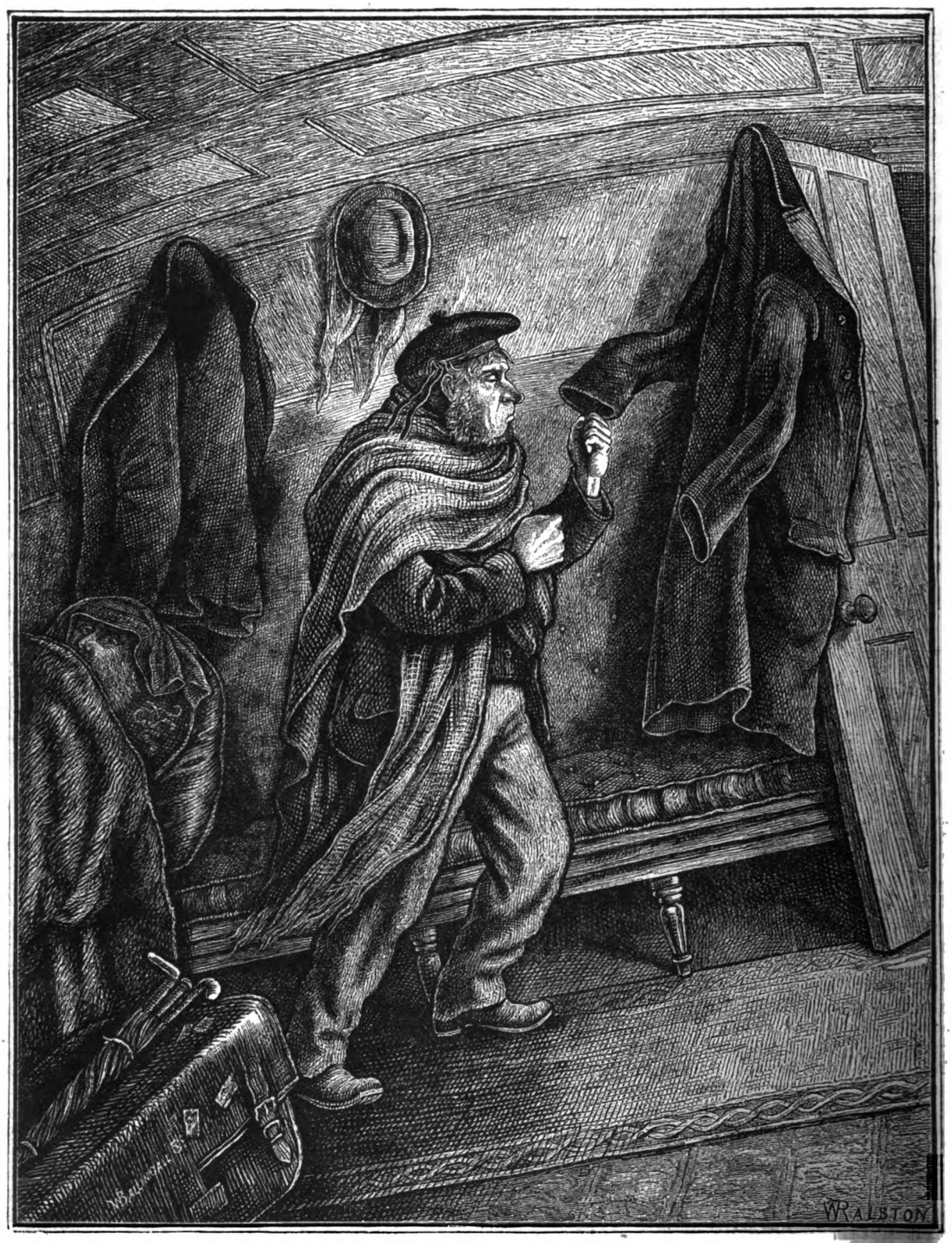
"I say," screamed Cameron, "they are to pe telivered in Clasgow in Octoper! Can you refuse that?"

"I refuse nothing. But tell me how many sheep are to be delivered to me?"

"Sheep! I ton't care for you or your sheep. I put town that they are to pe telivered in Clasgow in Octoper—and that is the pargain, whatever ye may say. I am refard, and that's what I say."

Mr. Dobbs, greatly aggravated and considerably drunk, stood up, raised his clinched fists above his head, and looked as if he had been seized with apoplexy.

"I deny it, gentlemen. I call you to witness that he refuses to tell me the bargain."



"THE PUGNACIOUS CELT STEADIED HIMSELF FOR A MOMENT."

Mr. Cameron looked at the bottle as if he would fain throw it at his opponent's head, but, being half-full of "Long John," he thought better of it.

"I tell ye, and if ye werena a prute of a Sassenach, you watn't have asked it again, that I wrote town that they are to pe telivered in Clasgow in Octoper. To you say that I titn't write town the truth?"

"Damn the truth!" cried Dobbs, at his wits' end.

"Oh! oh! hoh!" sounded round the table in different tones, which perfectly overwhelmed poor Dobbs, who crawled from the table and sat alone in a corner, looking very sulky.

By-and-by Scoodarach got up and went to him, and commenced in a low, condoling voice:

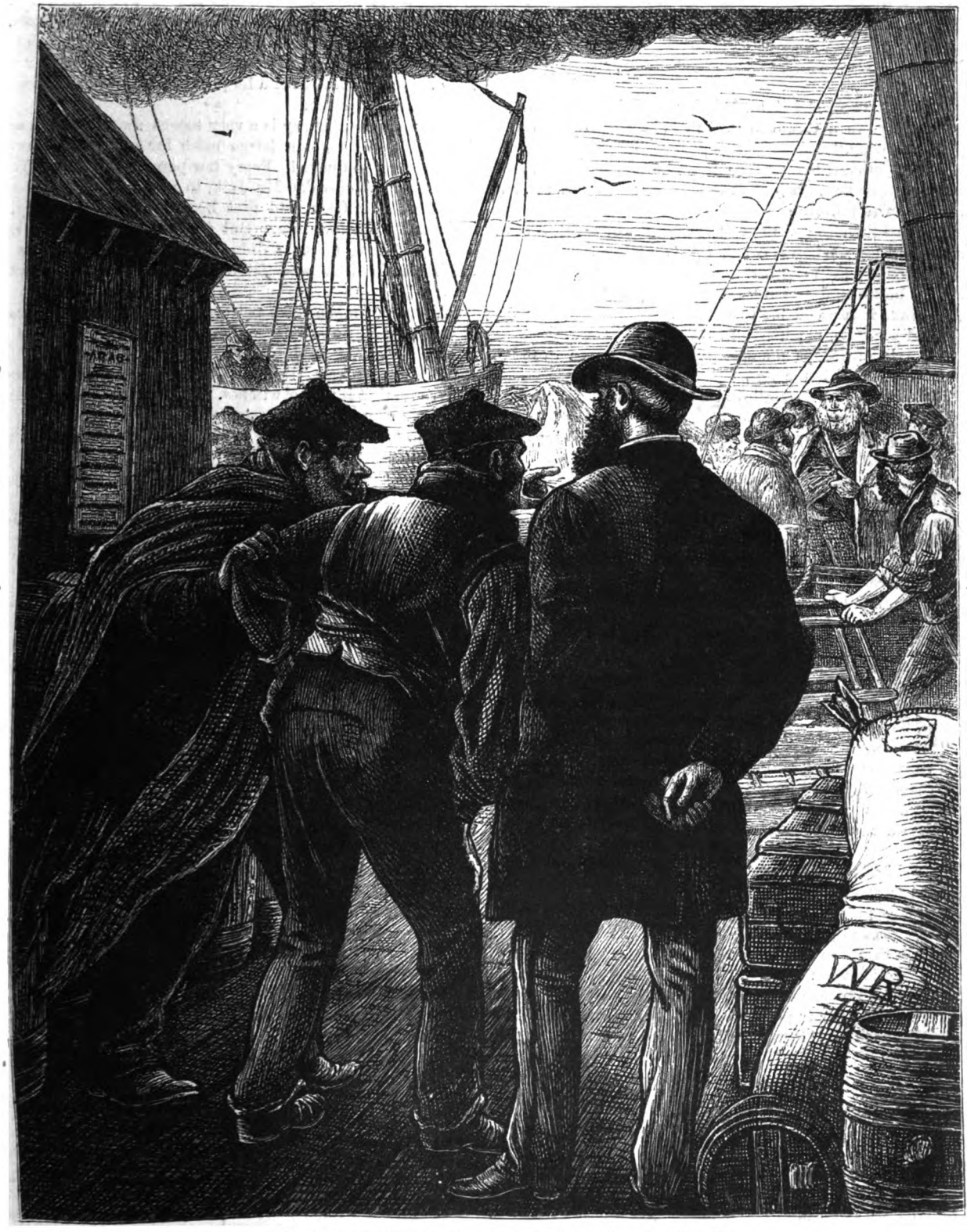
"Well, Mr. Tops, ye tidn't get chustice altogether from Mr. Cameron, who should have told ye the pargain. It is a pity that ye were in such a hurry puying the yowes, as I tidn't intend they should pe more than 15s., and they are scarcely worth so much. There is chust 2,000 of them, and your loss will pe apout £500. It is a pity, Mr. Tops."

Dobbs's face, drunk though he was, looked so remarkably blank after he received this gratuitous piece of information, that Scoodarach seemed to have difficulty in keeping his gravity.

"What did you say, sir—my loss would be £500?"

"That, at least, Mr. Tops."

"Bless my soul!" said Dobbs, "are you serious? Why it was not fair of you."



"THAT'S HIM THAT SOLD THE TWA QUEYS FOR FORTY POUNDS."

"Chently, Mr. Tops; take care what ye say. Ye'll no get out of the scrape that way."

"Well, then, how can I get out of it?" asked the unfortunate man, in perturbation of spirit.

"Now, Mr. Tops, ye speak reasonable. I'll take fifty pounds, and let ye off the pargain."

"Fifty pounds! No, no; that 'ere is too much. Will you take five pounds?"

"Five pounds! Mr. Tops, ye are laughing at me. Five pounds instead of fifty pounds? What to ye take me for?"

"Come, now," said Dobbs, persuasively, "take the five pounds."

"I'll tell ye what I'll to, Mr. Tops. I have known ye long, and ye're a tacent man, and I'll let ye off for three pottles of wine."

Dobbs grasped his hand as if he had a benefactor, and was so overcome with gratitude that he could not utter a word for two minutes.

The two then joined the rest at the table, and the wine was called for. When it came, they all filled their glasses and tasted it; then shook their heads, and quietly took the whisky bottle and put a "smaal drappy o' 'Long Chon' in to make it trink fit for Christians."

"Tid ye settle, chentlemen?" inquired M'Craw.

"Ooh! Mr. Tops is a chentleman," answered Scoodarach, looking all innocence.

"You are a gentleman," said Dobbs, fervently. "I will maintain that 'ere in any company."

"Put are they to pe telivered in Clasgow in Octoper?" asked Cameron, looking dangerous.

"Yes, yes, Mr. Cameron, they are."

The wine and whisky mixture told upon Dobbs, who soon became unable to sit at the table, and the steward helped him away. He no sooner disappeared than Scoodarach told how he had fooled him, and this brought on a lively conversation.

"To ye mind Tonalt Plack that kept the public at the Ferry?"

"Yes, yes, Glenbogary, we aal knew Tonalt."

"Weel, one tay I was crossing at night, and Achanduin and me staid at Tonalt's house till the morning. We were in ped together when Tonalt comes in—he is a shrouwd fellow, Tonalt—and says Tonalt:

"'Glenbogary, what am I to do with a Sassenach pody that came yesterday, and staid aal night? He is up now, and going away, and he is asking me to give him my pill, and he hasna paid for what he cot, instead of his having money on me. He'll never get my pill whatever,' said Tonalt.

"'The bodach is wanting to cheat ye, Tonalt,' said Achanduin, 'put we'll stand py ye.'

"'Will ye?' says Tonalt. 'Then if he tries that, we'll see which is the pest man.'

"With that Tonalt goes out, and we heard him saying to the Englishman:

"'So ye'll pe for getting my pill, for how much?'

"'None of your impertinence!' says the Englishman.

"'What is that?' says Tonalt. 'Is it another pill? I'll give ye my pills immediately,' says Tonalt, 'and there is one of them;' and we heard a creat tramping, as of two men fighting, so we chumped up and found Tonalt and the Sassenach pusy at each other. They were poth stout and supple, and it was pretty to see them, and we looked at them for a while. Put the Sassenach had cunning plows, and Tonalt got some pad clours, so we went petween them, and separated them. The Englishman was in a rage, and wanted to take Tonalt pefore a magistrate; put when we explained Tonalt's ignorance, he laughed as much as we tid, and gave him half-a-crown when going away. That Englishman was a real chentleman, no tout."

When Glenbogary finished his story, he got up and called for the cabin-boy, who seemed to be a *protégé* of his, and after holding a private conversation with him in Gaelic, the boy went off. The old grazier got his broad hat, and stuck it on the front of his head, faced right at the door where the boy had disappeared, steadied himself, and drew his mouth back twice almost to his ears, each time giving a loud aspiration between a grunt and a snort, and made a very ludicrous attempt at a dignified march to the door, from which I saw the tails of his coat disappear as if he had been shot out of a huge cannon, the vessel having given a sudden lurch.

"No tout Glenbogary is a very tacent man," said Scoodarach, "and he got a lairge price for his queys—ferty pounds for two queys! Ferry few people tid that. You think they got oil-cake, Mr. Jaik, to ye no?"

"Weel, after Glen said that he didna gie them ony, I am boond to believe him. But it's a lang price for twa beasts aff the graiss. I didna think there was graiss in the hielands that wad fetch them up to sae muckle money."

"Tyree wat make them petter nor no other place," said M'Craw, "and there's crass there that wat make them as fat as putter."

"Od, Mr. M'Craw," said Mr. Jack, "the only thing I ken o' Tyree is that it's fu' o' witches. But, without ony jokes, I have seen some fine fat beasts frae that island."

"Who toes Tyree pelong to?" asked Mr. Cameron in a defiant tone.

"To his Crace the Chuke of Argyle," answered M'Craw, proudly, "the creat M'Calein More."

"The whole o' Lochaber pelonged to the Tuke of Gordon, who was a petter man than ever a Tuke of Argyle was;" and the irascible Mr. Cameron struck his fist on the table.

This was too much for the defender of the Duke of Argyle, who no doubt would have been very proud of his champion if he had seen his face, and heard the tone in which he replied:

"Mr. Cameron, His Crace the Chuke of Argyle has peen a chuke pefore the Chuke of Gordon was fit for a cateran, and M'Calein More never turned his pack upon a friend or a foe."

The Duke of Gordon's champion was dumb with rage and astonishment, and there is no saying what he would have done, had not Scoodarach, who encouraged his companions to quarrel to the very verge of flying at one another's throats, and then by a few well-chosen words made them greater friends than ever, taken up the matter. "The Chuke of Argyle," said that individual, "*is* a creat man, and the Chuke of Cordon *was* a creat man—that is the tifference petween them; and it is much pity that there is that same tifference, for the Marquis of Huntly was an honor to Lochaber and to Scotland when he was at the head of the Plack Watch, and let them to clory wherever it was to pe found. Put he has cone to his home, and peace pe with him. Your father, Mr. Cameron, and mines too, had many a hard fight with him, and well, well they liked to talk apout him."

Even M'Craw was touched with the devotion with which Scoodarach spoke of the last of the Gordon dukes, who was evidently known by name to and popular with the whole party.

"Put what made ye say, Mr. Chaik," put in Mr. Finlay, "that Tyree was full o' witches?"

"I'm thinking," answered that gentleman, "Mr. M'Craw can tell ye mair on that subject than I can, for if

a' tales be true, there's no lang since he was afore the shirra for callin' an auld wife a witch. Is it true that ye were fined for't, man ?"

"It was a wee fine," said M'Craw, looking conscious; "and it wasna for calling her a witch, put for no appearing at the court when my name was called."

"It was aboot that cheatery wark o' the stanes coming in through the roof o' the hoose, was it no ?" questioned Mr. Jack.

"Whist, Mr. Chaik, I don't like to hear you talk that way."

"Do ye mean to say that there was onything oncanny aboot it ?" said Mr. Jack. "Tell us it, man ; tell us it."

"Well, it's no a long story, and I'll pe willing to tell it."

All at table leaned foward with much curiosity, and some awe was depicted in every face, and as the narrative proceeded, even Mr. Jack was considerably influenced by the bearing of his friends, and looked somewhat scared.

"The thing happened at Callum Du's house. He was a tacent man, and had a wife and eleven childer, and what with fishing and making the most o' his pit croft, they were toing as well as their neighpors, and hadn't to make their tinner of shell-fish gathered on the shore and poiled in the brochan more than five times in the week. One tay the whole of himself and his family and wife and pairns were in at their tinner, and a crap which one o' the pairns had picked up at the shore was fished out of the pot, and two of the pairns were quarreling apout it, when a roun' stone cam in at the top of the house, without leaving a hole aifter it, and came thack town, and struck the crap out o' their hands on the floor. Callum was so pusy at his brochan, that he tidn't notice the pairns till he heard them give a roar. He then looked, chust as a wee pit balachan, two years old, was going to pick up the crap, and what should he see ?"

Here the narrator's voice sank to a sort of whisper, and his lips became parched, and so unmanageable that he could scarcely bring them to subjection so as to perform their functions. The rest partook of his emotion, and several asked in the same tone :

"*Whatt ?*"

"The crap," continued M'Craw, "moving slowly away from the laddy, although it was well poiled, and had no more life in it than the herring I eat to my tinner to-tay. Callum and his wife and the grown-up childer were tumb with fear, put the ee laddy laughed and went aifter the crap, till his mother got hold of him and kept him pack. Then another pairn went to the pot with a spoon, to get some out of it, and the pot moved off aifter the crap, and another stone came in at the top of the house, and it tidn't left a hole aifter it neither. The whole of them then ran out of the house, making a noise that prought aal their neipors apout them, put none of them wat go into the house, till Tonalt Tawlor came, and he said he wat go in. Put if he tid, he tidn't remain long, for water came pouring town upon him, and pefore he could get out he was more like a trooket fox than a Christian. No one wat go in aifter this, and some one went for a chustice-peace, and he came next tay, and went in quite pold and sat town. He soon heard splash, splash on the loft, and up the ladder he went, to a smaal place where there was two peds, and be found one of the peds full of milk, and the other of water. Well, he went town again and called Callum in, and, though feared, he tidn't like to refuse the chentleman, and went.

"'Pretty pusiness this, Callum,' says he, 'to put water in one ped and milk in the other. If you attempt to cheat me I'll have you put in chail.'

"'Och!' cried Callum, 'it's me that's no cheating, as God's my wutness!'

"'The tevil is more likely to pe your wutness,' said the chustice, very angry, put he no sooner said so than the pot pegan to move. When he saw this, he looked with his eyes very open, put he was pold enough, and said :

"'This is one of your tricks;' and with that he went to the pot, put he couldn't get near it, for it kept tancing round him till he got afeard, and walked out of the house, and without saying one wort he chumped on his horse and galloped away. I happened to pe in the island at the time, and I went to see if it was aal true I heard."

"And what seed ye, man ?" said Mr. Jack, whose leathern jaws lengthened, though long enough before, during the recital of this astonishing story.

M'Craw resumed :

"I saw the pot, for I went into the house, and when I was looking at it, a hard peat came in at the side of the house where there was neither toor nor window, and struck my pack, and made me chump till I nearly prained my head akainst a peam. When I looked round at the pot, as I was going out at the toor—for I tidn't remain longer in the unplest place—it was tancing round the kitchen."

"Did ye see that wi' your ain een ?" asked Mr. Jack.

"Yes, Mr. Chaik, I saw it with my two plessed eyes."

"Then," said Mr. Jack, solemnly, "there is mair nor guid graiss grows in Tyree, or I am mista'en."

The party became very sombre after this, and I dozed into an uncomfortable state of unconsciousness for some time. I was roused out of this by something tumbling over me, which turned out to be the fiery Mr. Cameron, who was going on deck, and was hurled upon me by the laboring of the steamer, which was straining and creaking in every timber. His temper was by no means improved by his contact with me, and he started up as if mortally insulted, and made for the door. It happened to be open, and a large top-coat was thrown upon it which hung down more than half-way to the floor, and might be mistaken, by a person who had been imbibing "Talisker" and "Long John" for four or five hours, for a man. The boat tossing violently, made the arms of the coat swing in a bellicose way that at once attracted the attention of the pugnacious Celt, who steadied himself for a moment, and then made a rush at it with very hostile intentions. The shock of the collision was considerable, and Mr. Cameron was thrown back rolling under the table, carrying the coat with him, which he pummeled most unmercifully, and refused to let go when the steward and others came to the scene of action, until it should own itself vanquished.

The last I saw of Mr. Cameron was his being carried, kicking and scratching frantically, up the cabin stair; and when the steward returned, his shirt-collar had disappeared, and one of his sleeves dangled gracefully about his arm.

After this the party did not muster. The tumblers, however, were empty, so that there was no liquor thrown away. How they stowed themselves away for the night I do not know, further than that I heard terrific snoring in all directions, from which I infer that they enjoyed more sound and undisturbed slumbers than fell to my lot.

But I did sleep, too—a troubled, uncomfortable, unrefreshing sleep—and when I awoke in the morning, daylight was struggling in at the little round port-holes. I heard a friendly chat going on not far from me, and listened.

"Chust a smaal trop, Mr. Finlay, to open your eyes

"BUT THE QUEYS WAS GOOT."

aifter being aal night on the Moil. It's a pad place, the Moil, and many's the goot man that found a sore head there."

"Your health, Scoodarach," answered Mr. Finlay, and soon after I heard a smack of satisfaction. "Now, ye'll tak a taste yourself, for what has done me so much good cannot to ye harm."

"I have been tasting with Glenbogary when he took his morning, put I will trink your health for luck, Mr. Finlay." And he did so in a bumper of pure whisky.

He noticed that I was awake, and immediately came to me.

"Ye're petter now, sir," said Scoodarach, cheerfully; "and to put aal right ye'll tak a smaal trap out of my pottle. We'll soon pe in Oban, for Kerrera is showing its nose to us, and the *Arap* is going her pest."

I thanked him, and declined the whisky, to his no small astonishment.

"Perhaps ye would like prandy or wine petter?"

I assured him I could not taste either, upon which he looked at me compassionately, and said:

"Hoo! I see now! That's why ye were sick last night."

The steamer was soon all alive, and shortly before reaching Oban breakfast was served, and most of the boon companions of the night before sat down to it with as keen appetites and as hearty as if they had gone to bed sober at nine o'clock instead of "very fu'" at two in the morning. I did not breakfast until I went on shore at Oban, and I confess I thought it a very pleasant change.

I determined, however, to go to the quay as the *Arab* was leaving, to have a last look at the tar-barrels, and at the droughty Scoodarach, perhaps; and to be sure, there they were, and Glenbogary's broad hat and broad coat-tail nodding and fluttering in the breeze. He was telling something to a stranger, who listened in seeming wonder and admiration. What it was I can only conjecture.

I was nearly knocked down by some one pushing violently past me, and on turning round I saw two men rushing along the quay, who I thought had been left behind, but I was wrong in this conjecture. The one got hold of the other by the arm, the better to direct his eyes, and, pointing in a very excited manner at the retreating steamer, said:

"That's him that sold the two queys for forty pounds!"

"And fifty the next day," I repeated, as I walked away to the Caledonian. "But the queys was goot!"

VOICE IN FISH.

About six years ago (a traveler writes), while engaged in a survey of the Disang River, in Eastern Assam, I had occasion to sound by a line the depth of a pool called the "Deo Dubé," or Deep of the Demon.

While seated in a small Rob Roy canoe, and very slowly drifting on the pool, I became aware of a number of large mahsir (*Barbes macrocephalus*) moving about in the water below and around me. Sitting perfectly still, I had the pleasure to see them gradually approach the surface and move about me at a foot or so distant, passing alongside, under and around the canoe, carefully examining it, bow and stern especially. It may not be easy to guess a fish's *thoughts*, but from the manner in which they examined my symmetrical and gray-colored canoe, they appeared to think it might possibly be a huge fish, and dead, of course.

While watching their movements, I was aware of a peculiar "cluck," or percussive sound, frequently repeated, on all sides, and coming from below, but close to me. Eventually I found that this was made by the mahsir, and one, passing close along on my right, by itself, made several distinct sounds as it went on, that seemed answered by others to the left. If seated, say, on the bank, the sound would be loud enough to be heard at forty feet distance.

A large bivalve also is common in some parts of Eastern Assam that sings loudly in concert. A small ant also makes a peculiar thrice-repeated noise by scraping in unison on the dry leaves of its nest if it is disturbed.

No man can safely govern that would not cheerfully become subject; no man can safely command that has not learned to obey.

THE SONG ON THE SEASHORE.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 418.

A TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE.—"THE MONSTER OVERTOOK HER, AND WITH A RAPID EVOLUTION THREW ITS FEELERS ABOUT HER UNTIL SHE SEEMED TO BE INCLOSED IN A LIVING NET."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

THE SONG ON THE SEASHORE.

By A. Alphonso Dayton.

The twilight's purple shafts
Spread o'er the shadowy sky;
The sea is moaning restlessly,
And phantom clouds flit by.
The soft-winged zephyrs sighing,
While shadows thickly lying,
Bedim the starlit sky.

I stand upon the shore
Beside the darkling bay,
And gaze upon its restless flood,
The wavelets' loitering play.
The waters softly gleaming,
Methinks are gently dreaming
Of other days.

Hark! on the perfum'd breeze
Floats out a trembling song;
The echoes ring melodiously,
The soft strains waft along.
They float along upon the tide,
And die upon the other side
In trembling waves.

The mellow song has ceased.
But still its echo rings;
My thoughts go back to other days,
And memory round them clings:
Those days when love was dreaming,
When youthful skies were gleaming
With stars of hope.

Alas! those stars have set
Beneath the clouds of woe;
And dark despair is swooping down
To hide the sunset's glow.
My heart grows faint and weary,
My path looks dark and dreary
Where'er I go.

A TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE.

"I WOULD give a thousand dollars to be allowed to speak with her for one moment," murmured Josiah Sumner, as, reining his horse, he turned to gaze upon the retreating figure of a lady who had just ridden by him. "If the report is true, she may encounter the monster, and then God help her!"

As though irresistibly prompted by his feelings, the words had scarcely passed his lips ere he turned his horse's head and returned seaward.

The action was evidently observed by the young lady, who was mounted upon one of those thoroughbred blood horses for which Jamaica is famous, for she touched her steed with her whip, and set off at a smart canter, while her pursuer gradually increased the speed of his animal without the aid of spur or whip.

It was a charming morning, and they were riding through some of the most lovely scenery of the island, but neither cared about that, their sole thought being bestowed upon each other.

Amy Moffat was a beautiful blonde, about eighteen years of age, tall, graceful, and lithe as a willow. She was the only daughter of a wealthy planter who lived at The Cedars, on which estate they were then riding, and she was acknowledgd on all sides to be the belle of the island.

Josiah Sumner was a Bostonian, who for two years had been residing in Jamaica, where he represented the well-known firm of Sumner, Bliss & Tappan. He was a fine young fellow, and a general favorite with every one in the place.

Some months before, he had proposed to Miss Moffat, and been accepted, but an unfortunate observation made by him at the governor's ball a few evenings before had caused a breach between the lovers.

It was a trifling matter, but Amy resented it so keenly that her lover would not sacrifice his self-respect so far as more than once to sue for forgiveness, and as matters were, unless by a miracle, it seemed as though Josiah Sumner and Amy Moffat were parted for ever.

The lady was proud, and admitted no one into her confidence, while the gentleman, equally sensitive, feeling that he had done all he could to explain matters, felt that he could do no more.

It may therefore be imagined that it was no ordinary motive which prompted his exclamation and the action that followed it.

Amy was on her way to the sea, from which place her lover had just returned. They had reached that part of the road where the ocean comes in view, and she was diverging to the left, in order to descend to the rocky caverns which are in that part of the island inclosed for bathing purposes, as the gentleman dashed up to her side, saying, "Pardon me, Miss Moffat, but I wish to warn you of a great danger," when the lady suddenly urged her horse to the top of its speed, and disappeared in a dark ravine.

The coast was fringed with a wall of coral rocks, pierced with innumerable holes, some of them so large as to admit of the entrance of a considerable body of water. This at high tide formed deep pools behind the rocks, which acted as natural screens, while the land side was hidden from observation by high fences, overgrown with luxuriant creepers.

Nothing could be more beautiful than these natural baths, and, in order to keep the colored population from venturing near them, their owners had from time to time circulated marvelous stories about marine monsters found in the still basins, which tales being firmly believed by the daddies and aunties on the plantations for miles round, had gradually led to these places being shunned by all save the buckras and their visitors.

Sumner uttered a cry of annoyance, and reining his animal, watched the form of his beloved until she was lost in the gloom of the ravine, when, flushed and maddened by her contemptuous treatment, he turned his horse's head in the opposite direction, and galloped toward The Cedars.

Meanwhile, Amy checked her steed as her course began to grow dangerous, and upon hearing her lover retreat, stopped altogether, and dismounting, fastened her h to the limb of a cottonwood-tree, and parting the thorny branches, threaded her way toward the entrance to her bathing-place.

It was a most romantic spot, the land side being locked in with tree-encumbered rocks, while the palisade by which it was surrounded was so laden with passion-flowers that it looked like a floral rampart.

Approaching the gate, she drew forth a key, and throwing back the door, entered and closed it behind her.

The floor of the bathing-place was formed of pure white sand, that sloped gradually toward the outer or sea-wall of coral to which we have before referred.

In the centre of this wall was a funnel-shaped cavity, seen only at low tide. This chasm was studded with long

fronds of seaweed, and floored with many-hued anemones, through which the tide ebbed and flowed.

Sometimes, when the water was low, gentlemen who owned similar bathing-places along the coast would swim through these holes into the sea beyond; but Amy had never thought of doing this, the opening being always in her mind connected with the grim stories about marine monsters told her in childhood by her colored nurse, which impression had never been entirely eradicated, even after she learned the origin of the tales.

When she entered the place, the sea was pouring through the cavity with a gentle gurgling, suggestive of coolness and repose; and having secured the door, Amy walked toward a miniature log hut, which had been built expressly for her use by her brother, and in a short time was ready for the water.

The young lady unloosened her luxuriant fair hair, threw herself upon the warm sand, and idly watched the rising waters, murmuring as she did so:

"If he loves me he will not mind one or two rebuffs. I must be firm with him now, or he will repeat his foolish flirtation. He must be all or nothing to me, and when he has been properly punished I will forgive him; but after all, poor old fellow, I am rather severe upon him. Yet, why did he ride after me in that frantic fashion this morning, I wonder?"

As she said this, she noticed a tree-snake depending from a spray of passion-flower which had projected itself far beyond the rest of the plant.

While she was gazing upon it in a listless, meditative way, a humming-bird darted into the inclosure, and after skimming round the place for a few seconds, poised itself before the flower on the extremity of the spray.

Ere she could give the alarm, the lurking reptile darted forth its long feelers, and opened its poisonous jaws, while the bird, as though mesmerized by the glint of the creature's eyes, hung suspended before it, fluttering its wings all the while in a whirl of agony.

This lasted for a few seconds, then came a lightning-like movement on the part of the snake, and the gemmed beauty was in the grasp of its hideous conqueror.

Shuddering over the fate of the lovely bird, and retreating from that part of the inclosure, Amy approached the water, but for some moments hung back as though dreading to enter.

She presented a charming study for artist or sculptor just then, as, with disheveled hair reaching far below her waist, she trembled upon the brink of the pool. It was like the final pause of the humming-bird before the portal of the fatal flower.

For a few seconds she hesitated, then, joining her lovely hands above her head, dived into the cool waters, at the bottom of which crouched one of those hideous monsters known as the devil-fish. Its body, or head—for it is difficult to determine where one ends and the other begins—was hidden in the cavity through which flowed the water from the sea.

This part of the creature was of immense size, and of a sickly, pale slate-color, spotted with hideous blotches of orange-red, about midway on which were two enormous eyeballs, capable of contraction or expansion at the creature's will; while from the base of these where they joined the body radiated fifty arms, each fifteen to twenty feet in length, and thickly studded with suckers, so constructed that when they attached themselves their action when excited would enable them to cut out a circular piece from anything softer than a granite rock.

On the under part of the body or head was placed a huge mouth, armed with four rows of grinders, which received everything captured by the creature, who could from its peculiar formation only live upon soft substances.

These teeth were about a foot in length and three inches in width, and were so placed in the membraneous lining that, when the jaws were protruded to seize the prey, the inside of the cavity seemed, as it were, paved with stones, which, in closing, compressed their victim, and finally ground it into shreds.

The bag-like eye-pupils peered between two of the upper feelers, which were thrust forward over the eyes like *antennæ*, while the rest of the warty arms were opened out web-like over the bed of the bath, and were gradually becoming covered with sand.

While Amy had been watching the snake and its prey, the monster had twice thrust forth its eyes, which, when out of the water, blazed like meteors; but, upon the young lady approaching the bath, the orbs contracted, and resumed their fish-like dullness.

As she touched the calm surface, a thrill seemed to pass through the creature, and in an instant its arms became white as the sands upon which they rested, while the body changed to a deep jet. It seemed as though the coloring matter had all rushed toward the latter point.

Amy, unconscious as she was of danger, swam and floated about the pool, more than once resting upon the monster's arms, which were, however, by that time so covered with sand as scarcely to differ from the ridges formed by the tide.

Darting hither and thither, she several times approached the cavity, and was once so near the creature's horrible lips that the sprawling arms began to writhe, as though desirous of drawing her into their fatal embrace; but the devil-fish was not ready for its prey just then, and Amy swam away from the dark hole, shuddering she knew not why.

Becoming weary of the pastime, she gathered her flowing tresses together, and began to wring the water from them, when her attention was attracted by a bubbling sound proceeding from the cavity.

As the noise increased, Amy became alarmed, and dropping her tresses, was hurrying from the water, when the devil-fish suddenly contracted its feelers, and, inverting its body, darted after her.

She was seating herself on a weed-fringed stone on the edge of the bath as the monster overtook her, and with a rapid evolution threw its feelers about her until she seemed to be inclosed in a living net.

This action so paralyzed her that she was unable to make the slightest sound, while her assailant glowered at her in such a fearful manner that she fainted.

As she became motionless, the devil-fish relaxed its grasp, and retreated to the cavity, where, with lurid eyes and waving, finger-like arms, it looked like a blazing meteor.

Amy returned slowly to consciousness, and, raising her head, looked around for the dreadful thing. Could it be a dream? she thought; but no. There, at the entrance of the pool, she could see the monster watching her as a cat does a mouse.

In her pitiful helplessness she glanced about for some place of refuge where the creature could not follow her, and remembering the log hut, was leaving the rock, when the devil-fish once more made after her.

Fear gave her strength and courage, and in a few moments she was safely inside the hut, and had closed and barred the door. Another second, and the monster was out of the water and writhing its horrible body over the sand.

These creatures, whose limbs are endowed with so much

A DESPERATE BOAT-FIGHT.—"FOSSETT AND HIS COMPANION CAME DASHING DOWN THE BANK, HOTLY PURSUED BY A LARGE BODY OF INDIANS."— SEE PAGE 423.

muscular power, can move almost as rapidly on land as in the water. Throwing its long arms about the hut, it endeavored to drag it from its foundation, but without avail, finding which, it tried to insert its slimy feelers in the windows, which, however, were tightly closed against its attacks.

Amy's brother had built the hut, not only as a bathing-box, but with the idea of its serving as a retreat for the ladies of his family in case of an insurrection among the colored population, and it was his custom to provision the little habitation just as he would have done a fort; so Amy felt perfectly secure in her place of shelter.

Finding its attempts fruitless, the monster slowly uncoiled its grasp, and retreated to its watery den, where it remained silently watching its victim.

As the shadows lengthened, it slowly emerged from its hiding-place, and, erecting its body before the door of the hut, spread out its limbs and continued its vigil.

Amy could not understand why no one had come to her relief; but, feeling sure that her father and brother would miss her at dinner, and institute a search, watched away the weary time until sleep lulled her into unconsciousness, and she woke to find that it was morning, and that the devil-fish was still watching her.

At noon the creature retreated tc the cavity, dragging its shiny body wearily over the sands, and showing great exhaustion through its long absence from the water; but it soon recovered strength, and was dozing in its retreat, when a sound attracted its attention, and in a few seconds Amy, peering from a window, saw Zeno, her father's colored ganger, descending the passion-flower vines.

He was a magnificent specimen of the Congo negro—tall, muscular, and savage-looking as a black tiger. Amy had always feared this man, but now she welcomed his appearance as she would that of her dearest white friend; for she thought:

"Brave Zeno has come to my rescue!"

Poor Amy! Since she had left her father's residence the previous morning there had been an insurrection of the laborers all over the island; her father was in the field, at the head of a force of volunteer soldiers; her home a smoking ruin; and her lover desperately wounded by the insurgents, whose leader was no other than the giant Zeno.

With a fiendish grin, the fellow unlocked the door, and beckoned to some of his followers who were outside; but so superstitious were they, that he could not induce them to budge an inch.

Cursing them for a *magua* (mean) set of cowards, Zeno advanced toward the hut, crying:

"Missee Amy! Missee Amy! Where is you?"

"Here, good Zeno!" replied the anxious girl; "but, for heaven's sake, be careful, or the monster will seize you!"

Evidently not noticing the last remark, the negro replied:

"Open de door!"

Amy hesitated, and inquired:

"Where is my father?"

"Your what?" brutally laughed the ganger.

"My papa, Zeno. Where is your master?"

"Come, stop dat foolin', and open de door, missee. You habbent got no fader now; he's dead. I'm massa now! I'm king ob all de niggers in dis island, and if you behaves yourself, and pleases me, I'll make you queen!"

The awful truth flashed across the young lady's mind, and she instantly comprehended why she had not been succored.

Certain rumors, which had been circulated for some months, were true, and she knew that Zeno was the recognized head in the movement. Expecting no mercy from the savage, she determined to sacrifice him to the devil-fish, and, opening the window, called him, saying:

"So they have made you king, Zeno, and you have come here to ask me to be your queen?"

"Yes, missee."

"Why do you wish for me? There's Julia, and Mamie, and Lucy, dying for you; besides, I cannot marry you, as I am engaged to Mr. Sumner."

This she said in order to temporize with the fiend, and get him to tell what had become of her lover.

A DESPERATE BOAT-FIGHT.—"THE INDIANS RALLIED AND ROSE FROM THE RAVINE, AND FIRED A VOLLEY AT THEM AS THEY FLED. CREPPS RECEIVED A BALL IN HIS LEFT SIDE."

A DESPERATE BOAT-FIGHT.—"SHE SAT WITH HER FACE BURIED IN HER HANDS, AND NO EFFORT COULD MAKE HER SENSIBLE THAT THERE WAS ANY HOPE OF ESCAPE."—SEE PAGE 423.

"Massa Sumner!" laughed Zeno. "Him berry near dead, missee! Him come an' interfere wid me yesterday, and I gib him what I gib all de buckra—two shot, boom! boom! and cook um goose berry quick!"

Amy's heart sank at this information, but she continued:

"Zeno, be a good man, and do not trouble me. I have always been kind to you."

"Now, you look a-heah, Missee Amy, 'taint no use foolin' me wid words like dis. I's got business to 'tend to, so come along wid me, or I'll burn dat hut about your ears. God! I's got to hab you. I's watched you ebber since you was a child ebbery day, saying, Wait a little, Zeno, and you shall hab her! You's got to come wid me now, anyhow!"

The devil-fish had emerged from the pool and retreated again.

"Gracious heaven!" thought Amy; "the monster will not attack a colored man! I am indeed lost!"

Changing her tactics, she addressed the negro, saying:

"Zeno, do you really love me?"

"Do I?" grinned the brute. "Do you tink I'd come into dis fetich place ef I didn't?"

"Very well. If you love me, dive through the hole in the rock, and tell me if you can see a ship going toward Kingston."

"For why you want me to do dat, missee?"

"To prove you care for me, Zeno."

Glancing toward her with a mingled look of lust and doubt, the savage dived into the pool, and, ere he knew it, thrust his head into the mouth of the devil-fish.

Closing its powerful jaws upon the woolly skull, the marine monster, with one motion, deprived its human brother of life.

Then ejecting the morsel, as though in disgust, it once more resumed its watch upon the hut.

Meanwhile the negro's companions, growing bolder by the example of their leader, entered the inclosure; but, missing their king, shouted:

"Where you is, Zeno—where you is?"

Amy did not know these wretches, who were even more repulsive in their appearance than Zeno; but she was nerved to lure them on to their destruction. So she replied:

"Zeno has dived through the hole, and wants you outside!"

They knew what she meant, and, after a short consultation, they entered the water, when, quickly discovering the mutilated body of their leader, they were about to retreat; but the devil-fish reached forth its arms, and drew them down.

After a desperate struggle, it dragged them to the mouth of the hole; then came a crunching sound, followed by a few blood-tinged bubbles, and all was over. Strangely enough, the monster left the water after this, and resumed its watch before the hut.

The shades of night fell, and Amy, sick at heart and almost ready to die of grief and horror, watched the stars come forth that night, and saw them pale again when morning dawned; yet there squatted the hideous devil-fish, with its staring eyes fixed upon her, almost as humanly as the negro's had been.

Day after day passed, and the bodies of the monster's victims were one by one washed through the cavity, and swept out to sea; still the hideous fish never once relaxed its watch, while her stock of provisions was dwindling rapidly.

A DESPERATE BOAT-FIGHT.—"HE MUSTERED ALL HIS STRENGTH, AND HAILED HIM; BUT TO HIS SURPRISE AND DISMAY, THE HORSEMAN TURNED SUDDENLY AND GALLOPED OFF."

"Will it never leave me?" she murmured, wringing her hands in agony. "Oh, my darling! would that I had listened to you! This is the danger about which you warned me!"

When her lover parted from her, he intended to ride to her father's house, and inform them that he had been frightened from his bath by the appearance of a devil-fish.

Fortunately for him, the cavity through which the sea-water found an entrance in their inclosure was of such small dimensions that the creature could not make its way into their bath; but, knowing that the aperture in the Moffats' bathing-place was larger, and that Amy would probably be alone when she next visited the shore, he felt much alarm lest she should be attacked.

Making a short cut through the pimento-groves, toward The Cedars, Josiah was soon among the huts scattered about near the residence.

To his astonishment, he found them all deserted, while, upon nearing the mansion, he noticed that it was on fire in several places, the furniture and valuables being scattered about upon the lawn.

Seated before the grand piano was Zeno, the ganger, amusing his companions by pretending to play a fandango, while groups of half-drunken negroes were trying on clothes or drinking the wines they had plundered from the cellars.

Riding into their midst, he demanded, in a loud voice:

"What does this mean? Where is Mr. Moffat?"

Zeno stopped his noise, and insolently replied:

"Shut your mouf, you hangman!"

No longer able to control his rage, and totally indifferent to the odds against him, Josiah rode at the ganger, and, raising his heavy riding-whip, felled the fellow to the earth.

In another instant he was on his feet, his eyes flashing defiance to Sumner, who wheeled his horse, determining to return to the shore, and imform Amy of the insurrection, when one of Zeno's followers placed a revolver in the hand of his chief, saying:

"Shoot the Yankee buckra!"

Zeno shut both eyes and fired, but so close was he to his victim that two of the balls took effect, and he fell across his horse's neck, while the animal, seeming to understand the danger, bounded off, and was soon out of their range.

Recovering his seat after he had been carried about a mile, Josiah endeavored to stanch his wounds with a handkerchief, when his attention was attracted by a movement among the undergrowth, and upon looking up, he saw old Rosanna, Amy's nurse, who, after putting her fingers to her lips, whispered:

"Ride into de swamp, so dey no track your hoss, Massa Josiah, and den come round to de back of dis cottonwood tree!"

Sumner did as he was directed, and, upon arriving at the indicated spot, found Mrs. Moffat and two other ladies who had been making a morning call at her house when the insurrection took place, and had been saved with her.

Mrs. Moffat's first exclamation was:

"Where's Amy?"

"At the b——"

Ere the last syllable escaped his lips, Sumner fell from his horse, overcome by the heat and weakness from loss of blood.

The party were hidden in hammocks slung under the pendulous branches of the cottonwood tree. It was a secure retreat, as no one could see them, they being protected by a giant cottonwood in front, and an interminable swamp in the rear; but the exhalation from the decaying vegetation was sickening, while musquitoes and sand-flies rendered their position scarcely endurable.

Old Rosanna, who had, unaided, carried her mistress and friends through the mire of the swamp, and who was smeared from head to foot with the horribly smelling slime, caught the fainting form of the young man as he dropped from the saddle, and gently deposited it in a hammock she had reserved for her foster-child, Amy.

"Where is he wounded, Rosanna?" whispered Mrs. Moffat, who was very partial to Josiah, and who had always treated him as a son.

"Git me dat brandy-bottle, ma'am!" replied the old negress. "He's got a powerful big hole in his side, and another in his back! Laws! dem niggers dey hab a deal to answer for!"

Josiah soon revived under the old woman's care, but the heat and musquitoes created such a fever that at sunset he was delirious, added to which the alligators, attracted by the presence of so many human beings, swarmed beneath the hammocks in such numbers that Rosanna was afraid to move to his assistance.

When day dawned the reptiles disappeared, and the old woman crept out to reconnoitre.

After being absent for some time she returned, looking scared and sad, telling them that the "ole house was burnt right down." But she omitted the rest of what she heard about Zeno going off to the bathing-place to fetch her loved Amy home as his wife.

Sumner rallied after the fever left him, and was conveyed to the hut of a friendly negro, who cultivated rushes in the swamp; but Josiah could learn nothing beyond what Rosanna hinted—that she was not yet captured.

Fortunately for the young man, his wounds soon healed, the balls having gone clean through his body.

On the fifth day they were rescued by a party of scouts, who informed them that the insurrection was at an end.

Josiah accompanied the ladies to the house of a friend, then arming himself—for it was still dangerous to move about without taking this precaution—set out for the shore.

As he neared the sea, he espied a tall negress walking leisurely toward him. Quickening his speed, he soon came up to her, and found that she was Julia, one of Mrs. Moffat's house-servants.

His first hope was that this woman had discovered where her young mistress had gone, and given her notice of the insurrection; but he was soon undeceived, for, upon accosting her, she replied:

"Miss Amy? Lord bress you, massa! she gone off wid King Zeno!"

"Gone where?" shouted Josiah.

Taking a seat upon a lump of coral-rock on the wayside, Julia calmly gazed upon her interrogator, and drawled out:

"Where's you's been, my massa, dat you dunno dat?"

"For heaven's sake, tell me all you know about it!" replied Sumner. "I've been sick, and know nothing of all this."

"Well, you see, massa," answered Julia, in the same cool drawl, as though settling herself to relate some interesting bit of gossip, "dat Zeno say when him come to be king ob de niggers in dis island dat he marry me. Now, would you believe it, my sweet massa, no sooner we proclaim him king dan he turn up 'um nose at dis young lady, and go and marry Missee Amy!"

"Go and what, you black demon?" cried the excited lover.

"'Fore Gaad, you's too hot-tempered, sweetie!" sulkily retorted Julia. "I's told you no lies, now find out!"

Saying which, the damsel resumed her walk, and would not answer another question.

Half mad with anxiety, Josiah spurred his horse, and galloped toward the bathing-place.

The rapid transition from the sunny road to the shade of the cliffs almost blinded him, so reining his steed, he dismounted, and closed his eyes, in order to accustom them to the gloom. As he did this, he heard a low cry, as though some one were very weary, and had given up in despair.

Thinking that it might be a noise made by some animal, and unwilling to alarm the brute Zeno, should he be there with the poor girl, the idea of which filled his mind with horrible thoughts, Josiah crept slowly toward the door, when, upon the sand near the entrance, he discovered Zeno's cap and whip.

"Great heavens! the fiend *is* here!" he muttered; then, approaching the open door, he cried: "Amy, Amy! *I* am here!"

"Josiah!" replied a voice from the hut, "take care of the sea-devil."

The warning came a moment too late, for, as she spoke, the monster, hungry and savage from its long vigil, moved swiftly toward her lover, and in another instant had two of its arms round his body.

A perfect master of defense, Josiah drew his sword, and with one cut severed the adhering limbs.

Contracting its form until it looked like a gigantic turnip, the devil-fish suddenly ejected a shower of ink-black liquid over its assailant, covering him from head to foot with a noisome, acrid substance, exceedingly irritable to the skin, after which it again charged at him, wreathing its long, finger-like arms about his person, and closing its suckers so as to tear pieces out of his flesh.

Again the sword descended, and the creature retired before renewing the attack.

In her anxiety to save her lover, Amy opened the door of the hut, and encouraged Josiah to kill the monster.

When the devil-fish retreated for the fourth time, Josiah contrived to gasp out:

"Where's Zeno?"

"Dead!" replied Amy. "Mind, Josiah! Why don't you cut at its head?"

On came the thing, with flashing eyes and dilated form, shiny and horrible as the imagined creatures of some dreadful nightmare; but, weakened by loss of blood from his wounds, Sumner felt that he could hold out a very little time longer.

The brute began to avoid the blows, and to endeavor to seize the sword, finding which, Josiah feinted, and rushing in, severed one of the monster's eyes from its head, then, with a back-stroke, sliced a large section from its body.

Crippled and blinded, the devil-fish retreated to the water.

"Have you any brandy in the hut?" cried Josiah.

"Yes," answered Amy; and quick as thought she procured the flask, and threw it toward her lover.

Sumner drained its contents, and then awaited the final charge which he felt sure the thing would soon make.

This time the infuriated creature ejected its liquid and sprang at the same moment, landing itself exactly at Josiah's feet; but ere it could use its remaining feelers, he severed the other eye from its body, and after passing his sword several times through the monster, stretched it a quivering mass upon the sand.

Its death-struggles were terrible, and it was some time before Josiah was assured of his victory, when, overcome with exertion, he sank upon the sand, and fainted.

When he recovered, he found himself in the log-cabin, with Amy bending over him, crying softly, and saying:

"My brave darling! Oh, my darling! speak to me!"

Clasping her to his heart, he repeated his vow of love, and Amy told him how bitterly she had regretted her foolish suspicion.

They left the spot hand-in-hand, and were soon on their way to the hospitable mansion of the friend who had given her parents shelter.

Upon their arrival, Josiah was attended by a physician, who bound up his wounds, and prescribed "perfect quiet."

Lying in a hammock slung in the veranda, with his beloved by his side, Sumner heard what he most dreaded to be told—her treatment by Zeno.

As the words fell from her lips, his grasp tightened upon her hand, and when she told how the wretch had offered her marriage, Josiah ground his teeth with rage.

Bit by bit she related all the tragedy, and at its conclusion said:

"Then I heard your voice, dear love, and I knew that I was safe."

"It 'pears to me, Missee Amy," observed old Rosanna, from a corner where she had, unobserved, taken a chair so that she might enjoy the happiness of the lovers—"it 'pears to me, sweetie, dat it was a good ting dat ting did 'tack you."

"Do you hear what Rosanna says, darling?" inquired her lover.

"I hear," replied Amy; "but 'twas you who saved me from the horrid creature, dear Josiah."

"While the latter saved you from a worse fate, Amy."

"Thank heaven, yes!" ejaculated the young lady. "Now it is all over, I will give the monster his due; and, after all, there are few people who can say that they have been saved by a devil-fish."

A DESPERATE BOAT-FIGHT.

In May, 1778, a flatboat loaded with kettles, intended for the manufacture of salt at Bullitt's Lick, left Louisville with thirteen persons—twelve armed men and one woman—on board. The boat and cargo were owned by Henry Crist and Solomon Spears; and the company consisted of Crist, Spears, Christian Crepps, Thomas Floyd, Joseph Boyce, Evans Moore, an Irishman named Fossett, and five others, and a woman whose name is not preserved.

The intention of the party was to descend the Ohio, which was then very high, to the mouth of Salt River, and then ascend the latter river, the current of which was entirely deadened by back-water from the Ohio, to a place near the licks, called Mud Garrison, which was a temporary fortification, constructed of two rows of slight stockades, and the space between filled with mud and gravel from the bank of the river hard by.

The works inclosed a space of about half an acre, and stood about midway between Bullitt's Lick and the falls of Salt River, where Shepherdsville now stands. These works were then occupied by the families of the salt-makers, and those who hunted to supply them with food, and acted also as an advance guard to give notice of the approach of any considerable body of men.

On the 25th of May, the boat entered Salt River, and the hands commenced working her up with sweep-oars.

There was no current one way or the other. While in the Ohio, the great breadth of the river secured them against any sudden attack, but when they came into Salt River, they were within reach of the Indian rifle from the shore. It became necessary, therefore, to send out scouts to apprise them of any danger ahead.

In the evening of the first day of their ascent of the river, Crist and Floyd went ashore to reconnoitre the bank of the river ahead of the boat.

Late in the evening they discovered a fresh trail, but for want of light, they could not make out the number of Indians. They remained out all night, but made no further discoveries. In the morning, as they were returning down the river toward the boat, they heard a number of guns, which they believed to be Indians, killing game for breakfast. They hastened back to the boat and communicated what they had heard and seen.

They then pulled on up the river until eight o'clock, and arrived at a point eight miles below the mouth of the Rolling Fork, where they drew into shore on the north side of the river, now in Bullitt County, intending to land and cook and eat their breakfast.

THE LIFEBOAT.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 427.

As they drew into shore, they heard the gobbling of turkeys (as they supposed) on the bank where they were going to land, and, as the boat touched, Fossett and another sprang ashore, with their guns in their hands, to shoot turkeys.

They were cautioned of their danger, but disregarding the admonition, hastily ascended the bank. Their companions in the boat had barely lost sight of them, when they heard a volley of rifles discharged all at once on the bank immediately above, succeeded by a yell of savages so terrific as to induce a belief that the woods were filled with Indians. This attack, so sudden and violent, took the boat's company by surprise; and they had barely time to seize their rifles and place themselves in a posture of defense, when Fossett and his companion came dashing down the bank, hotly pursued by a large body of Indians. Crist stood in the bow of the boat with his rifle in his hand. At the first sight of the enemy, he brought his gun to his face, but instantly perceived that the object of his aim was a white man, and a sudden idea flashed across his mind that the enemy was a company of surveyors whom he knew to be then in the woods, and that the attack was made in sport, let his gun down, and, at the same time his white foeman sank out of his sight behind the bank. But the firing had begun in good earnest on both sides.

Crist again brought his rifle to his face, and as he did so, the white man's head was rising over the bank, with his gun also drawn up and presented. Crist got the fire on him, and at the crack of his rifle the white man fell forward dead.

So intent were the Indians on the pursuit of their prey, that many of them ran to the water's edge, struck and shot at Fossett and his companion while getting into the boat, and some even seized the boat and attempted to draw it nearer the shore.

Repulsed in their efforts to board the boat, the savages withdrew higher up the bank, and, taking their stations behind trees, commenced a regular and galling fire, which

THE GOBLIN'S KITCHEN.—"A DOVE, PERCHED ON HER SHOULDER, WAS PECKING AT A GRAIN OF CORN HELD TIGHTLY BETWEEN HER MILK-WHITE TEETH, AND HER BLUE EYES DANCED WITH AMUSEMENT AT ITS VAIN EFFORTS."—SEE PAGE 427.

was returned with the spirit of brave men rendered desperate by the certain knowledge that no quarter would be given, and that it was an issue of victory or death to every soul on board.

The boat had a log-chain for a cable, and when she was first brought ashore, the chain was thrown round a small tree that stood on the water's edge, and the hook run through one of the links. This had been done before the first fire was made upon Fossett on shore. The kettles in the boat had been ranked up along the sides, leaving an open gangway through the middle of the boat from bow to stern.

Unfortunately, the bow lay to shore, so that the guns of the Indians raked the whole length of the gangway, and their fire was constant and destructive.

Spears and several others of the bravest men had already fallen, some killed and others mortally wounded. From the commencement of the battle, many efforts had been made to disengage the boat from the shore, all of which had failed. The hope was that, if they could once loose the cable, the boat would drift out of the reach of the enemy's guns; but any attempt to do this by hand would expose the person to certain destruction. Fossett's right arm was broken, and he could no longer handle his rifle. He got a pole, and, placing himself low down in the bow of the boat, commenced punching at the hook in the chain, but the point of the hook was turned from him, and all his efforts seemed only to drive it further into the link.

He at length discovered where a small limb had been cut from the pole, and left a knot about an inch long. This knot, after a number of efforts, he placed against the point of the hook, and, jerking the pole suddenly toward him, threw the hook out of the link. The chain fell, and the boat drifted slowly out from the bank; and, by means of an oar worked overhead, the boat was brought into the middle of the river, with her side to the shore, which protected them from the fire of the Indians.

The survivors had now time to look round upon the havoc that had been made of their little band. Five of their companions lay dead in the gangway; Spears, Floyd, Fossett and Boyce were wounded; Crepps, Crist and Moore remained unhurt.

It was evident that Spears's wound was mortal, and that he could survive but a few moments. He urged the survivors to run the boat to the opposite side of the river, and save themselves by immediate flight, and leave him to his fate. Crepps and Crist positively refused.

But the boat was gradually nearing the southern shore of the river. At this time, the Indians, to the number of forty or fifty, were seen crossing the river above, at a few hundred yards' distance, some on logs, and some swimming and carrying their rifles over their heads. The escape of the boat was now hopeless, as there was a large body of Indians on each side of the river. If the boat had been carried to the opposite side of the river as soon as her cable was loosed, the survivors might have escaped; but to such minds and hearts, the idea of leaving their dying friends to the mercy of the Indian tomahawk was insupportable.

The boat at length touched the southern shore; a hasty preparation was made to bury the wounded in the woods; Floyd, Fossett and Boyce got to land, and sought concealment in the thickets. Crepps and Crist turned to their suffering friend, Spears, but death had kindly stepped in and cut short the savage triumph. The woman now remained.

They offered to assist her to shore, that she might take her chance of escape in the woods; but the danger of her position and the scenes of blood and death around her, had overpowered her senses, and no entreaty or remonstrance could prevail with her to move. She sat with her face buried in her hands, and no effort could make her sensible that there was any hope of escape.

Crepps and Crist seized a rifle apiece and ascended the river bank. At the top of the hill they met the savages, and charged them with a shout. Crepps fired upon them, but Crist, in haste, had taken up Fossett's gun, which had got wet as he swam with it to the boat on the opposite side—it missed fire. At this time, Moore passed them and escaped.

The Indians, when charged by Crepps and Crist, fell back into a ravine that put into the river immediately above them. Crist and Crepps again commenced their flight. The Indians rallied and rose from the ravine, and fired a volley at them as they fled. Crepps received a ball in his left side; a bullet struck Crist's heel, and completely crushed the bones of his foot. They parted, and met no more.

The Indians, intent on plunder, did not pursue them, but rushed into the boat. Crist heard one long, agonizing shriek from the unfortunate woman, and the wild shouts of the savages, as they possessed themselves of the spoils of a costly but barren victory.

Crepps, in the course of the next day, arrived in the neighborhood of Long Lick, and being unable to travel further, lay down in the woods to die. Moore alone escaped unhurt, and brought in the tidings of the defeat of the boat. The country was at once aroused.

Crepps was found and brought in, but died about the time he reached home.

Crist was so disabled by the wound that he could not walk. The bones of his heel were crushed. He crept into a thicket and laid down—his wound bled profusely. He could not remain there long. His feet were now of no use to him. He bound his moccasins on his knees, and commenced his journey. Piece by piece his hat, hunting-shirt and vest were consumed to shield his hands against the rugged rocks which lay in his way.

He crawled on all day up the river, and at night crossed over to the north side upon a log that he rolled down the bank. He concealed himself in a thicket and tried to sleep; but pain and exhaustion and loss of blood had driven sleep from his eyes.

His foot and leg were much swollen and inflamed. Guided by the stars, he crept on again. Between midnight and day, he came in sight of a camp-fire, and heard the barking of a dog. A number of Indians rose up from around the fire, and he crept softly away from the light.

He laid down and remained quiet for some time. When all was still again, he resumed his slow and painful journey. He crawled into a small branch, and kept on down it for some distance upon the rocks, that he might leave no trace behind him.

At daylight he ascended an eminence of considerable height to ascertain, if possible, where he was, and how to shape his future course; but all around was wilderness.

He was aiming to reach Bullitt's Lick, now about eight miles distant, and his progress was not half a mile an hour. He toiled on all day; night came on—the second night of his painful journey. Since leaving the small branch the night before, he had found no water—since the day before the battle he had not tasted food.

Worn down with hunger, want of sleep, acute pain and raging thirst, he laid himself down to die. But his sufferings were not to end here. Guided again by the stars, he struggled on.

The morning came—the morning of the third day. It

brought him but little hope, but the indomitable spirit within him disdained to yield, and during the day he made what progress he could. As the evening drew on, he became aware that he was in the vicinity of Bullitt's Lick; but he could go no further—nature had made her last effort, and he laid himself down and prayed that death would speedily end his sufferings.

When darkness came on, from where he lay he could see the hundred fires of the furnaces at the licks all glowing; and he even fancied he could see the dusky forms of the firemen as they passed to and fro around the pits; but they were more than half a mile off, and how was he to reach them? He had not eaten a morsel in four days; he had been drained of almost his last drop of blood; the wounded leg had become so stiff and swollen that for the last two days and nights he had dragged it after him; the flesh was worn from his knee and from the palms of his hands.

Relief was in sight, but to reach it was impossible. Suddenly he heard the tramp of a horse's feet approaching him, and hope sprang up once more in his breast. The sound came nearer and still more near. A path ran near the place where he lay; a man on horseback approached within a few rods of him; he mustered his remaining strength and hailed him; but, to his utter surprise and dismay, the horseman turned suddenly and galloped off toward the licks.

Despair now seized him. To die alone of hunger and thirst, in sight of hundreds and of plenty, seemed to him the last dregs of the bitterest cup that Fate could offer to mortal lips. Oh, that he could have fallen by the side of his friend in the proud battle!—that he could have met the Indian tomahawk, and died in the strength of his manhood, and not have been doomed to linger out his life in days and nights of pain and agony, and to die by piecemeal in childish despair!

While these thoughts were passing in his mind, the horseman, a negro, regained the licks and alarmed the people with the intelligence that the Indians were approaching. On being interrogated, all the account he could give was that some person had called to him in the woods, a half-mile off, and called him by the wrong name.

It was manifest it was not Indians, and forthwith a number of men set out, guided by the negro, to the place. Crist's hopes again revived when he heard voices, and saw lights approaching. They came near and hailed. Crist knew the voice, and called to the man by name. This removed all doubt, and they approached the spot.

A sad and mournful sight was before them. A man that had left them but a few days before in the bloom of youth, health and buoyant spirits, now lay stretched upon the earth, a worn and mangled skeleton, unable to lift a hand to bid them welcome.

They bore him home. The ball was extracted, but his recovery was slow and doubtful. It was a year before he was a man again.

The woman in the boat was carried a prisoner to Canada. Ten years afterward Crist met her again in Kentucky. She had been redeemed by an Indian trader, and brought into Wayne's camp on the Maumee, and restored to her friends. She informed Crist that the body of Indians which made the attack on the boat numbered over one hundred and twenty, of whom about thirty were killed in the engagement.

The account was confirmed by Indians whom Crist met with afterward, and who had been in the battle. They told Crist that the boat's crew fought more like devils than men, and if they had taken one of them prisoner, they would have roasted him alive.

Crist was afterward a member of the Kentucky Legislature, and in 1808 was a member of Congress. He died at his residence in Bullitt County, in August, 1844, aged eighty years.

THE LIFEBOAT.

By the Author of "Mary Powell."

The night is dark, the winds are high,
Black clouds race o'er the stormy sky;
The lashing waves with hollow roar
Resound along the rocky shore.

"Nurse! nurse! I fear! Arise, awake;
I feel the bed beneath me shake."
"Hush, dearest lamb, and turn to sleep;
The Lord His watch will o'er us keep.

"Return to rest, my sister sweet,
Like snowflakes are your chilly feet;
You feel, within my warm arms pressed,
An icicle upon my breast.

"What use your tearful eyes to strain
Through casement splashed with driving rain?
You cannot help, you cannot see—
Return, my sister sweet, to me."

"Some woman young, as I, may cling
Bound to some tall mast shivering;
Some sea-boy, perched on dizzy height,
May vainly look for beacon light."

"Comrade, what, ho! Art deaf or dead?
We muster, by our captain led.
A brig has struck!"—"I come, I come!
One kiss, good wife; I'll soon be home."

More dark the night, the winds more high,
Booming like heaven's artillery.
Like egg-shell crushed, a boat will be—
God help the perishing at sea!

A minute-gun sounds o'er the blast—
"Oh, sister, are you sleeping fast?
I strain my sight, my ears I strain,
To know if—— Hark! it comes again.

"Oh, that I were a man, to go
And help the poor ship suffering so!
The yawning timbers soon must part;
They knock against my troubled heart.

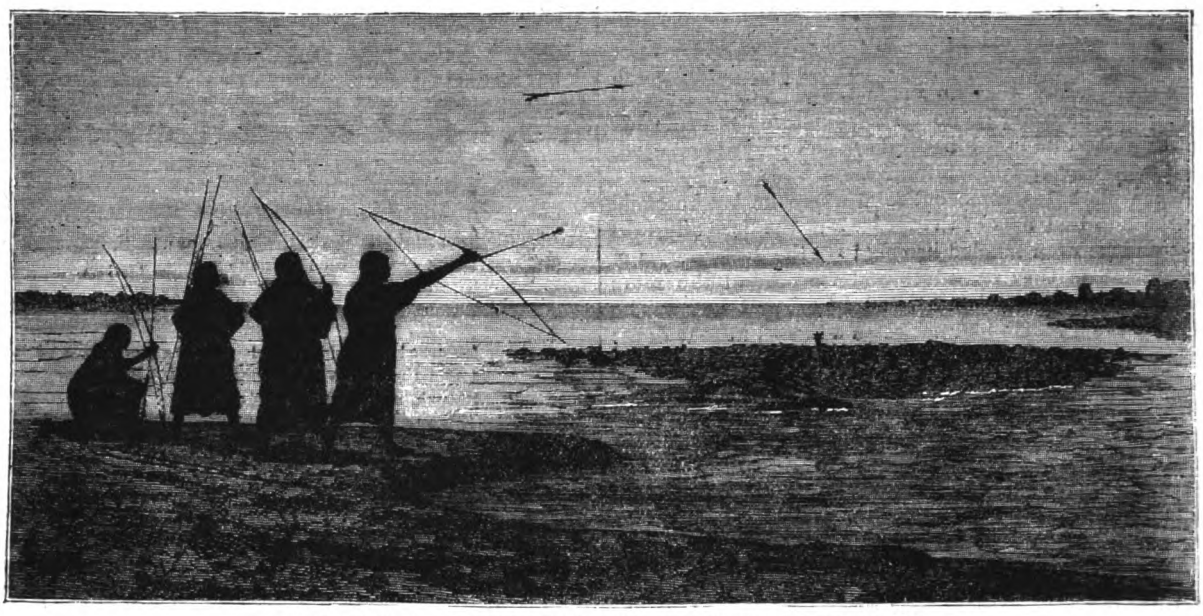
"Can naught be done? Yes, we can pray—
God hears believing prayer alway,
And bids us watch, that we may know
And feel at least for others' woe.

"Thank God! brave men are hurrying past
Toward the beach with help at last.
Oh! that their aid in time may be—
The gallant Lifeboat puts to sea!"

THE GOBLIN'S KITCHEN.

Two young men, laden with game-bags and guns, were directing their weary footsteps toward a rambling, hospitable-looking red farmhouse, surrounded by numerous barns and storehouses—the home of the kindly old *Bondersmann*, Olaf Marstrand.

"Do you not think, Maxwell, that we have taxed enough the bounty of this worthy farmer?" said one of the young hunters—a bright-eyed, curly-haired Englishman—to his companion. "The debt owed to your father for his kindly treatment of Marstrand's son seems long ago discharged, as we have been treated like princes at the farm for more



STRANGE ARCHERY.— AMAZON INDIANS SHOOTING TURTLES.— SEE PAGE 431.

than three weeks. I want to see more of northern Sweden. What do you think of our beginning that long-planned pedestrian tour early next week?"

"I would like to go, Ellis," rejoined the other, "but I feel it my duty to spend a little more time here. Miss Ilda is making good progress in English, and I ought not to desert my pupil at the critical moment."

"The path of duty is very flowery in this instance," said Ellis, with a laugh. "By-the-way, Maxwell, have you no fear of the fierce jealousy of that stalwart young overseer of the mines, Niels Stromberg? They say he was the favored one with Miss Ilda till you came. He at first envied and despised you for your soft hands, fine clothes and foreign ways, and now he hates you as a rival!"

"Nonsense! Miss Ilda is not in love with me, nor I with her. The little Swedish girl would cry her pretty eyes out with homesickness far off in America, and I have no wish to end my days in Sweden. If I visit for a few weeks in a farmer's house, and for amusement give his daughter lessons in my language, why need every one begin to gossip and declare we are in love?"

"Hush! there she is!"

The two young hunters, following a winding path through the meadow, had come suddenly upon a leafy inclosure, where, reflected in the placid water of a tiny lake, Ilda, Farmer Marstrand's charming daughter, stood with her apron full of corn for the host of feathered creatures fluttering about her.

Her blonde hair escaped in charming confusion from under her rustic broad-brimmed hat, adorned with natural red berries, and the short blue petticoat, white chemisette and velvet bodice showed to perfection a figure which Venus might have envied.

A dove, perched on her shoulder, was pecking at a grain of corn held tightly between her milk-white teeth, and her blue eyes danced with amusement at its vain efforts.

Ilda knew she was queen in the little community about her, and she held her host of lovers and friends in right royal subjection.

As the two young men approached, she looked up with a sweet smile of welcome; and Maxwell, as that smile and glance shone on him, inwardly acknowledged that his friend Ellis and the villagers were right—he did love Ilda Marstrand with all his heart and soul!

"What have you in the wood found?" asked Ilda, in her charming, uncertain English.

"Nothing worth offering you, Miss Ilda, only a few ducks; perhaps we shall be more fortunate another time."

"How many dogs have you said? To-day papa has visitors."

"What dogs?" Maxwell answered, in some surprise.

"Said you not you have a few dogs in the bag?"

"Oh, I understand; it was *ducks* I spoke of. Is it not strange, Ellis, how these Northern people see no difference in sound between the words *dog* and *duck*?"

"See!" said Ilda, with a bewitching pout, "you have made fear to all my birds; they fly away."

"Then we, too, will go," said Ellis, swinging the gamebag across his shoulder.

"I follow; my father calls," said the girl, and the three sauntered toward the house, chatting pleasantly together.

In southern Dalecarlia, within a mile of Herr Marstrand's farm, an extensive copper mine yielded riches to few, and afforded employment to many of the dwellers in that part of Sweden.

Niels Stromberg, a sinister-looking young Swede, was one of the unsuccessful competitors for wealth at the mine; nor was this the only instance in which ill-luck pursued him. Ever since she had grown to womanhood he had fiercely and jealously loved Ilda Marstrand, at times driven almost frantic by her indifference and coquetry, and again charmed by a kindly word and smile that seemed to promise a faint return of his passion. Once he had summoned courage to ask Carl Marstrand for the hand of his daughter, but the old man had declared emphatically that no man of uncertain fortune should take from him his beloved, petted child. Ilda seemed content to abide by her father's decision, for she had never felt for Niels more than a sisterly friendship.

Niels lay on the grass under a monster oak, not far from the entrance to the mine; the afternoon was calm and perfect, the birds sang drowsily in the leaves overhead, and there was a heavy scent of violets in the air.

Amid this peaceful loveliness, Niels, lying with his hat over his face, had only the semblance of repose. Brain and heart were in a whirl, and boiling over with rage and disappointment, and many a malicious scheme of ven-

geance against the author of his misery was formed and abandoned.

Niels had that day again besought Ilda to accept him as her lover, and had been repulsed with the assurance that his idol had given her heart into another's keeping.

It could be only that foppish, plausible American, Owen Maxwell, who, with his wealth and promises to show her foreign lands, had ensnared Ilda's trustful heart.

She had long been possessed with a great yearning to see and know more of other countries, and the power to gratify this wish would insure her favor with almost any one. Why could not he, Niels, gain possession of the golden key that would unlock the treasure-house of her heart? It was galling, maddening, to see a stranger step in and bear away the prize he had hoped to call his own!

The financial disappointments which Niels had of late years undergone had changed him from an impetuous, merry boy into a man so morose and silent as to be mistrusted by many of his friends, and by others believed capable of "treasons, stratagems and spoils."

This last blow—the discovery that Ilda would never return his love—quenched the last spark of humanity in his heart, and, rising from the grass and continuing his way, he encountered Owen Maxwell; he longed to strike him dead with his heavy oaken stick.

The hand staid for a moment was only biding the time to stain itself with guilt. Owen passed with a cheery smile and nod for this acquaintance, but Niels disappeared without a word or sign of response.

A day or two later, Mr. Ellis, Owen's friend, took his departure.

"I warn you again not to trifle with a vindictive fellow like Stromberg," he said, when setting off; "he loves that young siren, Ilda, with all the force of his strong nature, and your gallantries to her are driving him mad."

"I have the first right now," Owen said, with a proud, glad light in his eyes. "Ilda has promised to be my wife!"

"Lucky dog!" exclaimed Ellis, wringing his friend's hand in farewell. "Take your bonny bride home as soon as possible; these rough miners are no associates for her or you."

Visitors to the Dalecarlian Mine, strangely enough, always sought as guide and torch-bearer an odd little specimen, Klaus by name, a hunchback with an almost unintelligible utterance; but in spite of these infirmities he was unmistakably sure of foot, attentive, careful and almost indefatigable—qualities which were more necessary on these expeditions than beauty of person or fluency of tongue.

Fifty or sixty fathoms below the surface of the earth, one dark pit after another yawned, glittering with ore and moisture; a path led in one dangerous spot along the overhanging edge of a black chasm, the depth of which was believed unfathomable; it was called the Goblin's Kitchen, and at times sounds strangely like human shrieks were heard issuing from its cavernous mouth, to the awe and terror of all the villagers, with the exception of the hunchback.

Klaus would drop balls of blazing paper down the dark abyss to show its intensity, and when asked why the spirits never moaned in his presence, would chuckle idiotically and make no reply. But there was in reality nothing uncanny about the groans in the Goblin's Kitchen.

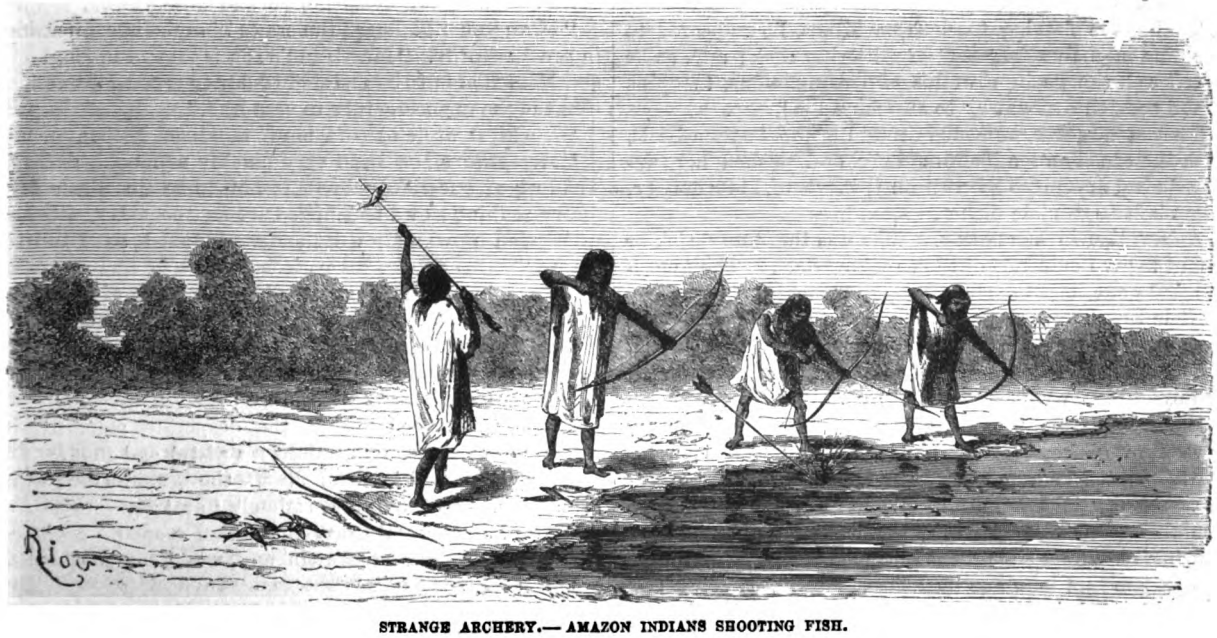
Klaus, wandering once at the bottom of a ravine distant nearly a mile from the mine, stumbled upon the choked-up entrance to a long tunnel in the earth, which eventually led to the rocky foundation of the supposed bottomless Goblin's Kitchen.

The hunchback, proud of this discovery, had long kept it a secret from every one, and amused himself by stealing in quietly through the subterranean passage, when his services were not required as guide, and giving vent to dismal wails to startle persons projecting a visit to the mines.

Niels Stromberg having on one occasion presented Klaus with a valuable dog, the hunchback had shown his gratitude by conducting the former to the dreary base of the Goblin's Kitchen, and for weeks Niels and Klaus were alone aware of the existence of the tunnel.

A few weeks slipped away, and it was rumored about that Ilda, the queen and belle of the village, was going with Owen Maxwell, as his bride, to his far American home.

"It shall never be!" muttered Niels to himself many a time during the long days and sleepless nights which now seemed to be his portion.



STRANGE ARCHERY.— AMAZON INDIANS SHOOTING FISH.

Owen, little suspecting the treachery of the man, continued his friendly advances to Niels, and many a glass was drained and pipe smoked by the two men, at the urgent request of Owen.

On one occasion, when Niels was present, the *Bondersmann*, Marstrand, gave into Owen's hands a large sum of money, which had been changed for the latter's convenience at a neighboring town. English sovereigns, bank-notes and checks were carefully counted and assorted, Marstrand warning their owner to secrete them carefully about his person, and avoid placing temptation in the way of the farm-servants.

Owen laughingly obeyed, with the remark that he felt equal to the task of guarding his own treasure, and continued his way with Niels.

The sight of this money kindled a fever of envy in Stromberg's breast. The possessor of a like sum, he might again plead his suit with Ilda, in the hope of success.

With eyes bent on the ground and brows contracted, he stalked gloomily beside Owen, revolving in his brain schemes of cowardice and daring, by which he might forcibly become owner of the money.

At the sight of Klaus standing near the entrance of the mine, a demoniac resolve flashed across Stromberg, and, turning to his hated rival, he said:

"I have at present time at my disposal to go with you into the mine to choose specimens of ore, which you desired to take with you to America. Do you care to make the descent?"

"Yes, by all means. Thank you, Stromberg, for remembering my wants. Klaus is on hand with his torch, and we need lose no time in setting off."

"With me a guide is unnecessary," said Niels, shortly.

"But to-day we shall need him to hold the torch while we detach the ore."

For fear of exciting suspicion, Niels acquiesced. A sign to Klaus was sufficient, and, quickly lighting his torch, the trio proceeded on the somewhat perilous journey. Carefully and silently they crept through the gloomy, dripping passages, Klaus in advance with the light; slowly and cautiously picking their way along the overhanging ledge of the Goblin's Kitchen, till midway on the dangerous path, Niels cried:

"Halt!"

Taking the flaming torch from Klaus, he appeared to examine intently a fragment of glittering rock; and, as he noted well the position of his two companions, the pine brand seemed awkwardly to slip from his grasp.

They stood for a moment in total darkness; then Niels, with the cruelty of a fiend, sprang and pushed his supposed rival down into the yawning pit, where, at its craggy, slimy bottom, certain death awaited him.

An awful silence followed. Why was there no shriek or sound to give evidence of the shocking deed? The American had gone to his death without a struggle!

Niels turned swiftly, and flew like the wind along the dark path over which they had come, knowing well that the hunchback could extricate himself from the darkness, and caring little what fate befell him.

Emerging from the mine, Stromberg walked rapidly toward his ill-kept, dreary abode, where, huddled on his ghost-haunted bed, he awaited the dawn of the next morning. At daylight he again crept forth, like a whipped hound, until, sheltered by the woods, he ran at full speed, pausing only on gaining the entrance of the dark tunnel revealed to him long ago by Klaus.

He plunged into the narrow opening, bruising hands, feet and face as he stumbled over the rough stones. But he felt no injury; his murderous thoughts were too intent on the rich booty so soon to be within his grasp; already he saw, mentally, the maimed, rigid form of his victim lying in a dreamless sleep among the cold, wet rocks, with his tempting gold unguarded and uncared-for about him!

Trembling like an aspen, Niels, the murderer, lifted his lantern above his head, and stood on the vault-like floor of the Goblin's Kitchen. There, on the spot that he had imagined, lay a shapeless something

A spring like that of a wild beast brought him to its side. Turning the face upward to the light, the maddening truth flashed over him that this was not the mangled form of his hated rival, but Klaus, the hunchback, that lay dead before him!

With a fearful curse he hastened from the spot, leaving the hunchback entombed in his unknown sepulchre; he went home, washed the blood and mire from his bruised face and hands, and appeared among his fellow-men calm and composed as possible, for he must not lose his freedom while he still had a task to perform.

There seemed to be excitement and commotion in the village; the little church-bell was ringing merrily, and there were garlands and greens festooned over the door; peasant-girls in holiday attire, prayer-book in hand, hastened down the roughly-paved street, and snatches of a wedding-march were heard issuing from the church.

"Klaus has disappeared," said one of the villagers to Niels; "the American, Owen Maxwell, tells a strange tale of having gone into the mines with you and the hunchback, of darkness and silence falling suddenly on all, and of his wandering miles over unknown paths, and finally reaching the shaft, believing himself purposely deserted by you and Klaus. You have at last returned to give an account of yourself; but where is the hunchback?—he has not been seen since yesterday morning.

"The torch went out, and we were accidentally separated in the mines; voices sound faintly in those regions, and every man had to take care of himself. Since the American found his way out, Klaus will, too; be a little patient, and he will appear among us again."

"I fear harm has overtaken the poor fellow," said the countryman, with real anxiety depicted on his face.

"Why are the bells ringing?" Niels asked, in reply, his voice sounding strangely hollow and unnatural.

"Have you not heard the news?" said his companion, in great surprise. "Marstrand's son is very ill in England, and Miss Ilda is to be married to-day to Owen Maxwell, so that they may go together to visit him."

"Luckless wretch that I am!" muttered Niels.

"Everything has been very quickly arranged, and the wedding of our village belle is not to be so much of a merry-making as we had hoped. See, there is the bridal procession now—Miss Ilda never looked so beautiful before!"

As the lovely bride appeared in her pure white robes, with her eyes at times lifted to the handsome face of her lover, and again cast timidly to the ground, Niels stared in long silence, the only face in all that throng which did not express admiration and pleasure.

As they advanced nearer, the desperate man, utterly reckless of consequences, raised his pistol and fired. The ball luckily missed its destination—the heart of the young bridegroom—and lodged harmlessly in a tree.

Cries of dismay and great commotion ensued. Niels was arrested as a would-be assassin, and, when confronting the judges, said, coolly:

"Because I have unfortunately failed in this last attempt, my hands are not innocent of blood. Klaus lies dead

at the bottom of the Goblin's Kitchen—I pushed him over the brink by mistake. It was the American whom I have twice tried to murder, and I am afraid he has now escaped me for ever."

Notwithstanding the ominous wedding, Ilda's life in her American home, with a fond husband and two blooming children about her, is as happy as the day is long.

STRANGE ARCHERY.

The Fish and Turtle of the Amazon.

The turtle is of a tolerably regular oval form, measuring, when full-grown, about three feet by two. Its upper or dorsal shell has very little convexity, and its legs are short. It is, therefore, unable to right itself when by force or accident it is thrown on its back. The shell is thin and of a dull blackish hue, and altogether it presents a very different appearance from the marine turtle, so much prized by our city *gastronomes*, and so often exhibited alive in the windows of dining-houses. Its flesh is white, tender and good-flavored, and those who have tried both give the preference to the Amazonic turtle for richness of taste, although in the wild region, where alone it can be had, the trial has to be made under the disadvantage of lack of all those additions afforded by the spices, butter, variety of herbs, and other resources of a civilized *cuisine*.

The Indians and other inhabitants of the Upper Amazon rely upon it as their chief article of animal food throughout the year, the absence of grass-land in the whole region having hitherto prevented the introduction, or at least the increase, of cattle. It has, however, other uses to them of not less importance. From the very oily eggs they prepare a thick, impure oil, or liquid butter, which they use for lamps, and as fat to fry their fish and bananas. This is an article of exportation from the district of the upper river, many thousand gallons, contained in earthenware jars, being sent to the civilized settlements on the lower river, where turtle butter is much used by the poorer classes. The skin makes a useful tough leather for various purposes.

As a supply of the animal is to be obtained only in the dry season, when the waters of the river and lakes are low, the stores of turtle have to be kept in the villages in little ponds, which each householder excavates in the garden at the rear of the house.

The turtle—called by the inhabitants, with justice, "*O gado do Solimoens*," *i.e.*, the cattle of the Solimoens, or Upper Amazon—is connected, therefore, in many ways with the daily life and habits of the scattered population of this remote semi-aquatic region.

Let us endeavor to follow their proceedings in hunting the animal.

Toward the end of June, a few clear, bright days occur, after seven or eight months' constant rainy weather. The villagers, half starved by the long scarcity of animal food, arising from the flooded state of the country, note with joy the cessation of the rise of the waters. Everybody prepares for the turtle harvest which will soon follow. As a general rule, and especially at the commencement of the season, they are obtained by shooting with the bow and arrow; and the first care of the villagers is to re-string their powerful bows, and prepare a good stock of arrows.

The bow is a powerful instrument about seven feet in length, made from the hard, horny wood of a tree called "*Pao d'arco*," a lofty, handsome forest-tree, of the *Leguminosæ* or pea family. The only tools used in fashioning it are a common knife and an incisor tooth of a large rodent animal (*Cœlogenys Paca*), the latter used for scraping and finishing. The cord is made of the twisted fibres of a plant allied to the pineapple. The arrows are five feet in length. For the shafts the wonderful "arrow grass" of the borders of the Amazon supplies a ready finished material, for lightness and strength unsurpassable by the resources of the most consummate human art. The grass grows in large patches on swampy shores, to a height of fifteen or twenty feet; the part used for the arrow is simply the flower-stem, and is therefore free from knots. The feather wings of the arrow are secured by neat cotton thread, spun by the women. At the tip an ingenious loose spear-head has been contrived, to meet the peculiar requirements of turtle-fishing. The point is made of the best steel, and is fixed into a peg of hard wood; this peg fits into the hollow at the tip of the arrow, and a fine and strong twine connects the two, the twine, some twenty fathoms in length, being neatly wound round the end of the shaft. By this arrangement the turtle, which, of course, cannot be killed by an arrow, is pierced in its dorsal shell by two or three successive arrows, and pulled up to the surface by the lines, after it has dived toward the bottom with the loosened steel tips adhering to the shell.

The turtle inhabits almost exclusively the waters of the main river of the Upper Amazon, and the creeks, back channels, pools and lakes connected with it. In the tributary rivers, it is much less common; and, in fact, those tributaries which have clear or dark waters, unlike the main stream, which has turbid, clayey water, are almost destitute of this valuable animal.

The skill of the fishermen, and the temper of their steel-pointed arrows, are soon put to the test. Although the calm surface of the pools at first shows no indication of animal life, signs of turtles are presently seen in winding lines of disturbed water; these indications are followed by the canoes in various directions, the steersmen paddling stealthily, and all voices hushed. Presently the snouts of the animals peer above the surface, when they rise to breathe the indispensable air; the convex portion of the shell next emerges; the bow of the fisherman is bent, and an arrow is quickly seen quivering in the bony covering. An experienced fisherman does not hesitate to shoot at a distance of seventy or eighty paces, although he prefers a nearer shot. It is on this account they erect the stages in the middle of the pool; for the wary animals cannot be reached so closely in a canoe as from a spot where the marksman remains stationary and motionless. A long shot, however, tests their skill; and they have a pride on these occasions, at the commencement of a field day, in displaying their ability. The arrow, describing a parabolic curve, has to be elevated; and as there is no "sight" to guide the marksman, the nicety with which he calculates the distance and the degree of elevation is astonishing. They seldom miss; on the instant that one arrow has told, a second is let fly, and the light skiff is paddled forward with the speed of lightning. The concussion loosens the arrow-points; the shafts remain floating, with the attached cord unreeling at a great rate, as the wounded animal dives toward the bottom. The shafts secured, however, the fisherman takes his time about the finishing of his work; he gently hauls in the lines together, the animal is brought up, and helplessly laid on his back in the bottom of the canoe.

All the party are thus employed, and at the end of the day's work they return to the encampment on the banks of the river. Here some of them vary the day's sport by shooting fish with the bow and arrow, as represented in the engraving.

GENTLEMAN GEORGE.—HIS MAJESTY GEORGE IV.—ENGRAVED BY SCRIVEN FROM A DRAWING BY ATKINSON.

GENTLEMAN GEORGE.

By Alfred H. Guernsey.

The British nation has in its long history many things of which it has good right to be more or less proud. Among these things are not any of the four Georges who occupied the throne for more than a century—that is, from 1714 to 1830; and, with the exception of Queen Victoria, hardly one member of the family to which they belonged. But little reason as there is to be proud of these Guelphs, the manner in which the English nation placed them upon the throne is perhaps the grandest event in its annals.

For sundry sufficient reasons the English people wished to get rid of King James II., but not to get rid of him in the way in which their fathers had got rid of his father. They invited William of Orange to come over to England. He came with an army of 15,000 men. James was fairly scared away by this insignificant force, and fled to France. It was quietly assumed that he had abdicated, and then, in pursuance of what was declared to be the "undoubted inheritance of Englishmen," the nation proceeded to choose a King. This they did by the famous Act of February, 1669, which reads: "The Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons, assembled at Westminster, do resolve that William and Mary, Prince and Princess of Orange, be and be declared King and Queen of England." This Act virtually set aside the entire theory of the divinely appointed right to the crown; for even assuming that James had abdicated—which he never did—his abdication could be a renunciation only of his own personal right, and could not invalidate that of his infant son.

QUEEN CAROLINE OF BRUNSWICK, WIFE OF GEORGE IV.—FROM WOOLNOTH'S PORTRAIT.

James II., while yet Duke of York, had in 1660 married Anne Hyde, daughter of the Earl of Clarendon. To them were born two daughters: Mary, married to her cousin, William of Orange, whose mother was a daughter of Charles I.; and Anne, married to Prince George of Denmark. Anne Hyde died in 1671, and two years after James, then forty years old, married Mary Beatrice of Modena, a girl of fifteen. For fourteen years this union was childless, and Mary was heir presumptive to the crown. James had become a Catholic, but his daughters had been brought up Protestants. But in 1688, it was announced that a son had been born to James and his Queen. It was of course suspected that this child was a supposititious one; but of this there is not a shadow of proof. This son lived to the age of fourscore, and is best known in history as "the old Pretender." By all hereditary right he was James III. of England, and transmitted his right to his descendants. But the English nation had resolved that no son or son's son of James should be their King; and from time to time Acts of Settlement were enacted which precluded any such succession.

Still it seemed best to the statesmen of that day that some kind of hereditary right should be established. James and his son being set aside, the next in order of succession was Mary; should she die childless, next came Anne; should she die childless, William was next. The first Act of Settlement provided that in case William and Mary should have no children, the crown should pass to any children which William might have by a subsequent marriage. If there were none such, then came Anne and her descendants. Mary died childless; William did not marry again, and upon his death in 1702, Anne ascended the throne. Before this time several children had been born to her; but they were now all dead, no one having survived childhood. One of the last acts of William was to procure the passage of a new Act of Settlement by which the succession was devolved upon the Electress Sophia of Hanover, whose remote connection with the royal family of Stuart must be briefly stated:

King James I. of England had a daughter, Elizabeth, who was married to Frederick, the German Elector

Palatine. This Elizabeth was a beautiful and clever woman. To her Sir Henry Wotton addressed the pretty little poem beginning, "Ye meaner beauties of the night." Frederick aspired to be something more than Elector. At the very commencement of the Thirty Years' War he got himself proclaimed King of Bohemia, with an eye upon the Imperial crown of Germany. To this he was urged on by his wife. "You should not have married a king's daughter," she said to him, "unless you had courage to be a king yourself" Frederick's ambitious plans came to naught. In a few weeks he was overthrown, discrowned and outlawed. With his wife he took refuge in Holland, where sons and daughters were born to them. One of these sons was Prince Rupert, the dashing royalist cavalry leader during the wars of the Commonwealth. To him has been incorrectly ascribed the invention of mezzotint engraving; but he made some improvements in its mechanical processes. Several other important inventions are correctly ascribed to him. Of the daughters of Elizabeth Stuart, all except Sophia became Catholics. She married George Augustus, Duke of Brunswick-Lüneberg. We find his biography thus summed up: "He was born in 1629, and died in 1698. By birth Duke of Brunswick-Lüneberg, he became Protestant Bishop of Osnabrück in 1662; he traveled extensively, leading a rather immoral life; was distinguished as a general and a diplomatist; served the Emperor Leopold I. in his war against France, for which he was rewarded with the Electoral dignity of Hanover in 1692. By his marriage with Sophia, granddaughter of James I. of England, his House obtained a right to the throne of that kingdom. His son, George Lewis, became King of England upon the death of Queen Anne in 1714, under the name of George I."

The family name of this house of Brunswick-Hanover is Guelph, that is, Wolf. We get our first glimpses of these Guelphs in Italy some eight centuries ago. In time the family separated. One branch remained at home, and played a great part in Italian history during the Middle Ages. Another branch made their way into Germany, where, partly by marriage and partly by the sword, they acquired considerable possessions.

The first of these German Guelphs with whom we have anything to do is Ernest, Duke of Celle, who was among the earliest disciples of Martin Luther. He had a son, William, styled "the Pious," who kept his little court at Celle. His family was large, and his estates were too small to be divided up among his seven sons, who drew lots which of them should marry and continue the family line. The lot fell upon the youngest, who took to himself a wife, the others keeping a kind of bachelors' hall at the ancestral abode. They appear to have all been quite decent people in their generation. Duke George, the marrying brother, had several children, who turned out to be a decidedly bad lot. All of them became Catholics save the youngest, who was the George Augustus, the husband of that Sophia whose scanty trousseau contained, quite unsuspected at the time, the eventual succession to the English crown, which she would have worn had she lived only two months longer.

Her son, George Lewis—our George I.—was born in 1660, and so was fifty-four years old when by the death of Queen Anne he became, in accordance with the last Act of Settlement, King of England. For a time it had been doubtful whether this Act would be carried out. There were, as heraldists counted up, more than fifty living persons who stood by blood nearer the crown than did the old Electress Sophia. Queen Anne had no liking for these far-away Hanoverian cousins of hers. Her feelings were strongly in favor of her half-brother James. Moreover, she had a special reason for disliking this George Lewis. Three-and-thirty years before, while Charles II. was King of England, and when it seemed unlikely that she would ever become more than the younger daughter of a royal duke, George Lewis had come over to England with the avowed purpose of paying his addresses to her. He had scarcely landed when he was recalled by his scheming father, who had found for him a richer match in the person of his cousin Sophia Dorothea of Celle, whose father had bettered his fortunes by marrying a rich Frenchwoman of inferior birth. George Lewis and Sophia Dorothea were straightway married. How ill-starred this marriage was will appear hereafter. Anne was soon after married to the stupid Prince George of Denmark. No woman likes to be jilted in that way; and Anne kept the memory of the slight which she had suffered to the last day of her life. When there seemed a likelihood that George Lewis would come to the throne, he had been made Duke of Cambridge in the English Peerage; but Anne, now Queen, would not permit him to come over to England, be presented to her, and take his seat in the House of Lords. It is quite certain that for some time before her death she, with Bolingbroke and her other Tory ministers, was engaged in a scheme to set aside the Act of Settlement, bring her half-brother over to England, and make him her successor. There was more than even chance for the success of this scheme. Thackeray puts the case tersely. He says: "Had the Queen lasted a month longer; had the English Tories been as bold and resolute as they were clever and crafty; had the prince, whom the nation loved and pitied, been equal to his fortune, George Lewis had never talked German in St. James's Chapel Royal." But the sudden death of Anne before the scheme was completed put a stop to its execution. George Lewis was proclaimed King, and Bolingbroke and the rest of them had good reason to thank their lucky stars that they kept their heads upon their shoulders. Anne is styled in history "The good Queen Anne," though it is not easy to see what she was good for, only that she lived a virtuous life.

George Lewis had at first very little belief that he would in reality become King of England. Anne died on August 1st, 1714. He waited a month or more before he set out from Hanover to take possession of what he afterward styled "the throne of his ancestors." He touched English soil on the 18th of September, and was crowned a month later. The crown was scarcely on his head before it seemed quite likely that he would lose it. Lord Mar raised the Jacobite flag in Scotland. The clansmen flocked around it, and early in the Spring of 1715 it seemed that Scotland at least was in their hands. The leaders of the force appointed to surprise Edinburgh Castle were so sure of success that they thought it quite safe to stop to "powder their hair," as they called it—that is, to drink success to their enterprise—and so were a couple of hours too late in making their appearance under the castle walls. They found the garrison ready to repel them. The enterprise, thus foiled at the outset, came to naught. Of those who took part in it, some twenty-five were put to death; a thousand more, who were taken in arms, begged for mercy, and were transported to "His Majesty's Colonies in America."

When George Lewis came to England he was not accompanied by his wife; for that poor woman had been for twenty years a prisoner. Ten years or so after her marriage Sophia Dorothea had entered upon a criminal intrigue with Philip of Königsmarck, perhaps the handsomest, and certainly the vilest, little scoundrel of his day. An elopement had been planned; the very evening before

it was to be executed Königsmarck was fallen upon by four of the electoral guard, and killed. It is said that they were employed by the Countess of Platen, a mistress of George Lewis, almost old enough to be his mother, with whom Königsmarck had not only been criminally intimate, but had publicly boasted of his intimacy. Sophia Dorothea was shut up in the Castle of Ahlden, and was henceforth only spoken of as "the Princess of Ahlden." She was only twenty-eight years old, and she lived thirty-two years more. Her faithless husband survived her less than a year. The taint of blood was upon the House of Hanover. Twice, indeed, it has overleaped a generation, only to reappear in the next.

So it happened that when this George Lewis came over to England to be crowned, there was no queen with him to share the pompous ceremony. But for this default he made amends by bringing with him two acknowledged mistresses. One of these, Madame Schulenberg, a lean elderly woman, was forthwith created Duchess of Kendal; the other, Madame Kielmansegge, a fat elderly woman, was made Countess of Darlington. These two ornaments of the British Court were sneeringly spoken of as the "Maypole" and the "Elephant."

Of the so-called "reign" of George I., which lasted thirte years, there is no need to speak. He had really nothing whatever to do with the administration of the government which was carried on in his name. He was never so happy as when he could slip away to his native Hanover. It is said that he was fearfully terrified at a prediction that he would not outlive his imprisoned wife by a year. Be that as it may, death struck him while riding in his chariot on the Hanover road, hard by Osnaburg, whither he was carried. He died on June 11th, 1727, and was succeeded by his only son, George Augustus, known as George II., then forty-four years of age.

Of the thirty-three years' reign of George II., something must be said. He was eleven years old when his mother was imprisoned. Of his father he saw little in his early youth, being brought up under the care of his grandmother, the Electress Sophia. He was by no means destitute of parts, and served with some credit in the campaigns of Marlborough. When twenty-two years old, he married the Princess Caroline of Anspach, one of the cleverest women of the day, who must have married him for love, for she had refused the hand of an Archduke, who in time became Emperor of Germany.

When George I. came over to England he brought with him this son, then somewhat past thirty, who was created Prince of Wales. Father and son had known little of each other, and they soon came to hate each other. Something of this may have been owing to the clever wife of the Prince, who was quite free in her gibes at her father-in-law and his ugly old mistresses. The King was wont to speak of her, in French—for he could never master much English—as "that she-devil of a Princess." In a couple of years the ill-feeling between father and son grew into a scandalous quarrel. The immediate occasion of the open outbreak was the christening of the second son of the Prince. George the younger shook his fist in the face of the Duke of Newcastle, and called him a rogue; whereupon the King turned the Prince and Princess of Wales out of the palace of St. James, and bade him seek quarters elsewhere; but he tried to keep their children under his own charge. The matter being referred to the judges, it was decided by a vote of twelve to ten against his Majesty. The Prince and Princess set up housekeeping in London, and their residence soon became a kind of opposition court, frequented by all who had the sagacity to worship the rising instead of the setting sun. "The most promising of the young gentlemen," says Horace Walpole, "and the prettiest of the young ladies, formed the new court." The young couple had also a pleasant lodge at Richmond, to which resorted the pleasantest company of the day.

So matters went on for ten years, during which, if history is to be trusted, a notable incident occurred. At one time the old King's wrath rose to such a pitch that he listened favorably to a scheme, broached by the Earl of Berkeley, for carrying the Prince off to America, where he was to be disposed of in such a manner that nobody should know what became of him.

On the afternoon of June 14th, 1727, a stout, jolly-looking horseman was seen riding at utmost speed along the road from Chelsea to Richmond. When he reached the lodge he asked to see the Prince upon pressing business. He was told that this could not be, for his Royal Highness was taking his after-dinner nap, from which he must never be disturbed. The stout gentleman pushed the servants aside, and made his way to the bedroom, where, upon a couch, lay a little middle-aged gentleman, before whom the stout one plumped down upon his knees. The little man rubbed his eyes, and inquired who it was that thus dared to break in upon his nap.

"I am Sir Robert Walpole," was the reply, "and I have the honor to announce to your Majesty that your royal father, King George I., died at Osnaburg last Saturday, four days ago."

"Dat is one big lie," rejoined the little gentleman, who had laid down supposing himself merely the Prince of Wales. He had been really King of England four days without even dreaming of it; for the "king never dies," and the moment the breath left the body of King George I., his son became his Most Sacred Majesty, George II., King of England, Defender of the Faith, and so forth.

And a most curious King of England and Defender of the Faith he turned out to be! As King, he never cared a straw for the people over whom he was called to rule. He was never content when out of his native Hanover. He was always going there, and never coming back when he could help it. In 1729 he went over, and staid two whole years, and nobody missed him, unless it were his devoted wife, who was left behind as Regent of the Realm. Over and over again, ten times at least, he went, and never ceased going until 1755, when the Seven Years' War broke out, and Germany was no safe place for the little man, now become an old one. Even when away from Hanover, he was supposed to be there. Every Saturday a court assembly was held at the royal residence. "This," says Thackeray, ironically, "was what I can't but think a fine and touching ceremony. A large arm-chair was placed in the assembly-room, and on it the King's portrait. The nobility advanced, and made a bow to the arm-chair, and to the image which Nebuchadnezzar had set up; and spoke under their voices before the august picture, just as they would have done had the King-Elector been present himself."

As for "Defender of the Faith," he had not the shadow of a faith to defend. As for personal morals, his vile old father could not have asked for a son more like himself. We do not propose to say much of his double harem in England and Hanover. In another notable respect the first two Georges were alike: George I. hated his son, and turned him out of doors; George II. hated his eldest son, Frederick, Prince of Wales, and turned him out of doors.

For his scandalous harem George I. had, at least, this shadow of excuse: he was the husband of an unfaithful wife whom he had never loved, and who had never

THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE, DAUGHTER OF GEORGE IV. AND QUEEN CAROLINE.

loved him. For George II. there is not even this apology. His queen, Caroline of Anspach, was the truest and most devoted of wives. Through the more than thirty years of their married life, "she was faithful to him through all trial, neglect, pain and time," says Thackeray, from whom we must quote still further: "Save her husband, she really cared for no created being. If the King wants her, she will smile upon him, be she ever so sad; walk with him, be she ever so weary; and laugh at his brutal jokes, be she in ever so much pain of body or heart. Caroline's devotion to her husband is a prodigy to read of. What charm had the little man? Why did she, the most accomplished princess of Germany, refuse an Emperor, and take this little red-faced, staring princeling for her husband? What was there in those long letters which he wrote to her when he was absent, and to his mistresses in Hanover when he was in London with his wife? Why, to her last hour, did she love him so? She killed herself because she loved him so. She had the gout, and would plunge her feet in cold water in order that she might walk with him. With the film of death over her eyes, writhing with intolerable pain, she yet had a livid smile and a gentle word for her master. You have read the wonderful story of that deathbed—how she bade him marry again, and the reply the old King blubbered out: '*Non, non; j'aurai des maîtresses!*' (No, no; I'll have some mistresses!). There never was such a ghastly farce. . . . I am frightened as I look back into the past, and fancy that I behold that ghastly beautiful face—as I think of the Queen, writhing on her deathbed and crying out, 'Pray! pray!'—of the royal old sinner by her side, who kisses her dead lips with frantic grief, and leaves her to sin still more."

Caroline died in 1737, at the age of fifty-four, being some months older than her husband. George lived three-and-twenty years longer. He kept to the letter his promise that he would have "some mistresses." Unfaithful as he always was to her, he must have loved her in his coarse way. He said of her that he never knew a woman who was fit to buckle her shoe. Long after she was dead, he would sit weeping before her portrait; then he would dry his rheumy eyes and toddle off to one or another of those mistresses of his. But the end came to him, as it does to all. One morning—it was the 25th of October, 1760—a page went to his chamber with a cup of chocolate, and he found his Most Gracious Majesty lying dead upon the floor. Had he lived five days longer, he would have celebrated the seventy-ninth anniversary of his birthday. His hated eldest son, the insignificant Frederick, Prince of Wales, had died nine years before, at the age of forty-four; and Frederick's son, George William Frederick, became King of England, under the name of George III., his mother being Augusta of Saxe-Coburg.

If any wish to see a fine specimen of obituary poetry, we commend them to the following, in which the virtues of the second George are set forth, with a glowing anticipation of what might be expected from the third of them. The lines are by a young clergyman named Beilby Porteus, who, in due time, rose to be Bishop of London—some of whose printed works may still be read by any one who chooses. Of George II. the Reverend Mr. Porteus says, more piously than truly, that:

"While at his feet expiring Faction lay,
No contest left but who should best obey;
Saw in his offspring all himself renewed,
The same fair path of glory still pursued;
Saw to young George Augusta's care impart
Whate'er could raise and humanize the heart;
Blend all his grandsire's virtues with his own,
And form their mingled radiance for the throne:
No further blessing could on earth be given;
The next degree of happiness was—heaven."

All this about this George II.: bad son, bad father, bad husband, bad man in every way, and only failing to be a bad king because he, in fact, was no king at all—only a poor human creature upon whose head the English people found it convenient to place the crown, and pay him largely for wearing it. Saving that his great-grandmother was the daughter of a King of theirs who reigned half a century before he was born, they might have picked up a better figure-head for a King in any London alley. But the Reverend Mr. Porteus was quite wrong when he sang that this George saw in his grandson all of his own virtues—such as they were; for no two men could have been more different than were George II. and George III.

Of George III. we shall need to speak very briefly, and mainly only in so far as he had to do with shaping the character and career of his son, George IV.—"Gentleman George," or "The First Gentleman of Europe," as people were at one time in the habit of mis-styling him.

George III. came to the throne at the age of about twenty-three. His poor father had died nine years before, leaving him the eldest of eight children. His mother made peace with her father-in-law, George II., and the care of her children was given to her. This mother appears to have been a hard, domineering, narrow-minded woman, who kept her children under strict rule, and was very careful of their morals—for which there was abundant need, since their residence was to be at Kensington Palace, then the abode of the King and some of his mistresses. She was wont to speak of George William as a dull good

boy. Others describe him, just before he came to the throne, as an ill-grown young man, with a retreating forehead, prominent eyes and thick utterance. He was certainly narrow-minded, slow of comprehension, bigoted and obstinate; but his personal morals, we believe, were pure from first to last. We indeed find, in the scandalous chronicles of the day, mention made of a certain Quaker girl, Hannah Lightfoot, whom some say he abducted, others that he married. We can trace this thing to no credible source, and can find no period in his life in which it could well have happened.

Not long before his accession to the crown, George fell in love, in his dull way, with the beautiful and sprightly Lady Sarah Lennox. As soon as he became King, he was certainly minded to make her his Queen; but the affair came to naught. While Lady Sarah (who had been wont to go out upon the lawn of Holland House and make hay there whenever she got word that the Prince meant to take a ride along the road which bordered the lawn) was debating whether she would share the crown in case it was formally offered her, it was officially announced that the young King was about to be married to another. She scarcely knew whether to be glad or sorry. She wrote to a friend: "He is to be married to a princess of Mecklenburg. I shall take care not to show anybody that I am mortified. The thing I am most angry about is looking so like a fool in having gone so often for nothing. But I don't care! If he was to change his mind again—which he can't, though—and not give a very good reason for his conduct, I would not have him."

So King George was married, in a few weeks, to the plain little Charlotte of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, and Lady Sarah was one of the bridesmaids. Gossips of the time said that during the ceremony the staring eyes of the bridegroom were fixed upon the lovely Sarah, not upon the plain little Charlotte. But if the heart of the King had received a wound, he soon got over it. He took kindly to his consort, and they lived most contentedly together until, long after, his poor wits left him.

Children were born to George and Charlotte in rapid succession. During the twenty-one years from 1762 to 1783, there were eight sons and seven daughters. Two little princes died in infancy. The youngest of all, the Princess Amelia, died at twenty-seven. We know her as the author of some touching verses, which are better worth reading than most very much better poetry:

> "Unthinking, idle, wild and young,
> I laughed and danced, and talked and sung;
> And, proud of health, of freedom vain,
> Dreamed not of sorrow, care or pain;
> Concluding, in those hours of glee,
> That all the world was made for me.
>
> But when the hour of trial came,
> When sickness shook this trembling frame,
> When folly's gay pursuits were o'er,
> And I could sing and dance no more,
> It then occurred how sad 'twould be
> Were this world only made for me."

The other sons and daughters all attained a good age—Edward, Duke of Kent, father of Queen Victoria, dying at fifty-three. All the others exceeded threescore, most of them attaining to threescore-and-ten or more. Of not one of the sons can much of good be said; of most of them, very much that is very far from good. The first-born of the children of George III. was named George Augustus, after his grandfather, whose soul might almost be supposed to have passed over to him, only into a handsomer body. He is that George IV. with whom we have now mainly to do.

George Augustus was born August 12th, 1762, and died June 26th, 1830. The day of his birth seemed auspicious; for on that day, forty-seven years before, the crown of Great Britain had passed to the House of Brunswick-Hanover. Five days afterward, letters-patent were issued under the great seal creating him Prince of Wales, and conferring upon him a long list of titles: Duke of Cornwall and Rothsay, Earl of Chester, Earl of Carrick, Baron of Renfrew, Lord of the Isles, Great Steward of Scotland, and so forth.

All averred that a finer baby was never born into the world. As soon as she was able, the proud and happy little mother lay in state, the palace-doors being thrown wide open, so that all who wished might enter and delight their eyes with looking upon the nation's hope, as he lay in his cradle or in the arms of a nurse.

Up to the age of eighteen he was brought up with a strictness which belonged to the family of a God-fearing private gentleman rather than to that of the sovereign of a great kingdom. They tried to give him a good education. He had the best of masters, under whom he made at least fair progress; for he was by no means destitute of natural ability. Clever enough as he was, everybody tried to make him out a great deal cleverer than he was. It was told with delight how he once had a dispute with his tutor, Lord Bruce, about the pronunciation of a Latin word. Authority showed that the Prince was right; whereupon the mortified tutor resigned his post. So deeply mortified was he, that they had to soothe his feelings by making him an earl—a Scottish earl, indeed, which does not amount to much in itself. Among the numerous portraits of the Prince of Wales, is one taken at the age of eighteen. It represents an exceedingly handsome youth with a fine open countenance, and an enormous head of brown curly hair. In much later portraits we see what might be taken for the same head of hair—but it is a wig.

When he was about to attain his majority, a separate

MRS. FITZHERBERT, WIFE OF GEORGE IV.—FROM THE PAINTING BY R. COSWAY.

establishment was to be provided for him. Parliament, grateful to him for having taken the trouble to be born, were ready to grant a much larger allowance than suited the ideas of the King. They—or at least the Whig leaders—proposed £100,000 a year. They clearly expected that the Prince would soon become King; for not long before, George III. had experienced the first of those attacks of insanity, recurring paroxysms of which were in the end to reduce him to blindness, deafness and idiocy. The Whig leaders—Fox and the others—had already begun to turn their eyes toward the rising sun. The King, who had grown jealous of the Prince, thought £40,000 enough. The allowance was finally fixed at £50,000 a year; but to this was added £100,000 for fitting up an establishment suitable to the dignity of the heir to the crown.

In 1784 Carlton House, on the north side of the Mall in St. James's Park, London, was fitted up for the abode of the Prince of Wales. It had long been the property of the Crown, having been purchased as a residence for poor Frederick, the grandfather of Prince George. Carlton House was pulled down half a century ago; but there are prints enough which tell us how it looked in the days of which we are to speak. Outside, it was pretentious and ugly; inside, no cost had been spared to make it magnificent. So in his twenty-second year George Augustus was set loose in the world, with nothing to do, and a quarter of a million of dollars a year to spend just as he pleased. Dr. Watts has told us who it is that "finds work for idle hands to do"; and we know what kind of work he finds. The Prince of Wales needed no instruction from the Prince of Evil in running the downward course. We need not follow him in his first footsteps, and tell how he came to be known as "Prince Florizel," on account of his connection with a pretty actress who was famous in the part of *Perdita* in Shakespeare's "Winter's Night." Florizel soon discarded Perdita, who in time came to be all that her stage-name means—"The Lost."

The Prince had not been long settled at Carlton House before he formed what may almost be styled a real attachment, and the story of this is worth telling, as illustrative of the kind of man he was coming to be:

At Richmond Hill lived a handsome widow of not quite thirty. She was of good family, her maiden name being Maria Smythe. At nineteen she had been married to a Mr. Weld, who died within a few months. Three years after, she married Mr. Fitzherbert, who died within a couple of years, leaving her a comfortable fortune. The fair and virtuous widow was celebrated by the poets of the day as "The Sweet Lass of Richmond Hill." Prince George, six years her junior, saw her, became enamored, and offered her the place in his affections which had been vacated by Perdita. Mrs. Fitzherbert declined the offer, not with thanks. This rebuff only aggravated the passion of the Prince, who begged her to become his wife. By law the woman who marries a prince of the blood without the assent of the sovereign occupies an anomalous position—precisely what it is, we believe the authorities have not yet exactly decided. Mrs. Fitzherbert, who was a devout Catholic—a fact which, although she most likely did not know it, was of immense importance—declined this offer also.

The despairing Prince hurried home, threw himself upon his couch, and stabbed himself, not very dangerously, we imagine, but still so severely that there was a considerable flow of blood, and the scar of the wound was visible for many a year All Carlton House was thrown into commotion. Messenger after messenger—among whom were two peers of the realm—were sent to Mrs. Fitzherbert, urging her to come to the poor Prince, whose precious life lay in her hands. She went, but took good care to be accompanied by the beautiful and virtuous Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire. She found the Prince, still bedrabbled with blood, with a brandy-bottle by his bedside. He swore that the only thing which could save his life was that she would consent to marry him. Half bewildered, she gave some kind of a promise; a ring was slipped upon her finger, and she went home. The next day she repented her half-promise, packed up her things, and fled to the Continent, whither she was followed by messenger after messenger from the Prince, begging her to come back and marry their master. Overborne by importunity, she did come back, and near the close of December, 1785, the rites of marriage were duly performed, in the presence of competent witnesses, by an Episcopal clergyman. There is reason to believe that the marriage rites were also repeated in Catholic form. The lady was still known as Mrs. Fitzherbert, and of course her residence was not at Carlton House. The public supposed that she was his mistress.

The Prince had in the meanwhile been living far beyond his income. His creditors began to press him. A schedule of his debts showed that he owed more than £150,000. His friends in Parliament urged that he should be relieved from such an unpleasant situation. Rumors flew about that there had been a marriage. The Prince wrote to his friend Fox affirming that these rumors were false. Fox stood up in his place and averred that he was armed with the direct authority of His Royal Highness to assure the House that the report of the marriage was an infamous fabrication; and that there was no part of the conduct of the Prince which he was afraid or unwilling to have investigated in the most minute manner. The next morning the Prince sneaked to his wife. "What do you think, Maria?" he said to her; "Fox went down to the House last night, and denied that you and I are man and wife. Can you conceive of such a thing?"

The immediate result of the matter was that Parliament made an appropriation to pay the debts of the Prince, upon condition that he should contract no more, and also made an addition of £10,000 a year to his allowance.

What more is to be said of George and Mrs. Fitzherbert must be briefly said. Three years after their marriage, she received a letter from him to the effect that all must be over between them, for Lady Jersey now occupied the first place in his affections. A while after came the marriage of George and Caroline of Brunswick, and then in a little more than a year their formal separation, "by mutual consent."

The separation was scarcely effected when the Prince wrote to Maria, claiming that she was his wife, and demanding that she should return to him. Never was a good woman more perplexed as to what she ought to do. She replied that his so-called marriage with Caroline had placed her in a peculiar position, in which her conscience was involved; and she could do no other than submit the question to his Holiness the Pope. The Pontiff very properly decided that by divine law she was the rightful wife of the Prince, and so was bound to obey him. Maria did so, and consorted with him for eight years, still being known as Mrs. Fitzherbert; but being received by society, and even by members of the royal family, as his wife. Through the intervention of the Duke of York a pension of £6,000 a year was settled upon her. George, in time, grew weary of her, for he had found a new favorite in Lady Hertford, and embittered Mrs. Fitzherbert's life by insults. The crowning one happened in this wise: At the informal dinner-parties which they were wont to give, the custom was that the guests should be seated without regard

to rank. A formal dinner was to be given in honor of Louis XVIII. of France, at which the guests were to be seated in the order of their rank. Maria asked her princely consort where her place was to be. "Madame," he sneered, "you know that you have no place at all." "I know," she replied, "that I have no place but what your Highness pleases to give me." After that, they never saw each other but once, and that apparently by chance, when he asked her some civil question, and received a civil answer. They say that when George was on his deathbed he ordered that the picture of this wife of his should be placed in his coffin. She lived, honored and respected by all, until 1837, when she died, at the age of more than eighty.

We must now go back in the history of our "Gentleman George." No sooner were his debts paid, in 1787, than he rushed into extravagances wilder than before. In 1795 his affairs had again to be laid before Parliament. The schedule showed that he owed £640,000. That is, while his income was half a million dollars a year, he contrived to spend nearly another half million. How did he get rid of all this million a year? Rather, how did he not do it? He spent much in dinners and all that. He threw away much upon his needy associates. He gave away something in what may fairly be called benevolence. Thus, upon one occasion he learned that a worthy military officer, with a large family, was in sore straits. He put £800 in his pocket, slipped out in disguise to the poor lodgings of the officer, and flung the whole upon the table. Doubtless his servants cheated him. His farrier put in a bill for £11,000. Then, again, when his tradesmen found that they would be likely to have to wait long for their pay, they naturally took that into account in making up their bills. For example, his tailor's bill ran up to £10,000 a year.

But all this will account for only a small part of this £640,000 of debt incurred in seven years. One significant item in the schedule will go far to explain this. There was £500,000 due upon various "bonds." These bonds were for sums obtained from money-lenders, very little of which ever really found its way into the princely purse. Primarily this two and a half million of dollars went to pay his "debts of honor"—that is, his gambling debts. In those days it was not considered at all out of the way for a gentleman to bilk his tailor or butcher, or to keep his servants out of their wages. He might shirk his lawful debts, but his "debts of honor" must be promptly met. If his purse was empty, he must have recourse to the "Jews," under which name all money-lenders and bill-dealers were classed. There were plenty of these men who always had money to advance "for a consideration" to any one who had good "expectations." The Prince of Wales had exceedingly good expectations; and so, for a while at least, could borrow as much money as he wanted, giving his bond, of course, for a great deal more than he received. Then again notes, when overdue, had to be taken up by "renewing" them, with interest and discount, and what not, added. So, in one way and another, a bill for a thousand pounds would before long have grown to five thousand. Those who have read the Life of Haydon, the painter, know how this worked on a small scale; it worked on a large scale in the case of "Gentleman George."

So long as money could be borrowed for the asking, things went on swimmingly at Carlton House. Of the high times held there—the bacchanalian orgies, the fiddling and dancing, and all that—any one who wishes can read enough in the diaries of the day, and in the reminiscences which Captain Gronow, and several other old beaux of the period, have scribbled down in our own time. Everybody who went to Carlton House said that the Prince was the most accomplished of hosts. If there was dancing to be done, nobody could dance better than he; if there was singing to be done, he had a beautiful voice; if there was drinking to be done, nobody else could take more wine or brandy, and still keep his legs. As for his bow, it was perfection. Yet, somehow, when decent people had been a few times to Carlton House they did not care to go much more.

Late in 1794 the distressed condition of the Prince of Wales had to be made public. He was, after all, the child of the nation, and its future hope. In that capacity he had run into debt to all sorts of people, and the nation, somehow, felt itself bound to pay these debts. George III., now in his right mind, took the same view. It was tacitly agreed that provision should be made, from one fund or another, gradually to pay off these debts. But a condition precedent was that he should marry, in the hope that he would reform his evil life. At this time it was assumed that he was not already married; that Maria Fitzherbert, as far as the English nation was concerned, was nothing more than "Perdita" and a half-score of other women had been to him.

A wife had to be found for him, and there was scant time in which the work was to be done. In regard to this matter we get a glimpse of about the only dispute between good King George III. and the good Queen Charlotte. Charlotte wanted her darling first-born to marry a niece of her own, Maria of Strelitz, who in time came to be the luckless Queen of Prussia. George wanted his son to marry a niece of his own, Caroline of Brunswick. My Lord of Malmesbury, a fine old English gentleman, was sent over to Brunswick to see if the Princess Caroline would do. His report was, upon the whole, quite favorable. The Princess was decidedly good-looking, and seemed to be of good disposition. She had not been brought up in the very best manner, for the Brunswick court of that day was not a very nice one. The Princess herself was a lively young woman of six-and-twenty. Good old Malmesbury took it upon himself to give the Princess some sound advice upon certain delicate points upon which a lady is not often expected to be advised by a gentleman. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales was exceedingly fastidious upon some points; his sense of smell was very nice, and it would be well that his future bride should be careful in the use of the bath and in the purity of her linen. The poor Princess was persuaded, or forced, to accept the brilliant future thus opened up to her. From a letter of hers we infer that she had already formed an attachment; but that she was willing to forego it.

As for the Prince of Wales, as he was then circumstanced, he did not much care whom he married, so that his debts should be paid, and the duns kept from his door. So the ill-starred marriage was agreed upon; and Caroline set out for England to be married, Lord Malmesbury being at the head of her escort.

Malmesbury has left upon record an account of the first meeting between his charge and the bridegroom-expectant. From a portrait which had been sent to him, George had been led to form a high opinion of her personal charms, and as soon as she reached London he hastened to meet her. "When she was first presented to him," says Malmesbury, "she very properly attempted to kneel. He raised her, gracefully enough, embraced her, and turning around to me, said: 'Harris, I am not well; pray get me a glass of brandy.' I said: 'Sir, had you not better have a glass of water?' Upon which, much out of humor, he said, with an oath, 'No, I will go to the Queen!'"

And he went. But the marriage had nevertheless to be

concluded, the ceremony taking place on the 8th of April, 1795. It is enough to say that the Prince was drunk upon the occasion—so drunk that he reeled as he entered the chapel, and could barely hiccough out his responses.

Over the miserable life which ensued we may draw a decent vail. It is enough to say that the Princess Charlotte, the only child of this ill-starred union, was born on January 7th, 1796, nine months, lacking a day, after the marriage; and in three months more a formal separation had been agreed upon. The letter in which "Gentleman George" finally acceded to this separation is upon record. It bears date April 30, 1796, a year and a fortnight after the date of their marriage, and runs thus:

"MADAM: As Lord Cholmondeley informs me that you wish I would define, in writing, the terms upon which we are to live, I shall endeavor to explain myself with as much clearness and with as much propriety as the nature of the subject will admit. Our inclinations are not in our power, nor should either of us be held answerable to the other, because nature has not made us suitable to each other. Tranquility and comfortable society are, however, in our power; let our intercourse, therefore, be restricted to that, and I will distinctly subscribe to the condition which you required,* through Lady Cholmondeley, that even in the event of any accident happening to our daughter, which I trust Providence in its mercy will avert, I shall not infringe the terms of the restriction by proposing at any period a connection of a more particular nature. I shall now finally close this disagreeable correspondence, trusting that, as we have completely explained ourselves to each other, the rest of our lives will be passed in uninterrupted tranquility. I am, madam, with very great truth, very sincerely yours, GEORGE, P."

After this separation Caroline lived for twenty-five years, and George for thirty-four. It does not appear that they ever afterward saw each other; though their paths in life came to cross in a notable manner—of which crossing we shall soon have to speak at some length.

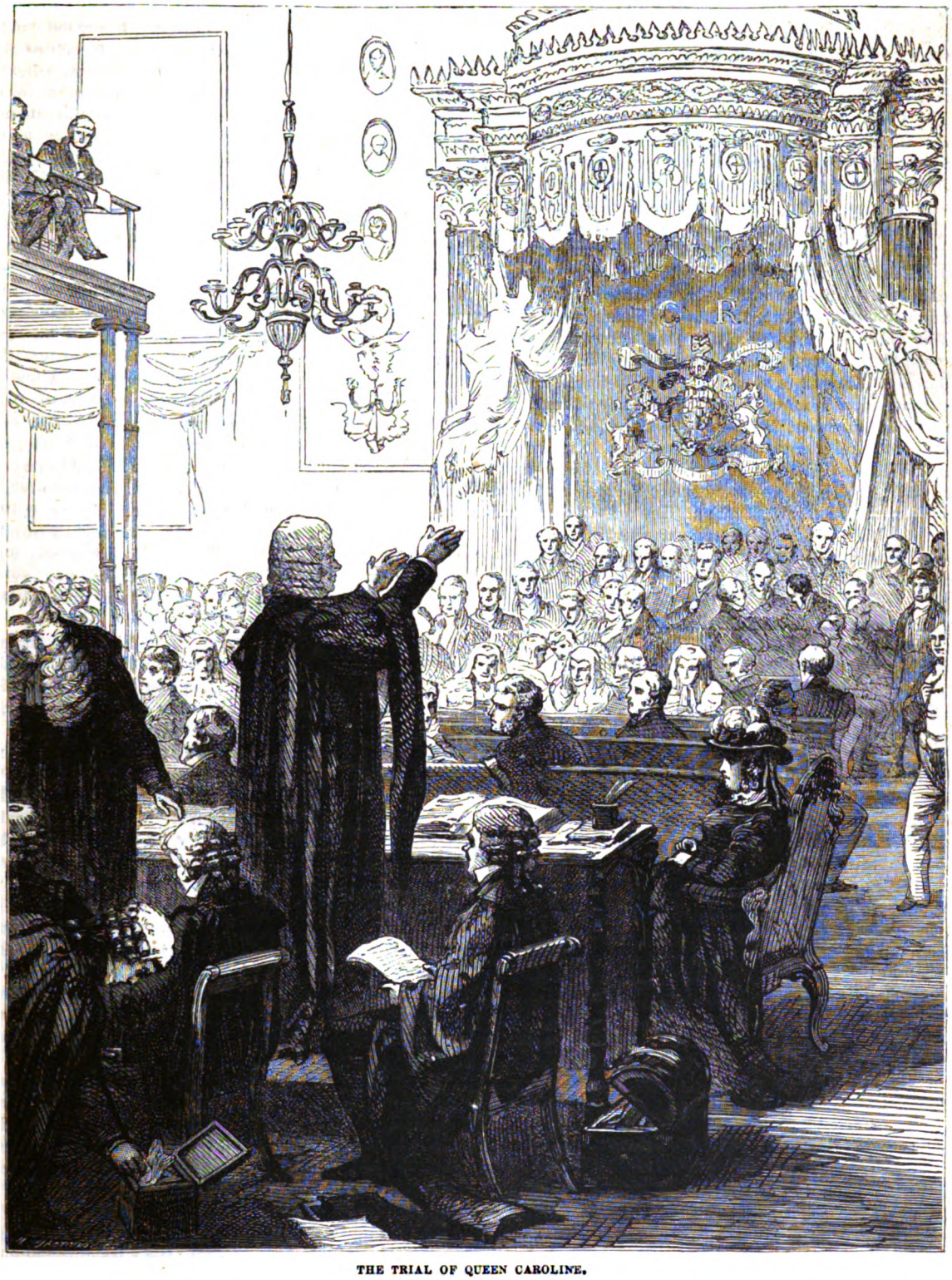
The Princess Charlotte was taken from her mother, and brought up under the charge of the Bishop of Exeter and Lady Clifford. The mother was allowed to see her daughter only at rare and stated intervals; but it is clear that the Princess had a tender regard for her mother, while for her father her feelings were little short of aversion. When she was approaching womanhood, a project was entered into to marry her to an ugly little man, the Prince of Orange. This fell through, mainly because she would agree to it only upon condition that she should be allowed to reside in England after her marriage. In 1814, after the first overthrow of Napoleon, the allied sovereigns visited England. In their train came a handsome young man, Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, who had distinguished himself in the Russian service. His fortune was exceedingly moderate; but somehow a warm feeling grew up between him and the Princess Charlotte. The return of Napoleon from Elba gave occasion for potentates to think of something besides marrying and giving in marriage; but Waterloo and what followed that battle put a different face upon public affairs; and among the most pressing of these was the question as to who should be the husband of the Princess Charlotte. How that question was decided in favor of Leopold of Saxe-Coburg has been told in many ways, all of them involving a pleasant idyl in royal life. That which seems most likely to be the true one is given by Gronow, who says: "The Duke of York said one day to his royal niece, 'Tell me, my dear, have you seen any one among the foreign princes whom you would like for a husband?' The Princess replied

LORD CHANCELLOR ELDON.

* Brougham, in making this letter public upon the Queen's trial, a quarter of a century after, declared that no such condition had ever been required, or even alluded to.

that she had been much struck with Prince Leopold." The hint thus given was not long in reaching the ears of Leopold, who, wise young man that he was, did not let the opportunity slip. Everybody in England was right glad to get the heir-presumptive to the crown well married, in the hope that the dynasty would be perpetuated. All sorts of good things were heaped upon Leopold upon occasion of this marriage; not the least of which was a pension of £50,000 a year, which he lived to draw for half a century, and long after he had come to be made King of Belgium.

The marriage of Leopold and Charlotte took place on May 2d, 1816. But the hope of the British people was not to be realized. On the 6th of November, 1817, the Princess Charlotte died in childbirth. Her infant, who never saw the light, lay dead by her side. The fault was, rightly or wrongly, attributed to her attending physician, who committed suicide in consequence. Never was people



THE TRIAL OF QUEEN CAROLINE.

more deeply stricken with sorrow than were the British people by this unexpected death of the Princess Charlotte. Perhaps the noblest funeral discourse ever delivered was that of Robert Hall, the famous Baptist preacher, upon this occasion. Much of this public grief was doubtless owing to sympathy for a young wife and mother whose days were thus cut short. But lying far deeper were considerations of public moment, upon which we must briefly touch.

For seven years George III. had been hopelessly insane, and his eldest son, under the title of Prince Regent, had been really King. The Prince, whom we may henceforth style George IV., had long been separated from his wife, and it was clear that no other heir to the crown could ever be born to him. Upon his death, come when it might, the succession would pass to that one of his brothers who was next in age. Of these the first was Frederick, Duke of York, scarcely a year younger than George, who was also childless. He was now fifty-four years old, and not in good health. Of the two, the life of George seemed the best; so Frederick might be left out of account, as far as the succession was concerned. Then came William, Duke of Clarence. He was a stout man of fifty-two. He had never married, although he had several illegitimate children, "Fitz-Clarences," as they were and are styled. He might, most likely, come to the throne, as in fact he did, as King William IV.; but unless he married and had a lawful child, the succession would pass to some brother of his. Next came Edward, Duke of Kent, a poor insignificant man of fifty, unmarried, as far as was known.

Next after these—and herein lay the peril of the time—came Ernest, Duke of Cumberland, a stout, hale man of forty-six, who bade fair to outlive his elder brothers, and who, in case of their dying childless, would in due course of nature come to the crown. This prince was most thoroughly unpopular in England. He was believed to be guilty of crimes of the greatest enormity, among which were those to which the English language refuses even to give a name. It was generally felt that should the crown ever fall to him, he must be set aside; for no decent people could bear such a man as their king.

When, therefore, the death of the Princess Charlotte rendered it more than likely that before many years Ernest of Cumberland would come to the succession of the British crown, it was the common feeling that his elder brothers must do what in them lay to preclude such a possibility. In a word, those of them who could marry must marry, and in such a way as to give hope that a child should be born, who would, in order of succession, stand before this Ernest. So poor Charlotte had scarcely been buried before the Dukes of Clarence and Kent set out for Germany, each in search of a wife—it being understood that only a middle-aged widow would be likely to meet the emergency. Each of the royal dukes found such a widow. The result was that the wife of Clarence gave birth to two children, neither of whom lived a year. The Duke of Kent was in this respect more fortunate. His wife became the mother of a girl, who grew up, and is now Queen Victoria.

We now go back to our "Gentleman George," and his special affairs. We have seen that since 1797 he had been separated from Caroline of Brunswick, whom, after what we know of Maria Fitzherbert, we can scarcely call his wife. She, indeed, never considered herself as rightly such, if we may give credit to what we read in books of the time. Caroline was wont to say, in her imperfect English: "Mrs. Fitzherbert—dat is de Prince's true wife. She is an excellent woman; it is a great pity for him he ever broke vid her. Do you know, I know de man who was present at her marriage. He declared to a friend of mine dat when he went to tell Mrs. Fitzherbert dat de Prince had married me, she would not believe it; for she knew dat she herself was married to him."

So long as George III. retained his reason, the Princess Caroline found a true friend in him. Scandalous charges were indeed rife against her, involving the most serious allegations. A commission was appointed to investigate the matter, the final result being that she was freed from serious blame. That her conduct then and thereafter was not as circumspect as it should have been in the peculiar circumstances by which she was surrounded, must be admitted. When George III. finally lost his reason, and the power came into the hands of his son, matters took a new shape. The old Queen Charlotte took her son's side in the long quarrel. Caroline was formally excluded from Court by the instigation of the Prince Regent. She was thus virtually outlawed from society. In her despair she resolved to quit England for a time, and travel on the Continent and elsewhere. She left England late in the Summer of 1814, leading an almost wandering life for about three years, rarely remaining more than a few weeks in the same place. In the course of her wide wanderings she made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. Finally she took up a permanent residence near the Lake of Como, where she remained until the death of George III., January 29th, 1820, when she announced her determination to return to England and claim her place as Queen. Every effort was made to deter her from doing this. Government offered her a pension of £50,000 a year if she would remain abroad; everywhere out of British dominions she should be recognized as Queen of Great Britain, and all diplomatic agents should treat her as such. Her own best friends urged her not to return, and among these was Mr. Brougham, who had long been the confidential adviser of herself and of her daughter, the Princess Charlotte. She refused all such offers and suggestions, and on the 6th of June landed in England. Out of this proceeding grew the trial of Queen Caroline—one of the most famous in English history.

Almost from the beginning of her residence abroad, reports of a most damaging character had been circulated as to her way of life, especially in connection with an Italian servant named Bartolomeo Bergami. We present here the essential facts of the case so far as they were clearly proven beyond all possibility of doubt. It should be borne in mind that, at the time when these transactions begun, the Princess had reached the age of forty-six, and had been for eighteen years entirely separated from her husband.

When Caroline set out for the Continent she was accompanied by a suite of English ladies and gentlemen, such as was usual in the case of ladies of her rank. For one reason or another all these left her service within a few weeks or months, so that during the greater part of her absence from England her household and attendants were foreigners, nearly all of them Italians. Very soon after her arrival in Italy, Bergami entered her service as courier.

He was by birth, manners and education considerably above this half-menial position. He was a handsome married man of middle age. During the wars and troubles of the preceding years his family had lost their moderate estate. He entered the Italian army, in which he rose to the rank of quartermaster; but afterward became the confidential servant of an Italian nobleman. When the Princess reached Milan, early in October, 1814, she wished to engage a courier, and Bergami was strongly recom-

mended to her by the Marquis of Ghislieri, a nobleman of high character, who expressed a strong hope that the courier would soon rise to a more important position in the household.

He did rise very rapidly in the favor and confidence of the Princess. In a very few weeks she made him her chamberlain—that is, the superintendent of the household. Previous to that time he had waited at dinner behind the chair of the Princess, he himself eating with the other servants. Afterward, he had a place at the table of the Princess. In the course of time she procured for him various titles. Upon occasion of her pilgrimage to Jerusalem, in the Summer of 1816, she instituted the Order of Santa Carolina of Jerusalem, in order as the diploma read, "to reward the faithful knights who have had the honor to accompany her Royal Highness in her pilgrimage to the Holy Land." The insignia of this Order was a red cross, with the motto, "*Honi soit qui mal y pense,*" suspended by a ribbon of lilac and silver. Bergami was made Grand Master of this Order; and his "children, male and female, were to succeed him in it, from generation to generation, to the end of the world." He himself was designated as "Sieur Bartolomeo Bergami, Baron Francini, Knight of the Grand Order of Malta and of the Holy Sepulchre of Jerusalem, Equerry to her Highness." Bergami remained in the service of the Princess as long as she remained abroad; and not long before her return to England she obtained for him the title of Baron Bergami, and purchased for him a considerable estate near Milan.

The favor of the Princess extended not only to Bergami himself, but to his whole family, with the exception of his wife, who is not mentioned, although she was living in Milan. Victorine, his daughter, a child of two or three years, was almost adopted by the Princess, always sleeping in her apartment. A sister of Bergami was made lady of honor to the Princess, with the title of the Countess of Oldi. Another sister, a brother and the mother of Bergami had also subordinate places in the household. Thus far, the facts were proven by the prosecution and admitted by the defense.

The Queen, as she must henceforth be called, had scarcely touched English soil, when the Government—Lord Liverpool being Premier—instituted proceedings against her. These took the form of "A Bill of Pains and Penalties," introduced by Government into the House of Peers. Such a bill is of a somewhat peculiar nature; for it undertakes to make that a penal offense which was not previously so by law, and then to inflict pains and penalties for what had already been committed. It is thus of the nature of a retroactive law, and as such is not favored. Indeed, it is universally held that such a measure should be employed only in case of urgent need, when some important public good was in question, which could not be otherwise secured. In this case, the Queen was charged with adultery, and this is not an offense punishable by English law; but it was argued that this, when committed by a Queen, was such an offense against the State as justly to cause her to be degraded from the crown. The title of the Bill explains its purport. It was entitled, "An Act to deprive her Majesty, Caroline Amelia Elizabeth, of the Title, Prerogatives, Rights, Privileges and Pretensions of Queen Consort of this Realm, and to dissolve the Marriage between his Majesty and the said Queen." The Preamble (here considerably abridged) recited that—

"Whereas, in the year 1814, her Majesty, then Princess of Wales, and now Queen Consort of this Realm, being in Milan, in Italy, engaged in her service, in a menial situation, one Bartolomo Bergami, a foreigner of low station, advanced him to a high situation in her household, and bestowed upon him great and extraordinary marks of favor and distinction; that while Bergami was in this service, she, unmindful of her duty to your Majesty, and wholly regardless of her own honor and character, conducted herself, in public and in private, in various places and countries, with indecent familiarity and freedom, and carried on with him a licentious, disgraceful and adulterous intercourse, which continued for a long period of time, by which conduct of her Royal Highness great scandal and dishonor have been brought upon your Majesty's family and this kingdom."

And in order to manifest their deep sense of this disgraceful conduct of the Queen, and to evince their just regard for the dignity of the crown and the honor of the nation, the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons, in Parliament assembled, begged of his Majesty that it might be enacted that—

"By the King's most excellent Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons, in this Parliament assembled, and by the authority of the same, that her said Majesty, Caroline Amelia Elizabeth, from and after the passing of this Act, shall be and is hereby deprived of the title of Queen, and of all the prerogatives, rights, privileges and exemptions appertaining to her as Queen Consort of this Realm; and that her said Majesty shall, from and after the passing of this Act, for ever be disabled and rendered incapable of using, exercising and enjoying the same, or any of them: And, moreover, that the marriage between his Majesty and the said Caroline Amelia Elizabeth be, and the same is hereby, and from henceforth for ever, wholly dissolved, annulled and made void, to all intents, constructions and purposes whatsoever."

The introduction of this Bill, technically called its "first reading," was a mere matter of form. The real thing was upon the motion for the "second reading"—that is, whether the matter should be considered at all. This question came up for consideration on the 17th of August, 1820. After prayers had been read by the Lord Bishop of Llandaff, as junior bishop, the call of the roll of the House was begun. Several noble lords were excused, most of them because they were more than seventy years of age, one because he was a minor, several because they were absent from the kingdom. Nine bishops were excused on account of "great age and infirmity." For the Bishop of Cloyne a most valid excuse was presented—he was dead. This proceeding was interrupted by a picturesque incident—about the only thing of the kind in this trial—which we find thus recorded in the *Parliamentary Register:*

"Loud shouts, which rent the air, proclaimed the arrival of the Queen. Her Majesty entered the House of Lords at the door on the right hand of the throne, and she took her seat in a chair placed at the right of the canopy. Upon her entrance, the peers all rose and bowed to the Queen. The sensation caused by her Majesty's arrival was most profound, and when the impression had in some degree subsided, several of the peers entered into the most earnest discourse. The Queen took her seat with much grace and dignity. She was attended by Lord Archibald and Lady Hamilton and suite. She was dressed in a most rich suit of black, a crape turban was on her head, and a white lace vail thrown over her. She wore white gloves and white shoes."

Then the roll-call was continued. There must have been some curiosity as to what course the royal dukes, the King's brothers, would take. The Duke of Kent, father of Victoria, had been dead six months and more. The Duke of Cumberland was rarely in England. The Duke of Cambridge was excused, on account of being away on his Majesty's service. The Duke of Sussex wrote begging to be excused on account of consanguinity; he had been silent upon this delicate subject, and thought this the most respectful course. The Duke of York said: "Though I, who stand in still more delicate circumstances, have urgent and pressing duties to perform, yet neither these nor relationship shall prevent me from doing my duty." He did his duty by voting for the Bill to the

last; so, too, did the Duke of Clarence, in time to be William IV.

The Duke of Leinster had already given notice that he should oppose the Bill in every stage and upon every possible occasion. Bills of Pains and Penalties, he said, were all engines of injustice and oppression; and this one was especially objectionable in every point of view. He moved that further consideration of it should be abandoned. The vote was taken, and 206 peers voted against the motion and only 41 in favor of it; there thus being a majority of four to one for proceeding.

Then the Earl of Liverpool moved that counsel be heard in favor of the preamble to the Bill. The Earl of Carnarvon made an earnest speech against the whole proceeding. He objected to it as inconsistent with the public interest and with the honor of the House. The Queen, he said, had been placed in circumstances in which no woman ought to be placed. In the case of any other woman thus situated, their lordships would never have allowed the introduction of a bill of divorce, no matter what the woman had done. Even supposing that the charges were true to the fullest extent, it would have been better that the minister had not made them public, "but had suffered the Alps and the Apennines, the boundaries of distant realms, and the wide extent of seas and oceans to throw a vail over those events which they had so eagerly brought forward."

THOMAS, AFTERWARD LORD, DENMAN, QUEEN CAROLINE'S SOLICITOR-GENERAL AT THE TRIAL.

The great trial fairly commenced on the 19th of August, when, all preliminaries having been settled, the Lord Chancellor, addressing the Attorney-General, directed him to "proceed and open the case." The Lord Chancellor who presided at this trial was Lord Eldon, a man of almost seventy years, who had won high repute as a judge in common law. He had been Lord Chancellor for nearly twenty years, and his numerous decisions had been so carefully prepared that they still rank as precedents. He had all along been an extreme political partisan. In this case it is clear that all his prepossessions were against the Queen; and whenever he had occasion to decide a judicial point, his decision was almost invariably adverse to the defense. Perhaps there was never a case in which so much high legal talent was embodied in the counsel upon both sides.

The leader for the prosecution was Sir Robert Gifford, in time to become Lord Gifford and Master of the Rolls. Then came the Solicitor-General, Sir John Copley, son of the famous American painter, who afterward came to be Lord Lyndhurst and Lord Chancellor. Then was Mr. James Parke, afterward Lord Wensleydale and Baron of the Exchequer. Besides these were His Majesty's Advocate, Sir Christopher Robinson, and Dr. William Adams, a learned and acute lawyer.

Strong as was the array of counsel for the King, that for the Queen was still stronger. Foremost among these was Henry Brougham, her Majesty's Attorney General, as yet untitled, but before many years to become a peer, and Lord Chancellor. He was now in the very prime of life, scarcely turned forty, indeed; but he had developed early, and for some years he had come to be regarded as one of the keenest of English lawyers. He had been the confidential adviser of Caroline and of her daughter; had dissuaded both of them from doing some unwise things, and was fully posted up in all the matters which had now come to a crisis. Then came Mr. Thomas Denman, her Majesty's Solicitor-General, a man of about the same age as Brougham, who, after holding high positions, came to be a peer and Lord Chief Justice. Then came Mr. Thomas Wilde, afterward Lord Truro, and Lord High

Chancellor; Mr. John Williams, afterward a Judge in the Court of the King's Bench; Mr. Nicholas Tindal, afterward Solicitor-General and Chief Justice of the Common Pleas; and Stephen Lushington, afterward Judge of the High Court of the Admiralty, and probably the only man who ever knew the entire secret of the matter which led to the separation between Lord Byron and his wife—a secret which he never disclosed, and which perished with him when he died, in 1873. The burden of the defense of Queen Caroline rested mainly upon the shoulders of Brougham and Denman. On August 19th, 1820, Gifford, the King's Attorney General, was directed to "proceed and open his case." His opening, which occupied two days, was in effect a recapitulation of the numerous charges contained in the Bill, with specifications of the separate allegations which he undertook to substantiate by testimony; and a very strong case there was, according to his showing.

The first witness called was Teodoro Majocchi, for some time a servant in the household of Caroline. The reports of the trial describe him as "a man of middle stature, decent appearance, and handsomely attired." As it afterward appeared, he had been "got up" for the occasion. No sooner was he produced than—we quote from the official account—"The Queen, having fixed her eyes upon him, exclaimed, in a piercing tone, 'Teodoro! Oh, no, no!' and was immediately conducted to a private apartment," and did not reappear during the day. Brougham, as we learn from his Autobiography, was no little annoyed by this episode, which indeed looked ill for his client.

This Majocchi was one of the two most important witnesses in the case for the prosecution. He understood no English, and his examination had to be conducted through an interpreter. His story was, however, told glibly enough. He had known Bergami for some time before he was employed by the Princess. Bergami was then quite poor, with no resources except three livres a day, which he received as valet of General Pino, in whose service Majocchi was also employed as a postilion. Some time about Christmas of 1814 Majocchi also entered the service of the Princess, in which he remained nearly three years. He told many incidents which, if true, could leave no possible doubt that during this whole time the Princess was guilty of everything charged against her in the Bill.

But when Majocchi came to be subjected to the cross-examination of Brougham, he broke down; and in the end, even when questioned upon points as to which he had already given explicit answers, his usual reply was "*Non mi ricordo*"—"I don't recollect." With all the questions and answers before us, we dare not decide whether or not all this was merely sharp practice on the part of an able advocate to confuse and break down an ignorant witness who could scarcely be made to understand the questions put to him through the interpreter, and who could scarcely frame his answers so that the interpreter could render them into intelligible English. Once when a very simple question was put, the interpreter was obliged to say: "I find it difficult to make myself understood. The witness is frightened out of his wits; he does not understand the most common words; I cannot make him understand the question." In any case, Brougham had gained his point, by making the impression that no reliance could be placed upon the evidence of Majocchi. He adroitly put in a side hit. He was quite willing to admit that Majocchi was "a good servant—particularly a good traveling servant—during the whole time he was in the service of her Royal Highness." This would account for the agitation of the Queen when this man was produced as a witness against her.

HENRY, AFTERWARD LORD, BROUGHAM, QUEEN CAROLINE'S ATTORNEY-GENERAL AT HER TRIAL.

Another very important witness for the prosecution was Louisa Demont, a Swiss woman, who came into the service of the Princes as waiting-woman (*femme de chambre*), some weeks before Bergami entered it; remaining in this service nearly five years. She was not brought forward until near the close of the evidence for the prosecution. It had been given out that her testimony would be of the highest moment.

She understood English a little, but the examination was conducted in French, through an interpreter. She was a Swiss, she said, a Protestant, and entered into the service of the Princess as first *femme de chambre* while her Highness was on the way to Italy. At this time the suite of the Princess consisted of Sir William Gell, Mr. Craven, Dr. Holland, Mr. Hesse and Lady Elizabeth Forbes. They went to Milan, where a man named Bergami was engaged as courier. For a fortnight or so he waited at the table. Then they went to Naples. There was a lad named William Austin, who usually slept in the apartment of the Princess. Upon arriving at Naples, the Princess said that William had got to be so big a boy that it was not proper that he should sleep in her apartment; so another room was provided for him. The second night after their arrival at Naples, a room was given to Bergami close by that of the Princess, and communicating with it. That night the Princess went to the opera, but returned very early, and went to her sleeping-room, giving special orders that William Austin should not be admitted. There were two beds in the room of the Princess—a small traveling one, which she usually occupied, and a large one. The next morning the witness saw that the small bed had not been disturbed, while the larger one was considerably tumbled, presenting also some stains, which were hinted at rather than described. This was the period fixed upon by the prosecution as that of the commencement of the guilty intercourse between the Princess and Bergami.

The witness went on to give an immense number of details to the same general effect. It was her business to make the beds. Bergami's seemed never to have been occupied; that of the Princess always, and apparently by two persons. There was a masked ball given, which the Princess attended, very indecently dressed, and accompanied by Bergami. After that she often saw him entering the bedroom of the Princess. Demont went on to give accounts of extraordinary familiarities which she saw in place after place; the essential points being that wherever they went, Bergami's room was always close by that of the Princess; and that she was accustomed to address him as *Mon cœur*—"My heart"—or by other words of endearment.

These transactions ran through the time from the Autumn of 1814 to the Summer of 1816, when the pilgrimage to the Holy Land was undertaken. After landing at St. Jean d'Acre, the expedition went on to Jerusalem in the manner then usual, traveling mainly by night, and resting by day. They had a large double tent, in which were placed two bedsteads; one of these presumed to be for the Princess, the other for Bergami, no longer a menial servant, but Baron Francini, and so forth. Just how many days the pilgrims remained in Jerusalem does not appear. Demont could only recollect that they lodged in a house "which belonged to a convent"; that the bedrooms of the Princess, of the Countess of Oldi, and of Bergami opened upon the same gallery; and that upon one occasion, while she and the Princess were in the bedroom, Bergami came in, and "threw himself on the bed, in a ludicrous or jesting way."

The voyage back from Palestine to Italy was a long and tedious one; something like forty days being passed on a miserable little Italian craft which had been chartered for the whole trip. The party roughed it on the voyage back. A tent was put up on the deck, under which the Princess slept. Bergami also slept there, but such was the scanty space on deck that any one of the score of men who composed the crew might at any moment have seen or heard whatever was going on within. It is clear, from other testimony, that on this voyage Bergami performed for the Princess many offices which a woman does not usually receive from a man. Demont relates all of these.

Further proceedings were now adjourned until October 3d, in order to give the counsel for the defense time to get their witnesses, and to decide upon their course of action When the House convened, Brougham had already marked out his course. Public opinion had expressed itself in a thousand ways. The real question was no longer whether the Queen was guilty, but whether, even granting that she was so, the conduct of the King had not been such as to deprive him of all right of redress. Viewed in the light of what we now know, Brougham's opening speech for the defense was a masterpiece of forethought. He began, of course, by professing his entire confidence in the innocence of his client. He was glad that the evidence as it now stood against her Majesty "did not now call upon him to utter one whisper against the conduct of her Illustrious Consort." For the present he waived the right of recrimination; but he gave due notice that he still retained this right, and would exercise it, should he hereafter think it necessary. Then followed that famous utterance, the full meaning of which was not understood until he explained it half a century later. He said:

> "An advocate, in the discharge of his duty, knows but one person in all the world, and that person is his client. To save that client by all expedient means—to protect that client at all hazards and costs to all others—and among others to himself—is the highest and most unquestioned of his duties; and he must not regard the alarm, the suffering, the torment, the destruction which he may bring upon any other. Nay, separating the duties of the patriot from those of an advocate, and casting them, if need be, to the wind, he must go on, reckless of the consequences, if his fate it should unhappily be to involve his country in confusion for his client's protection."

Perhaps most persons who listened to that speech supposed that Brougham merely meant that if need were he could and would prove that the King had been guilty of all and more than all which had been alleged against the Queen. Nobody doubted that. But, as he says in his posthumously published Autobiography: "We could never be certain of this proving decisive with both Houses; and it assuredly never would have been sufficient to make the King give up the Bill. He knew that all the facts of his conduct with Lady Jersey and others were universally known in society, and he cared little for their being proved at the bar of the House of Lords. When I said that it might be my painful duty to bring forward what would involve the country in confusion, I was astonished that everybody should have conceived that recrimination was all that I intended. But I was very well satisfied with the mistake, because it was of the last importance that the real ground of the defense should be brought forward by surprise. The ground was nothing more or less than impeaching the King's own title, by proving that he had forfeited the crown. He had married Mrs. Fitzherbert, a Roman Catholic, while heir-apparent, and this is declared, by the Act of Settlement, to be a forfeiture of the crown, 'as if he were naturally dead.'" As matters turned out, Brougham had no need to unsheathe this weapon, which would have been done in the House of Commons, had the Bill ever

come before that assembly. We find no intimation that even Denman knew that Brougham had this weapon in reserve: that is, that he could prove the marriage with Mrs. Fitzherbert, and the consequent forfeiture of the crown by George.

The testimony for the Queen was then produced. The witnesses were of much higher character than those brought forward for the prosecution, being mostly the ladies and gentlemen who had formed her suite when she left England. But unfortunately, none of them had remained very long with her. There were also several English nobles who had at times met the Princess while abroad. Their general testimony was to the effect that they knew of no impropriety in the conduct of the Princess. They were able to contradict some special points in the testimony of the witnesses for the prosecution; and that was about all.

The evidence in the case was closed upon October 24th. The Lord Chancellor asked of her Majesty's counsel what they proposed to do next. Brougham replied, "To save your Lordships' time and trouble, my friend, Mr. Denman, tells me that he is ready to go on." Denman's speech, which lasted for two days, was mainly a searching analysis of the evidence against the Queen. He was followed by Mr. Lushington, who poured forth a torrent of invective against the King, to the like of which no monarch was ever before subjected.

"Who," he exclaimed, "ever imagined a case like the present? Here was a husband who had been for four-and-twenty years separated from his wife, not through any fault of hers, but by his own caprice, and for his own wayward indulgence. For self-gratification he had broken the bonds which the laws of God and man had formed. Were his Majesty a simple subject, there was not a man in the world who would say that he was entitled to any consideration whatever in an application for divorce—that it was possible that he could have any injury founded on such a complaint for which he could claim redress. As a husband, he had no right to seek redress. Moreover, as a king, there was no law not applicable to him as well as to any subject. He was not emancipated from obedience to the law of God. Was the private individual to be told that in the matter of matrimonial rights and duties there was one law for him and another for the sceptred monarch? Was there one law for woman and another for man? What was the plighted troth of the husband?—what the promise made at the altar? To love and comfort. But how had that promise been observed? Where was the love?—where the comfort? If one went back to 1806, was it there? Was it to be looked for in 1813, when intercourse between the mother and the daughter was prohibited? Was it to be sought for at the time when the mother was exiled to a foreign land? No; it did not exist there, for wherever she went, the spirit of persecution followed her. It was inconceivable that a wife thus deserted, thus persecuted, should now be told that she had been unmindful of her duty, while her husband, who was pledged to protect her, had allowed her to pass through the world without a friend to guard her honor."

And much more to the same purport. Lushington—doubtless inspired by Brougham—had struck the keynote of the case. It was indeed assumed that the evidence did not show that the Queen was guilty, but, taken all together, showed that she was innocent; but even upon the supposition that she was guilty to the full extent charged, so flagitious had been the conduct of her husband, that he could not come into court and seek redress.

The King's Attorney-General and his Solicitor-General spoke in reply, and a great number of the peers gave their views upon one side or the other. This took up the time until November 10th, when the question as to the "third reading" of the Bill, that is, virtually its passing by the House of Lords, was put. The vote stood 108 yeas and 99 nays—a nominal majority of nine for the King. This apparent success was felt to be a defeat. When the vote was announced, Lord Liverpool, the Premier, and introducer of the Bill, arose and said, in substance, that he could not be ignorant of the state of public feeling in regard to this measure. Had the third reading been carried by as considerable a number of peers as the second reading had been, he and his colleagues would have felt it to be their duty to send it down to the other branch of the Legislature; but, in the present state of the country, and with the division of sentiment so nearly balanced as was shown by the vote just passed, they had come to the determination not to proceed any further. He should, therefore, move that the question that "the Bill do pass" be put on this day six months.

That is, the Bill was really abandoned. It was a humiliating thing to do, but it was the best thing to be done under the circumstances; for there were indications enough that the Bill, if sent to the House of Commons, would meet slight consideration. The result was scarcely a triumph for the Queen, but it was a disgraceful defeat for the King. Of the peers who in the end voted against the Bill, we imagine that many really believed that the Queen was guilty of what was alleged against her; but that the King was so notoriously guilty of the like offenses, that he could have no rightful remedy.

Whether Queen Caroline was really guilty or innocent, is a question upon which we think no man will ever be in a condition to render a competent decision. We have carefully waded through the almost two thousand closely printed pages which embody the proceedings at the trial—evidence, arguments and decisions—and are still in doubt. Upon the whole, we acquiesce in the verdict of Thackeray: "As I read her trial in history, I vote she is not guilty. I don't say it is an impartial verdict; but as one reads her story, the heart bleeds for the kindly, generous, outraged creature. If wrong there be, let it lie at his door who wickedly thrust her from it. Spite of her follies, the great, hearty people of England loved, protected and pitied her."

Not long after the abandonment of the proceedings against her, the Queen was informed by the ministers that Parliament was about to be prorogued, and that they intended to provide money for her support, and a suitable residence, until a new session could be holden. She at once sent a message to the House of Commons, which was beyond doubt written by Brougham. She would not receive from the ministers that which she was well assured the "liberality of the House of Commons would have granted, as alike essential to the dignity of the throne, and demanded by the plainest principles of justice." And she said in conclusion:

"If the Queen is to understand that new proceedings are meditated against her, she throws herself with unabated confidence on the representatives of the people, fully relying on their justice and wisdom to take effectual steps to protect her from the further vexation of unnecessary delay, and to provide that these unexampled persecutions may at length be brought to a close."

The coronation of George IV. took place in Westminster Abbey, on the 9th of the July following. Walter Scott has written a glowing account of this ceremonial. We only care to note one incident. The Queen had resolved to be present, and somehow had procured tickets of admission for herself and her attendants. She was rudely rebuffed at one door and another. The mortification of this hastened her end, and in less than a month she lay dead. She had directed that her remains should not rest upon English soil, but should be carried to her native Brunswick, and that upon her coffin should be inscribed.

"Caroline, the murdered Queen of England." She died on the 7th of August, 1821, at the age of fifty-three.

Of "Gentleman George" we do not care to say more. The last years of his life were a fit sequel to those which had gone before. He died in 1830, at the age of sixty-eight. Many men have tried to sum up his character. Leaving out of view the adulatory phrases which are always ready for a dead king, the least unfavorable of the judgments passed upon him is that of the Duke of Wellington: "He was the most extraordinary compound of talent, wit, buffoonery, obstinacy and good-feeling—in short, a medley of the most opposite qualities, with a great preponderance of good—that I ever saw in any character in my life." We judge quite otherwise, believing that in him the utterly bad qualities vastly preponderated over the few good ones.

QUEEN CAROLINE REPULSED FROM WESTMINSTER ABBEY AT THE TIME OF THE CORONATION.

NOT GUILTY! —"MEG DEPARTED. HALF-WAY UP THE STAIR, GUARDED BY STATELY PALMS AND WREATHED WITH FETTERS OF FLOWER-STARRED VINES, SHE MET DANTON MOULTRIE, DESCENDING. HE PAUSED ABRUPTLY AT SIGHT OF HER."

"NOT GUILTY!"

By ETTA W. PIERCE.

Chapter XI.—Old Friends.

A small, unpretending house on the sunny side of a highly respectable South End street—a house with spotless windows, faultless curtains, a tiny silver plate over the bell, and a general look of comfort and gentility.

Within, a corresponding air prevailed. Hall and parlor, oaken study, charming dining-room and airy bedchambers were all full of rich solid colors and the latest luxuries of modern life. Nowhere could a sign be seen of the shabby household gods that once did duty in the old house at Blackhaven. Three years had greatly changed the fortunes of the Leiths—lifted them, in fact, from poverty to ease and plenty.

It was a December day, bleak and dreary. In a low renaissance chair in her warm bright parlor, sat Miss Prue Leith, straining her spectacled eyes over a small-lettered pamphlet, written by a Sorosis Sister upon the subject of female suffrage. Miss Prue wore a black silk dress, and upon her iron-gray hair was arranged a little square of

real lace. Her new grandeur had brought her many trials. She was tormented with unruly servants; she must now wear fine gowns and play the lady—she, who had never before known anything but hard work and meagre fare, and to whom the purchase of more than one dress per year had hitherto seemed gross extravagance. However, her pride in Robin's talents—in the success which he had won and was still winning, helped her to bear these crosses with heroism. Miss Prue firmly believed her brother to be the only perfect man—she could no longer call him a boy—upon this sublunary sphere.

"'Woman has been in bondage ever since the creation,'" read Miss Prue, aloud, from her pamphlet, "'but the day of her deliverance is now at hand. Let her be strong and work diligently for the one great end. Our enemies argue that many of our sex do not wish to vote. Granted. When did fools ever sigh for good? But the necessity for suffrage remains the same, the ills which it will remedy remain——' Precisely what somebody said at the Woman's Club yesterday. Lie down, sir, and keep quiet."

She pushed a hairy black nose off her knee as she spoke. Its owner, who had been for some moments walking uneasily about the renaissance chair, dropped, at this rebuff, upon a mat at her side, and laid the offending member down upon two rough paws. It was Meg's old canine friend, Castor.

A ring at the bell.

"Callers!" said Miss Prue, throwing aside her pamphlet. "More of Rob's aristocratic friends, I dare say, come, out of regard for him, to pay their respects to a cross old spinster. Good heaven!" as she caught, through the nearest window, a glimpse of a landau at the door, with champing horses and a liveried coachman, "that widow, Mrs. Ryder!"

She listened, and heard a servant come up from the lower regions and open the door. A moment later the caller sailed into Miss Prue's presence.

"My dear Miss Leith!" she cried with effusion, "am I *de trop?* Shall I bore you if I sit down a moment? You are not writing a speech for that giddy-minded Sorosis Club? I mean to join it myself some day, and set all its members by the ears with an essay on the paramount duty of women to dress in a becoming manner."

She sank gracefully into the nearest chair. She was a brunette, still in her twenties—a "relic," though one would never have guessed the fact, for her weeds had long been laid aside, and she had the air of some gushing young *débutante*. Her olive skin bore the traces of *Blanc de Perle;* her hair, of the darkest shade of red, was tangled wildly over her forehead; she had a pair of brown eyes which she could use very effectively—man-traps, Miss Prue called them. The finest sealskin, the richest silk enveloped her round—almost *too* round—figure, and a Paris bonnet, fearfully and wonderfully made, crowned her fuzzed and frizzled head.

Miss Prue had her reasons for being somewhat afraid of this sparkling young widow.

"I am always glad to see my brother's friends," she said, simply; "it is very kind of you to think of a plain old woman who is altogether out of your set, Mrs. Ryder."

The visitor smiled, softly.

"My dear Miss Leith, remember the debt of gratitude which I owe your brother. It is one of my weaknesses never to forget a service. For *his* sake I must always feel an unspeakable interest in you. And, apart from that, I find you a delightful change from the people that I know—those of my own set bore me horribly at times."

Like Achilles, Miss Prue had one vulnerable spot, though hers was not in her heel, but in her heart. It was impossible for her to hold out against the person who said pretty things of Rob.

"It was you who made Robin's fortune," she said, graciously.

Belle Ryder's brown eyes put on a melting look. She smiled again, showing an unbroken line of milk-white teeth.

"Yes? I like to think that. Ah! but for him, where should I have been to-day? I am sure there was not another person in existence who could have pleaded my cause so well."

Miss Prue beamed at the speaker over her spectacles, and nodded.

"I was not happy in my wedded life," sighed Mrs. Ryder. "You will not mind my frank way of speaking, Miss Leith—I feel as if you were an old friend. There was a great disparity betwixt my husband's age and mine, a wide difference in our tastes and pleasures."

"In short, you married him for his money," said Miss Prue, in her straightforward way.

Mrs. Ryder colored, then made a little deprecatory gesture.

"Consider—I was but eighteen. Surely my designing friends were more to be blamed than I, and I was sorely punished. You do not know, perhaps, what slow starvation of the heart means—*I* do. At last my husband died, leaving me everything that he possessed—a small recompense for all I had suffered. His will greatly enraged his relatives. They declared him to be of unsound mind; they banded against me; determined to wrest from me the bulk of the estate—greedy creatures! Your brother defended my case, and triumphed over my foes. He made me what I am to-day—a rich, independent, happy woman."

All this was very gratifying to Miss Prue's pride.

"It was a piece of rare good fortune to Robin," she said, "for it attracted to him the notice of the public. His success began then."

"Yes. Of course, the matter made a great stir in the upper circles of society. Everybody talked of Mr. Leith's skill and talent. He became the fashion. You cannot think how my interest in law has increased since that fateful time, Miss Leith. I frequently go now to court to hear him plead a case. He is superb when thoroughly aroused—he invariably carries all before him."

Miss Prue eyed her keenly. Was this gratitude, or did report speak truly when it said that the rich young widow had lost her heart to the preserver of her fortune? Miss Prue's opinion of widows corresponded closely with old Weller's.

"I always knew," she answered, simply, "that Rob would make his way."

Mrs. Ryder sat silent and pensive for some moments, then stooped and patted Castor's head with one delicately gloved hand.

"Mr. Leith is very fond of this dog, is he not?" she queried, softly.

"Yes. The brute once belonged to a friend of ours to whom we were much attached."

"I fear I have more than my share of womanly curiosity," said Belle Ryder, with a little laugh, and still caressing the dog; "but I would really like to know if there is anything else that your brother loves? Not society, surely, for he is constantly declining the invitations sent him by his many admirers—yes, and by *me*." Miss Prue detected a sharp anxiety breaking through the studied lightness of her tone. "Dear Miss Leith, all men have some passion—what is his?"

The black walnut door betwixt the parlor and the oaken study stood open. Miss Prue turned in her low chair, and pointed to the rows of crowded book-shelves.

"There you see the objects of his passion, Mrs. Ryder. He has no time for society, for he passes all his leisure in hard work."

A strange look of relief flitted across her face.

"And is that *all?*"

"All! Do you mean to ask if he has a sweetheart, madame? None, I assure you! I do not think Robin ever cared for a woman in his mortal life."

Her soft brown eyes betrayed her pleasure.

"She came here expressly to ask this question of me," thought shrewd Miss Prue. "Robin, Robin! beware of this widow!"

"How delicious," murmured Belle Ryder—"I mean how very odd. But his time will come—it always does. One cannot escape the common lot." She arose as if she had accomplished some desired object—as, indeed, she had. "Positively, I must go. Come and see me, Miss Leith—for your brother's sake, I long to know you better."

Then, with a pressure of the exquisitely gloved hand, a smile and a bow, she departed, and left Miss Prue again to her Sorosis pamphlet.

Just after nightfall Robin Leith walked into the South End house, into the warm lighted parlor where his spinster sister was waiting. Three years had left their mark upon him, physically as well as mentally. Truly, he was no longer Miss Prue's "boy." His deep-chested, well-knit figure, his severe bearded face, and the grave composure of his manner, told that he had now become that thing which his sister regarded with animosity and distrust—a man, and a dominant and determined one at that.

"Mrs. Ryder called to-day, Robin," was Miss Prue's tart salutation.

"Indeed."

"Why do you answer me in that idiotic manner? I'd quite as soon you would box my ears. She was here, I say, and she talked of you every moment of her stay. She always does it."

"Because you find the subject so agreeable, probably. Mrs. Ryder is studiously polite."

She stared hard at his impassive countenance.

"Robin," she cried, in a hollow voice, "your doom is sealed! I feel it in my bones. That woman has made up her mind to marry you."

He bent down to pat the dog, who was leaping upon him with extravagant signs of fondness.

"My dear Prue," answered Leith, "for a strong-minded woman, you often say incredibly absurd things. Give me a cup of tea, please. I have some reading to do, and a piece of dissipation to indulge in to-night—I am going to a reception at Judge Fortescue's."

"*You?* Robin, what freak is this? I thought you hated such frivolities?"

"Far from it. I have no time for them—that is all. The judge has shown me many favors, first and last. He particularly desires me to attend this reception; therefore I must go."

"You will meet the widow, of course," said Miss Prue, meditatively, "with her owl-eyes and her hair like mad Ophelia's. Well, she is rich, and most people, I suppose, would call her pretty. You might do worse, but I warn you, Robin, *I* could never live with her. That style of woman is sure to have a temper like fire."

He laughed outright.

"Prue, you remind me of the 'ghastly, grim and ancient raven,' who could not be persuaded to croak but one refrain. I am not what is called a marrying man. You need make no arrangements at present for a separate establishment."

She shook her head dismally.

"I am not so easily deceived, Rob," she cried, in a tone awful with foreboding; "if that widow should ask you, point-blank, to have her, what *would* you say?"

"That she had been with you to the Sorosis Club," he answered, shrugging his shoulders, "and there learned that woman has rights which the tyrant man is bound to respect."

"Stuff!" said Miss Prue, and she arose and gave him his tea.

Robin Leith spent the first hours of the evening in his study, smoking a pipe of fragrant Latakia, and reading a ponderous tome. The dog Castor sat at his side, watching him—he had conceived a tender attachment for his new master. Presently Leith put down his book and pipe together and gently stroked the head so near his knee. A shadow fell upon his bearded face.

"Do you remember her, old fellow?" he whispered. "You do, I know! If she should enter at this door now your honest heart would break for joy, would it not?"

The dog whined and licked his hand. For awhile Leith sat motionless and with bent brows, as if in deep thought; then he arose, sighing heavily, made a few preparations, said good-night to Miss Prue, and started for the Fortescue reception.

When he reached the Beacon Street house he found a crush in the drawing-rooms, a jam on the stair. All the world and his wife were present, seeing and being seen. Mrs. Maitland, in black velvet and old point, received with her niece Lilian.

Into a bewildering sea of light, perfume, gleaming tissues, radiant faces, Leith plunged, made his bow to his hostess, and confronted the dark, distinguished judge, who stood near Lilian, in conversation with a handsome, golden-bearded fellow, whose air of high-bred indolence seemed strangely familiar to Leith.

"I am immensely glad to see you here, my dear Leith," said the judge, kindly—this rising young lawyer was a great favorite with the stately autocrat. "Let me introduce you to my future son-in-law, Mr. Moultrie, of New Orleans."

The Southerner extended his hand languidly. These Fortescues had legions of friends; it was a great bore to make the acquaintance of so many people. Leith did not touch the hand, but he looked the owner straight in the eyes.

"I think I have seen Mr. Moultrie before," he said, dryly.

"Possible?" replied Moultrie, bristling at the marked slight. "I don't recollect. When—where, pray?"

"At Gull Beach, three years and six months ago," said Robin Leith.

The effect was instantaneous. Moultrie colored to his temples, stared at the speaker in angry amaze for a moment, then turned on his heel and vanished in the crowd.

Leith stepped into the embrasure of a window and stood there, gazing out upon the brilliant scene. That false rascal in the North again, and going to wed Judge Fortescue's daughter and heiress! Incredible! As he turned the matter in his mind a light hand touched his arm, a woman's voice said, softly:

"What! *You* at a reception? Can I believe my eyes? Name the sorcery which the judge employed to lure you from your musty law-books!"

The brown laughing eyes of Belle Ryder looked up into his own. She was bravely attired in a dress of cream brocade and Brussels lace, with ornaments of diamonds, and

one gorgeous cluster of jacqueminot roses fastened in her Pompadour corsage. There was a flush on her cheek and a smile on her lip. Her joy at seeing Leith was quite undisguised.

"I am surprised to find myself in such a place," he answered, smiling. "I really do not know what brought me."

"How devoted you are to your profession!" she murmured. "Of course, you will make yourself famous in it. Such zeal is always rewarded. Behold this crowd. Is it not somewhat oppressive to a common mind to consider the amount of culture represented here? One is nothing without culture, especially in the Hub. But none of these faces attract you, I see—yes, you *are* looking at some one with interest—a *man!*"

It was Danton Moultrie who passed by just then, with his betrothed upon his arm.

"Is Miss Fortescue really engaged to that fellow?" queried Leith, in a tone of deep disgust.

She stepped further into the embrasure, a dangerous battery of soft glances, arch dimples, silvery tones.

"Yes; he is an old friend of the family. The engagement was very sudden. She is deeply in love, but he—oh, I fear that with all his good looks and fine manners he is nothing more than a fortune-hunter. Poor child—poor little heiress!

"'Why Love in all his ways should be
So hard a master, who can tell?'"

He did not hear the quotation nor the sigh that accompanied it. His eyes had wandered over her gemmed and frizzled head to the crowd, and this time they alighted not upon Moultrie, but upon a woman who was standing at a little distance, under a rose-wreathed chandelier, talking with Judge Fortescue.

She looked like a pre-Raphaelite picture. Her black silk *princesse* dress—a gift from Lilian—with its dead-gold satin front, gold-slashed sleeves and long train, set off her elegant shape to the best advantage. From a Medici ruff of yellow Mechlin lace her snow-white throat arose, like a garden lily. Long black gloves, a necklace and bracelets of yellow rosebuds, one full-blown yellow rose, set, like a star, in the high waved masses of her dark hair, completed this simple but striking costume.

She was by far the handsomest woman in the company.

For a moment Leith stood as if petrified, then, in a strange voice, he said:

"Who is that lady—the one yonder with Judge Fortescue?"

Mrs. Ryder looked.

"Oh, that is Miss Grey—Lilian's paid companion—a mere nobody. To tell the truth, she used to make my dresses. Quite uncommon, is she not?—medieval, one might say, in that costume. She has been with the Fortescues about three weeks, and already she seems to have everything her own way here. It is really outrageous."

"What do you mean?" said Leith, never withdrawing his eyes from the black-and-gold vision.

Mrs. Ryder shrugged her plump shoulders.

"Observe the manner in which the judge looks at her. Did you ever read of devouring glances? There you see them. It actually seems as if he would eat her. *Entre nous*, that man reminds me of some great pent-up force that will break forth destructively some day. The last time I called at this house Miss Grey was in the drawing-room with Mrs. Maitland and her niece. By father and daughter she is treated as an equal. She appears at their dinner-parties, she goes with them everywhere. At the late sleighing carnival on the Brighton Road I saw her sitting beside Lilian, wrapped in the costly Fortescue furs, and looking like a queen, instead of an ex-sewing-girl. Bah! everybody is talking of the matter. It is a case of pure infatuation. The judge, you know, has been a widower for many years. His warmest friends regard him as a doomed man."

"A widower—ah, yes! I had forgotten," murmured Leith.

He eyed the sarcastic, melancholy face that bent over the girl in gold-and-black, and felt that those friends of whom Mrs. Ryder spoke had good cause for their alarm.

"Since the days of Helen of Troy," he said, dryly, "a handsome woman has ever been a dangerous ornament in a house."

"True," answered the widow, with a spiteful little laugh; "you see it, do you not? The judge is *une affaire flambée*. Actually, he is leading her away; she is going to sing. I assure you she has a voice."

Even as Mrs. Ryder spoke, Judge Fortescue moved out from under the chandelier and walked with Miss Grey to a piano at the far end of the room. A long-haired professor of music seated himself to play the accompaniment. Meg stood by his side, the cynosure of all eyes, but queenly and composed.

"Break, break, break
At the foot of thy crags, O sea!"

Tennyson's familiar lines, but into them Meg managed to throw a tragic power and passion wonderfully new. The room grew still as death. Everybody stared.

"How very effective!" whispered some one near Leith. "Wonder if she has been on the stage?"

"Really, you must favor us once more, Miss Grey," pleaded the deep voice of the judge.

She could not yet escape; her hearers were crowding about her with murmurs of delight. So, with increasing sweetness, she sang again, this time a German love-song. As she turned at last from the piano, the first thing that she confronted was the grave, set face of Robin Leith.

She saw that he was about to speak, and dropped her fan quickly. He picked it up, and as he did so heard these faintly-breathed words:

"Hush! Behind you is a door; step into the room beyond, and I will join you as soon as possible."

Fortunately, one of Mrs. Ryder's admirers had borne her safely away. Leith fell back, and, passing under a crimson *portière*, entered a library, tenantless and quiet, save for the hum of distant voices. It was not many minutes before she followed. Tall and shining, she advanced to his side, looked into his face.

"Robin, is it you—is it really you?" she said, under her breath.

"It is I, Miss Dysart——"

She put her finger on her lip.

"No, no!—not that name; it is hateful to me! I am now Miss Grey."

Behind her was a sweeping curtain of red-and-white silk. Over her head burned a cluster of lights, softened by colored shades. In their subdued radiance and against that rich background, her creamy face, with its velvety curves and deep dark eyes, looked incomparably lovely.

"I could no longer call myself Dysart," she explained, in a low voice, "and I could not take the name of my father. My strength was not sufficient for that weight—I had my bread to earn. Do not blame me."

"I? God forbid! Perhaps you will tell me where you have been all these months and years in which my sister has lamented for you vainly, and bemoaned the hardness of heart that led you to leave us so cruelly at Blackhaven."

"I wrote to Miss Prue long ago," said Meg, with an

anxious pucker of her satin-smooth forehead, "and sent a certain sum of money which I owed her for board and attendance. Did she not receive the letter?"

He regarded her sternly.

"Yes—a brief, frightful little note, containing no news of the writer's welfare, no information of any kind—only a few set phrases, and that remittance, which would have been promptly returned to you, had poor Prue known your address. To say the least, Miss Grey, you treat your friends very unkindly."

She hung her head.

"What good could I have done Miss Prue by telling her that I was lonely, homesick, miserable—that I found the Philistine world hard and wearisome? No, no; it was better to follow the example of the Spartan lad who could keep a wise silence while the fox gnawed his vitals. I had given your sister torment enough as it was." She plucked a spray of heliotrope from a Sèvres vase near at hand. "Will you tell me something about her? Is she still in Blackhaven? Does she ever speak of me now? Believe me, I have not forgotten the debt under which you both placed me more than three years ago."

"She speaks of you often," he answered, "but never as a debtor. I think I have heard her mention that she holds for you a quantity of jewels which you left behind in your flight from Blackhaven, and which she longs to restore to you. The old town she deserted long since. We have established a home in this city, and an acquaintance of yours resides with us. I decline to mention his name—you will see him when you call."

"I will call at the first opportunity. Why did you refuse to know me that night upon the crossing?"

"After the manner in which you had treated me and mine, how was I to suspect that you cared to be recognized by me?"

She pulled the fine bloom of the heliotrope to atoms, and dropped it absently on the floor. After a pause, she said:

"You see the home which I have found, at last. It seems to me like an Eden."

"Without the serpent?"

"No," frankly—"with him."

Leith lifted his brows in a faintly sarcastic way.

"I saw him in the crowd to-night. You meet him in this house?"

"Almost daily. He is to marry Miss Fortescue."

His keen eyes searched her face, but found it as inscrutable as stone. Meg did not wear her heart on her sleeve.

"Can this be pleasant for you?" he said, involuntarily.

"No," she answered; "but it is inevitable. No word has yet passed between us. We simply ignore each other."

"And these people are kind to you?" he queried, with interest.

"Unspeakably. The aristocratic friends of the family open their eyes at the treatment which I receive in this household."

"The judge—what do you think of him?"

"He is a Bayard, a Sir Galahad, the Seven Wise Men of Greece and a Lord Chesterfield—all in one," she answered, smiling.

"Pardon my curiosity—have you yet seen Colonel Dysart?"

The smile faded off her lip.

"No, no! Year after year I wait for him, but he does not come—he does not come. Sometimes"—a convulsive shudder went over her—"I feel strangely terrified to find myself under this roof—feel that I ought to have seen the colonel before I ever came here, and learned all that there is to learn of my wretched father. Oh, Robin! suppose you should step out yonder, and tell my story to that company—to the judge and his daughter—neither of them know it—tell them who and what I am! Would they be kind to me *then?* Fancy the horror, the indignation that would ensue! They would call me a fraud, a pariah—they would thrust me out of their doors. 'The sins of the fathers!' It is a hard, hard saying," and a dry sob swelled her round throat.

Her distress brought a great disturbance to Leith's grave face.

"Colonel Dysart has treated you in a most heartless manner," he said, angrily.

"Do not blame him. It is all Constance's work," she answered, in a weary voice. "Robin—Mr. Leith, I mean, you will keep my secret?"

"Inviolably. How can you ask such a question?"

"Then I am safe for the present. For his own sake, Danton Moultrie will tell no tales. I think—I am almost sure—that we have not yet shaken hands." She held out her gloved fingers. "I have heard from Judge Fortescue that you are fast winning fame and fortune. I am glad—sincerely glad. And now go back to the drawing-room. Some one may surprise us here, and that would be awkward."

He bowed, pressed the hand and let it fall, then disappeared under the *portière*, and left her alone.

Lost in thought, Meg stood in the shadow of the curtain until the rattle of a door-knob broke her reverie. Some one was entering at the opposite end of the room. A sense of guilt and fear was upon her. Scarcely knowing what she did, she darted behind the silken drapery, and at the same instant, Judge Fortescue and his prospective son-in-law stepped together into the library.

It was too late for Meg to retreat. The pair advanced to a table in the centre of the floor, and the judge laid one hand kindly on the young Southerner's arm.

"My dear fellow, now that we are out of that crowd, speak frankly. You say that you are in trouble—of what nature?"

"Pecuniary," answered Moultrie, stroking his golden beard.

"Your new situation is satisfactory?"

"Yes; but you force me to a humiliating confession. I am in debt—my embarrassments began long ago in the South. One cannot free oneself all at once from such a burden."

"You wish me to help you?"

"Yes," said Moultrie, frankly.

Judge Fortescue opened a drawer in the table, drew out a check-book, wrote a few words, tore off the slip, and gave it to his future son-in-law.

"Accept this trifle from Lilian's father. The child loves you—you, I hope, love her. I have promised that she shall be your wife some day. Now go; show a cheerful face to her before you bid her good-night."

Here was a fond father, indeed.

Moultrie looked at the check, and the blood rushed into his blonde face.

"My dear, kind friend—by Jove! Five thousand! I did not ask——"

The judge interrupted him.

"Not a word," he said, with his usual cold, sarcastic smile. "It may set you upon your legs for a few days. All that I have is Lilian's."

And the two departed as they had come.

By another door Meg returned to the drawing-room.

One glance told her that Robin Leith had taken his departure. She made her way to Lilian, who was sitting in a corner, with dark circles of languor and fatigue under her large eyes.

"Parties, receptions, balls—all things of this kind tire me to death," sighed the little heiress. "Oh, for a body like yours, Miss Grey! I feel bored and ill. Where is Danton? Have you seen him?"

"He is with your father," stammered Meg; and, fortunately, at that moment a careless foot stepped upon her train, and tore away a yard, more or less, of the smart lace frill.

"Go to the dressing-room for repairs," said Lilian, with a tired laugh, "and then come back and support me till these people go."

Meg departed. Half-way up the stair, guarded by stately palms and wreathed with fetters of flower-starred vines, she met Danton Moultrie, descending. He paused abruptly at sight of her. There was no one within hearing.

"Stop, Miss Grey!—since that is the name by which I must call you," he said, in a thick, exasperated voice. "You have avoided me long enough. It is time that we understood each other."

He placed himself directly before her. She fixed upon him her grand eyes, then, with an unspeakably scornful gesture, drew her shining dress from contact with him.

"Sir," she answered, "let me pass. You mistake—I do not know you."

He colored to his temples—quailed, too, under her look.

"Meg," he pleaded, hoarsely—"Meg, I entreat you, listen to me for a moment."

"I tell you," she repeated, with pitiless denial, "I do not know you!"

He drew back. She continued her ascent serenely. With something like an oath, Danton Moultrie tore down the stair, and lost himself somewhere below.

CHAPTER XII.

THE OLD LOVE.

OVER the fire in the crimson-and-gold boudoir, Lilian Fortescue and Meg were sitting together the morning after the reception. To be accurate, it was not morning at all, but high noon. Breakfast had just been served to the two girls, but Aunt Maitland was still in bed. Outside, the snow fell fast from a leaden sky; the long walks of the Common were white; feathery flakes tufted every leafless tree.

Lilian looked greatly worn after the last night's dissipation. This little heiress had small power of endurance. It was well for her that she had been born to ease and wealth; poverty, adversity, trouble—plainly, these things she could never bear.

"Was it not amusing to watch Belle Ryder?" she was saying, as she sat curled up in a great chair, with a gorgeous morning-gown of flowered silk wrapped about her limp figure, and her dark hair streaming like the tail of a comet—"to see her, figuratively speaking, fling herself at the head of that young lawyer, Leith—her counsel in some by-gone will case. Everybody knows that she is in love with him. Well, she is very rich—a great match, in fact, for a rising young man."

Meg, on the other side of the tiled hearth, was embroidering a square of satin in exquisite colors. There was no sign of fatigue in *her* face—she had an admirable physique. Drawing her needle slowly through the rich fabric, she answered:

"Would Mr. Leith marry a woman for her money?"

"Really, one cannot say," laughed Lilian; "men often do those things, I suppose, and he is very ambitious. Papa admires him greatly—says he has remarkable talent, and is sure to make a stir in the world. Doubtless you saw him with Mrs. Ryder?—a brown, stalwart fellow, grave as an owl, austere as a Diogenes."

"Yes," said Meg, smiling.

"At least, he does not appear to repulse the rich widow's advances," went on Lilian, lightly; "and, *apropos* to that, *belle* Margaret, papa's attentions to you last night provoked no end of comment among our dear five hundred friends. Envy, you know, of the very blackest dye, for you were the handsomest woman in the rooms, and I was glad that papa had eyes to recognize the fact. All the same, it was very funny to hear those grand dames talk."

Meg colored high, but found no voice to answer.

"*En passant*," said Lily, quickly, "papa was up and away hours ago, and if you will come with me to his chamber, I will show you something that will interest you." Meg lifted a pair of inquiring eyes. "It is a portrait which hangs by his bed," explained Lilian; "have I not mentioned it before? You must see it, *ma chère*. The face is an excellent copy of your own."

Meg dropped her satin with an indefinable thrill.

"Come at once!" urged Lilian.

The two girls arose, and Miss Fortescue led the way to her father's sleeping-apartment. On the threshold Meg shrank back, embarrassed, ill at ease, but Lilian seized her hand and drew her into the room.

Like all the rest of the house, it was luxuriously furnished, but not on fresco, or carving, or Persian carpet, or rosewood and satin brocaded with arabesques, did Meg look—her eyes followed Lilian's slim finger as it pointed to a glimmering object which hung on the paneled wall at the foot of the costly carved bed.

"Behold yourself, Margaret," she said, laughing.

What did Meg see? The head and shoulders of a woman, beautifully painted in oil, and set in an unusually heavy and elaborate frame of ebony and gilt. In one corner of the canvas the name of the artist had once been traced, but a daub of paint now carefully covered the letters.

Involuntarily she started back. Her own eyes seemed looking upon her from that shadowy face. There were the pearly contours, the black hair shot with golden gleams, the arched red mouth, the same youth and high-bred loveliness that she saw daily in her mirror. Only in expression were the two dissimilar. Meg's beauty was of the proud, bright, defiant order, but a profound melancholy, a sort of weary heart-sickness was fixed on the exquisite lips, and brooded in the eyes which the painter had so faithfully limned. The original of that portrai could never have been a happy woman.

A deep amazement, mingled with something like awe, thrilled through Meg's veins. She now understood the cause of the "vertigo" which had overwhelmed the judge at their first *rencontre*. This was the image of some lost friend, and the strange resemblance existing betwixt his dead and a living stranger had been too much, even for his iron nerves. Lilian seemed to feel her mood, and stood silent, staring, also.

"Whom does this picture represent?" queried Meg, at last, in a voice as hushed as if she stood in the presence of death. "Your mother?"

"Oh, dear, no!" answered Lilian, in the same tone.

"I have no knowledge whatever concerning the original. Once I asked papa to tell me something about her, and he bade me hold my peace, in such a stern, disagreeable tone, that I never dared mention the subject again. I am sure Aunt Maitland is no wiser, but here the picture has hung ever since my earliest recollection. Save for the arrangement of the hair, and that sad, hopeless look, it might be your own lovely self."

In the dull light of the sumptuous room the pensive eyes seemed watching the two girls, the sad lips looked as if they were about to open in mournful speech. Strangely life-like was the face—one of those rare portraits that seem to follow the observer with a conscious gaze.

"Whoever the artist was," said Meg, "surely his heart was in his work. I am convinced that it was a labor of love."

"*Lilian!*"

Both girls jumped as that deep, stern voice came from the doorway. Horror! There stood Judge Fortescue himself, looking in upon the two.

The blood rushed like fire into Meg's cheek. Mutely she prayed for the earth to open and swallow her, but, as it did not, she was obliged to face the dark, frowning apparition, whose eyes ran over her like chain-lightning.

"What are you doing here?" he demanded of his daughter.

"Papa," stammered Lilian, in confusion and fright, "I wished Margaret to see this portrait, which is so like herself, and so I brought her here. Of course, I thought you were safely out of the house."

A grim smile appeared about the corners of his mouth.

"Be calm. I shall not devour either of you. Let not Miss Grey think that this is a Bluebeard chamber. You have my permission to look at the picture as long as you please."

But by mutual consent the pair retreated hastily into the corridor. As Meg passed she lifted to Gerald Fortescue's face a pair of irresistible eyes.

"Pardon me——"

"There is nothing to pardon," he answered, before she could say another word, but a queer tremor shook his voice, and his hand trembled as he shut the door on the melancholy beauty in the frame, and followed the girls back to the boudoir.

Later, he lunched with them. He was in his most affable and fascinating mood, and he bewildered Meg, as he had done more than once before, with attentions. Outside the snow ceased, and a gray calm settled on the earth. The jingling of bells began to be heard in the streets. Gerald Fortescue looked at his watch, and then at the two girls.

"I have a little leisure," he said, "and if you will ring for your wraps we will test the sleighing on the Mill-dam Road. A ride may bring some color to Lilian's cheeks. It is plain that late hours do not agree with her."

Wraps were brought, and Lilian and Meg made ready. In fifteen minutes they were whirling away with the judge, behind a pair of magnificent horses, away over the Mill-dam Road toward Brighton.

Just enough sleet and snow had fallen to make the streets like glass. The whole way was black with sleighs of every description; the keen air vibrated to the music of countless bells. If there is one drive which the inhabitants of the Hub affect above all others, it is the Brighton Road. Here they were holding a sort of levee upon runners. Sleighs were there, single and double, elegant, shell-like, artistic and ugly; horses of every style and hue and rate of speed; robes of long white silky fur, robes of shaggy shining black, with vivid scarlet linings; skins of bear and fox and Canadian wolf, skins of sable and spotted leopard; bells arched over well-groomed backs, after the Russian style, bells in long girdles, bells jingling on slender shafts; faces bright and sour, high-bred and low-bred; long-haired children, laughing young girls, grave men of business, dames of fashion—all these were flying back and forth in gay confusion.

An open vehicle, crimson-lined, set low upon runners, and drawn by a pair of blooded horses, tricked out in foreign harness and strings of silver bells, dashed by, bearing four persons, two of whom Meg recognized—Mrs. Belle Ryder, in sealskin and velvet, talking like a magpie to Robin Leith, who occupied the same seat with her. Leith lifted his hat gravely at sight of Judge Fortescue and his companions. His eyes lingered longest upon Meg, over whom the judge was bending at that moment, to draw the rich robes more carefully about her. She colored as she met the young lawyer's searching gaze, then looked quickly away.

"Papa, that is sure to be a match," said Lilian, with conviction—"the widow and Mr. Leith, I mean."

"No doubt," answered the judge, indifferently.

They were approaching Brighton, when Lilian began to shiver violently.

"It is a bitter day," she said, with chattering teeth; "I am quite frozen, in spite of all these furs. I really fear, papa, that I am ill. You must turn about, and go home with me at once."

She looked pinched and blue and bloodless.

"My darling, what is it?" said the judge, with tender solicitude.

"I stood in a draft last night," she shivered, "and my throat is sore. Somehow, all these whirling faces and jangling bells confuse and sicken me."

They drove rapidly homeward over the crowded road. By the time they reached the house it was apparent to the judge, and to Meg also, that Lilian was in an alarming state. Gerald Fortescue carried her to her room in his own arms, and sent a messenger in hot haste for the family physician.

The man of medicine came directly, made the usual examination, and pronounced Miss Fortescue ill of malignant diphtheria.

"Diphtheria!" screamed Aunt Maitland. "Impossible! That is something peculiar to tenement-houses and bad drains, and all that. It would never venture upon *this* street!"

"Disease, like death, is no respecter of streets or persons," said the doctor, dryly.

"It is infectious!—we shall all take it and *die!*" cried Mrs. Maitland; and she fled from the room, followed by Celeste, the French maid.

Consternation reigned in the great house. Sorrow, fear and the shadow of death had followed fast on the splendor of the preceding night. Skillful nurses were summoned swiftly, and when Judge Fortescue entered his daughter's chamber, a half-hour after the doctor's visit, he found Miss Grey seated by the bed, with Lilian's hand in her own, calm and undismayed. His dark face put on a pained look.

"You must not stay here," he said, peremptorily. "You risk your own life in so doing."

She smiled, quietly.

"See how closely she holds me. I am not afraid."

"I insist that you leave the room immediately. The nurses will see that she lacks nothing."

"She has asked me to remain with her, and I have promised. My place is here, and here I shall remain till all danger is past."

"Miss Grey, I command you to obey me!"

"Impossible!" she answered. "My first duty is not to you, but to Lilian."

He was not a man who liked opposition in anything. He frowned.

"You have no regard for my wishes, then?"

"Yes; but, pardon me, I cannot heed them in this case—I cannot leave Lilian."

He flashed upon her a strange look, but said no more. She was left to her own brave will.

Day after day passed. Lilian's condition became desperate. The judge was constantly at her bedside. Meg rarely left it. From no other hand would the sick girl receive her medicine, on no other arm would she consent to rest, even for a moment.

The doctor shook his head.

"You are worn out, Miss Grey," he said; "I advise you to leave the house. An exhausted body is the favorite prey of this terrible disease."

"I will go," answered Meg, "when I am no longer needed here—not till then. She is uneasy the moment I am out of her sight—she clings to my hand, she shows in a hundred ways that I am needful to her. So here I must remain."

During these dark, sad days, she was constantly before Gerald Fortescue, with her tireless ministrations, her unflinching devotion and her matchless beauty. Few words were spoken in the sick-room—few were needed; but a common interest, a common anxiety drew the two closely together. Meg seemed ready to sacrifice life itself to Danton Moultrie's betrothed. If this was the revenge which she meditated against her false lover, it was a noble one, indeed!

Late and early Moultrie came to inquire for his betrothed, but he always remained below-stairs. Would the little heiress live? There was a hard struggle, then a change for the better became apparent in her condition; the shadow lifted suddenly from the house and from all hearts. Moultrie would not lose his rich prize by death. The danger passed. Lilian began to improve.

It was late of a wintry afternoon, and the sick girl lay in a peaceful sleep. Judge Fortescue had gone to his library. Meg and the hired nurse alone held possession of the room. Presently a servant crept to the door, and whispered:

"Mr. Moultrie is in the drawing-room, and he wishes particularly to see Miss Grey."

Meg stared.

"*Me!*"

"Yes, miss—you alone, he says."

She hesitated, then nodded to the nurse, and went down. She found him walking the gorgeous room back and forth with impatient strides. He came toward her hurriedly. She was dressed in her favorite color, black, and sleepless nights and anxious days had blanched her face, and made her great eyes look larger and darker under the finely marked brows.

"Why have you sent for *me?*" she demanded, in a sort of calm disdain.

He looked irritated and frowning.

"To inquire about my betrothed wife. The judge tells me that you have watched over her ceaselessly. Is she better? Will she recover?"

"Without doubt," answered Meg, in a frigid tone. "You were apprised of the fact at noon to-day."

"True; but I wished to hear it from *your* lips. You have acted like a heroine. It is my duty to thank you for the service you have rendered me through Lilian."

Her lip curled.

"I have done nothing but my duty, and that with no reference to any one save those to whom I owed it."

His brows contracted angrily.

"You have learned to sneer since I knew you by another name. Let me confess the truth. I am here to see with my own eyes how *you* have borne these wretched days. Great heaven! You are as pale as death—you are worn to a shadow! Why have you periled your life for one who was nothing to you? And how could these people allow it? Cursed selfishness! they should have sent you out of the house—they should have banished you from the room. Report says the judge holds you in high favor. By Jove! he takes a queer way by which to show it."

She moved proudly toward the door.

"As there is nothing further which you can have to say to me, or I to you, permit me to retire."

By a dexterous movement he placed himself before her. The blood flew into his face. Under his bent brows the usually careless eyes shone with a hard, steely light.

"One question: Have Judge Fortescue and his daughter heard your story? Do they know that you have no right to be called Miss Grey?"

"You err," she answered. "Grey is as much a part of my name as Margaret. They have *not* heard my story—relate it to them, if you like. It is just possible that they might not hold me accountable for the sins of another—that they would not cast me out of their home, even if all was told."

He stood frowning and pulling his golden beard.

"You hate me for what I did at Sagamore!" he cried, almost roughly. "Be reasonable, Meg. What man would have acted otherwise? I was a Moultrie—could I link my stainless name with one that was hopelessly disgraced? Surely not. It was detestable in the colonel—it was even more detestable in Constance, to conceal your real story from me. All in all, I think I was used extremely ill."

She looked at him with great, cold, scornful eyes.

"Without doubt," she dryly answered.

He snatched her hand.

"*Do* you hate me because I forsook you in the very hour that should have seen us supremely happy, Meg?—because I could not stoop to mate with the daughter of a criminal?"

She tore her hand free.

"How dare you touch me?" she cried, with a look that made him quail. "No; I do not hate you, Danton Moultrie—but I *despise* you!"

He reeled back, as if he had received a blow.

"What else could I expect?" he muttered, bitterly. "It was a sorry trick of fate to throw you again in my way. I would sooner have met the Furies of mythology in this house than you. Why did you come here to torment me again? You have not changed. No—here are the same eyes and lips that turned my head at Gull Beach. I wish to heaven the years had taken something from your beauty, instead of increasing it? Faugh! what a weak fool I am—am I not? And to think that you belonged to me once—that you loved me—that you might have been my wife—that you were ready to give up the world for my sake! Great God! this is intolerable! Go! you are avenged, Meg—go quickly, before I say that which I shall be sure to regret, and despise me, if you like. What can it matter to me? Do you know that I am to marry Miss Fortescue, if she lives?"

"Yes, I know it; and I am sorry for Miss Fortescue," said Meg. And with these words she swept, like a tragedy-queen, out of the room—out of his presence.

"THE VESTAL TUCCIA," BY H. LE ROUX.—FROM THE EXHIBITION IN THE FRENCH GALLERY, LONDON.—SEE PAGE 460.

CHAPTER XIII.

A PROPOSAL.

HE went back to Lilian's chamber. The invalid was awake.

"She has been calling for you," said the nurse.

Meg hurried to the rich bed, to see two thin arms upraised, and a wan childish face, beaming with a great hope and joy.

"Margaret, dear," feebly whispered the little heiress, "nurse says that I shall live."

"Thank God—yes!" answered Meg, with fervor.

"How glad I am! It would be hard to die now—now, when Danton loves me. For his sake, life is precious."

A pang stabbed through Meg's heart. This foolish child had made to herself an idol. Who would show her her own folly?

"Oh, can I see him?" she pleaded. "I so long to see him, Margaret—to hear his voice once more!"

"He has but just left the house," Meg answered; "he came to inquire for you. The physician wishes you to remain perfectly quiet. To-morrow, perhaps, he can be admitted here."

"To-morrow? Well, I will wait," she sighed; "but it is very tiresome, Margaret, dear, for I love him more than all the world."

"Yes; I understand. It is the besetting weakness of our sex to love more than is good for us," murmured Meg, in bitterness of spirit.

The next day Danton Moultrie was allowed to see his betrothed. Aunt Maitland and the nurse received him. Meg had made her exit by one door of the chamber as he entered at another. In her retreat, she stumbled upon Judge Fortescue at the threshold of the red-and-gold boudoir. His dark face changed at sight of her.

"Miss Grey," he began, stretching out his nervous hand, and clasping hers like a vise, "how can I thank you for the comfort and help which you have been to me, and to us all, in these last few days? How can I thank you for your noble devotion to Lilian?"

"I wish for no thanks," answered Meg, smiling brightly. "Lilian is better—she will live, and that is reward enough."

"We have good reason to bless the day when you entered this house."

His look, his tone, embarrassed her exceedingly. She drew hastily back.

"Step within one moment," he said, holding the heavy carved door open, "I wish to speak to you."

Sweet as was his voice upon certain occasions, the ring of authority was always in it. A foreboding of something strange made her hesitate, but he drew her forward. She stood with him inside the boudoir.

Sleet rattled against the plate-glass windows. Without, storm and desolation reigned; within, all was soft color, warmth, fragrance, security, abundance. He came close up to her. On his sallow face was a look which she had never seen before. She cowered involuntarily.

"Miss Grey—Margaret—will you marry me?"

This without warning of any kind. She neither started nor changed color, only stood and stared at him—thunderstruck.

"I think this must be some extraordinary jest," she said, finding voice at last, and drawing up her smooth, proud throat.

"No—a thousand times, no!" he cried, with a great eagerness and passion flaming in his fierce eyes. "Try to comprehend me. I have spoken suddenly, it is true, but why should I delay? I love you—how much, I will not attempt to tell you now. It is enough for me to say that I find myself completely mastered, hopelessly enthralled. I ask you to be my wife."

She could not misunderstand this language. Her heart gave a great, frightened leap. She grew hot, then cold, then tried to speak, but no words would come.

"It has taken but four weeks to bring me to your feet," he continued. "Look at me well, Margaret. I am old enough to be your father. Is it possible for you to love me?"

"I do not know," she answered, frankly. "Heaven forbid that I should deceive you in the least. I do not love you *now*."

He took a turn across the floor.

"That does not discourage me; I can be patient. Love is often a thing of slow growth. Heaven knows I would not have it be to you what it is to me—a fever, an agony. I have wealth in abundance—Miss Grey, judge how desperate my passion must be when I do not scorn to mention money as an inducement for you to listen to me. I can give you the position which you are so well fitted to fill—you were born for luxury and display—born to be worshiped and admired. I wish to ask but one question."

She began to tremble.

"And that is?"

"Are you heart-whole? Do you care for any other more than for me?"

"I am heart-whole. I care for no one."

A passionate fervor kept breaking out through the enforced calm of his voice.

"Thank God! I do not ask for an answer now, Miss Grey. You are agitated—I have been too abrupt. I will give you a week in which to consider the matter. At the end of that time, you will tell me your decision—you will answer me, Yes or No, will you not?"

She stood with downcast eyes, a smart refusal trembling on her lips, but at that moment she heard Danton Moultrie's step outside the door—heard him go down the stair, and the blood flew into her face, her heart beat like a trip-hammer. Her resolution changed as if by magic.

"You will think of what I have said? You will, if possible, decide in my favor?" urged Gerald Fortescue.

"Yes," she answered, involuntarily. "Yes."

He raised her hand to his lips, pressed upon it a kiss that seemed to burn the soft, dimpled flesh, then turned on his heel and left the room.

The week that followed was a strange one in Meg's history. No person in the house or out of it suspected the secret which lay betwixt herself and Judge Fortescue. The latter was a wise man, and neither by word nor look did he betray his passion for this girl. He held aloof from her, he annoyed her with no attentions; he simply awaited her answer with patience and dignity.

Lilian had recovered so far as to lie upon a sofa in becoming invalid attire, and there receive the homage of her lover and of the whole household; but neither her sharp owl-like eyes, nor the dull ones of Aunt Maitland, could detect anything unusual about Miss Grey in these seven days. She sang and read to Lilian, amused her in countless ways, listened unmoved to her foolish raptures concerning her lover, preserved her usual reserved demeanor toward Judge Fortescue, avoided Moultrie upon all occasions, and wore herself out with secret struggles that became sharper and sharper as the week flew on. Night after night, in her luxurious pink-and-white chamber, she tossed sleeplessly upon her pillows, talking in this wise to her own heart:

"Why should I not marry for wealth and position, as

Constance did—as thousands of women do? Why not? I love wealth and all that it brings. I hate poverty and its ills. I have tried struggling with the world, and I find the experience supremely unpleasant. This Gerald Fortescue is what society calls a superb *parti*. I do not love him—what of that? Have I found love so delightful that I should wish to know more of it? I honor, reverence and admire him—he fascinates and interests me more than any man I ever met. In time, I dare say, I shall be deeply enamored of him."

Then another thought, sinister and depressing, would crowd these away. Could she accept the greatness which this rich and honored man would fain thrust upon her, and not reveal her dark secret? Could she marry Gerald Fortescue, and not tell him that she was the daughter of a criminal, who was shut up for life in the stone walls of a prison? No. If she dared to think of accepting his hand she must make up her mind to confess her real name, her disgrace, her felon father. Would his love stand such a test, or was it of a different quality from Danton Moultrie's?

After tormenting herself with these queries one dreary night, she arose from bed, crept to her window, blurred with snow and rain, and turned her face in the direction of the Charlestown district. A shudder shook her from head to foot. Somewhere yonder in the darkness was the big gray prison—she had seen it many times from afar; and there in grated cell to-night slept the man to whom she owed her being, the father she had never seen, the murderer of her mother. Oh, would Colonel Dysart *ever* come to tell her if that horrible charge was true? She stood for a long time staring out into the blank night, and shivering with dread foreboding; then returned to her pillow and fell asleep, to dream of the portrait in Judge Fortescue's bedchamber—the beautiful, sad face which had looked at her with her own eyes.

So the days passed.

The seventh came—that fateful one which was to decide Meg's future. She trembled, in spite of herself, as she looked out on its early sunshine.

At the late breakfast no judge appeared.

"Papa has been called from town on important business," remarked Lilian, carelessly. "Aunt Maitland says he will not return till night."

Meg drew a breath of relief. It was a sort of respite. For hours she devoted herself to the convalescent—brought her a basket of flowers which Danton Moultrie had left at the door, sang her favorite songs, dined with her at an early hour, read her to sleep, and then went to Aunt Maitland for permission to go out for a walk.

"I have lately learned that a friend of mine is in the city," she explained. "I wish to see her."

Aunt Maitland surveyed her coldly.

"How pale and nervous you look to-day," she said, with a touch of malice. "One would think you had something preying on your mind. Well, go, and return as soon as possible, for if Lilian awakes and finds you out of sight she will be heart-broken."

Meg dressed with speed, and set her face toward that quiet South End street whereon Miss Prue Leith lived with her talented brother, Robin.

The crisp, bracing air sent the healthy blood bounding through her veins. She was a good walker, and it was not long before she stood at the door of the Leiths, and was ushered into the warm, bright parlor, where Miss Prue sat sewing upon some strange, dress-reform garments. At sight of Meg the old spinster dropped her work, took one mighty stride forward, and with a great cry, snatched the girl to her heart.

"My dear, my dear! Have you come, at last? For two mortal weeks I have been waiting for this. Dreadful child! I do not know whether to kiss or scold you."

Two soft arms strangled further words. Meg's cheek was upon hers, Meg's eyes were laughing through quick tears.

"As you like, dear Miss Prue—it is all one to me, only permit me to tell you how happy I am to see you once more."

They sat down together. There were many questions for each to ask and answer. Miss Prue took off her visitor's hat, and eyed her with keen interest.

"Humph!" she said, dryly. "I wonder that Rob did not tell me how handsome you had grown. To be as close-mouthed as an oyster may be good in the law, but it is highly exasperating in private life. And so you are called Miss Grey now?" She shook her head. "I do not like that. Let us hope no evil may come of it."

The door of Robin Leith's study chanced to be closed. A loud whine was suddenly heard in that direction—an impatient bark. Miss Prue turned the knob, and lo! a big black dog came bounding into the parlor, and leaped upon Meg like a whirlwind. She cried out, in glad surprise:

"Oh, Miss Prue! where did you find him?"

"I suppose the colonel's servants must have cast him adrift. At any rate, Rob went down to Blackhaven one day, and there was the poor brute, wandering half-starved about the streets, with no owner, and all the ragamuffins of the town casting stones at him. Rob brought him home, and we've kept him ever since."

Meg looked at the sleek proportions of her old playfellow, who was fawning upon her as if his dumb heart could not contain his joy, and tears rushed anew to her eyes.

"How kind of Rob—I mean, Mr. Leith. He told me that I would find a friend residing with you." She caressed the dog fondly. "How good it seems to see the poor fellow again! Castor, Castor! do you remember Gull Beach, and the sands and the sea-birds, and the dear old garden at Beach Hall?"

He barked his joyful assent. Miss Prue looked on grimly.

"Will your brother keep him?" queried Meg, her voice full of unconscious appeal.

"He will, my dear. He has grown very fond of the brute."

"Thank him, for me. Dear Miss Prue, were you angry because I left you so suddenly at Blackhaven? Did I seem ungrateful? My very heart was breaking that night. I could not trust myself to say farewell."

Miss Prue went to a cabinet in a corner, took out a box containing the jewels which Meg had left behind in her flight, and, with an expressive toss of the head, placed them on the girl's lap.

"There they are, my dear. Did you think I would keep them? I cried over the trinkets, and at the same time I could have boxed your ears with right good will. Now tell me truly, are you happy with those grand Fortescues?"

"Very," answered Meg, gazing ruefully at her recovered treasures.

"Are you going to marry the judge?"

Miss Prue never beat about the bush, but put her questions boldly. Her visitor colored.

"I have not yet decided," she answered, with a forced laugh.

"His infatuation for you is apparent to everybody—Rob told me that. Be wise, my dear. Don't marry one

man to spite another, and that other a prospective son-in-law, too, who will be before you constantly—a thorn in your flesh. No, no! it would be simply idiotic. By-the-way, has Judge Fortescue no wit, that he gives his only daughter to that Southern fortune-hunter, adventurer, deceiver—he is all these in one, I take it."

Meg smiled scornfully.

"Your question is too hard for me to answer. Not by so much as a hair's breadth can Danton Moultrie influence any decision, great or small, of mine."

Miss Prue's keen eyes seemed to grow keener yet.

"Quite right. Well, never marry a man for his money or social standing, child. 'Riches take to themselves wings and fly away,' and 'Great names from their place fall fast.' It's the most risky thing that a woman can do."

Meg lowered her handsome eyes.

"I am a very worldly creature, Miss Prue," she answered, dryly. "I have a taste for luxury and the pleasant things of life. Poverty, obscurity, I detest."

"Pleasant things may sometimes be bought at too high a price," warned Miss Prue. "'The game is not always worth the candle.' Something tells me that you ought not to give a thought to this man, who must be more than twice your years."

"Dear Miss Prue, let us talk upon a more agreeable subject—Woman's Suffrage, for instance. I can stay but a little while, and if you are cross to me, I shall not dare to come again. We will discuss the learned judge at some future day."

"Very well," said Miss Prue; and the conversation changed at once.

For an hour or more Meg sat with her old friend; then she arose to go.

"Miss Fortescue will miss me," she said, hastily. "Good-by, Miss Prue, I will see you again soon."

And in the gathering twilight, she left the South End house and turned homeward.

At every step the secret struggle in her heart seemed to wax fiercer and fiercer.

"Shall I marry him?—shall I not?" she queried of herself, again and again. "If I refuse, I cannot remain longer under his roof; I shall be forced to return to Madame Modiste's workroom. Can I do that? No, I cannot!"

The day was fading fast. Lights began to flash out on the dark side of the street. Troops of people passed her—rosy schoolgirls, anxious-faced workwomen, children of wealth and children of poverty. She walked mechanically forward, looking not to the right hand nor to the left. One thought alone consoled her: Judge Fortescue was out of town; he might not return to-night. Her decision, perhaps, would not be called for till the morrow. She began to breathe more freely.

Suddenly a carriage rumbled along the street, and stopped near her. The door flew open, and a tall dark man sprang out upon the sidewalk. Judge Fortescue himself! Her heart gave a great bound.

"I saw you from the window," he said, quickly. "Why are you alone, and on foot? Where have you been? Whither are you going?"

His manner was full of repressed excitement. He spoke as if he was already her master. She knew that the hour had arrived which was to decide her fate.

"I have been to visit a friend a few blocks away," she answered; "I preferred to go alone, and walking is a favorite exercise of mine."

"Allow me to assist you into the carriage. I am going directly home. How fortunate that I should have met you!"

Was it fortunate? He assisted her into the vehicle, and took a seat beside her. The coachman drove on.

A few moments of silence. His eyes dwelt fixedly on her drooping face, then he reached and covered her gloved hand with his own. An unspeakable sweetness and tenderness thrilled through his voice.

"Margaret, have you thought of me, as you promised?"

She began to tremble. Somehow, she felt like wax in this man's hold. She nodded, silently.

"Tell me, is it Yes, or No?"

Dizzy and frightened, she tried to withdraw her hand, but he held it fast. He leaned toward her.

"I do not love you," she faltered.

"You will learn to do so in time."

"It is more than probable that I shall not make you happy."

"I will take that risk, and all others. I ask for but one word—Yes, or No, darling."

She hesitated, dragged her face aside; then, in a voice scarcely audible, even to him, Meg answered: "*Yes.*"

(*To be continued.*)

THE VESTAL TUCCIA.

This picture, by Monsieur Le Roux, has been recently exhibited in England, and attracted no little attention. Its subject is chosen from an anecdote recorded by Valerius Maximus, a Latin author of the time of Tiberius Cæsar, who wrote nine books "Of Memorable Doings and Sayings."

In a chapter "De Judiciis Publicis," he relates several instances of a miracle being vouchsafed by the deities of Old Rome to attest the truth and virtue of their official worshipers. The Temple of Vesta, of which any visitor to Rome can now see the remaining structure, is a circular building, with twenty surrounding Corinthian columns. But there was another and more ancient Temple of Vesta, founded by Numa Pompilius, which stood in the Via Sacra, where the Vestal virgins, a nunnery of consecrated girls from the noblest patrician families, preserved ever burning the sacred fire, emblematic of the divine sanctities of home life.

The sin of breaking their vow of perpetual chastity was to be punished, as romance-writers have fabled of the nuns of the medieval Catholic Church, with the dreadful doom of being buried alive. There was once, it is said, a Vestal virgin named Tuccia, who was falsely accused of that kind of frailty. The popular assembly before which she was publicly denounced and condemned had already voted by acclamation that she should instantly be put to death.

Suddenly, when the executioners were about to lead her away, a cloud of mist fell upon the innocent maiden's figure, and concealed her from their view. She was immediately absolved, and relieved from peril of the judicial sentence.

But this did not satisfy her indignant sense of conscious purity, which demanded a more distinct vindication.

Stepping forth out of the cloud, she lifted her eyes and hands to heaven, loudly praying the goddess to give a manifest sign that Tuccia was not unfaithful. She caught up an ordinary sieve lying at hand, exclaiming:

"Oh, Vesta! if the hands I have used in thy service have been ever pure, help me now to take up in this sieve the water of the Tiber, and carry it to thy temple!"

And so it was, says the Roman historian, "rerum ipsa natura cessit."

She bore the sieve to the banks of the Tiber, there filled it with water, and safely carried it to the feet of the

Pontiff, who acknowledged the miraculous offering, and directed her to pour it out as a libation to Vesta.

The people of Rome, after a moment of pious and joyful exultation, decreed that the accuser of Tuccia should be put to death in her stead. But a new miracle had snatched him away from where he had just before stood, hurried off invisibly to some place of eternal torment in the regions below. Such was the solemn faith of ancient republican Rome before it was infected with Greek intellectual skepticism.

The French artist of our own day has certainly drawn a graceful figure in a picturesque attitude, with scenery which those who have visited Rome may at once recognize; and the story of the sieve is told in his picture, and is repeated in our engraving.

MARY BRAND.

ONE fine sunny evening in April of 1847, when the cottonwoods on the banks of the Arkansas began to put forth their buds, three white-tilted Conostoga wagons emerged from the timbered bottom of the river, and rumbled slowly over the prairie, in the direction of the Platte's waters. Each wagon was drawn by eight oxen, and contained a portion of the farming implements and household utensils of the Brand family. The teams were driven by the young boys, the men following in the rear with shouldered rifles—old Brand himself, mounted on an Indian horse, leading the advance. The women were safely housed under the wagon-tilts, and out of the first the mild face of Mary Brand smiled adieu to many of her old companions, who had accompanied them thus far, and now wished them "God-speed" on their long journey.

Some mountaineers galloped up, dressed in buckskin, and gave them rough greeting, warning the men to keep their "eyes skinned," and look out for the Arrapahoes, who were out on the waters of the Platte.

Presently all retired, and then the huge wagons and the little company were rolling on their solitary way through the deserted prairies, passing the first of the many thousand miles which lay between them and the "setting sun," as the Indians style the distant regions of the far West. And on, without casting a look behind him, doggedly marched old Brand, followed by his sturdy family.

They made but a few miles that evening, for the first day the *start* is all that is effected, and nearly the whole morning is taken up in getting fairly under way. The loose stock had been sent off earlier, for they had been collected and corraled the previous night, and, after a twelve hours' fast, it was necessary they should reach the end of the day's journey betimes.

They found the herd grazing in the bottom of the Arkansas, at a point previously fixed upon for their first camp. Here the oxen were unyoked, the wagons drawn up so as to form the three sides of a small square, and the evening meal was prepared.

The women were sadly down-hearted, as well they might be, with the dreary prospect before them; and poor Mary, when she saw the Mormon encampment shut out from her sight by the rolling bluffs, could not divest herself of the idea that she had looked for the last time on civilized fellow-creatures, and fairly burst into tears.

In the morning the heavy wagons rolled on again across the upland prairies, to strike the trail used by the traders in passing from the South Fork of the Platte to the Arkansas. They had for guide a Canadian *voyageur*, who knew the route well, and had agreed to pilot them to Fort Lancaster on the North Fork of the Platte.

Their course led for about thirty miles up the Boiling Spring River, whence they pursued a northeasterly course to the dividing ridge which separates the waters of the Platte and the Arkansas. Their progress was slow, for the ground was saturated with wet, and exceedingly heavy for the cattle, and they scarcely advanced more than ten miles a day.

At the camp-fire at night, Antoine, the Canadian guide, amused them with tales of the wild life and perilous adventures of the hunters and trappers who make the mountains their home.

Mary listened with the greater interest, since she remembered that such was the life which had been led by one very dear to her—by one, long supposed to be dead, of whom she had never but once, since his departure, nearly fifteen years before, heard a syllable. Her imagination pictured him as the bravest and most daring of these adventurous hunters, and conjured up his figure charging through the midst of whooping savages, or stretched on the ground perishing from wounds, or cold, or famine.

Among the characters who figured in Antoine's stories, a hunter named La Bonte was made conspicuous for deeds of hardiness and daring. The first mention of the name caused the blood to rush to Mary's face; not that she for a moment imagined it was *her* La Bonte, for she knew the name was a common one; but, associated with feelings which she had never got the better of, it recalled a sad epoch in her former life, to which she could not look back without mingled pain and pleasure.

Once only, and about two years after his departure, had she ever received tidings of her former lover. A mountaineer had returned from the far West to settle in his native State, and had found his way to the neighborhood of old Brand's farm. Meeting him by accident, Mary, hearing him speak of the mountain-hunters, had inquired tremblingly after La Bonte.

Her informant knew him well, had trapped in company with him, and had heard at the trading-fort, whence he had taken his departure for the settlements, that La Bonte had been killed on the Yellowstone by Blackfeet, which report was confirmed by some Indians of that nation.

Now, upon hearing the name of La Bonte so often mentioned by Antoine, a vague hope was raised in her breast that he was still alive, and she took an opportunity of questioning the Canadian closely on the spot.

"Who was this La Bonte, Antoine, who, you say, was so brave a mountaineer?" she asked, one day.

"J'ne sais pas; he vas un beau garçon, and strong comme le diable—enfant de garce, mais he pas not care a dam for les sauvages, pe gar. He shoot de centare avec his carabine, and ride de cheval comme one Comanche. He trap heap castor (what you call beevare), and get plenty dollare—mais he open hand vare wide—and got none, too. Den he hont vid de Blackfeet and avec de Cheyenne, and all round de montagnes he hont dam sight."

"But, Antoine, what became of him at last? Why did he not come home, when he made so many dollars?" asked poor Mary.

"Enfant de garce, mais pourquoi he come home? Pe gar, de montagne-man, he love de montagne and prairie more better dan he love de grandes villes—meme

de St. Louis ou de Montreal. Wagh! La Bonte, well, he one montagne-man, wagh! He love de buffalo and de chevreau plus que de bœuf and de mouton, maybe. Mais on dit dat he have autre raison—dat de gal he lofe in Missouri not lofe him, and for dis he not go back. Mais now he go ondare, m' on dit. He vas go to de Californe, maybe to steal de hoss and de mule—pe gar, and de Espagnols rub him out, and take his hair, so he mort."

"But are you sure of this?" she asked, trembling with grief.

"Ah, now, J'ne suis pas sûr, mais I tink you know dis La Bonte. Enfant de garce, maybe you de gal in Missouri he lofe, and not lofe him. Pe gar! 'fant de garce, fort beau garçon, dis La Bonte, pourquoi you ne l'aimez pas? Maybe he not gone ondare. Maybe he turn op, autrefois. De trappares, dey go ondare tree, four, ten time, mais dey turn op twenty time. De sauvage not able for kill La Bonte, ni de dam Espagnols. Ah, non! ne craignez pas; pe gar, he not gone ondare, encore."

Spite of the good-natured attempts of the Canadian, poor Mary burst into a flood of tears; not that the information took her unawares, for she had long believed him dead, but because the very mention of his name awoke the strongest feelings within her breast, and taught her how deep was the affection she had felt for him whose loss and violent fate she now bewailed.

As the wagons of the lone caravan roll on toward the Platte, we will return to a camp where La Bonte, Killbuck and a stranger are sitting before the fire. Said Killbuck:

"The doin's of them Mormon fools can't be beat by Spaniards, stranger. Their mummums and thummums you speak of won't 'shine' whar Injuns are about, nor pint out a trail whar nothin' crossed but rattlesnakes since fust it snowed on old Pike's Peak. If they pack along them *profits*, as you tell of, who can make it rain hump-ribs and marrow-guts when the crowd gets out of the buffler range, they are some, now, that's a fact. But this child don't believe it. I'd laugh to get a sight of these darned Mormonites, I would. They're no account, I guess; and it's the meanest kind of action to haul their women critters and their young uns to sech a starving country as the Californys."

"They're not all Mormons in the crowd," said the strange hunter; "and there's one family among them with some smartish boys and girls, I tell you. Their name's Brand."

La Bonte looked up from the lock of his rifle, which he was cleaning, but either didn't hear, or, hearing, didn't heed, for he continued his work.

"And they are going to part company," continued the stranger, "and put out alone for Platte and the South Pass."

"They'll lose their hair, I'm thinking," said Killbuck, "if the 'Rapahoes are out thar."

"I hope not," continued the other, "for there's a girl among them worth more than that."

"Poor beaver!" said La Bonte, looking up from his work. "I'd hate to see any white gal in the hands of Injuns, and of 'Rapahoes worse than all. Where does she come from, stranger?"

"Down below St. Louis; from Tennessee, I've heard them say."

"Tennessee!" cried La Bonte; "hurrah for the old State! What's her name, stran——"

At this moment Killbuck's old mule pricked her ears and snuffed the air, which action catching La Bonte's eye, he rose abruptly, and exclaimed:

"The old mule smells Injuns, or I'm a Spaniard!"

The hunter did the old mule justice, and she well maintained her reputation as the best "guard" in the mountain; for in two minutes an Indian stalked into the camp, dressed in a cloth capote, and in odds and ends of civilized attire.

"'Rapaho!" cried Killbuck, as soon as he saw him; and the Indian, catching the word, struck his hand upon his breast, and exclaimed, in broken Spanish and English mixed:

"Si, si, me Arrapaho, white man amigo. Come from Pueblo—hunt cibola—me gun break—*no peudo matar nada: mucha hambra* (very hungry)—heap eat."

Killbuck offered his pipe to the Indian, and spoke to him in his own language, which both he and La Bonte well understood. They learned that he was married to a Mexican woman, and lived with some hunters at the Pueblo fort on the Arkansas. He volunteered the information that a war party of his people were out on the Platte trail to intercept the Indian traders on their return from the North Fork; and as some Mormons had just started in that direction, he said his people would make a "raise." Being muy amigo himself to the whites, he cautioned his present companions from crossing to the "divide," as the "braves," he said, were a "heap" mad, and their hearts were "big," and nothing in the shape of white skin would live before them.

"Wagh!" exclaimed Killbuck, "the 'Rapahoes know me, I'm thinking; and small gain they've made against this child. I've knowed the time when my gun-cover couldn't hold more of their scalps."

The Indian was provided with some powder, of which he stood in need; and, after gorging as much meat as his capacious stomach would hold, he left the camp, and started into the mountain.

The next day our hunters started on their journey down the river, traveling leisurely, and stopping whenever good grass presented itself. One morning they suddenly struck a wheel-trail, which left the creek-banks and pursued a course at right angles to it, in the direction of the "divide." Killbuck pronounced it but a few hours old, and that of three wagons drawn by oxen.

"Wagh!" he exclaimed, "if them poor devils of Mormons ain't going head first into the 'Rapaho trap! they'll be gone beaver afore long."

"Ay," said the strange hunter, "these are the wagons belonging to old Brand, and he has started alone for Laramie. I hope nothing will happen to them."

"Brand!" muttered La Bonte. "I knowed that name mighty well once, years ago, and should hate the worst kind that mischief happened to any one who bore it. This trail's as fresh as paint; and it goes against me to let these simple critters help the 'Rapahoes to their own hair. This child feels like helping 'em out of the scrape. What do you say, old hoss?"

"I thinks with you, boy," answered Killbuck, "and go in for following this wagon-trail, and telling the poor critters that thar's danger ahead of them. What's your talk, stranger?"

"I go with you," shortly answered the latter.

Meanwhile the three wagons containing the household goods of the Brand family, rumbled slowly over the rolling prairie, and toward the upland ridge of the "divide."

They traveled with considerable caution, for already the quick eye of Antoine had discovered recent Indian signs upon the trail, and, with mountain quickness, had at once made it out to be that of a war-party. The men were consequently all mounted and thoroughly armed, the wagons moved in a line abreast, and a sharp lookout was kept on all sides.

However, they had seen no Indians, and no fresh sign, for two days after they had left the Boiling Spring River, and they began to think they were well out of their neighborhood.

One evening they camped on a creek called Black Horse, and, as usual, had corraled the wagons and forted as well as circumstances would permit, when three or four Indians suddenly appeared on a bluff at a little distance, and, making signals of peaceable intentions, approached.

Most of the men were absent at the time, attending to the cattle or collecting fuel, and only old Brand and one of his young grandchildren, about fourteen years old, remained in camp.

The Indians were hospitably received, and regaled with a smoke, after which they began to evince their curiosity by examining every article lying about, and signifying their wishes that it should be given to them.

Finding their hints were not taken, they laid hold of several things which took their fancies, and, among others, of the pot which was boiling on the fire, with which one of them was about very coolly to walk off, when old Brand, who up to this moment had retained possession of his temper, seized it out of the Indian's hand and knocked him down.

One of the others instantly began to draw the buckskin cover from his gun, and would no doubt have taken summary vengeance for the insult offered to his companion, when Mary Brand courageously stepped up to him, and placing her left hand upon the gun which he was in the act of uncovering, with the other pointed a pistol at his breast.

Whether daunted by the bold act of the girl, or admiring her devotion to her father, the Indian drew himself back, exclaimed "Howgh!" and drew the cover again on his piece, went up to old Brand, who was all this time looking him sternly in the face, and, shaking him by the hand, motioned at the same time to the others to be peaceable.

The other whites presently coming into camp, the Indians sat quietly down by the fire, and, when the supper was ready, joined in the repast, after which they gathered their buffalo-robes about them and quietly withdrew.

Meanwhile Antoine, knowing the treacherous character of the savages, advised that the greatest precaution should be taken to secure the stock; and before dark, therefore, all the mules and horses were hobbled and secured within the corral, the oxen being allowed to feed at liberty—for the Indians carcely care to trouble themselves with such cattle. A guard was set over the camp, and relieved every two hours; the fire was extinguished, lest the savages should aim, by its light, at any of the party, and all slept with rifles ready at their sides.

However, the night passed quietly, and nothing disturbed the tranquility of the camp. Shortly after sunrise, they were in the act of yoking the oxen to the wagons, and driving in the loose animals which had been turned out to feed at daybreak, when some Indians again appeared on the bluff, and descending it, confidently approached the camp. Antoine strongly advised their not being allowed to enter, but Brand, ignorant of Indian treachery, replied that so long as they came as friends they could not be deemed enemies, and allowed no obstruction to be offered to their approach.

Six or seven first arrived, and others quickly followed, dropping in one after the other, until a score or more were collected round the wagons. Their demeanor, at first friendly, soon changed as their numbers increased, and they now became urgent in their demands for powder and lead, and bullying in their manner

A chief accosted Brand, and, through Antoine, informed him "that, unless the demands of his braves were acceded to, he could not be responsible for the consequences; that all they required was that they should give up their guns and ammunition, and their mules and horses—retaining the 'medicine buffaloes' (oxen) to draw their wagons."

By this time the oxen were yoked, and the teamsters, whip in hand, only waited the word to start. Old Brand foamed while the Indian stated his demands; but, hearing him to the end, exclaimed:

"Darn the red devil! I wouldn't give him a grain of powder to save my life! Put out, boys!" and, turning to his horse, which stood ready saddled, was about to mount, when the Indians sprang at once upon the wagons, and commenced the attack, yelling like fiends.

One jumped upon old Brand, pulled him back as he was rising in the stirrup, and drew his bow upon him at the same moment.

In an instant the old backwoodsman pulled a pistol from his belt, and, putting the muzzle to the Indian's heart, shot him dead. Another Indian, flourishing his war-club, laid the old man at his feet, while some dragged the women from the wagons, and others rushed upon the men, who made brave fight in their defense.

Mary, when she saw her father struck to the ground, sprang with a shrill cry to his assistance, for at that moment a savage, frightful as red paint could make him, was standing over his prostrate body, brandishing a glittering knife in the air, preparatory to thrusting it into the old man's breast.

For the rest, all was confusion. In vain the small party of whites struggled against overpowering numbers. Their rifles cracked but once, and they were quickly disarmed, while the shrieks of the women and children, and the loud yells of the Indians, added to the scene of horror and confusion.

As Mary flew to her father's side, an Indian threw his lasso at her, the noose falling over her shoulders, and, jerking it tight, he uttered a delighted yell as the poor girl was thrown back violently to the ground.

The girl rose to her knees, and looked wildly toward the spot where her father lay, bathed in blood; but the Indian pulled the rope violently, dragged her some yards upon the ground, and then rushed with a yell of vengeance upon his victim.

He paused, however, as at that moment a shout as fierce as his own sounded at his very ear, and, looking up, he saw La Bonte galloping madly down the bluff, his long hair and the fringes of his hunting-shirt and leggins flying in the wind, his right arm supporting his trusty rifle, while close behind him came Killbuck and the stranger.

Dashing with loud hurrahs to the scene of action, La Bonte, as he charged down the bluff, caught sight of the girl struggling in the hands of the ferocious Indian.

In a single instant he was upon the Indian, and, thrusting the muzzle of his rifle into his very breast, he pulled the trigger, driving the savage backward by the blow itself, at the same moment that the bullet passed through his heart, and tumbled him over stone dead.

Throwing down his rifle, La Bonte wheeled his obedient horse, and, drawing a pistol from his belt, again charged the enemy, among whom Killbuck and the stranger were dealing death-giving blows.

Yelling for victory, the mountaineers rushed at the Indians; and they, panic-struck at the sudden attack, and thinking this was but the advance guard of a large band, fairly turned and fled, leaving five of their number dead upon the field.

Mary, shutting her eyes to the expected death-stroke,

heard the loud shout La Bonte gave in charging down the bluff, and again looking up, saw the wild-looking mountaineer rush to her rescue, and save her from the savage by his timely blow. Her arms were still pinioned by the lasso, which prevented her from rising to her feet; and La Bonte was the first to run to aid her, as soon as the fight was over. He raised her from the ground, and, upon her turning up her face to thank him, beheld his never-to-be-forgotten Mary Brand; while she, scarcely believing her senses, recognized in her deliverer her former lover, and still beloved, La Bonte.

"What, Mary, can it be you?" he asked, looking intently upon the trembling woman.

MARY BRAND.—"MARY BRAND COURAGEOUSLY STEPPED UP TO HIM, AND, PLACING HER LEFT HAND UPON THE GUN WHICH HE WAS IN THE ACT OF UNCOVERING, WITH THE OTHER POINTED A PISTOL AT HIS BREAST."—SEE PAGE 461.

"La Bonte, you don't forget me?" she answered, and threw herself sobbing into his arms.

There we will leave them for the present, and help Killbuck and his five companions to examine the killed and wounded. Of the former, five Indians and two whites lay dead, the latter grandchildren of old Brand, fine lads of fourteen or fifteen, who had fought with great bravery.

Old Brand had received a sore buffet, but a hatful of cold water sprinkled over his face soon restored him.

Silently and with sad hearts, the survivors of the family saw the bodies of the two boys buried on the river-bank, and the spot marked with a pile of loose stones procured from the rocky bed of the creek.

The next day the party continued their course to the Platte. Antoine and the stranger returned to the Arkansas, starting in the night to avoid the Indians; but Killbuck and La Bonte lent the aid of their rifles to the solitary caravan, and, under their experienced guidance, no more Indian perils were encountered.

Mary no longer sat perched up in her father's Conostoga, but rode a quiet mustang by La Bonte's side; and no doubt they found a theme with which to while away the monotonous journey over the dreary plains.

South Fork was passed, and Laramie was reached. The Sweet-water Mountains, which hang over the pass to California, were long since in sight; but when the waters of the North Fork of Platte lay before their horses' feet, and the broad trail was pointed out which led to the great Valley of Columbia and their promised land, the heads of the oxen were turned *down* the stream, where the shallow waters flow on to join the great Missouri, and not *up* toward the mountains.

The teamsters joyfully cracked their whips as the wagons rolled lightly down the Platte; and men, women and children waved their hats and bonnets in the air, and cried out lustily, "Hurrah for home!"

La Bonte and his faithful Mary were married soon afterward. La Bonte gave up his wandering life, and settled in Tennessee.

BINLEY AND "46."

By Bret Harte.

Upon Wasatch's peaks of snow,
  Night holds illimitable sway,
Where but a single hour ago
The crags and chasms, high and low,
  Resplendent shone with day.

From out the sky no star-ray shines
  Upon the awful solitude;
While moaning thro' the tossing pines,
  Like some unquiet spirit's brood,
The winds sweep to and fro,
  And seem in saddened mood
To breathe a wail of woe.

At first they only sighed,
  But now they moan and sob;
And since the eventide
  Their maddened pulses throb
In quicker, faster flow,
  As their fleeting footsteps glide
O'er the cold expanse of snow.

And all the upper air
  Is filled with drifting clouds,
While fiends that revel there
  Are weaving shifting shrouds;
Tossing in endless whirl,
  They reel in goblin mirth,
And then the shrouds they hurl
  On tempest's wings to earth.

* * * *

'Twas 'leven o'clock near Bridger's Gap,
  In a station that swayed in the tempest's sweep,
Where a lightning-jerker enjoyed his nap,
  When a call from the Cañon broke his sleep,
And he caught the words from the subtle clicks,
"Send Binley down here with 46."

Soon Binley had mounted his iron steed,
And the fires of the furnace glowed again,
As the ponderous monster devoured its feed,
And rolled from the side-track on to the main.
Out on the night where the snowflakes fell,
Out where the blasts of the tempests roar,
Binley shouted his friend farewell,
As he opened the throttle-valve one notch more.

Then over the winding track he sped,
Where the pathway with chasms and crags was lined;
The glare of his great light gleamed ahead,
And the snow like a bride's vail streamed behind,
And soon the sound of the clanking steel
Was drowned in the echoes from hill to hill;
He felt the engine sway and reel,
But the throttle went one notch further still.

And down the grade like a courser fleet,
Plunging through mountains of drifted snow,
The engine plows through the crusts of sleet,
And hurls a thousand feet below
The ponderous masses that block its way;
Throws them far to the left and right,
Into the black oblivious night,
To reach the Cañons by break of day.

And now old Binley feels the thrill
That the soldier feels when he meets his foe;
He opens the throttle-valve wider still,
And his furnace burns with a fiercer glow,
As the piston flashes in faster stroke;
But firm as a rock stands the engineer,
And in his honest old heart of oak
There beats not the slightest pulse of fear.

But soon the engine is running slower,
Though its pathway lies on a level grade;
And then a tremor comes stealing o'er
Binley's hand on the throttle laid.
There's a slacking-up of the driving-wheel,
While the engine struggles with human will;
Then slowly ceases the clank of steel,
And the panting monster is standing still.

Thicker and faster the drifting snow
Throws round its victim its winding-sheet,
And quenches the glare of the headlight's glow,
As Binley mutters, "I give up beat."

* * * * *

Next morning a snow-plow forced its way
To the spot where the buried engine lay;
They hewed a path through the frozen crust,
And then was the ghastly story told:
There sat Binley beside his trust,
With his hand on the throttle-valve, stiff and cold.

OUR DISASTER.

By Eleanor Grantham.

It began with a Summer boarder. Fan came home from the village one day with a *Herald* in her hand and a look in the black eyes suggestive of mischief.

Bess and I were sitting on the back porch, with a great bowl of June strawberries between us, which we were pulling and talking over in leisure, Summer-day fashion. Bess always reminds me of June and strawberries herself, with her sunny hair, sweet voice and wonderfully tinted face, making one think of everything delicious at a glance.

Presently we heard a great chattering in the girls' room overhead, interspersed with peals of laughter in Fan's clear treble, and certain little taps on the floor, that I know proceed from Belle's *heel* whenever she is mirthfully affected.

Now, Bess and Fan are my lawful nieces and charges, toward whom I have endeavored to do my duty faithfully for the last ten years, and we have lived on together at the Mill House in happiness and content.

Every Summer Belle Ramsay comes up from the city for a month or two. She is their cousin and a favorite with the girls, always in the spirit of Fan's frolics, or ready to join in Bess's sober fun.

The two girls came down the back stairs presently and out into the porch.

"Aunty, let's take the Summer boarder."

That was what Fan said, seating herself leisurely in one of the great porch-chairs. She was getting tired of the long, quiet days, and wanted a sensation.

I had proposed the very same thing myself early in the season—a Summer boarder. We had so much room, and it seemed a pity to shut up the great, pleasant front chamber, when there were so many who needed and would be glad of the rest we could give them in Milton.

But the girls had routed the idea on the spot. A boarder, a nobody knew who, to lounge about all Summer, and spoil things generally! There were the Harts, who took one last Summer—a professor from Boston, who talked about *eons* and transcendentalism and the primitive state of man, till the whole family were bordering on insanity.

So I had given up the idea without another word, closing the front room, with a little sigh for the unknown person that the girls had vetoed out of a Summer rest in the Mill House.

I looked up with an amazed face when Fan said:

"Aunty, let's take the Summer boarder!"

"Why, Fan Lovell, what on earth are you talking about?" Bess asked, with wide eyes. "A boarder! You, that wouldn't hear of such a thing a month ago! I remember you said if aunty did take one you'd board out yourself!"

And Bess dropped her hands in a bewildered way, and waited for Fan to defend herself.

"Oh, it's easily explained. You see, *eons* and transcendentalism have lost their terrors for her since she's heard the Harts are going to try it again this year, and that Sadie Hart's going to marry the professor who nearly drove her mad last Summer. At any rate, there was method in that girl's madness!" and Belle's laugh was so infectious that we all joined.

"But we mightn't be so fortunate, Fan. Ours might be a searcher after buried vestiges of mankind, and wear blue glasses, and carry a dark lantern, and a satchel of bones and skulls, which he would be always leaving in the hall for some of us to stumble over in the dark. *That* would most likely be our luck!" and Bess made up a little mouth and shuddered.

"If you'll give me the ghost of a chance, I'll explain," Fan said, leisurely fanning herself with her ruffled apron. "I didn't want a boarder, and I shouldn't now if there was any life in Milton this Summer; but such a sleepy place as it is! There hasn't been one pincic or excursion this season, and here it's the last of June! The Howards and the Wiltons are off for the mountains to-morrow, and all the rest of the people went last week. So the inmates of the Mill House may settle down for a two months' sleep, or else—take a Summer boarder!"

And Fan emphasized the last four words in a manner that plainly showed the desperation of our condition.

"But where can we find one?" I ventured. "Advertise? It's rather late, isn't it?"

"And—and supposing it shouldn't be nice?" Bess put in, with a dubious look in the eyes.

"*It!*" Belle laughed. "Well, dear me, we'll try to find something a trifle more definite—a he or a she, to say the least—so don't worry. And there isn't any need to advertise," turning to me. "Fan's found the person, and I've written to him."

Well, this was getting a boarder with a rush. I caught my breath and looked at Fan. She was drawing the *Herald* from her pocket, slowly.

Running her finger down the column of "Wants," she at last paused, and read, in a clear voice:

"'WANTED—In a pleasant mountainous locality, board for a single gentleman during the months of July and August, in a quiet private family, without children. No other boarders. Address V. Gabriel, P. O. Box 1000, N. Y.'

"*That's* the person!" announced Fan, folding up the paper deliberately. "V. Gabriel will be our Summer boarder in less than a week, unless he objects to the particulars in Belle's letter!" and both girls went off into a peal of laughter.

"My goodness! girls, I don't see anything to laugh at in that way," I finally interrupted. "What has Belle written? I sha'n't let you do anything ridiculous. If we decide to take a boarder, it must be settled in a proper fashion."

"Now, aunty, of course we don't mean to do anything ridiculous! It's a splendid letter, and holds out all the desired inducements to Mr. Gabriel, only I can't help smiling to think how—how——" and here she went off again, to my growing consternation.

"Come, come—order!" and Belle waved a sheet of note-paper, and waited to begin her reading. "It's plainly to be seen that V. Gabriel, whoever he may be, is peaceably inclined. A deep student, probably, who is seeking for country retirement. This is the place for him, and here are the inducements:

"'*Four maiden ladies*, residing near the beautiful village of Milton, have seen the advertisement of Mr. Gabriel, and are able to offer him all the inducements of a pleasant, quiet home, in a mountainous locality, for the two months named. No children, and no other boarders.'

"There! if that doesn't bring rest to the soul of Mr. Gabriel! Four maiden ladies! He'll have delightful visions of ghost-like spinsters stalking about in noiseless slippers, each utterly subdued under the crushing weight of some early affliction. Now, Miss Lovell, state your terms; give him directions for getting here, and then we girls 'll go into training until his arrival."

The girls had evidently taken the whole matter out of my hands, and I hadn't made up my mind whether to be provoked or amused, when Bess gave her opinion with a disgusted little shrug of the shoulders.

"Well, I hope you'll get all the fun out of it you expect, but I am disgusted. I thought Fan wanted a boarder because Milton was so dull this Summer. A nice person you've selected to liven it up—a man that particularly requests quiet. Very likely he'll turn out to be a gay beau of sixty, with a gouty foot, and you two will develop into nurses. Ugh! Maybe he'll be something worse—a desire for seclusion looks bad. V. Gabriel. V. for Villainous, I suppose."

"V. for Vanquished, I guess, when he beholds the four maiden ladies. Mercy! Fan, when he hears you laugh, he'll be a mere skeleton in a week. But you needn't have anything to do with him, Bess—Fan and I consider him our especial property, by right of discovery. 'Our thoughts will be of him by day, and our dreams upon the pillow,'" Belle hummed, in a plaintively tender voice.

"Oh, you needn't be afraid of any competition. I assure you. I'm going to vacate the field entirely. Fortunately, you see, I promised to spend two or three weeks with the Fieldings this Summer. I'll get ready and be off before the Villainous puts in an appearance. If he inquires after the *fourth* spinster, you can say she got a chance to get married, and ran away; and if either of you girls get a note, saying: 'Meet me by moonlight at the great elm,' don't flatter yourselves that it's any smitten swain, but come, with full particulars of Mr. V.'s last attack, and prepare to be laughed at. I can tell you, girls, something disastrous 'll come out of your Summer boarder, but I wash my hands of the whole matter. Peace to his ashes," and Bess drew a profound sigh, picked up the forgotten bowl of strawberries, and went in to make a shortcake for tea.

Our Summer boarder was coming to-morrow. He would arrive by the stage that passed through Milton at five o'clock in the afternoon. I stood in the great front room and looked round me after the last touches were completed. He would have a pleasant home—everything he desired, but for those girls, and I felt half provoked at the little burst of laughter wafted up from the porch below, where I knew they were talking over the Villainous and the Vanquished, as they delighted to call him.

Bess was decided; she was going to the Fieldings' to-morrow before the arrival of "the disaster," she informed us.

"It's only across the river, and I'll have lots of fun waiting for reports. 'Bald, gouty and sixty,' or 'desperate-looking,' like the man with a guilty conscience."

What was the matter? The girls came tearing up the stairs and into the room where I stood making my survey.

"Oh, Aunty!—the depot-wagon and *his* baggage!" Fan exclaimed, rushing to the window and looking down the road. "Ladies and gentlemen, the curtain is about to rise on the first act. 'As the baggage is, the man is. Useless each without the other.' Take your seats, and hold a tight rein on your feelings;" and the young lady drew up three chairs, clutching the folds of her dress with a dramatic gesture.

"He sends his luggage on ahead so as not to be disturbed by the confusion of its arrival, after he gets here," said Bess. "He's a man that means *quiet* with a vengeance."

"One good-sized trunk—new, stylish, with 'V. Gabriel' in black letters."

"He's a dandy that wants retirement for a few weeks in order to count up and arrange alphabetically his Winter conquests."

"My goodness! What's that long thing that looks like a coffin?" queried Belle, in a whisper.

"Angelic Gabriel!—'the last trump.' I suppose he's come into the country to practice," laughed Bess. "Maybe it's the skeleton; he'll keep it in the closet opposite your room, girls."

"It's a *fiddle*, as sure as my name's Fan Lovell!" and my discomforted niece put her fingers to her ears and looked miserable.

"There's a smaller box! See! His instruments, likely. Scalping-knife, dissecting-trowel, etc.!" and Bess groaned sympathizingly.

I went down-stairs, and left the girls to their comments. I began to feel a little nervous myself about this Summer boarder. But we would know to-morrow.

* * * * * * *

"Ah, Vincent, allow me to introduce you to Miss Bessie Lovell!" and Rob Fielding paused in his conversation as his friend came out on the lawn after tea. "I've been telling her about your splendid luck to-day; but she

does not approve of angling or anglers, so I'll leave you to make your own peace," and Rob walked off in the direction of the croquet-ground.

Bessie bowed, and looked up to meet the glance of the dark hazel eyes bent inquiringly upon her.

"Lovell!" he said, musingly. "May I ask if you reside in Milton?"

"Not in the village, but just across the river. I'm on a visit here for two or three weeks, and I'm afraid of being spoiled—at least as far as going back is concerned. Everything is so lovely!" looking about with a little sigh. "But, there! what an impression I am giving you, Mr. Vincent! Of course, everything is pleasant in my own home, too; but," with a laugh, "I left it under peculiar circumstances."

"Ah!" as he stroked his dark mustache with a singular expression. Then, after a pause: "Did I understand Rob to say you didn't approve of angling, Miss Lovell? I'm sorry. I have caught some beauties today—brook trout—and I would like you to admire them. These mountain streams are capital fishing, and I don't get a chance to be cruel very often."

"Are you staying here—with Mr. Fielding?" Bess asked, as they strolled across the lawn in the dusk.

VERY THOUGHTFUL.

SWELL (to hostess)—"*No, really, I cannot dance to-night. If I should get heated, and perspire, my mustache would droop like a mechanic's.*"

She hoped his answer would be "Yes." She was beginning to feel interested in this tall, dark stranger, who looked at her now and then with such a queer expression in his eyes.

"I'm staying near here for a time. Rob and I are old friends—college chums. He came up from the city with me yesterday, and we started off early this morning to try our luck. I think I shall like it. Hark! Isn't somebody singing 'The Three Fishers'? It's a favorite of mine. Shall we go in?" And he drew the girl's hand through his arm, and led her up the broad, moon-paved steps.

Bess actually pitied the girls after that. She was having such a splendid time with—with—the Fieldings, and they were at home ministering to the comforts of the horrid boarder. Then she fell into a little dream that lasted till the moon went down behind the great, dark mountains.

The next evening Bess went to the big elm to wait for the girls. Rob Fielding had taken a note over in the morning asking them to come after tea and be laughed at. She stood thinking, with her eyes on the river, when Belle's hearty "Oh, he's splendid!" broke on her reverie. And then such a chattering ensued that the sleepy birds above poked their heads over their nests and wondered what was going on.

"He isn't gouty nor old, and he's as handsome as Apollo!" Fan exclaimed. "He didn't say one word when aunty introduced us at the tea-table as her nieces. But didn't he *look!* Mercy! Belle and I felt as if we'd committed some awful crime! We nearly caught him laughing two or three times—once when I asked aunty if John couldn't put up the swing to-morrow. Fancy old maids flying through the air, except on a broomstick!"

"He must have groaned that night to hear Fan and I talk; but he said he rested well when aunty asked him the next morning. He then took a book and went out, and didn't come back till late in the evening. He must know somebody around here, for a man walked home with him to the gate, and they stood laughing and talking together; then they said good-night, shaking hands like old friends. Say, Bess, you'd better cut short your visit and come home."

"No, thank you; I'm very well satisfied. I shall never look upon him other than as a—*disaster*. But oh, what's the V. for?"

"Haven't found out yet. Not Villainous nor Vanquished."

"Don't be too sure. I suppose he doesn't know the fourth spinster lives just across the river?"

Then they all laughed.

A tall figure in a loose fishing-suit of gray followed the mountain stream down through the woods, and came out into the dark, sweet meadow. He paused a moment, lifting his head for the fresh river breeze, and caught the words and the laughter of the party under the elm. Then he struck over across the fields, whistling softly.

All too quickly the Summer days went by, and it was the last of July. Bessie's heart failed her at the thought of going home. Would she ever be so happy in all the world again? Would Mr. Vincent forget her? Oh, to go home where that horrid boarder was!

"All alone, Miss Bessie? I was looking for you;" and Mr. Vincent came out into the vine-covered balcony where Bessie sat. Then, more softly, "Rob says you are going home to-morrow."

"Yes; I've been here a long time. They need me at home."

"Do you want to go?" he asked, bending to look into the averted face. "Shall you miss them all here very much?"

"Yes. I shall miss you, too, Mr. Vincent. You have been very kind."

OUR DISASTER.—"'WHY, FAN LOVELL, WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?' BESS ASKED, WITH WIDE EYES. 'A BOARDER! YOU THAT WOULDN'T HEAR OF SUCH A THING A MONTH AGO.'"— SEE PAGE 466.

"Oh! But, Miss Bessie, I don't think you will miss me," with a peculiar laugh. "They'll take up all your thoughts at home. Haven't you somebody staying there?"

"No," with a surprised look. "Yes, we have, too; but only that—a horrid boarder!" And the cheeks burned hotly.

"A *horrid boarder!* Why, don't you want him there?

Ah! now I remember you once told me you left home under peculiar circumstances. Was it that?"

"Yes, it was!" with quivering lip. "It spoiled everything. The girls say he's nice, but he's *my disaster!*"

* * * * * * *

"You can't see our boarder to-night, Bess," Fan announced, after tea. "He went away this morning, and said he shouldn't be back till late."

"Oh, I'm not pining!" Bess answered, rather crossly, going out into the porch where the shadows were beginning to deepen.

Somebody was coming up the road, whistling softly. She watched the figure a moment indifferently; then the whole sky flushed the color of a rose. She knew the tall figure and the firm, quick step. Mr. Vincent had *not* forgotten her.

"Well, I declare! If there isn't Mr. Gabriel, after all!" Belle exclaimed, bowing and smiling as the gentleman came through the gate, lifting his hat.

"Mr. *Gabriel!*" with a startled look, and in a faint voice. "You—don't—mean——"

Then she bowed coldly at the introduction, and turned away with flashing eyes and trembling mouth.

"My darling, can you forgive me?" a tender voice pleaded, and a tall head bent over a little figure hidden in the depths of a great chair, drawn quite away to the far end of the porch.

A short sob; then: "Oh, how could you deceive me so, Mr.—Mr.——"

"Vincent Gabriel, little one. I didn't mean to deceive you, but you know when Rob introduced us that night he called me Vincent, and I knew you took it for my last name. Afterward I couldn't bear to tell you. I wanted to hear you say it so always. That was before I was sure you were the fourth spinster. When I knew that for certain I was afraid to tell you, because I knew you could never look upon me other than as a *disaster*," raising the bent face in his hands.

They fixed it somehow between them, for I've got a wedding to prepare for in September, and I've lost one of my girls through *that Summer boarder*.

Ah, yes! He may well laugh at us all about the Villainous and the Vanquished, since he's come off victorious.

NYLGHAU-HUNTING IN CANDEISH, INDIA.

The nylghau, as this animal is generally called, both by natives and residents of India, is known to zoologists as *Antilope picta*, or *Portex tragocamelus*. It is one of the largest of the antelope tribe, and but little inferior in size to the South African eland (*Antilope oreas*), the giant of the class, with which animal the nylghau has some marked resemblances in form, gait and habits.

Owing to their proportionately more powerful limbs heavier build, etc., than most others of the numerous antelope species, as well as owing to their peculiarly cattle-like gait and general appearance, some zoologists distinguish the eland, the gnu, the kamma, the bubalus (*Ant. bubalus*), the addax, the nylghau, etc., very appropriately as "bovine antelopes."

The full-grown nylghau stands between four and five feet in height at the shoulder, its body is from five to six feet in length, and the whole animal weighs from six hundred to one thousand pounds. The male is considerably larger than the female, and furnished with a pair of smooth black horns, about a foot in length, and finely curbed, their sharply-pointed tips verging slightly forward and toward each other.

The female is destitute of horns. The ears of both sexes are long and somewhat pendulant, the eyes large, soft, and brilliantly black, and nose and mouth shaped like those of the bovine race. The neck is slightly arched, similar to that of the horse, and furnished with a short black mane; a tuft of black hair adorns the throat, from a little below the head down to the chest. Between the shoulders sets a low hump of fat, as is the case with the eland and zebu, or Indian ox, only it is much smaller than that of the latter animal, and is covered with shaggy black hair. A black streak runs along the spine to the end of the tail, which resembles an ox-tail, and finishes, like the latter, in a long tuft of hair. The animal's coat of hair is dark gray, mouse or slate-colored, except that part of the throat underneath and nearest to the lower jaw, and the parts between the hind-quarters, both of which are white.

The nylghau does not roam about in large herds, like the eland and most of the other species of antelope, but is seldom seen in numbers exceeding six. It inhabits the densest forests and thickets of India and Persia, where it usually ruminates during daylight in some shady retreat until nightfall, when it ventures on the plains, and usually selects cotton-fields for a pasture-ground, it being very fond of browsing on young cotton-stalks; consequently it does a great deal of damage in the cotton districts, where it abounds. It usually retreats to the forest shortly after sunrise, and lies down there, and does not stir again before sunset, unless startled by the close approach of man or some ferocious animal, when it suddenly starts to its feet and decamps if possible; but if seriously wounded or surrounded, it will stand at bay, and fight obstinately with its horns and feet—nay, even with its teeth—charging like a mad bull, and kicking, biting and snorting like a vicious horse. It has been known to effectually dispose of hunters and ferocious animals when forced to fight for its life.

Like the eland and the gnu, it is not nearly so shy as the smaller species of the antelope, and may sometimes be approached to a distance of less than three hundred yards, even by a hunter in European costume, rifle in hand, on open ground; while the natives of the country, especially the all but naked inhabitants of the cotton regions of India, can approach it within one hundred yards before it makes off, if they do not carry a stick, spear or musket in their hands. If not pursued, it walks off leisurely, but nobly, and with elastic pace, carrying its head high, waving the ears gently to and fro, stopping and turning around from time to time to see whether it is still followed; but if it plainly sees that it is pursued, it stamps once or twice firmly on the ground with one of its fore-feet, as sheep do when they see a dog approach them, then it snorts, shakes its ears, and starts off at a swinging trot. After running a few hundred yards, it will stop, turn around and look at its pursuer; if he stills comes on, it will resume its flight, stop again, and so on, until it is out of sight. This swinging trot—the gait of the running ox, camel, giraffe, etc.—is the animal's fastest speed; wherefore it could be easily overtaken, on a short run and fair ground, by a man mounted on a good horse. Having once assumed this gait, however, the nylghau can, if need be, keep it up all day without slacking, and will invariably keep it up until it gets safely under cover in the forest, which is usually not far off, and where it can outdodge any horse or hunter.

Numbers of these animals are annually caught alive by the native peasantry of the districts where they abound.

by means of pit-falls—holes dug in the ground, about six feet square by five feet in depth, carefully covered with brushwood, which breaks down into the pit the moment the animal steps upon it.

When caught young, the nylghau is capable of domestication, and easily broken in for the carriage; but when old, it is liable to be vicious.

The flesh of the nylghau is quite palatable, especially that of the young animal, which is very good and savory indeed.

Having now given as accurate a description of this giant antelope as I am able to give, I will relate one of my adventures with the same, while hunting in the cotton districts of Candeish, India.

A few years ago, while living in Bombay, I became accidentally acquainted with Mr. Charles Brooks, a middle-aged Englishman of gigantic stature and unusual physical strength, but a jolly, good-natured fellow withal, an old resident of India, and somewhat famous in that part of the world as an inveterate hunter and crack shot; although the smooth-bored, double-barreled shooting-iron he acquired his fame with was, in reality, but a portion of a gun, six or eight inches of the upper end of both barrels having been blown off, years ago, in consequence of the unusual test he was accustomed to put the poor barrels to, by loading both of them with spherical one-ounce balls, and occasionally firing both barrels off simultaneously.

The accident just mentioned did not much injure the old gun in the estimation of its owner, who possessed no other firearms; on the contrary, he sawed off the splinters of the two barrels, coolly adjusted a new brass head to the remainder, and then impudently declared the decapitated gun handier, better and safer than ever. I used to doubt this cheeky assertion, and, although by no means of a nervous disposition, could never muster pluck enough to stand near him when he recklessly blazed away with it, as I was always afraid that "the old horse-pistol," as we delighted to call that fractional fowling-piece, might fly in splinters about my ears.

But the way big Brooks handled that shooting-iron was simply unique; he could hit anything with it—no matter whether it flew, jumped, ran, swam, crawled, or stood quiet—and to Brooks and his horse-pistol Brooks's friends owed most of their venison all the year round.

It was a matter of common occurrence with him to shoot four, five or six deer in a few hours, and he was able to produce more skins, horns, skulls, paws, claws, tails and teeth of self-slain wild animals than swaggering Gordon Cumming and woolly-horse Barnum could exhibit together.

Plain, modest Brooks invited Major B—— of the —th Engineers, and Captain X—— of the Thirty-third Regiment of Infantry (Duke of Wellington's), then stationed at Bombay—both of which gentlemen he knew—and the author of this article, with whom he got acquainted at a rifle-match on the Bombay Flats (flat-lands), to pay him (Brooks) a visit at his home in Nandgaum, a small village in the cotton district of Candeish, some two hundred miles northwest of Bombay, on the railroad from Bombay to Ahmedabad, with which railroad he was at that time connected in some capacity or other.

A few weeks after Brooks' visit to Bombay, the party invited by him started together for Nandgaum, with the intention of spending several days in hunting with him. We did not find him at home, but were told by "the old woman" that he was out shooting, and would probably be back shortly. Indeed, we had scarcely received this information, when we saw him crossing the railroad-track, with a fine "black buck" (the male of a species of antelope—*Antilope sasin*—of the size of a goat, with long, curved, knotty horns; the buck is black on the back and white on the belly, the doe fawn-colored instead of black), across his athletic shoulders, and carrying his "horse-pistol" like a prayer-book, under his arm.

He welcomed us with a squeeze of the paw that nearly drove the blood from under our finger-nails, and then sent word by the engineer of a passing freight-train to "Dan" to come down by the next train, all ready for a "pop." This "Dan" turned out to be Mr. Daniel Shepherd, Brooks' bosom friend, who, living about ten miles further up the railroad-track, made his appearance as requested; a high square-rigger (gin-bottle) sticking out of his unfathomable coat-pocket, an old-fashioned, but still full-length, double-barreled fowling-piece in one hand, and on the other two long-legged, shockingly lean gray-hounds, coupled together by their collars. He was a man over fifty years of age, yet remarkably vigorous and active, considering the twenty years he had already spent under the torrid sun of India, his weakness for a drop of "the stiffener," and for his other solace, the old, rank brier-root pipe, which appeared constantly to suffer from obstinate obstruction of the air-passage.

The old man was duly introduced to us by our host, and soon became quite communicative, but was cruelly confiscated by our hostess to do duty as assistant engineer in the kitchen department. An inexhaustible supply of fresh and savory venison-steaks, and other edibles of the district, were served for supper, and we all "pitched in" right manfully. The remainder of the evening was spent in talking, smoking, and getting our hunting-gear into serviceable shape for next morning.

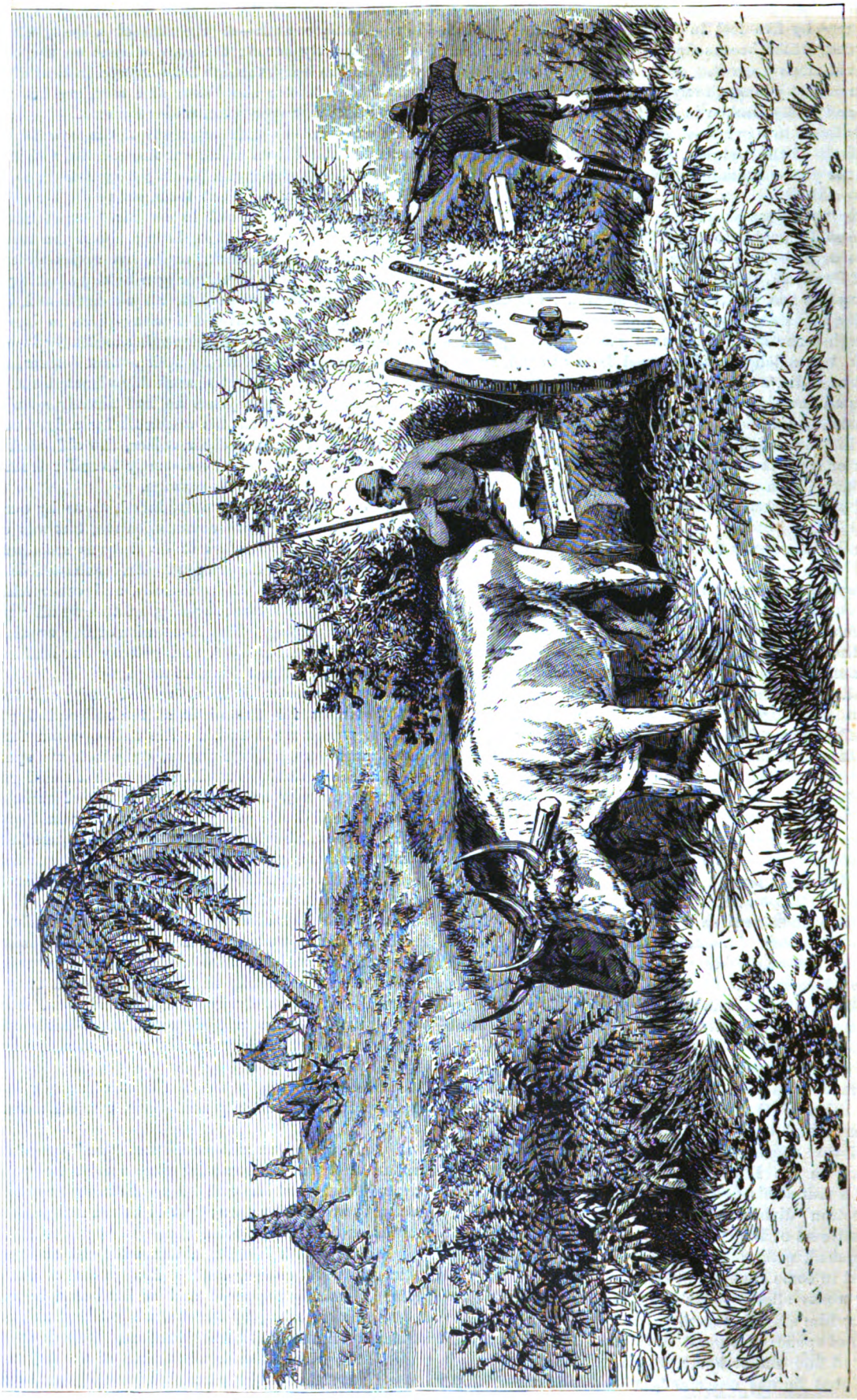
The visitors from Bombay retired early, and took up their quarters for the night at the railroad depot adjoining, where we found, in the waiting-room for first-class passengers, a few lounges, on which we spent the night as comfortably as rattling trains, that rolled past the station every now and then, and clouds of musquitoes, which danced hornpipes on our noses, would permit; while Brooks, Shepherd and "the old woman" sat up, talking politics, zoology and roast venison nearly all night, with Shepherd's square-rigger in the centre of the table, as chairman of the committee.

Nearly two hours before daylight, we suddenly heard the door of the waiting-room—which we had locked to keep out thieves, if there were any in the neighborhood—rattle as violently as if a bear wanted to get admittance. It was only good, honest Brooks, however, whose burly form, in *negligé—vulgo*, night-shirt—came to inform us, in a "basso profundo" voice, that it was time to get up.

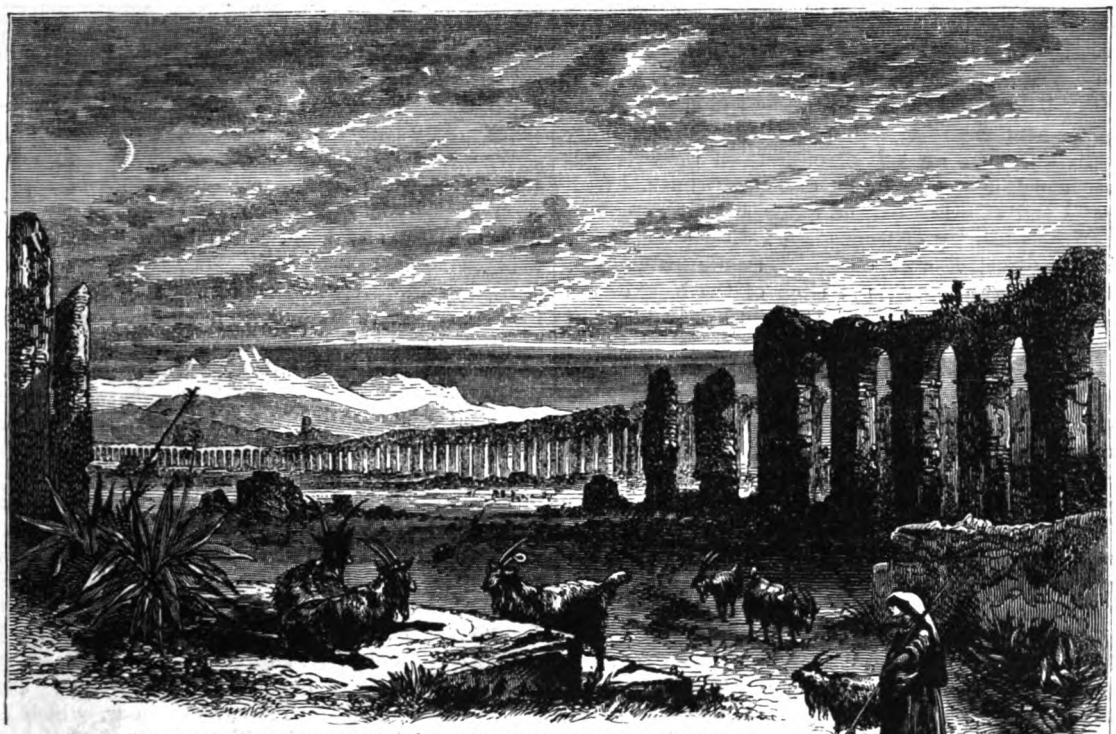
Hurriedly dressing by the dim light of an oily lantern, we repaired to the shanty next door, where Brooks kept house.

There, those of us who could not "go" genuine Holland so early in the morning were served by "the old woman" with what she called a good strong cup of coffee. Strong it was, to be sure; but it tasted much more like turpentine than like Mocha.

A bag of ship's biscuit, a box with salt and pepper, a tin can with cheese, and a few junks of sun-dried venison, fearfully peppered and as hard as a bone, were stowed away in a bag by Brooks, while Shepherd, in consequence of recent liberal libations, looked as if he couldn't tell within a week what time of the day or night it was; nevertheless, he succeeded in wrapping his inseparable square-rigger, like a baby, in another bag, and, placing both on one of the two bullock-carts which had



NYLGHAU-HUNTING IN CANDEISH, INDIA. —"BANG! WENT THE LEADEN MESSENGER OF DEATH, THE NOBLE ANIMAL REARED HIGH ON HIS HIND-QUARTERS, STAGGERED AN INSTANT, AND THEN FELL FORWARD UPON HIS KNEES, STRUGGLING HARD TO RISE AGAIN."—SEE PAGE 470.



HOW I GOT INTO THE BALL OF ST. PETER'S.—VIEW IN THE ROMAN CAMPAGNA. SEE PAGE 476.

by this time drawn up before the dwelling, he cautioned the Hindoo ox-driver, in break-neck Hindoostanee, that one of the bags contained "fragile goods," and that British India would not be wide enough for the two (Shepherd and the driver), if the latter should break it, either by sitting upon it or by careless driving.

The morning star glimmered still brightly as we started across the railroad-track, bound for the vast cotton-fields which extend between the railroad and the wretched Hindoo village of Woorgaum, composed entirely of wood and bamboo huts, some ten miles off the railroad-track, west of Nandgaum, and located on the steep slope of a huge solitary mound, or, rather, low, conical-shaped mountain, which rises above the undulating plain, visible at a distance of nearly ten miles.

A PEASANT GIRL OF THE CAMPAGNA, ROME.

The early morning's air was quite bracing, and imparted a peculiar ashy hue to the tawny skin of our all but naked bullock-cart drivers, who followed with their cumbrous two-wheeled vehicles closely in our wake, partially muffled in their tattered, dark gray woolen blankets.

By the time we had traveled about two miles, the day began to break, the dark firmament gradually changed into a lighter hue, one star after another faded away, the odd-looking, fantastic forms of the prickly-pear bushes on both sides of the track assumed explicable shape and color, and appeared no longer like weird phantoms stretching out their arms, as if endeavoring to prevent our passage. Solitary wild pigeons, perched here and there on the bushes and tree-tops, began to coo lustily, and the screeching shriek of the swallow-tailed green parrot, startled at our approach, was occasionally heard from the crowns of the stunted palm-trees.

After awhile we reached a thicket of brushwood, where we halted, and set to cutting some of it; and Brooks and Shepherd dextrously fastened it on the two bullock-carts in such a manner as to serve us subsequently as "blinds," or "covers"—the usual means employed by antelope

hunters in India to get within convenient range of the shy and suspicious game, which, from being so accustomed to the sight of these rural teams, will scarcely deign to notice them until they get within one hundred yards of them, when the leader of the herd considers it about time to keep an eye upon the tottering vehicle. The remainder of the troop browse on, relying entirely on the watchfulness of their leader—usually an old, stately buck. With head erect and ears pricked, he watches every motion of the suspicious-looking ox-team. An indiscreet approach, either in a direct line or otherwise, an unusual motion, the flash of a gun-barrel, the click of the lock, or the slightest exposure from behind the brushwood blind of the hunter's head, arm, leg, rifle, etc., is sufficient to induce the cautious leader to give the challenge—a stamp on the ground with one of his fore-feet. Instantly the heads of all the animals are raised, their keen eyes are riveted upon the vehicle, a slight commotion is perceptible among them. The signal for the general stampede—a faint nasal whistle escaping the nostrils of the leader—is distinctly heard, and off bound the nimble animals, helter-skelter, over the uneven ground; stopping, if not fired upon, a few hundred yards further on, to look back, as if wondering what they really felt so scared about, for there in the hollow still jogs on the bullock-cart, of which they have seen so many pass by in the course of their lives, without in the least interfering with them.

But if fired upon, especially if they see one or more of their number roli over and kick up the dust, or if pursued with grayhounds, they travel over the ground with astonishing rapidity, bounding away on all-fours simultaneously, and apparently scarcely touching the ground at all with their tapering feet. A few minutes more, and they have vanished over hill and dale, and need not be looked for any more that day, as they will take good care to keep out of harm's way during the next day or two.

Grayhounds, of course, run on a fool's errand after a full-grown antelope in dry weather, as they cannot overtake it unless it be badly wounded. In wet weather, however, or when the ground is moist and soft, good hounds often succeed in running them down, as the sharply-pointed little hoofs of the smaller species of antelope sink much deeper in the soft ground, and thereby impede the speed far more than the comparatively soft and broad feet of a hound.

Unless it be for the sole purpose of running down wounded animals, it is, therefore, not only folly, but downright cruelty, to let hounds chase antelopes over dry or stony ground, as the poor brutes will almost invariably return unsuccessful, dejected, and suffering seriously from lameness and bleeding paws. The severe friction of the soles of their feet upon the hot, hard and rough ground over which they have to speed rapidly wears out and lacerates their foot-soles, and thereby renders them incapable of running again until the feet are thoroughly healed. On hard, dry ground, they can seldom run more than three times a day before their feet get sore and painful.

But let me resume the thread of my narrative. The garnishing of the two bullock-carts with brushwood being accomplished, we soon reached a locality where the road divided into two branches—one leading to the left, the other to the right.

Here it was resolved that we, too, should divide into two parties, each to be accompanied by one of the two ox-teams.

Brooks and the two army officers chose the right-hand track, while Shepherd—who had by this time become as sober and rational as a Quaker—and I were to follow the left one. Both parties were to meet again about noon, at the village of Woorgaum, previously referred to.

Wishing each other success, we parted company—our friends offering to bet odds that they would bag more game than we should; a wager promptly taken up by plucky old Shepherd.

We soon lost sight of the other party, but about sunrise we reached the top of a low hill, whence we espied our friends, nearly two miles off on the plain, steadily making toward a troop of black bucks browsing in the cotton-fields.

Having, however, no time to waste in idly looking on, for the sun was already rising, we did not wait for the result, the more so as we simultaneously discovered a troop of black bucks about a mile off, at the bottom of a shallow valley.

We got within about two hundred yards of them, when I wanted to fire—being provided with one of Sharpe's best double-barreled sporting-rifles.

Shepherd, however, who only sported a smooth-bore gun, objected, and naturally desired to get closer, so as also to be able to reach them. Observing, however, a commotion among them, he told me to fire, while he would attend to the hounds.

I did fire, and one of the bucks rolled over and over, but jumped up again in an instant, and bolted after the others, apparently as hale and hearty as ever. Unfortunately, Shepherd had slipped the hounds, which dashed after the buck, although with scarcely a chance of success, as he vanished with the others across the undulating plain. The hounds, too, were soon out of sight, and nearly an hour elapsed before they returned, panting and quite knocked up.

We were not much pleased with this our first exploit; but then there was plenty more game on the plains, and our next attempt might prove more satisfactory. So reasoning, we moved slowly on, until we fell in with another small herd of black bucks, perhaps thirty in number, which browsed as quietly as a flock of sheep.

They were scattered over a perfectly smooth and level field. Everything looked favorable for us, when all of a sudden one of the oxen stupidly stepped into a deep hole, from which he was unable to withdraw his leg—having sunk up to the shoulder into it.

This unusual movement of the ox, accompanied by the abrupt stopping of the cart, was enough to startle the herd, then scarcely one hundred and fifty yards off, and away they bounded, huddled rather closely together.

Shepherd and I peppered into them, and had the satisfaction of seeing one buck knocked over and struggling on the ground, and another of his fugitive companions could be seen lagging considerably behind the herd, in consequence of a shattered hind-leg.

Shepherd again let go the hounds; but, as the first-mentioned buck made strenuous though vain efforts to get away too, the hounds naturally made first for him, and pinned him to the ground until we came up and dispatched him.

By this time, however, the rest of the herd had got nearly a mile away, but their three-legged companion brought up the rear fully three hundred yards behind them. Shepherd, anxious not to let him escape us, left me with the ox-team and the dead buck, and started with the hounds in pursuit of the straggler.

The driver and I pitched the game upon the cart, and followed the old man as fast as we could, but soon found the ground so rough and impracticable that we had to make a wide circuit around the rugged hill, and thus lost Shepherd until we all met again at Woorgaum.

I told the driver to move on, leaving it entirely to him to select the track, while I quietly jogged on under cover of the cart, waiting patiently "for something to turn up."

After a protracted zigzag march, which was slow and tiresome, we descended into a shallow valley, the green fields and bushes at the lower end of which seemed to indicate the presence of water; at the same time I noticed that the bottom of the valley was alive with all kinds of game. I even saw the brilliant lustre of the plumage of several peacocks which proudly stalked about the outskirts of the underwood.

While deliberating in my mind what sort of game I would try to secure when we should get to the bottom of the valley, I accidentally cast my look upon a rather short but stout palm-tree, with a voluminous crown, scarcely two hundred yards off to my left, when, lo! I was astonished to see four large, stately animals, about the size and build of two-year-old colts, standing immovable in the scanty shade of that palm-tree, their large eyes riveted upon me and the bullock-cart.

I will not attempt to describe the feelings I had just at that moment; suffice it to say that I doubted being in my right senses, so much was I taken aback by this unexpected sight. These animals were evidently not horses, for I could plainly see the black horns of the two largest of them; nor were they bullocks, because they stood much higher on their feet, were less heavily built, and carried their beautiful heads like the noblest of stags. What kind of animals could they be, then?

The unicorn on the British coat-of-arms shot through my mind; but that fabulous animal was not likely to give me a private exhibition *in corpore* on the arid flats of Candeish. Here was a puzzle. I turned for an explanation to the Hindoo who piloted the oxen. He, too, saw them, but would probably have kept silent and driven on had I not, half suspecting the character of these, up to then, to me all but unknown animals, uttered interrogatively the word, "Nylghau?" "*Eh!*"—(*Anglice*, Yes)—he replied, dryly; but that single word was enough for me—indeed, all I wanted to know.

Cocking my rifle, I took a good steady aim, from a distance of not over one hundred and fifty yards, at the largest of the four animals, his broad chest, covered with shaggy black hair, offering a capital target. Bang! went the leaden messenger of death. The noble animal reared high on his hind-quarters, staggered an instant, and then fell forward upon his knees, struggling hard to rise again. Afraid that he might succeed in doing so, I gave him the contents of the other barrel. The ball struck him in the head; over and over the animal rolled, and finally fell into a crevasse, or dry watercourse, at the base of the slope upon which the four nylghaus had been standing.

But, strange to say, though I had fired twice, the other buck, or bull, did not stir from his post. He had reared high on his hind-legs at every shot, but seemed to be riveted with them to the ground, either paralyzed with terror, or from sympathy and attachment for his dead companion. The two cows, however, had, immediately after the second report of my rifle, trotted off at a swinging pace, abandoning their two mates to their fate.

I could not help experiencing a slight feeling of remorse at the idea of ruthlessly destroying two of these noble animals; indeed, I thought it scarcely fair for me to practice at these living, almost immovable targets, at so short a range; but the opportunity of bagging two such splendid specimens of the antelope tribe was of too rare occurrence to be neglected, and the desire to make old Shepherd win the wager squelched my scruples of conscience.

I therefore hastily proceeded to reload my rifle, when, lo! I discovered that I had lost my ramrod on my zigzag travels around the hill. The disgust with which I viewed my dilemma can easier be imagined than described.

There I stood, face to face with the magnificent nylghau bull, separated from him only by a crevasse scarcely thirty feet wide by about ten feet in depth, yet unable to "settle" him, merely because the confounded ramrod chose to be missing just when most needed; and where to find a substitute for it, in the God-forsaken country, so arid and stony as not even to be capable of producing a straight twig or rod but three feet in length!

Thus I soliloquized, cursed my poor luck, assumed the complexion of an irate turkey, closely scrutinized every twig on the bullock-cart, and the scanty crop of miserable, stunted and knotty brushwood all around me. But it was of no avail; a straight rod was a thing not to be found in the wretched country, and to attack my powerful antagonist with no other weapons than my hunting-knife and the butt-end of my rifle was too preposterous, as I was fully aware that the latter would be shivered to atoms in the contest, and the animal was not worth to me the price of my rifle; besides, I knew, from experiences my stalwart friend Brooks professed to have had with these animals, that they were ugly customers to deal with when made to stand at bay, and I was not over-anxious to be unceremoniously lifted by his sharp horns, and pitched down all in a heap upon my victim in the crevasse.

What was to be done, then, became the question. I told the Hindoo to run back on the track we had left behind us, for half a mile or so, and to try to find my ramrod. He attempted to excuse himself, asserting that the bullocks would not stand still so long. I told him they would, even if I had to knock them dead with my useless gun-barrels. He saw I meant business, and started on his errand.

The oxen did stand, as I thought they would. Waiting a long time for the driver to come back, I thought I might in the meantime look after my nylghau in the crevasse. Marching toward it briskly, my antagonist on the other side of the ditch, probably scared at my flushed complexion and sweet temper, gave a parting snort, kicked up his heels, and made off.

Arrived on the brink of the crevasse, sure enough there lay the dead bull; but to get him out of it without cutting him up, I saw at once was beyond the power of two men.

By-and-by the Hindoo returned, trembling like a leaf, because he came without the ramrod. From him I learned that we were not over two miles from Woorgaum; there I told him to drive as fast as the oxen could travel, and as I felt the pangs of hunger and thirst quite severely by this time, I took passage on board the bullock-cart, and rattled over stick and stone into Woorgaum, where I found all my companions, hale and hearty.

They had bagged quite a number of black bucks and spotted deer, and began to tease me about my luck, when I told them coolly that I had shot a buck which would outweigh all of theirs, if they would but lend me a hand to get it out of the crevasse.

After a hearty lunch had been taken, we all marched to the scene of my strife, where I was unanimously declared the champion of that day's shooting, and Shepherd the winner of the bet.

The nylghau having been declared inextricable in bulk by practical Brooks, it was promptly flayed, cut up, and hoisted out of the crevasse. That evening we brought enough venison home to "the old woman" to feed the population of the village of Nandgaum for over a week.

HOW I GOT INTO THE BALL OF ST. PETER'S.

By Frank Leslie.

Most persons are aware that the cathedral church of St. Peter's, in Rome, is the grandest edifice for Christian worship in the world; that it is presided over by the Pope himself, who resides in a vast pile adjoining, the Vatican, within which are collected treasures of art of centuries. But as some of my readers may not be familiar with St. Peter's, I will relate a few facts concerning it for their information.

Three hundred and fifty years were spent in building this structure, extending through the reigns of no less than forty-three Popes. It covers an area of nearly six acres, and it cost fifty millions of dollars. The annual amount expended in keeping it in repair is upward of forty thousand dollars.

THE HALL LEADING TO THE STAIRWAY.

It is six hundred and thirteen and a half feet long inside the walls, four hundred and forty-six and a half feet wide, and four hundred and forty-eight feet high from the pavement to the top of the cross. Beneath the pavement is the crypt, so that the actual height from the foundation to the top of the cross is four hundred and eighty feet, making it, by nearly fifty feet, the loftiest dome in the world. The diameter of the dome is one hundred and ninety-five and a half feet, and the height of the façade, or vestibule, from the top of which the Pope gives his benediction on feast-days, is one hundred and forty-eight and a half feet.

It is a common saying, that "When you go to Rome you should do as the Romans do." Had I limited myself thus, it is quite certain that I never should have found my way into the ball of St. Peter's, as the Romans content themselves with a view of its exterior, and it is left to the sight-seer to gratify his curiosity by mounting to the top of this world-renowned dome. Having seen most of the famous sights in and around Rome, this was the next thing to be "done." In vain I tried to persuade my companions to accompany me; they had "been there," and had no desire to "do it" again. So I determined to go alone.

THE GENTLY INCLINED CIRCULAR PLANE.

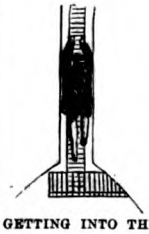
Many years before, I had seen London from the top of St. Paul's—by no means an every-day sight, as the atmosphere is generally so dense with smoke that it is impossible to see even the street beneath from the top of the dome, but on the occasion of my visit a fresh breeze had cleared the atmosphere.

I had been to the top of the leaning towers of Pisa and Bologna, up the Campanile at Venice, to the summit of the Rathhaus at Brussels, and—only a little while before—to the ashy lip of Vesuvius. My bump of locality is largely developed, and I like to study a city from an elevation, as I would a map. In this way one gets a better idea of Venice from a half-hour's view of it from the top of the Campanile than could be got from paddling through its narrow canals for months in a gondola.

I sallied from the Hotel de Russie, at the foot of the Pincian Hill, on a warm morning in June, '67. Having provided myself with the necessary order from the director or janitor of St. Peter's, I readily obtained admission to the hall leading to the stairway. The elaborate iron fretwork door, locked and barred, and guarded by an official, is only opened to visitors presenting orders in due form, and then only from eight to twelve o'clock; and no person is allowed to remain after one o'clock. The first one hundred and eighty-five feet, leading from the floor to the top of the vestibule, has a very easy ascent, being a gently inclined circular plane, without steps, about six feet wide, and floored with brick. From a door at the head of the incline the visitor emerges on the top of the vestibule, which, paved with flags, is four hundred and sixty-eight feet long by fifty feet wide, forming a magnificent promenade.

THE FIRST STONE STAIRWAY.

Up to this point I could have ridden on horseback, the ascent being so gradual. I began to congratulate myself on the trifling effort required to gain such a magnificent view, but soon found that I had only got over the easiest part of my task. Crossing over the roof of the nave, and entering a small door, I next commenced to climb the drum which sustains the dome.



GETTING INTO THE BALL.

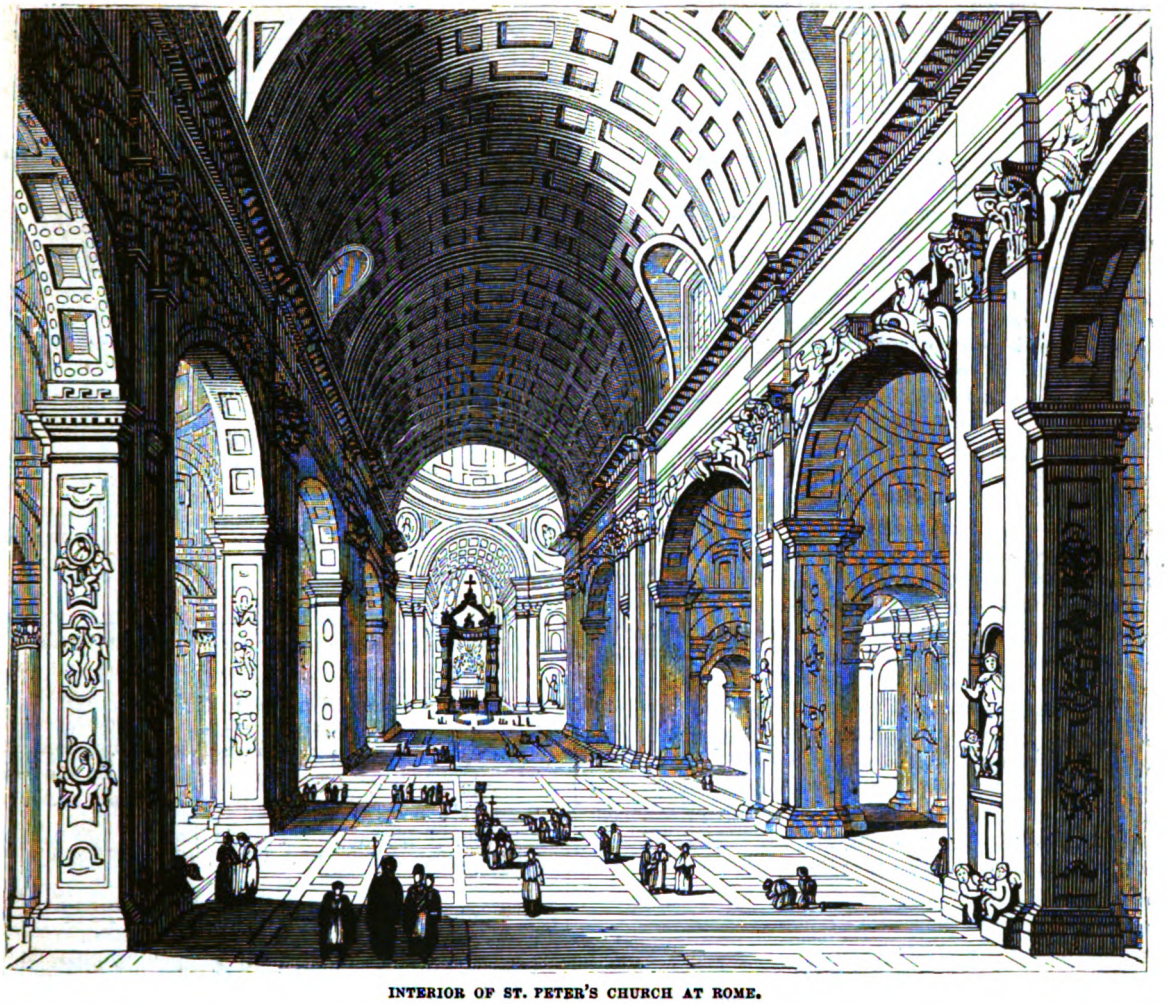
The stone stairway runs around between the outer and inner shells of the drum and dome. It is said that the idea of making it double originated with Michael Angelo, the great sculptor, painter and architect, who died in his eighty-ninth year (1563), on the completion of the drum, and just as the dome was commenced. He declared that he would "raise the Pantheon in the air," but never lived to see his project realized.

Up, up, up what appears to be an interminable circular stairway, with steps well worn by previous sight-seers, between two bare walls. Finally an opening presents itself, leading to the inner gallery, running around the dome high over the tomb of St. Peter. In making the circuit at this dizzy height, I looked down upon the high altar and the people below. It must have been from some such position that the author of "Gulliver's Travels" conceived the idea of the Lilliputians, for what else did human beings look like from this elevation, unless dwarfs, moving to and fro!

Looking up into the top of the dome from this gallery, the frescoes, which from the pavement below appear so elaborately finished, are discovered to be in reality executed in a coarse but vigorous style, intended to produce the proper effect when viewed from a distance.

Leaving the second or higher gallery, I commenced to climb the dome; but this was by no means a pleasant undertaking, it being concave on the inside of the outer wall, and convex on the outside of the inner wall. The higher I ascended, the more I had to incline to the right hand, and on the upper part had to support myself with my hands on the right-hand wall, to prevent myself from falling sideways. Around and around, until, dizzy, by-and-by I came to an opening in the inner wall of the dome, protected by two horizontal iron bars. Looking down from this height, the people seemed almost like ants creeping from place to place. Still ascending, the reclining position became more and more unpleasant, and I was not sorry when I

INTERIOR OF THE BALL.



INTERIOR OF ST. PETER'S CHURCH AT ROME.

reached the lantern, which is a circular room immediately over the centre of the dome, at a height of nearly five hundred feet, with nothing but the floor between my feet and the pavement below—a rather uncomfortable reflection for a nervous man.

The lantern is about eighteen feet in diameter, with a plain wooden bench running nearly around it, the most comfortable seat, I thought, I had sat down on for many a day.

Here I found many travelers, who, having been into the ball, were enjoying the magnificent sight presented from the windows of this room. They descended, and I climbed up a staircase on the side of the miniature dome, from the top of which rises a perpendicular tube, leading to the ball, twenty-five feet long, and something less than two feet in diameter; against one side of this is securely fastened an iron ladder.

When I saw the small hole I had to go through, leading up into almost total darkness above, I began to question myself whether it would "pay," considering that I could see nothing more when I got there than I had seen in the room just below. But as I had set out to get into the ball, into the ball I would go. Now, I do not consider myself by any means an obese man, but I do admit having my bones comfortably covered with flesh; and it began to dawn upon me that there would not be much room to spare when I got into that tube. Suppose I should squeeze myself up to the top and stick there! Not a pleasant reflection to a man who was expected at a dinner-party that evening. I nevertheless began to climb the ladder, and rather a difficult task I found it; for, after getting my full height up, I found there was no room to bend my knees, so I was literally forced to pull myself up, "hand over hand," hooking on by my toes now and then. It was a sufficiently fatiguing operation, but, achieving it, I finally reached the top. By this time it was nearly midday, and what with the heat and the exertion, I was dripping with perspiration, and half-suffocated.

Before reaching the upper end of the tube, I heard strange sounds above me, and hesitated whether I should not literally "back down." Suppose some one was descending, wearing heavy boots? Or might not some one be waiting up there to give me a rap on the head, rifle my pockets, and be off while I lay insensible? My fears, however, vanished when I got into the ball and found nothing more dangerous than a woman, whose outline I could just make out in the gloom. At first I wondered how she ever got up there, and then I wondered twice as much as to how she was ever going to get down again. I rather suspect that she, too, was wondering how that feat was to be achieved.

She proved to be a young American lady, stopping at our hotel. She had a slight figure, and, as hoopskirts are smaller at the top than at the bottom, I could see that she might very easily squeeze herself up this iron well; but what kind of a figure would she cut in descending? In fact, how was she to get down? To tell the truth, I was more occupied, while recovering breath, with these speculations, than with the interior of the ball I had worked so hard to get into. I found it to be a hollow globe, braced

in every direction with iron bars, and capable of holding sixteen persons. The most singular thing about it is the reverberation of sound, which is something astonishing. The lowest tone is magnified into a shout.

It is related that two rural priests were in the ball some years ago, when a heavy thunderstorm came on, and the effect upon their nerves was so great that one died outright from fear, and the other was found insensible, but finally recovered sufficiently to relate his awful experience.

Having ascended the ball and "done it," and found "nothing in it" except the lady and her escort, my curiosity was gratified, and I descended to the room at the foot of the ladder—a comparatively easy task, as I had only to lower myself by my hands from bar to bar. Here I looked over the names of many royal and notable persons inscribed on the walls, and, among others, I noticed that of the Prince of Wales, who went into the ball February 10th, 1859.

While gazing out of the windows on the magnificent view spread before me—here Rome, with its vast stores of art, and monuments speaking of its ancient glory, across the bare Campagna to the blue Mediterranean on the one side and the Apennines on the other—and while completely absorbed in admiration of the scene, I was startled by hearing something drop at my feet. Turning around, I descried a hoopskirt, twisted into its smallest possible compass—a gentle intimation that its wearer was about to follow it. Respectfully, I was just about to open the door to leave the room; but the young lady came down faster than she had intended or I had supposed possible, in a style of dress, or undress, better imagined than described. I met her several times after this, and she always gave me a peculiarly conscious recognition.

It is from the outer gallery at the top of the dome, and around which one may saunter at leisure, that the finest panorama of Rome and its environs is to be obtained. From here the Tiber appears to be little more than a yellow ribbon, and the carriages, horses and men in the grand court of the temple curiously like the tin toys representing such objects that we give to children. It is only from this gallery that a correct idea of the size of this vast structure is to be had. It is so immense that it can only be comprehended in detail, especially as its position is such that it cannot be taken in at a single view. Every visitor has, no doubt, been disappointed when looking at it for the first time. The façade, although one hundred and eighty feet high, looks relatively low, and, as the dome is placed far back over the intersection of the nave and transept, its lower part cannot be seen at all, either from the street leading to the building or from the great oval court in front. Besides, everything in and about St. Peter's is colossal, and in such perfect harmony as to increase the deception as regards its dimensions.

One of the grandest sights in Rome is the illumination of St. Peter's on Easter Sunday and the festival of St. Peter, when six thousand eight hundred lanterns and iron pans, filled with tallow and turpentine, are lighted as if by magic. This is accomplished by an army of men while the clock is striking the hour of nine.

When on the gallery I had an opportunity of seeing the manner in which the dome is lighted—the most difficult part of the illumination, many lives having been lost in the operation. Around the roof of the dome are fixed rows of iron pans at regular intervals from top to bottom, and intermediately between the rows of pans are slight projections of iron serving as steps. The men, with ropes securely fastened around their waists at one end, and attached at the other to the balcony, have each a lighted torch in hand, and commence to descend, at the first stroke of nine, touching the wicks floating in the pans and saturated with turpentine, so as to light on the instant. On such occasions, the gardens on the Pincian Hill, the Square of the Quirinal, and the roofs and balconies of houses commanding a view of the great church are crowded with spectators, who get greatly excited as circle after circle of fire bursts up to meet the glowing rings from below, defining every column, pilaster and doorway of the vast edifice with lines of light.

If the Pope were to send a competent engineer to Washington, he could very easily learn how to light up his church in a single instant and with a flash of lightning. In the National Capitol is a gigantic electrical apparatus, so arranged that both the great halls of Congress, and the vast dome itself, small only by comparison with that of St. Peter's, may be lighted up, all or separately, in the twinkling of an eye, by the single turning of a knob. We make his Holiness a present of the suggestion.

The writer has only to say, in conclusion, that he does not propose to ascend a second time to the Ball of St. Peter's.

A FISHING ADVENTURE.

During the angling season of 1865 I was offered by a friend, who resided in Dublin, in the enjoyment of a large income, the use of a beautiful lodge, situated on the borders of Loch Talt, and in the midst of the most charming scenery in the west of Ireland.

"You are heartily welcome, my dear fellow," said the good-natured baronet. "I can't possibly go there this season, and I am only too glad to let you enjoy it. You must not expect much. Dan. Mooney, my factotum, will give you mountain mutton, whisky pure from the still, snug rooms and the best of fishing."

It was impossible, even had it been my inclination, to refuse an offer so frankly made.

Before a week elapsed I had reached the West, and was seated, a solitary passenger, on the mail-car which, I was informed, would pass nearest to my destination.

"Pray, where is Loch Talt?" I inquired of the driver, who had just asked permission to give a "lift" to a weird-looking little old man, whom he called "Tim the Gossoon."

"Loch Talt, your honor? Why, there" (pointing with his whip), "at the other side of the black mountain, you see. But what does your honor want with Loch Talt?"

"I'm going there, my man—going to Sir William Courtney's lodge to fish."

"Thin may I ax your honor if ye've brought anything with you?"

"Yes, of course—rods, flies; don't you see them?"

"Ah, but, your honor, thim's not what I mane; onything to ate and drink?" whispered Phil.

"Of course not—the servant expects me," I replied, half amused and half vexed.

"Oh, thin, begorra, yer honor, ye can't go there at all, at all. Shure, it's starvation ye're going to. Tim, avich," turning around to the Gossoon, "here's a gintleman going to Loch Talt, an' bringing nauthing with him. What do ye think of that?"

"Oh, may the Holy Vargin stand betwane me and Loch Talt!" ejaculated this specimen of humanity, screwing his wizened features into a most comical shape. "It's joking he is, Phil."

"Ye'd better tell Father Tom——"

At this moment a short-coated lassie, without shoes or stockings, but with such a merry pair of dark eyes, came

tripping down a lane, and asked for "letters for his riverence."

"Yes, ye little darlint. Jist run up and ax Father Tom to come down—he's wanting immediate—and I'll have the letters in a brace of shakes," replies Phil, in a coaxing voice, then diving into a bag that lay in the well of the car.

After a few minutes' delay a tall, portly gentleman made his appearance, his face beaming with humor and good-nature, and, saluting me, asked if he could be of any service. Phil anticipated my reply, b saying:

"It was myself that sent for your riverence, bekase his honor here is going to Loch Talt."

"To Sir William Courtney's, I suppose?" inquired the priest. "What then?"

"Just this, your riverence: his honor's brought nauthing with him but his own four bones and thim sticks," pointing contemptuously to my fishing paraphernalia. "It's purty tough ating thim'll be when the hunger gets nigh him, I'm thinking."

"Going to Loch Talt, and without any preparation!" cried the priest, becoming suddenly quite excited. "This can never be. Phil, off with the traps and rowl them up to the cottage lively." Then turning to me, "The fact of it is, you must make yourself as comfortable as you can in my little abode for the present, and to-morrow we'll talk about Loch Talt. But Phil is quite right, it would never do to send you on without first making certain how matters stand there."

With some apologies for thus intruding on the kind priest's hospitality, which were good-humoredly silenced, I soon found myself comfortably ensconced in a snug cottage, enjoying a joint of small, sweet mountain mutton, and a dish of delicious speckled trout, which had just been taken from a stream close by.

"It's mighty quare of Sir William," said Father Tom, half soliloquizing. "It's at his old tricks he is. However, here you are snug and welcome to-night, and to-morrow I'll see about it."

On the following day I found that Father Tom had started early, and was not to come back till the afternoon, but had made arrangements for my getting a good day's fishing; on his return he seemed to look more brightly on matters.

"I have been inquiring," said he, "and find there is really some preparation made for you, at least Dan Mooney is said to be flitting about as if something was up, so I think you may venture, and I'll start you early, as it's an ugly way from this. By-the-way, don't forget this: there's a gay little fellow up in those diggin's, one Bracy, who—heaven preserve her!—has brought his English wife to see the scenery; make him out, any way, for he is a decent creature, and it may save you from going mad for want of somebody to speak to."

Early on a splendid Autumn evening, as we wound round the black mountain, which seemed to frown defiance at all intruders, I once more inquired, "Where was Loch Talt?"

"Right forninst your honor," said my Jehu, pointing to a dark, dreary-looking lake, out of which, even at that early hour, circled a thick white vapor that brought forcibly to my mind the pestilential camping-ground in Bulgaria.

"But where's the lodge?" I inquired, uncomfortably.

"Bedad, we'll soon see that, your honor, as we round the pint, there—there it is!"

And there it was, in all truth—a one-storied hovel, badly whitewashed, the thatched roof heavy with green mildew, the once glazed windows partly stuffed with straw, the door rattling on its loosened hinges. My heart sank within me as I gazed on it, and were it not for very shame's sake I should once more have taken refuge with Father Tom.

"Hollo, Dan! you spalpeen, where are ye hiding? It's not the gauger; it's a raal gintleman from furrin parts cum to amuse himself," shouted the car-boy, laying a comical emphasis on the last words.

The spirit that was evoked by this summons startled me more than the lodge had done. A tall figure came swinging round the corner and stood bolt upright beside the car. It had a head, no doubt, for it bobbed, and a face, for it grinned; but that head only resembled a tangled mop of carroty color. The limbs from the knees up to the waist could boast a pair of old hunting-breeches that had, no doubt, seen many a hard day's sport, and were cleverly fastened round the wearer's loins with a wisp of hay; but the legs were quite innocent of stockings, and the feet only half-shod with broken shoes.

"This is Dan Mooney, yer honor; he has no English, but it's all one, for he knows what you say. Dan's not such an innocent as he looks."

On entering the lodge, I found that it consisted of two rooms and a potato-closet—one serving as kitchen and sleeping-apartment for Dan, his wife, and a group of children. In the other stood my bed, a four-poster—let it have its due—but evidently gone in the pins, the boards underneath having been apparently removed to give soft standing-ground for its poor feet. Matters did not look cheery, but I determined to see it out, and tried some colloquial proceedings with Dan, who appeared much affected when he found that I had brought some groceries, as well as some bread and part of a ham, that the good priest had stowed away in our car.

With these, assisted by an old cock, slain by Mrs. Dan, and some good potatoes, I satisfied my hunger, and managed to sleep, notwithstanding the immediate vicinity of the entire Mooney family.

On the following morning I was able to take my bearings, and ascertain my position in all its sober reality. I was the inhabitant of a wretched cabin in the most remote part of Ireland, situated on a dreary bog, surrounded by a dark, gloomy lake, from which emanated at night a pestilential vapor. I was mated with a wild being not more civilized than a wild Indian; and had but scant provisions to eke out the potatoes, the sole produce of the place.

I had spent six days in this retreat, had become familiar with the speckled trout that sported in myriads beneath the surface of Loch Talt, knew every nook and corner of the surrounding bog, and had even managed to become acquainted with a little of Dan's emphatic language.

On one occasion I let fall some of my fishing-gear into a portion of the loch where the water was particularly clear, and could distinguish it resting on a shelving bank. I motioned to Dan to dive for it, but he shook his head negatively.

"Oh, but I must get it," I said, preparing to strip for a plunge.

"Oh, the wampus! the wampus!" cried Dan, in evident terror, explaining to me that no one ever bathed there and lived.

I persevered, however, but failed in reaching what I sought for, and, it is but fair to add, experienced a curious sensation, caused probably by the sudden and intense coldness of the water a few feet below the surface, such as I had never felt before, and which was sufficiently startling to cause me to leave my property to the wampus, or—could it be?—to some of Dan's numerous progeny.

A FISHING ADVENTURE.—"'JUST THIS, YOUR RIVERENCE: HIS HONOR'S BROUGHT NOTHING WITH HIM BUT HIS OWN FOUR BONES AND THIM STICKS.'"— SEE PAGE 478.

A FISHING ADVENTURE.—"AND THERE IT WAS, IN ALL TRUTH—A ONE-STORIED HOVEL, BADLY WHITEWASHED, THE THATCHED ROOF HEAVY WITH MILDEW."

A week had now passed. My honor was perfectly satisfied. I had done Loch Talt; and the eternal silence—rarely broken save by the clicking of my rod-reel, or a grunt of satisfaction from Dan when I landed a thumper—began to tell upon my nerves, and show that I must soon decide between departure or insanity.

But relief was at hand, from a quarter I little thought of. As I was returning at midday from what I mentally determined should be my farewell visit to the loch, I met Dan in a great state of excitement. He pointed to the lodge, too big with the importance of his news to be able to explain himself. I entered hastily, and certainly was not prepared for the vision, nor the greeting. There stood a lady, *bien chaussée et bien gantée*, whose faultless toilet might have been designed by Worth.

Advancing toward me with both hands extended, she expostulated:

"Oh, Mr. Percy, how could you think of coming here? That odious Sir William! Through some mistake, we only heard from Father Tom last night that you were here; and only to think of your having passed a week in 'Starvation Point'!"

And who were these? "That decent chap Bracy, and his English wife, who were in those diggin's!" Father Tom would have said; but who seemed to me to have been specially designed to hasten to the rescue of the victims of Sir William's hospitality.

In a short time I found myself in a charming cottage, surrounded by as much comfort as could be expected in a mountain home, and treated as an honored guest.

Some months afterward, when the recollection of my adventure had become weakened in my mind, I narrated to Sir William what had occurred.

"Dear me!" he blandly replied, "you don't say so? Then what can have become of poor McDougall, whom I persuaded to follow you, and who left for that purpose about a week after you did? How disappointed he will be at not meeting with you!"

A FISHING ADVENTURE.—"'THIS IS DAN MOONEY, YER HONOR; HE HAS NO ENGLISH, BUT THAT'S ALL ONE, FOR HE KNOWS WHAT YOU SAY. DAN'S NOT SUCH AN INNOCENT AS HE LOOKS.'"

A FISHING ADVENTURE.—"'BUT I MUST GET IT,' I SAID, PREPARING TO STRIP FOR A PLUNGE. 'OH, THE WAMPUS! THE WAMPUS!' CRIED DAN, IN EVIDENT TERROR."

THE PRICE OF A PAIR OF EARS.

"STAFFRAVANTI, we shall want a carriage to take us to Abilene to-day; so, like a good fellow, furbish up something a little more decent than that ramshackle old bathing-machine you swindled us into taking yesterday; and if you have nothing sounder than the three ponies to draw it, perhaps you will not mind harnessing your red cow for a leader."

Stephen Staffravanti, landlord of the Hotel of the Ambassadors at Phylæ, looked at his guest with an expression of wounded dignity upon his ugly brown countenance.

"A bathing-machine, excellency? The carriage you used yesterday once belonged to a great English milord, who died at Athens; and my ponies are known from here to Marathon."

"So I should think, Staffy, and shunned in proportion. Look here, now; get us something else in the shape of triumphal car, or I shall see if your neighbor, Gaspar Dardi, cannot please me better."

"He—he—he! Gaspar Dardi!" cried Stephen, indignantly. "He will make you pay twice as many drachmæ for the use of his two worn-out old 'garrons'; and the gray is as blind as Dimitri the beggarman, and a great deal lamer, for when Dimitri chooses to let them down, *he* has two very good legs, the old cheat! Ah! excellent gentleman, you will gain nothing by going to Gaspar Dardi, the big rogue!"

"He must be a good Greek, then, Staffy," said the guest, dryly.

"A Greek? No, sir; he is a contemptible Corfiote, and voted against the independence of the islands just because those greedy English used to spend their money at his vulgar chocolate-house. I hate the John Bulls; they think we Greeks only exist through their condescension. Ah, excellency, America is the country for me!"

"When you happen to be speaking to an American,

THE PRICE OF A PAIR OF EARS.—"BERTIE MAYNARD PUSHED THE GREEK BEFORE HIM AT A QUICK PACE, WITH THE MUZZLE OF THE PISTOL HE HELD PRESSED AGAINST THE BACK OF HIS SKULL."

ch, Staffy? But do not let us wander from our subject. What about the carriage?"

"The carriage?" Staffravanti wriggled himself close to the guest, and looked as insinuatingly as nature permitted him. "Oh, sir, I will have my comfortable carriage cleaned and smartened up, and the ponies are so fresh they will whisk you to Pyropolis before that impostor Dardi would be able to bring his worthless beasts down from his farm."

"Look here, Staffravanti," said the other, rather sharply, "if the Americans are so much to your taste, you probably know that soft solder does not go much further with them than with other people. When breakfast is finished, I want to see a decent trap at the door, or else you may favor me with our bill. There, I do not want more words about the matter."

"But, excellency, I——"

"The trap or the bill, Staffy," interrupted the guest, walking along the veranda toward his apartment.

"But, excellent—most excellent sir, I ask you——"

"The trap, Staffy—*or the bill!*" And the uncompromising guest passed through the glass door, leaving the landlord with hands beseechingly outstretched, but which he put to another use the next moment by scratching his head.

Bertie Maynard—so was Staffravanti's guest known in "the street"—was "doing" Greece. Ever since he had held G—— stock, he had declared he would spend six months in Europe out of the year that saw that stock quoted at a certain figure. The "bulls" granted his aspiration by tossing it up, one day, a great deal higher than the figure he was waiting for.

In a week he cleared a fortune; in three more he was crossing the Atlantic, conscientiously bent upon fulfilling the pledge he had entered into.

At Rome, happening to meet an American family at the house of a mutual acquaintance, he contrived to fall in love with one of its members, a very charming and willful young lady, bent upon visiting the Parthenon; and, as her father steadily objected to go to Greece, she married Herbert Maynard at the expiration of a two months' courtship, upon the express condition of a honeymoon in the Morea.

"Well, Bertie, what does the landlord say?" asked Mrs. Maynard, looking up from her occupation of peeling a peach as her husband entered.

"Bathing-machine and ponies, Georgia."

"Then fetch me a large pumpkin and a fairy's wand, Bertie, for go in that rumbling old Noah's Ark I will *not*."

"I told Staffravanti that he must find us some other conveyance or send up his bill; so let us breakfast, and see what will turn up, Georgia."

The honey was undeniable.

Stephen vowed that it came straight from Hymettus; and the Syracusan wine, the peaches and mulberries, were above complaint. As for made dishes, Greece cannot cook; but when the honeymoon is in its second lustre, bread and fruit and kisses are a tolerable diet.

They lingered over the meal—newly married people always do—and exchanged superfluous adjectives, in which occupation they were interrupted by the breathless advent of Staffravanti, who, remembering his indiscretion, confounded himself in apologies for omitting to knock.

"But, my honored gentleman and lady!"—Stephen Staffravanti charged for his epithets in the bill—"I was impatient to tell you that your commands are fulfilled. The Honorable Deputy Sclabulos is at Athens, and his coachman has lent me his master's new carriage; so, excellencies, you will go to Abilene, and while you are enjoying yourselves, I will prepare a banquet—a real banquet—against your return. There will be a fricasseed chicken, flavored with vine-leaves. Ah!"—Stephen kissed the tips of his fingers to express the deliciousness of the promised dish—"and you shall have snails, stewed with chives; an omelet, with cream-sauce; and, perhaps, madame would like a delicate pig's foot, stewed in honey and tomatoes? No?" Mrs. Maynard made a wry face. "Well, then, we will leave out the pig's foot; and, let me see——"

"We place ourselves in your hands, Staffy," interrupted Bertie Maynard. "Put some lunch into the carriage, and let it be ready as soon as possible, or we shall lose the cool of the morning."

Beautiful Greece! country with a great past and a little present—with a grand dead renown, and a shaky living reputation—since the days when Parthenope poised her spear on the Acropolis, what a change has stalked over the land!

Tempe has it flowers, and soft, balmy, creeping air, much as when Leonidas gave patriotism a Greek name at Thermopylæ; and *there* is the satire of history legible in the work of Time, which toppled down the Parthenon and left the cradle of Grecian degradation fresh and blooming.

Yet can one write *beautiful Greece*, and thank the one-time mistress of the Mediterranean for sitting in the dust, the peepshow of the nations.

The road to Abilene from Phyle wound in a continuous ascent through mountain villages—if the term mountain be not too ambitious a designation for a range of moderately high hills—to Pyropolis.

Very charming was the sunny scenery, in spite of the slovenly neglect visible everywhere, and the almost barbarous absence of all the appliances of nineteenth century ingenuity and skill to the cultivation of the generous soil and the architecture of the habitations.

Grape and tomato-vines cast a mantle of grace even over sordid hovels; and the iron-shod beam, drawn by a decrepit cow, which did duty for a plow, was redeemed from absolute contempt by the classical air and picturesque dress of the husbandman.

"If we had all this out in Maryland, Georgia, we should make a different use of it, eh?" said Bertie Maynard, practically.

"Umph! More dollars and less romance, Bertie," replied Mrs. Maynard, whose matrimonial convictions were yet on the honeymoon side of dollars. "Fancy hearing the rattle of cotton-gins instead of that drowsy humming of the bees, and seeing a lot of negroes hoeing tobacco in the place of those Greek women and children idling in the sun! Leave Greece where it is, Bertie—we should spoil it."

Arrived at Pyropolis, it became necessary to accomplish the remaining distance to Abilene on foot—a mere track, climbing upward through craggy eminences, overrun with dog-roses and blue campanules, affording no accommodation for Deputy Sclabulos's Paris-built britzska.

Looking back as they walked, white Corinth flashed reflected sunlight to them from its blue setting of Corinthian Sea, where the wide-winged *speronares* laden with fruit and fish, glided like boats in a picture—if picture-boats could glide.

The villas on the Isthmus glanced out whitely from their bowers of greenery, and on the far horizon Athos reared up, purple-clad and light-crowned, while beyond and around all, *Oceanus circumvagus* spread its azure cestus—its girdle of sapphire.

"Do you draw, Bertie?" asked Mrs. Maynard, after silently gazing at the glorious panorama.

"Oh, yes, Georgia—checks!"

"Ah! More generous than talented," murmured Georgia, a little spitefully. "I can understand why New York could not produce a Phidias, nor Greece a —— ——."

She named a well-known American millionaire.

"Now, don't be too hard upon Uncle Sam, Georgia—there's a dear girl. I dare say we are shockingly practical, but we make very good roads, build comfortable houses, and cook respectable dinners. Greece is a very beautiful country 'to *live* out of,' and, take my word for it, the people that grinds out ——s from its raw material is, take it all in all, more of a people than that which only produces Phidiases."

Mrs. Maynard passed her arm through that of her husband, perhaps half conscious that the *caro sposo's* feathers were slightly ruffled, and Bertie shaded her carefully under his umbrella.

In this way they sauntered higher and higher on their road to the elevated plateau on which Abilene nestles in its ramparts of hill-tops.

Two things militate considerably against the satisfaction derivable from a tour in the mountainous districts of Greece.

One of these consists in the precariousness that attends upon a tourist's search for a medium of locomotion; the other, in the high degree of perfection to which the Hellenes have brought the science of brigandage.

The first of these Bertie Maynard had grappled with; the second grappled with *him* very unexpectedly, at a turn in the path that diverged through a rocky gorge, where he found himself surrounded by a band of unpleasantly theatrical-looking individuals, in variously embroidered velvet jackets, white "capotes," cloth skull-caps, and displaying a villainous assortment of lethal weapons.

Mrs. Maynard shrank close to her husband, who shut up his umbrella with a snap, and stared rather disconcertedly at the intruders.

One of the number, a marvelously handsome man, with long, pendant mustaches, features and warm olive complexion that a pretty woman might envy, and the form and carriage of a demi-god, advanced, as a sovereign moves in his audience-chamber, to within a couple of paces of our Benedict, whom he scrutinized briefly, transferring his notice to Mrs. Maynard.

The look of admiration that came into his very expressive eyes was not at all devoid of deference and a haughty sort of courtesy. He bowed with ceremonious politeness to her, then, confronting Bertie Maynard, said, shortly:

"I am Phalerus Spartakè. You are welcome to my kingdom; for *I* reign here, and"—he smiled with easy self-possession—"I raise taxes, not from my subjects, as other kings do, but *for* my subjects, as other kings do not. You are rich, excellency, and this beautiful lady is your newly-married bride. What I require of you, you will never miss in your great continent, of which golden California is but a province. I respect the Americans. You shall ransom yourself and your bride for *five hundred thousand drachmæ*."

"King" Spartakè delivered himself of this speech with calm deliberation, in intelligible, if not fluent, English.

Bertie Maynard, who had never taken his eyes from the "king's" face, recovered his presence of mind long before the latter had finished, and spoke a few words to soothe his wife's alarm, after which he again looked at the model monarch with perfect *aplomb*.

"So *you* are the famous Spartakè, are you? I wish I had your head in Athens, my friend; for, of course, you know it is equivalent to a draft for five thousand dollars there."

"I was in Athens yesterday, but no one claimed the five thousand dollars," observed the Greek, proudly.

"*I* will, if I ever chance to meet you there," said Bertie, with a laugh. "Well, and now what do you want? I have come with my wife to see Abilene. Your respect for my country should induce you to suffer us to pass unmolested; but, if that be asking too much of your disinterestedness, I have, I think, about a thousand francs in my pocket, and our trinkets may be worth as much more. At all events, I will redeem them at their full value, and 'ask no questions,' as we say across the Atlantic."

Spartakè contemplated the speaker steadily.

"Few strangers *laugh* in the presence of Phalerus Spartakè," said he, meaningly. "They nearly all tremble and weep."

"I guess you do not see many Americans, then, Master Spartakè. Look here! As this lady happens to be with me, for her sake I take matters quietly; but, accept my word for it, if I were alone, and you tried to blackmail me, I would do what your blessed Government does not seem able to do—that is, stick your head up over the gate to the jail at Athens."

The cruelly sinister gleam that shot from the brigand's eyes quite robbed them of their beauty.

"But, as the lady is with you, excellency, you will pay me the ransom of five hundred thousand drachmæ, eh?"

"I will see you dead first!" was Bertie's energetic reply.

Spartakè smiled.

"Madame"—he addressed Mrs. Maynard—"you love your husband, and prefer him *with* his ears, I am sure. Use your influence to persuade him to procure five hundred thousand drachmæ—*that* is the price of them."

* * * * * * *

The next morning's sunshine made sad enough light in poor Bertie Maynard's eyes, and his aching head and throbbing temples needed an easier pillow than the rocky ground on which he lay pinioned and helpless—worst of all, alone.

Where was his wife? How the self-put and reiterated question tortured him!

It was not without a desperate struggle that the brigands had succeeded in securing him. Mrs. Maynard's screams while she was in the grasp of the ruffians had lent him the strength of furious frenzy, and only by a stunning blow, from the effects of which his head yet felt dizzy and unsettled, was he finally reduced to impotency.

Upon recovering his senses, he found himself in darkness, bound, and alone.

At first his imagination was assailed by horrible mind-pictures. All the newspaper reports of brigand outrage which he had read crowded into his mind with wonderful faithfulness of detail.

His fancy portrayed Georgia, his gentle, tenderly nurtured bride, in the power of the lawless, ruthless outlaws, to whom her youth and social rank would be but so many incentives to outrage; and then, grinding his teeth in a terrible paroxysm of agony, he wrenched at the ligatures around his wrists and elbows, until the numbed muscles refused further exertion.

He shouted her name, so that his tired voice grew husky, hoping to draw from her some intimation of her whereabouts, but no answering voice reached him; and, finally, mental and physical exhaustion compelled him to a stupefied quiescence, in which his naturally discriminating and analytical mind recovered its clearness.

He discerned, from the fact of his preservation, that Spartakè had not relinquished the expectation of wringing from him the enormous ransom he demanded as the

SOME DOGS THAT I HAVE KNOWN.—"GYPSY WOULD TAKE HER PLACE AT THE FOOT OF THE PULPIT-STAIRS, WHERE SHE WOULD REMAIN UNTIL THE CONCLUSION OF THE SERVICE."— SEE PAGE 494.

price of freedom for himself and his wife; and argued shrewdly that the latter was safe from wrong so long as the Greek did not regard its acquisition as hopeless.

A hundred thousand dollars! It might take some time to procure that sum, but still he was good for it; and it occurred to him that Spartakè might consent to allow Mrs. Maynard to go to Athens to confer with his bankers there respecting the advance.

"If Georgia were once out of their power," thought he, "they would not find *me* so easy to deal with as they think."

Well, daylight came at length, and then Bertie Maynard perceived that his place of detention was a sort of apartment formed by the fallen blocks of masonry and pillars of the ruins for which Abilene was celebrated.

Through the chinks and interstices the light streamed, enabling him to note that there were evidences of habitual occupation about the place. A heap of charred wood denoted where a fire had been, and the plinth of a fallen column that supported a marble bas-relief lying prone across it was blackened with smoke. Several well-pressed litters of cut heather, such as covered the mountains, showed that it was used as a sleeping-place; and lastly, a black, greasy-looking set of bagpipes hung from a projecting fragment of stone almost directly above his face.

Day had not long dawned when Bertie's meditations were disturbed by the appearance of one of the brigands, who bent over him to see if he was awake, for, though the partial light was sufficient to enable the prisoner to distinguish objects clearly, the interior was rather obscure to one entering it from the outside.

The rascal grinned rather good-temperedly when he caught Bertie's eye, and addressed him in his *patois* of modern Greek, which the latter could make nothing intelligible of.

Anxious, however, for an interview with the chief, he nodded encouragingly to his interlocutor, and said, interrogatively: "Phalerus Spartakè—Spartakè?"

The brigand returned the nod intelligently, and waved his hand in the direction of the entrance to the recess.

Bertie ransacked his brains for the small and moldy remains of his Greek lexicon yet lingering in his memory, and, with desperate emphasis, exclaimed: "Gune mou?"

The Greek laughed outright, and then poured forth a torrent of what was gibberish to our American, in the midst of which Spartakè himself entered, accompanied by several of his band.

Looking steadily at his captive, the chief folded his arms, and, in his musically pitched voice, addressed him thus:

"Excellency, behold the fate of those who have the ambition to adorn the jail of Athens with the head of Phalerus Spartakè."

Bertie Maynard would have willingly sacrificed half the demanded ransom at that moment just to feel his arms free and his finger on the trigger of the loaded revolver he had so stupidly, as he reflected, left in the table-drawer of his room at Staffravanti's hotel.

"I will find a messenger to bear a letter for you to your friends, if you please," continued the chief, "so that they may procure you the money I demand."

The American gazed unwinkingly at him, rapidly revolving chances in his own mind.

"Well, what do you say?' resumed Spartakè.

"No one but my wife would have influence enough to procure such a sum," answered Bertie, sulkily. "I am a stranger in Athens. Let her go to my bankers, Lizardi and Company; she can get about half of it there. I have no more on this side the Atlantic."

The Greek smiled cynically.

"I often hear that," said he, quietly. "Englishmen, Germans, Russians, Frenchmen—all tell me they have only half what I demand *in Athens;* but they all manage to procure the whole before we part—all, that is, who return home. Shall I show you the result of obstinacy in my kingdom?"

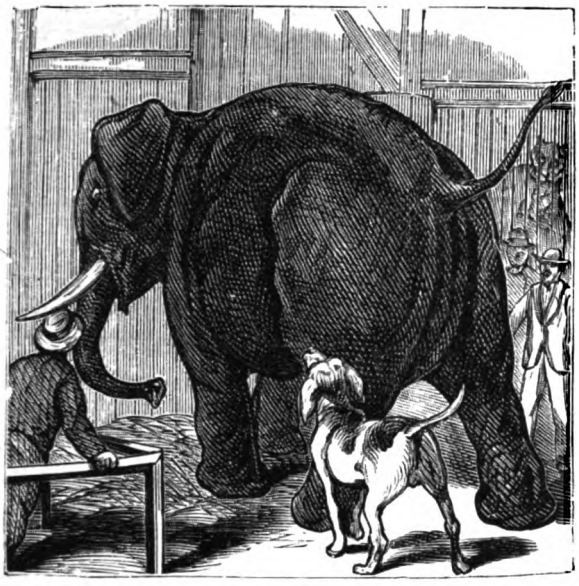
Bertie Maynard glared at him, but did not speak.

Spartakè addressed a few words to one of his "subjects," who left the retreat blithely.

"I will relieve you from your bonds, sir, relying on your common sense not to compel me to replace them," observed the chief to Bertie, while the brigand was performing his errand; "but bear well in mind you will never be out of range of twenty loaded muskets, and it is easier to rid the body of cords than of bullets."

Obeying the directions of the speaker, two of the band

SOME DOGS THAT I HAVE KNOWN.—"WHEN THE BODY OF THE TERRIER WAS THROWN OVERBOARD, IT WAS WITH DIFFICULTY THAT BRUNO WAS PREVENTED FROM FOLLOWING IT."



SOME DOGS THAT I HAVE KNOWN. —"TURK, AT ONCE COMPREHENDING THE SITUATION, FLEW AT THE ELEPHANT AND DROVE HIM BACK INTO HIS CORNER."—SEE PAGE 494.

released Bertie Maynard's limbs, but these were so cramped and stiff, that our American felt there was no "fight" in them.

A pause of several minutes ensued, during which Spartakè stood apart from his followers, his right hand resting upon the stock of one of the long silver-mounted pistols thrust through his Albanian waist-sash.

Presently his messenger re-entered, leading by a cord a little, elderly man in civilian dress, whose head was half concealed by a dirty bandage.

Spartakè glanced at the new-comer, and from him to Bertie.

"This is Petri Papastavrodabulos. The great corn warehouses at the Piræus belong to him, and he has a whole fleet of ships at sea. He and his daughter have been my guests for ten days. I require the same ransom from him that I demand from you, but his gold is so precious to him that he will not write me an order upon his agents for the money. Yesterday, however, I sent in two drafts, which, perhaps, will be honored; if not, his head will go neatly packed in vine-leaves, and his daughter —she is a nice young thing—will become the wife of Constans, my aid-de-camp, yonder—him with the bruised eye, that he owes to your fist, by-the-by—until he gets tired of her, when some of the others will espouse her. And now you shall see whence I obtained the two drafts I am waiting payment of."

At a direction spoken in his own language, the brigand who held the corn-merchant jerked off the bandage from his head.

The unhappy man shrieked, and endeavored to raise his bound hands to his face. Blood was trickling freely from the gray fringe of hair at his temples, and the linen round his throat was soaked with it.

His face presented a bare, unsightly appearance; for, with undisguised horror, Bertie Maynard realized that—the ears were gone!

The despairing glance that the tortured man directed furtively at his fellow-captive, without raising his bowed-down, pallid face from where it was sunk upon his chest, was unutterably miserable; and, for the first time, Bertie Maynard grasped the reality in all its ugliness, that the bloodthirsty and unsparing cruelty, the ruthless lust, the murderous savagery of these Greek brigands were not sensational exaggerations, but undiluted actualities—not figures of speech used to wring from the terror of their captives the ransom demanded, but positive measures unhesitatingly used to extort them.

With the promptitude of the race he sprang from, the American braced himself to confront the peril.

"Where is my wife?" said he, sternly, looking the chief full in the face.

"She is well cared for by mine," answered Spartakè, briefly.

"Yours! You are married?" A feeling of relief crept over Bertie Maynard's brain, and he added: "Let me confer with my wife, and I will arrange to procure you the ransom."

The Greek stared hard at his prisoner, as if trying to read his real intentions.

"Be it so. You shall accompany me to my *palace*"—he emphasized the last word. "So that you be reasonable, you will not find it inhospitable."

Again addressing the merchant's jailors in his native dialect, the latter led away poor Petri, and then the chief motioned to the American to precede him out of the ruined apartment.

Mrs. Maynard was sitting under the shelter of a hut constructed simply of leafy boughs, weeping bitterly, while a very beautiful young Greek woman was doing her best to soothe her grief and allay her alarm.

A child about two years of age was rolling, with all the *insouciance* to grief happily natural to childhood, in the warm sunshine at the entrance.

At the sight of Bertie, Mrs. Maynard sprang past her hostess and would-be consoler, to dart, fleet-footed as a deer, with outstretched arms, nor stop till they were clasped around his neck and her sobbing bosom pressed to his.

"Oh, Bertie, Bertie, take me away from here—take me away from here!" she gasped; and Bertie smoothed her disarranged hair, and whispered softly words of comfort that he did not exactly feel himself.

Spartakè peremptorily refused to allow Mrs. Maynard to proceed to Athens to negotiate the advance of the ransom.

He signified that he regarded her as the best moiety of

SOME DOGS THAT I HAVE KNOWN. —"THEY CAME AT A LIVELY GAIT TOWARD THE BARNYARD, FRED IN THEIR REAR, CAPERING, BARKING, AND MAKING ALL THE FUSS POSSIBLE."

his security, and declined to be convinced by Bertie's assurance that a mere written order from him would be ineffectual to procure the money.

Meanwhile, he permitted unreserved communication between his two prisoners, and our American utilized it to prime his wife with the best advice his own foresight could devise in view of the various contingencies that might arise.

The spot on which the chief had erected his "palace" was singularly well calculated to defy surprise.

It was a woody knoll, jutting out from the plain of Abilene, of which four-fifths of the circumference terminated abruptly in a sheer drop of sixty or seventy feet to the ragged ravines through which wound the tortuous path to Pyropolis; the other fifth debouched upon the head of that path just where it opened upon the plain.

From this knoll a perfectly unobstructed view was obtained of the surrounding country, the road to Phylæ being easily distinguishable, running like a white band through the green landscape.

One glance satisfied Bertie Maynard that escape was not a promising expedient, for the only practicable outlet to Spartakè's position was cordoned by watchful sentinels, while before the ruined temple, in which he himself had been incarcerated, a sprawling group of bandits kept an unrelaxed vigil.

Throughout the morning Mrs. Maynard sat closely pressed to her husband's side, her hands clasped in his, while Spartakè, concealing his impatience, if he felt any, played and romped with his child for all the world as though he were the most lamb-like of parents, and Queen Calysthe—for so the "king" called his consort—lounged on the grass amongst the purple clover, knitting, and looking soft and handsome, with her magnificent dark hair pinned up with great silver skewers.

Bertie eyed the brigand with an unfriendly aspect. There was suppressed wrath enough in his coldly stern look and the expression of his tightly compressed lips to satisfy any physiognomist that, with their relative situations reversed, the Greek would be "booked for something unpleasant."

When noon arrived, the chief led his child to the mother, and spoke to her in Greek; whereupon the latter arose, glanced at our couple, and retired to the hut. Spartakè advanced, and addressed Mr. Maynard:

"Excellency, my wife is preparing refreshment for you; be gracious enough to enter the hut and partake of it."

"Do not let him separate me from you, Bertie!" cried the poor girl, trembling, and clinging more closely than ever to her husband.

"They shall *not!*" answered he, resolutely; and then added, "This lady requires no refreshment, and I shall not suffer her out of my sight."

"*Shall* not?" reiterated the Greek, with deliberate emphasis. "Excellency, those are words that need to be backed up with *power* to give them significance. Let that pass, however; the lady can remain if she wishes. Are you prepared to write the letter to your friends in Athens?"

"Yes, as I have told you, provided my wife is to be the bearer of it. By that means only can my letter be effectual to obtain the money."

Spartakè's eyes glittered disagreeably.

"Your wife will remain here," said he. "Your letter shall go by other hands; should it fail, you know I have a resource. Remember Petri Papastavrodabulos."

A burning reply rose to Bertie Maynard's lips, but he checked it for his wife's sake.

"Will you write the letter, if I provide the materials? It must leave *in half an hour*," resumed the Greek, slowly.

"If my wife is allowed to take it, it may leave in a quarter; otherwise I will write nothing."

Spartakè gazed steadily in Bertie's eyes for a moment or two before he spoke.

"You think I am not in earnest with *you*—that I shall hesitate to deal with an American as I have with a Greek, eh? You are young, prosperous"—he glanced at Mrs. Maynard, meaningly, and added—"happy. Which is the greater sacrifice, the ransom I demand out of your opulence, or—life? Do not trust to your country's renown. America is far off; you are *here*." He waved his hand imperiously. "Phalerus Spartakè knows no nationalities."

Had the Greek realized how sorely beset his hearer was by the desire to clutch him by the throat, he would probably have removed it to a safer distance.

Bertie was right: the brigand had not captured many Americans.

"That is very good buncombe," he said, shortly, "if you know what that means; but to *me*, Phalerus Spartakè is a vulgar bushwhacker, whose time will come to dance upon nothing, with a hempen cravat round his throat. And now, respecting this money, I can pay you about half what you so modestly ask by sending a letter by any messenger you may please; but, understand me well, I shall require good security that, having received the money, you do not deal treacherously with me. If half the sum will not satisfy your greed, then my wife must carry my letter to Athens, and if you talk for a month you will not change matters."

If Spartakè had not grasped the *full* meaning of this address, he understood enough to fire his vindictiveness, and the spiteful flash of his black eyes quivered alternately on Bertie's and his wife's countenances.

"You think you can insult me with impunity because you are an American, eh? Aggelos Kurion! you shall see! Ho, Spiridion! Constans! bring cords and bind this man!"

Recollecting himself, he repeated the order in his own language.

As a lion bounds upon its prey, or a constrictor leaps upon a deer, so did Bertie Maynard hurl himself upon the Greek, and crushing his slender form in his muscular grasp, hurled him prostrate. Wrenching the weapons from his sash with one quick hand, he dragged the astounded brigand by the neck-band with the other, crying loudly to Mrs. Maynard to follow, and did not pause until he held the nearly throttled Spartakè at the very verge of the cliffs.

"Keep back!" he shouted furiously to the brigands, who came clustering up the knoll; and, endued with a giant's strength in the desperate frenzy of his wrath, he lifted the shuddering Greek in his arms, and held him poised, as if about to launch him into the abyss.

Mrs. Maynard crouched at his feet, terror-stricken, but a wailing shriek proceeded from the Greek woman, who tottered, blanched with horror, from the hut.

The brigands paused; grouped in a bewildered throng, they gazed at the perplexing situation, handling their long muskets, but sensible of the impossibility of using them against Bertie without insuring the destruction of their chief.

"Order your men to retire, and leave the path to Pyropolis clear, Phalerus Spartakè, or by the God who made us, these rocks below us will be your road to hell!"

"Mercy, mercy, excellency! and I will set you free!" gasped the writhing Greek.

"Order your men to fall back, I tell you!"

Bertie's voice deepened in menacing meaning, and he turned more directly toward the cliffs.

Spartakè called huskily to his followers; more and more shrilly he repeated his command as he felt his powerlessness in the nervous grasp of the American.

Bertie watched to see, from the result, the meaning of the chief's instructions to his band, and, observing them slowly retire toward the ruins, suffered the chief to drop to the ground, still clutching him tightly, however, and then catching up one of the long pistols which he had disarmed him of previously, but been compelled to relinquish to use his hands, he pressed its muzzle to the brigand's head, and in that attitude, with flaming eyes and panting chest, stood over his captive captor.

"Up with you, Georgia!" he cried—"away with you to Pyropolis! Never fear; none of these scoundrels will dare touch you now. Phalerus Spartakè, if one of your ruffians moves hand or foot to molest this lady until I see her enter the village yonder, the bullet in this pistol will go into your brain!"

The livid countenance of the prostrate Greek betokened the depths of his fear, while his eyes were riveted, as if in a terrible fascination, upon his adversary's.

"She may go!" he murmured, in a husky, rustling whisper—"she may go!"

"It may be better for you to tell your scoundrels as much, Spartakè."

With his thumb, Bertie cocked the pistol, and the brigand started violently at the click.

"Let me get up, excellency, and I will do all you wish. Am I not in your power? Let me get up."

"Wait," was Bertie's brief admonition; and then, pinning down his prisoner with one knee, he unfastened the silk scarf the chief wore, and with it pinioned his wrists as securely as he could.

An uproar arose amongst the "king's" subjects as they perceived the indignity their monarch was subjected to, and the handsome Calysthe, wringing her hands like Niobe, advanced, with imploring gestures and words, equally wasted upon Bertie, as if to join her lord.

"Bertie, Bertie! the woman is coming!" cried Mrs. Maynard, into whom her husband's desperate resolution had instilled an energy, born of their common peril, doubtless, but also of her desire to second his efforts.

"Tell her to keep back," said the latter, snatching up the pistol once more, and affording Spartakè a clear view down its barrel.

The brigand complied, addressing a long speech to his weeping wife, who wrung her hands, but retired to confer with the members of the band.

These last gesticulated wildly, flourishing their hands and tossing their long hair, while Spartakè watched them with painful intentness.

"Let me get up and speak to them, excellency. They will obey *me*."

Bertie dragged him to his feet, grasping him firmly, and covering him all the while with the pistol.

"Speak from here!" said he, sternly; "and remember, at the first evidence of treachery, I pull the trigger. Now speak."

For a couple of minutes the Greek addressed his followers, the latter listening moodily, and conferring together in the intervals.

Finally the one named by Spartakè, Constans, shouted out a reply, whereupon, turning to Bertie, the chief spoke in a low, anxious tone.

"Sir, you are free to go, you and your lady. I did but jest when I threatened your life. I would not harm an American. I will accompany you quietly to the foot of the pass—further it would be dangerous for *me* to go; *there* you will release me, will you not?"

"Come, then!" replied Berti grimly; "and once more remember, at the first symptom of treachery—if any of your men advance but five yards toward us—if I but suspect an intention to intercept us, as I hope for salvation, you will die that moment!"

"I understand you, excellency," answered the chief, faintly.

"Go first, Georgia, but keep close to us," said our American, casting one searching glance at the disconcerted brigands, who were lingeringly withdrawing from the entrance of the pass; "and carry that other pistol for me, if you will—there it lies on the ground."

Albeit not addicted to handling firearms, Mrs. Maynard bravely possessed herself of the weapon.

"Let me walk by your side, Bertie; I prefer it to going in front," she said, with a nervous look at the white-capoted rascals below them.

"On the other side, then; and keep Spartakè's body between you and those thieves, in case they should fire," answered Bertie.

"They will not fire, excellency; you need have no fear," interrupted Spartakè, in his downcast tone.

"Fear is a thing Americans do not cultivate, Phalerus Spartakè," retorted Bertie. "I guess you will pay more heed to nationalities next time you prosecute your profession. Walk on, if you please, and—remember!"

Heedless of the wailings of Spartakè's wife, who, clasping her child, poured out sobbing entreaties—regardless of the uplifted voices of the picturesque gang of malefactors, Bertie Maynard pushed the Greek before him at a quick pace with the muzzle of the pistol he held pressed against the back of his skull.

Keeping close to his side, Mrs. Maynard, with her heart throbbing in her throat, as it seemed to her, pressed on, with back-turned eyes, and in this order the space intervening between them and the rocky path down the defile was traversed.

Bertie could scarcely restrain a shout as his foot fairly planted itself on the gritty soil of the track.

"Press on, Georgia, my brave girl!" he cried, exultingly, and with a dig of the pistol-barrel in Spartakè's neck.

"Ah, excellency!" remonstrated the latter, mildly, and continued: "Did I not pledge my word you should not be molested, and have I not kept my pledge?"

"Yes, Spartakè; a bullet with a few drams of powder behind it is a great enforcer of pledges. Move on, if you please, briskly; we can talk when we are lower down."

Presently the bell of the chapel at Pyropolis made its tolling heard, and then the Greek held back.

"*You* are safe now, excellency, and *I* am unarmed; you can fearlessly release me now. You may even leave my hands tied, but suffer me to return to my wife and child. Madame, *you* will pity them, and plead for their husband and father?"

"No, she will not, Spartakè, you bloodthirsty miscreant; and if she did, I would tell her of that wretched Petri Whatever-his-name-is, and his shorn ears. On with you, sir; we shall not part just yet."

Spartakè's eyes began to glitter. He stubbornly resisted the impulse of Bertie's arm to force him along.

"You would deliver me to the Syndic at Pyropolis," he muttered, doggedly. Then suddenly resuming the whining tone, added: "Ah, sir! do not persecute him whom by your courage and strength you have conquered."

SUNSETTING AT REST BAY.

"Move on!" was Bertie's short and sharp rejoinder.

For a few steps Spartakè complied; then, with a sudden wrench, burst his hands free, and with snake-like agility ducked beneath his captor's outstretched arm, leaving his neck-bands in Bertie's grasp.

Before the latter could recover from his surprise, the brigand, by one vigorous push, to which rage and vindictiveness lent strength, sent our American scuffling over the slippery rocks along which the path wound.

The fall was not great nor absolutely abrupt; but

OPOSSUM-HUNTING IN THE SOUTH.—"THERE WAS THE CABIN, WITH PETER HIMSELF BALANCED ON A BENCH, AND RAPIDLY PRODUCING THE LOUD TUM-TUM, TWANG-TWANG, TUMPTY-TWANG WHICH IS SUCH SWEET MUSIC IN THAT DELICIOUS NIGHT-AIR."

Bertie parted with various patches of skin before he could control his movements sufficiently to look up, and then, from where he kneeled, some three or four yards below the terrified face of Mrs. Maynard which peered down at him, he observed Phalerus Spartakè springing goat-like up the blocks of the ascent.

A small puff of white smoke swirled upward; a sharp report echoed and re-echoed amongst the crags; a shower of stones and little fragments of rock rattled down as if detached by the concussion, and, on the sloping terrace of white-bleached crag twenty yards or so up the path, the brigand's white-clothed figure was seen, swaying, tottering.

Vainly the slippery feet endeavored to advance. Backward, backward yet, with hands clutching at empty air, the nobly formed Greek staggered helplessly, while deeper and deeper in color grew the crimson stain that was spreading over the breast of the white capote.

With a crash he fell, nerveless and inert, rolling from steep to steep, until a projecting rock staid the body, and then a faint cry escaped with a choking stream of blood from his lips.

Ah! if the widow and the orphan on the plain of Abilene heard that cry, would *their* tears have outweighed in the balance the exceedingly great satisfaction with which other widows and orphans, and still others who were tongueless and earless and impoverished, thanks to Phalerus Spartakè, might have welcomed, had they heard it, the dying groans of the King of Abilene?

* * * * * *

"Well, Georgia," said Bertie Maynard, as he and his wife stood on the steamer's deck that was taking them to Brindisi, "you are more reconciled to leaving beautiful Greece, are you not? U. S. may suit US better, after all, in spite of its rattling cotton-gins and black tobacco hands, eh?" and he looked slyly into her pretty face.

"Yes; I am well pleased to feel our ears safe, Bertie, dear," and she clasped her husband's arm—that strong right arm that had established so good a claim to the title of protector—appreciatively.

"I guess so," quoth her spouse, dryly; "and content to live in a country where they do not fetch quite so high a price as half a million of drachmæ."

OPOSSUM-HUNTING IN THE SOUTH.

I AM from England, and, as I am on my way to the cotton States again, I will tell you of a visit to a Georgia plantation in the year 1868. It was upon that long slope to the seaboard, where the upland oaks begin to give place to the long-leaved yellow pine. The date was Autumn, and the time was evening, and a delicious coolness followed the sunset.

I was sitting on the broad upper step of the piazza, looking at a bank of gay clouds—one of those combinations of brilliant color and clear, pictorial outline only possible in such dry atmospheres as America has, and such as England has not.

Charlie, a Southern youth all through, lay sprawled on a large rug on the piazza-floor, and talked at intervals.

"How do you like niggers?" he asked.

I was inclined to respond, "Boiled!" as Charles Lamb did about the babies, but contented myself with a non-committal "So, so."

"Punks is some, ain't he?" continued my friend.

My mental fingers counted over the sizes and shades of negrohood introduced to my notice since arrival, and I assented to the fact that Punks, a little boy, was "some"-thing. I did not know what was implied, and am not sure that Charlie did.

The questioner now turned informant. He said:

"I promised him that if he would help drive the mules at the cotton-gin, I would take him to a show. So I took him to a circus and animal-show last week. He has tried to do all that he saw done since he came home, but didn't

OPOSSUM-HUNTING IN THE SOUTH.—"WITH THE INSTINCT TO HOLD ON, IT TOOK MY HEAD IN THE EMBRACE OF TEETH, CLAWS AND TAIL."

like the elephant. He had his cake of ginger-bread in his hand, and told his mother on his return that the 'critter tuck it away from him with his tail.'"

The story was so like a very old Irish one, of a "baste aitin' hay wid his tail," that my effort at a smile was a very poor success.

Charlie laughed for both of us, and continued:

"I told him once that to milk a frog, and put the cream on his face, would turn him white; and ever since he turns over every toad or pond-frog he can find, looking for the female giving milk that will cause the Ethiopian to change his skin."

I did laugh now, as my mind's eye saw the colored innocent at his quest; and Charlie, pleased at my appreciation, asked:

"Did you ever go 'possum-hunting?"

Feeling sure of the identity of the animal, in the land where the negroes leave off the "po" from the "tato," and the "mo" from the "lasses," I answered:

"No; but I would like to."

"Be still a minute," said Charlie.

I was quiet, and caught the tinkle of a banjo from the direction of the "quarter." This was a single cabin, built of pine-poles, put up pen-fashion.

"Uncle Peter's at home," said he. "He's good at 'coons and 'possums, and will go in a minute if we ask him."

I knew by this time that old negroes in the South, when not called "mammy" or "daddy," as loved nurses of the children, are always "uncle" or "aunt"; and I guessed "'coon" to be the abbreviation for the sly animal with ring-stripes on the tail.

Upon the hint of Charlie I arose, and we went around the "big house," as the white dwellings with brick chimneys, all outside, are called by the negroes.

Through the yard, destitute of grass and deep in Autumn leaves—through the collection of pigs squealing for corn—over the fence of the turnip-patch—and there was the cabin, with Peter himself balanced on a bench, of which a leg was absent, and rapidly producing the loud tum-tum, twang-twang, tumpty-twang which is such sweet music in that delicious night-air.

The negro songs, such as the Christy and other minstrels have made so familiar, are utterly beyond the composition or comprehension of the true negro, and the loud melodies, sung by such sweet, strong voices, all through the night, when the Indian corn is "shucked," or husked, often consist of disjointed words, conveying little more sense to singer or hearer than bird-notes.

Uncle Pete was a great poet for his race, and the words he sang were these, so far as I can remember the verses, often repeated, and having no beginning nor end.

"Up de hill,
An' down de holler;
Cotch dat 'possum
For a dollar.
Ki, ki, roast me dat;
Jolly good for de 'possum fat!

Skin him, cook him,
Cotch anoder;
Maybe cotch
Dat 'possum's brudder.
Ku, ku, de 'possum stew,
Th' ain't no 'possum here for you.

Hunk o' corn-bread,
Sweet potater,
An' hot meat
Upon de plate-er.
Ki, ki, good for you,
Dat 'are 'possum good for true!"

Seeing no end to this lyric devotion to the favorite god of the negro stomach, we appeared around the corner of the cabin, and Peter at once ceased, and handed us seats—a huge gourd and an old trunk—out into the moonlight, with the air of a prince.

We explained the purpose of our visit, and the old man showed his teeth and his delight at once, as he said:

"Yes, young marsters—jest as soon as you gets your supper over in the big house. I's cotched a powerful sight of 'possums in my young days. People can't allers stay peart and lively." And he added, briskly: "I'm growin' ole—ain't limber like I used to was. I ain't complainin' 'bout it, though; de Lord's will be done. Yer yaller rascal, ain't yer got no raisin', a-cuttin' up shines like dat afore gemmen? I'll break yer neck for yer!"

This sudden change from deep piety to parental reproof to little Punks, who was making desperate efforts to balance on head and hands, his one brief garment revealing so much of black that I had to understand the "yaller" point in the rebuke as a metaphorical way of saying he was the mother's child, not taking folly from his father.

The effect was to end the performance in a somersault, so sudden as to suggest the fear of a slap, and Punks departed with the usual open countenance of his race. An excruciatingly bad Southern pun is to the effect that the mouth of a negro is like an overseer's wages, in that it is from "year to year."

As we returned to the house for thick boots and tea, we passed Sam and Punks, the two younger boys of Peter, engaged in splitting "light-'ud" off an old stump. The yellow pine is full of crude turpentine, which will not burn in the green timber, and therefore there are no forest-fires, save unimportant ones of leaves, in the South.

In half an hour we were ready and off, Charlie "blowing up the dogs," as he expressed the unearthly noise he made on a huge ox-horn, and to which the clamor of a score of hounds, lean as the last kine of Egypt, responded.

Peter had a bag over his shoulder; Sam, a very dark object of thirteen years, carried an ax; Punks had his arms full of the slender splinters of pine, and gave each of us half-a-dozen.

One of the bunches, thrust among the smoldering brands under a soap-kettle, burst into a yellow blaze with black smoke, and was passed from hand to hand, until each of us was armed with fire.

I at once distinguished myself by holding mine in such a way that the melted pitch dropped on my bare hand; but I avoided the loud "Ya! ya!" of happy negro sympathy, by repressing the howl of pain just at my lips.

A planter, used to field supervision, scorns to use a road or path, and as our way was across a fifty-acre field, with the blooms, coarse leaves, and pods bursting with seed and lint, of the waist-high cotton-plants, covering it all, I could not see the ridges cast up to the plants, and therefore enjoyed the most prolonged stumble of a brief life.

Beyond this was an old field, as high in broom-sedge as the other had been in cotton, and when, in zeal for opossums, I deflected from the line of march, I found myself up to the eyes in blackberry briers, from which I escaped with bleeding face, and some of my broadcloth left as banners on the outer wall.

This seemed so common an incident that I was not even laughed at, and, wondering when the opossum would come into the story, I tried a leading question on Uncle Peter.

"The less 'possums the more huntin'," was his perfectly explicit and consoling rejoinder.

The moon was now high in heaven, and as we neared the verge of the tall pines mingled with oaks, the dogs broke away in full cry on a trail. It was explained to me that some venturesome thing, known to them under the inclusive name of "varmint," had, in all likelihood, been met on its way to a hen-roost; and soon the full cry of all the dogs at one spot proclaimed that 'possum or 'coon had been "treed." Probably the former, as the chase was so brief.

Peter, a conductor of red and black genii under the torch-flame, led the way to the place.

The tree was a slender pine sapling, and we could see the animal as a dark ball just at the top. A vigorous shake of the tree by Peter and Charlie, who were making more racket than the dogs, dislodged it so far as the hold of its feet was concerned, but its body only flew out to the length of the strong tail, curled in a death-grip, and the feet caught again in the rebound.

"Ax him to come down, Sam," said Charlie, and the boy, in blissful ignorance of the awful pun, began with the ax.

But few strokes were needed, and as the pine-top crashed down, I was aware of a general *mêlée*—dogs, little negroes, Charlie, Peter, pine-boughs—out of which at last a black arm held aloft a little dead opossum.

I took the little warm, soft roll of gray fur, with its exaggerated rat-tail, and it seemed so out of proportion to the great array and fuss, that I felt sorry and ashamed. However, I called to mind certain fields I had seen, of scarlet coats, horses and dogs, in the noble sport of fox-hunting, and felt consoled.

Charlie explained to me that the fat of the opossum, like that of the black bear, can be eaten to any extent without offending the stomach; and, conscious that mine was already offended by the wild-animal smell and the hot blood, I gave Peter the treasure for his bag.

As our course now lay through the woods, Punks volunteered to conduct me; and, in an evil moment, I assented.

As his shirt had probably been washed that week, he was tolerably visible by torch and moonlight, even in the tall timber; and, with head erect, and the memory that Nimrod was a "mighty hunter before the Lord," I stalked on. Punks was in sight, and had not paused.

Suddenly I saw a streak of fire that was not a torch, was jerked flat on my back, and was aware that my nose had parted with a portion of its skin. A serpent-like thing waved solemnly above me.

Punks was not quite so tall as I, and hence the huge grape-vine had caught me just in the face, with the above results.

I was aware that the yellow, smoky flame only made darkness visible, nothing else; but I had believed in Punks.

Charlie gave me his hand to rise, and tried to convince me that the horrible distortion of his face was a sneeze, not a laugh. I did not argue the point, even when Punks admiringly remarked:

"Your nose is 'most flat as mine!"

Charlie tried to take the edge off this "unkindest cut" by telling me of a pair of monkeys that had been given to his sister Della, and that Punks took their little wrinkled faces and lack of all forehead, with the color, as a burlesque on his own unlovely childhood.

He would look at them for hours, and say:

"I isn't wrinkled nor bald-headed, if I *is* black. Never you mind; dad'll get a hoe in yo' hands next Summer, an' I'll lick you when I ketch you in de cotton-patch!"

Charlie also said that it never was quite clear how a dish of corn and arsenic, placed in the barn for rats, came to be put in the porch near the monkeys, but that Punks was strongly suspected of fratricide.

The boy had listened with a knowing look, and to make his better acquaintance, I asked:

"Won't you go and live with me?"

"Whar you live?" he asked, in a business-like tone.

"On the other side of the ocean," I said.

"What's that?" he continued.

"The biggest pond in the world," I responded.

"Any she-bullfrogs in it that gives milk?" he asked, with the Darwinian struggle toward the higher race.

I compromised on a whale story, which, doubtless, gave me the reputation of the prince of liars in that family of color for ever, and Charlie came to the rescue with the question to Punks:

"What's the meanest thing in the world?"

"A nigger," said Punks, decidedly.

"And what are you?" I asked.

"I'm Mr. Punks Peter," he said, with all of the ambition of the newly freed race to have family names.

Sam looked at him in utter scorn, even to the extent of trying to turn up a very flat nose, and said:

"If white's good, you ain't got much about you but your shirt-tail."

"I will be white," said Punks, with a grand faith, which, let us hope, in the light of the end of this article, has been realized.

We tramped on through the vast shadows and the rare patches of wondrous moonlight, and I was now enough used to torchlight to see that the mixed trunks of straight pines and giant oaks were often climbed by monster grape-vines, and these, trailing in mid-air, seemed a forest of boa-constrictors, needing little aid from the imagination and the wind to seem alive and in motion. My nose still reminded me that one of them had met me in the way.

We were through this great body of trees without more game, and I began to think that all of the relatives of the murdered opossum were warned, and had fled from our victorious way.

It makes me tire now to think of the "over the hills and far away" of that night-walk.

We passed negro cabins, invariably avoiding the tree-shade so needful and so accessible in the warm land, but perched in the hottest and most grassless spot of the plantation, by the free choice of the inhabitants; passed farm-houses, avoiding the lovely groves almost as much as did the negro quarters, and with stables and pig-pens always opposite the front door; passed the gin-houses on stilts, and the wooden sevens, with lever-arms for horse-power, dark giants in the moonlight, and with the precious bales just from the gin and the press revealing the use of the stilt-style for shed purposes.

We soon came to what had been the bed of a stream, now turned to a swamp by fallen timber and the vegetation, alive and dead, hindering the flow. We were in haste to cross, for a rush of dogs, and the now distant barking, told at last of another opossum.

Peter and Charlie hastily found two long poles of dead pine, and threw them in, so as to connect to a log labyrinth across the place. The water was perhaps green by day, but black and very dangerous-looking by firelight.

Old Peter and Charlie trod as lightly as they could, easing their weight by grasping the muscadine-vines overhead; and I, following the example, got safely across with them, surprised at my own luck.

Sam was nearly over, but, trusting his whole weight to the treacherous dead poles, when Punks, excited by the dogs' proclamation of a treed animal, sprang from a stump full to the middle of the poles.

OPOSSUM-HUNTING IN THE SOUTH.—"I WAS AWARE OF A GENERAL MÊLÉE—DOGS, LITTLE NEGROES, PINE-BOUGHS—OUT OF WHICH AT LAST A BLACK ARM HELD ALOFT A LITTLE DEAD OPOSSUM."

A snap of dry wood, a loud splash, and Sam had escaped as by the skin of his teeth; while poor little Punks, his shirt shirt floating around him like a dirty water-lily, and mouth just enough above the water to enable him to spit violently, revealed to me the full negro capacity for showing the whites of the eyes.

I was looking in alarm for some vine to throw him, lest he never should escape from the bottomless mud; but Sam understood the situation better than I did, and screamed out, "Water-snake, moccasin!" in great seeming terror.

Instantly, with half-swim, half-leaps in the slime, Punks was out, crawling shivering to a log, a small, dark statue, as his shirt clung dripping to him; while Sam complacently remarked:

"Say snake to a little nigger, and he'll come or die."

We all laughed except the hero and his father, who was not pleased at the awkwardness of his black lamb.

"You triflin' nigger, you!" he said; "go fallin' round like dat! Does I set yer any such 'sample?"

Here Punks opened his mouth for that howl which is the cry of a grieved negro child, but I saved my ears a torture by holding up the small American five-cent coin, which is of nickel, and looks like silver.

Money has magic power to heal wounds in honor more sensitive than that of Punks, and, with a sudden revenge, he said to Sam:

"I'm gwine to get 'lasses candy wid dat, and shan't give you a bite."

Just then a great hound, wet all over, sprang to my bosom, leaving my shirt little more dry than that of the child, gave a lick on my face and a short bark, which said, "Hurry!" and was off again to the tree where the others kept the "varmint."

Uncle Peter heard again the only music sweeter to him than the banjo, and, with a loud cry of "Golly, they treed him, sure!" was off in the hunt with the dog.

We all followed, and found that this little animal had "treed" in a large oak not to be shaken, and a night's work to cut down. But to leave a 'possum was a violation of the Southern code, and, after a short consultation and a few chops, which showed the tree to be very hard, Charlie volunteered to go up and get him. As this was a matter of some risk, we all consented.

With coat off, he was half to the lowest bough at one strong leap, and then, with knees and hands, he wormed his way to the branches.

Among them, he climbed with the ease of a sailor up the ropes, and was soon lost in the great cloud of the yet lingering leaves.

Suddenly a shout, "Here he is!" and another, "Here he comes!" and it was my usual luck to be just under where it was shaken from its hold. I looked up as it came down, and, of course, received it on my injured nose and got the hair in my open mouth. The opossum was frightened, and so was I—not the less so when, with the instinct to hold on, it took my head in the embrace of teeth, claws and tail. Uncle Peter instantly jerked it off, and the dogs killed it; but I was aware that other skin than its own followed its removal.

I was not sorry this time to see it in the bag, and when Charlie came down, more slowly than it did, we resumed the march.

I was enjoying the opossum-hunt. Charlie, in mercy to me, left the swamp, and, while it was late at night, I could not honestly say I was sleepy. I fancied that I knew how eels feel when being skinned, and the cool night-air aided the conviction.

In spite of my boots, I had somewhat barked my shins, and this, with the prolonged leg-work, began to tell. Punks, dried to a mummy in mud and shirt, was fresh as a rose.

We had almost completed a great circle through half-a-dozen plantations, none less than five hundred acres in extent, and the nearest way home was to complete the circle.

This led us down the stream from the swamp, now flowing rapidly among rocks and fallen timber, and bor-

OPOSSUM-HUNTING IN THE SOUTH.—"CHARLIE BROUGHT OUT SOME MUSCADINE WINE, SAYING, APOLOGETICALLY, 'FATHER DON'T LET ME SMOKE, SO I CAN'T HAVE CIGARS."

dered by a great canebrake. This is a kind of slender bamboo, from ten to thirty feet high, the slender leaves and sprouts ever green, and food for cattle in the mild Winters.

Hogs and cows had made the only paths through it, and as we proceeded, Indian file, I had the consolation to hear, more than see, that the strong green briers running all over the cane-roots and wet soil caught the naked legs of Sam and Punks, and at last extorted cries of pain from those irrepressible youths.

I was saved from the sin of openly triumphing in my boots by failing to lift them high enough to escape the grasp of the same vines, and pitching forward with a loud thump, which must have been severe for the ground.

It was for me.

"Seems like de white man loves to hurt heself," said the sympathizing Punks.

Escaped from the cane and the stream, we had just passed a belt of second-growth pine, with a few dead peach-trees, where a clearing had once been, and entered another broom's-edge and brier-field on the home way.

The dogs were behind, smelling in all possible and impossible places, and suddenly they gave mouth, and in ten minutes were leaping and yelping among the trees we had left.

"Nudder 'possum," said our oracle.

And, as we turned, he made an X in the sand and spit in it, the two boys doing the same.

"What is that for?" I asked.

"For cunger," said Sam. "Bad luck to turn back."

Protected by this potent spell, we did turn back, and bagged the third opossum. I kept out of the way.

Resuming our tramp, Charlie said:

"The big gully is on the way home."

"What is that?" I asked.

He answered:

"There is no freeze to hold dirt solid all Winter here as North, and the next rain starts washes. If these are not filled with pine-tops, they wash deeper every year, and make gullies. The red soil is as much sand as clay, and goes with a looseness."

THE TUG OF WAR.

I looked knowing, and a few hundred yards brought us to the persimmon thicket, in the midst of which yawned the gully. It would have held the "big house," chimneys and all, and a Southern mansion is no baby. Large persimmon and sassafras-trees had been undermined and fallen into it; others were half-buried with old land-slides, and cracks in the soil, with leaning trees, told how the Winter rains would widen the chasm.

One large bank had partly slid down without falling, and a clump of small trees yet stood erect upon the island made by this incomplete land-slide.

The dogs now came up, sniffed rapidly, and at once leaped with loud yelps over the red-earth strait about this island. They had detected a fourth opossum at a banquet of the only fruit which will tempt it away from a poultry-yard, and we now saw it rapidly seeking a way of escape. Finding us on the land side, it instantly "played 'possum" —that is, became a dark ball without seeming life.

To cut the tree would throw it into the gully, and Uncle Peter cut a long pole and knocked it down, while Sam leaped to the island to save the tender flesh from the dogs. It fell, still as a ball, pretending to be dead, and Sam picked it up by the back of the neck, to avoid a sudden revival and teeth, at the same time backing to get away from the leaping hounds.

The edge of the island was soft, and he suddenly disappeared into the darkness, leaving only a yell in the air. Two dogs shared his fate.

I was alarmed, but Charlie said:

"No danger. It's all soft dirt down there."

We found a slope and went cautiously down, with elevated torches, but were met by Sam and the crest-fallen dogs, only a little scratched, not hurt.

He had held to the opossum all of the time.

Punks met him with the fullest grin he was capable of, and his capacity that way was great, saying:

"Hi! we're even now, you nigger!"

But, penitent at the sight of a little blood on his brother's scratched face, added:

"I'll give you some 'lasses candy."

Uncle Peter, a profound reader of the stars and of cock-crowing, said:

"It's two o'clock to-morrer morning;" and, guessing his meaning, we were soon at home.

I had some smoke in my eyes, and much more dried with the blood on my face. I was glad that beautiful Della was gone to bed.

Charlie had no idea that any one was tired, bruised or sleepy, and brought out some muscadine wine, saying, apologetically:

"Father don't let me smoke, so I can't have cigars."

The mild wine was more to my taste.

He added, as I leaned back in my chair and closed my eyes:

"Lots of fun in 'possum-hunting, and we'll go every night of this full moon if you say so, and I tell you——"

He says that I was asleep.

It is possible.

* * * * * * * *

Thousands of miles of water are between me and that land, and I have a letter from Charlie.

He writes:

"Don't you remember Uncle Peter?"

Venerable man! thou must cast that shadow from thy brow before I forget thee!

Charlie proceeds:

"He no longer beats the banjo-strings, and no 'possum hides from his torch. But he ain't dead—it's Punks."

Do I realize it? That inheritor of Peter's wool and miniature copy of his blackness! Ah! the rough case has a tender heart, after all.

Charlie concludes:

"He sent for me, and said, 'I'm sorry I killed de monkeys.' Thus he made his peace with earth. His last words were, 'I'm gwine to be white.'"

God grant it!

"Again I'll see that far-off land,
Where I stumbled o'er the chunks;
And hope to drop a pitying tear
On the grave of little Punks."

SOME DOGS THAT I HAVE KNOWN.

One of the most comical specimens of the canine race that I ever knew was a little French poodle that attained celebrity as a church-going dog. Gypsy belonged to a physician whose family were pretty regular in their attendance at church; but whether any of the rest of the family were there or not, Gypsy was always on hand both at morning and afternoon service, and it is but just to the memory of that exemplary doggie to state that she always conducted herself with the utmost propriety, maintaining at all times a gravity of deportment befitting the place and the occasion.

Sometimes, however, Gypsy manifested a desire for a change of preachers, when she would start off on a dog-trot for a neighboring village three miles distant, crossing two long covered bridges on her way, and proceeding directly to the only church in the place, would march up the centre aisle and take her place at the foot of the pulpit-stairs, where she would remain in an attitude of rapt attention until the conclusion of the service. Then she would make her way home again without taking the least notice of anybody about the edifice.

The congregation soon came to know this devout dog so well that her appearance ceased to cause any surprise, and no one thought of interfering with her movements.

Gypsy was firm in her denominational principles, and was never known to attend any church except where the strictest orthodox doctrines were inculcated. I have never been able to form any theory which would satisfactorily account for Gypsy's proceedings, but the facts in the case are precisely as I have related them.

I once knew a dog that committed suicide from remorse. He was a fine Newfoundland, belonging to a cousin who sailed a ship between Boston and Liverpool. On one of his voyages my cousin bought in England a diminutive terrier, intending it as a present for his wife. The little terrier and Bruno soon became great friends, and it was rare fun to see the two playing about the deck. The terrier, like the most of his breed, was a saucy little fellow, and frequently used to try the patience of his huge playfellow to the utmost by his impudent liberties.

One day Bruno was luxuriating over a splendid bone, when the terrier came up and snatched it away from him. Bruno soon recovered the dainty viand, and, with a warning growl, settled himself again to the enjoyment of his repast. But the little terrier was determined to torment him, and kept dancing about, barking, and making occasional snatches at the bone.

At last Bruno lost all patience, and, probably intending merely to give the little fellow a lesson that would teach him to be more respectful in the future, took him up and gave him a hearty shaking. But the good-natured Newfoundland had no idea of the delicate formation of his little companion's frame, for his huge jaws dislocated the terrier's spine, killing him instantly.

When Bruno saw what he had done, he manifested the most violent grief. He whined and moaned over the body, then ran distractedly about the deck, returning again and again to the inanimate form, which he licked and caressed with every evidence of sincere affection.

When the body of the terrier was thrown overboard, it was with great difficulty that Bruno was prevented from following it, and he at once fell into a state of intense melancholy, refusing all food, and taking no notice of any one. Even his master, of whom he had been very fond, was unable to obtain any sign of recognition, and so he lay brooding over his misfortune and refusing to be comforted, until he literally starved himself to death.

Nearly every elephant-keeper has a dog that stays with the elephant night and day, and superintends matters when the keeper is absent. An elephant soon becomes accustomed to the presence of such a dog, and eventually recognizes him as a sort of deputy-keeper. There was a large brindle mastiff, called Turk, that traveled for many years with the celebrated elephant Bolivar, and exercised wonderful control over that huge beast.

In the Fall of 1849, Van Amburgh's menagerie came to New York, and went into Winter quarters in a building in the Bowery (where the German theatre now stands), which was fitted up for the purpose. The second night after the arrival of the animals Bolivar got loose. His keeper had gone home, and no one knew where he lived. The managers were sent for, but no one dared approach the beast, as it would have been certain death for any one except his keeper to attempt to chain him.

It was feared that he might attack the cages and let the animals loose, and everybody was in a state of great perplexity and terror, when Turk came walking leisurely in from the stables in the rear, where he had been taking a comfortable snooze, and, at once comprehending the situation, flew at the elephant and drove him back into his corner. Then, squatting composedly down on his haunches, he sat there all the night long, keeping Bolivar in his place until the keeper came the following morning and relieved him from his guard.

Turk was a dog that fully realized the responsibilities of his position. At night, after the building was closed, it was his uniform practice to make a tour of observation all over the premises, stopping in front of each cage, and examining the occupants with the utmost attention, and then proceeding to the next one when he was satisfied that all was right.

After going the round of the cages, he would take a walk through the stables, where there were a lot of ponies, and then, having conscientiously fulfilled his duties, he would find an inviting pile of straw, and curl himself up for a night of peaceful slumbers. But if, during the night, any unusual noise was heard, either in the stables or from any of the cages, Turk was always on the spot as soon as the watchman, to investigate the matter, and to offer his assistance if it should be necessary.

One of the most intelligent dogs that I ever knew was a shepherd-dog which belonged to my brother, who was a farmer in Ohio. I firmly believe that Fred was possessed of good reasoning faculties. He was an affectionate creature, and I have seen many a woman who has been called handsome who never showed so much expression in her countenance as Fred often exhibited when excited.

Fred was a sociable dog, and he and myself soon became great friends. He was a handy dog to have about the house. When my brother wanted his cattle driven up at sunset, all he had to do was to call Fred and tell him what was wanted, when away he would go at locomotive speed, and no matter how much scattered the cattle were, whether in pasture or woods, but a short time would elapse before you would see the whole herd, without one missing, coming at a lively gait toward the barnyard, with Fred in their rear, capering, barking, and making all the fuss possible over his charge, of which he seemed proud enough.

But Fred had one great misery, which embittered his peaceful life. This misery was in the shape of a big yellow dog belonging to a neighbor who lived half a mile from my brother's house. The first time that I became aware of Fred's feelings on this subject, I was driving from the farm to the village, having to pass the house referred to above. Fred was with me, scampering about in all directions in high glee, chasing imaginary squirrels, taking wide circuits through the fields, bounding over fences, and conducting himself in the liveliest manner possible, when, as we neared the house, his spirits suddenly drooped, and, with his tail between his legs, he slunk under the wagon a most unmistakably dejected and utterly demoralized dog.

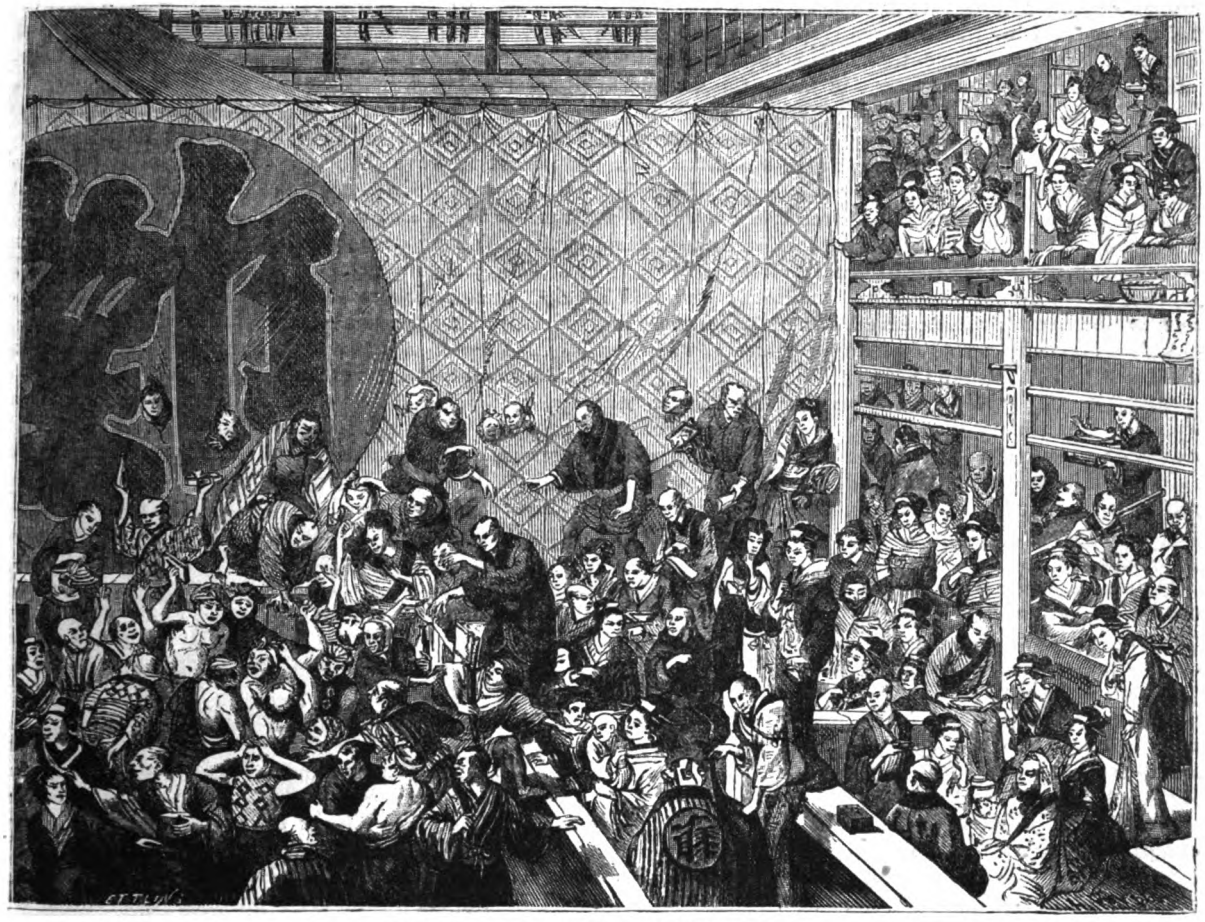
The cause of this sudden change was soon apparent, as the big yellow brute that Fred so dreaded came tearing into the road, his coarse hair bristling with rage, and his whole appearance indicative of unbridled ferocity. But Fred was safe from his attacks beneath the wagon, and he never emerged from his place of security until we had left the pugnacious brute far behind, when he recovered his spirits, and became as frolicsome as ever. This performance was repeated whenever we passed the place which harbored the yellow dog.

One day I was at home, reading in the sitting-room, which opened upon the garden, when I heard Fred scratching at the door. I rose and opened it, when, instead of entering, Fred started off toward the front yard, giving two or three sharp barks as he went, and looking coaxingly at me. Finding that he was not disposed to come in, I shut the door and reseated myself; but I had scarcely taken up my book before the dog was again scratching for admission. Again I opened the door, and again Fred made off in precisely the same manner as at first. Still again the same manœuvres were repeated, when it struck me that there was something Fred wished me to see, and I followed him. And, sure enough, there was. As I turned the corner of the house, there stood Fred's dire enemy on our own premises. Fred gave one look, to be sure that I was backing him, and then flew at the intruder with all the fury imaginable; and, to show that his confidence was not misplaced, I came to his aid with a big club, so that in very short order the ugly brute saw fit to make a precipitate retreat, followed at a safe distance by Fred, who stood barking defiantly at him a long time after he was out of reach. I never saw a dog so proud as Fred was at this achievement. Long after his enemy had disappeared he would rush to the gate and bark after him, though he was half a mile away, and then he would strut around the yard with an air of importance which showed that he considered he had accomplished a big thing in the way of whipping out his disagreeable neighbor. But the next time we passed the house where the yellow dog was kept, Fred became as cautious and humble as ever, taking good care not to leave the protecting cover of the wagon until he was safely past.

Now, here was evidently an exercise of reasoning faculties on the part of this dog. He knew that the yellow dog had no business on our premises. He knew that the yellow dog would make short work of him if he attacked him alone; but he evidently reasoned that if he could enlist my aid in the matter, we could, between us, get rid of the ugly customer. So he came and called me out, and then, when he was confident that I would stand by him, flew at the overgrown brute with complete audacity, though, alone, nothing could have induced him to put himself within reach of the animal.

My pretty dog, Topsy, endeavors every morning to steal my breakfast, and so far Topsy is an immoral dog. She succeeds but rarely, for we know her ways; but she is always ashamed of her base endeavor, and is never, when watching for an opportunity to steal, the lively, sprightly, confident dog she is at other times. As a matter of fact, animals are very much improved by good training, so that cats and dogs that begin life in dishonesty become, at last, trustworthy and good.

HOW THE JAPANESE AMUSE THEMSELVES.—THE RESTAURANT AT THE THEATRE.



BEFORE THE CURTAIN OF A JAPANESE THEATRE.

HOW THE JAPANESE AMUSE THEMSELVES.

THE SHIBA-I (THEATRE).

By Edward Greey.

"How shall we pass the evening?" I inquired of my friend, Namikawa Taro, as we squatted on the matted floor of a Japanese restaurant and watched the passers-by on Saruwaka Street.

"Is there anything worth seeing at the Shiba-i of Saruwaka Kanzaburo?" inquired Taro of our comely waitress.

"Yes, truly, your excellency," she smilingly replied, "Everybody goes there, and they say the dancing is superb, the comedy most amusing, and the tragedy—oh, beautiful! Go, by all manner of means, for, in addition to what I have described, you will witness the astounding acts of the Takahashi family—the acrobats—who perform in the costume of Tengus, with noses a floor-mat in length."

She referred to a measure known all over Japan, where the rooms are covered with mats, six by three feet.

I had seen the Tengus depicted in books and heard them described by story-tellers, but never having beheld them on the stage, voted to go; so bidding the girl bring our bill, we procured our foot-coverings, quitted the place, and strolled down the street toward the temple of the drama.

As we progressed, Taro discoursed learnedly upon theatrical matters, and informed me that the word *Shiba-i* (theatre) literally meant "turf places," from the circumstance of the first dramatic entertainment having been given on the grass. He said:

"In the reign of Emperor Heijo (A.D. 805) the earth sank close by a pond, called Sarusawa, or Monkey's Swamp, at Nara, in the Province of Yamato. From this hole issued mephitic smoke which produced a sickness resembling cholera. The people came from far and near and burnt firewood around the place, after which they assembled upon a grass-plot, in front of the temple Kopikuji, and danced the *Sambaso*, which is still given as a prelude to theatrical performances. By these means the bad vapor was dispelled and the drama orginated.

"Three centuries later, during the reign of the Emperor Toba, (A.D. 1108) a woman named Iso no Zeuji invented a dance, which she performed dressed in the gorgeous costume of a court noble; this was called *Otoko mai* (man's dance). She is, by us, regarded as the mother of the drama.

"In A.D. 1624 a man named Saruwaka Kanzaburo (the elder Booth of Japan) opened the first theatre in Yedo. The place of entertainment we are about to visit is, like this street, named in his honor."

After walking several blocks, we arrived at a building the front of which was marked with pictures, drapery, signs and mats, giving it a very gay appearance. This was the theatre. On each side of the main entrance,

which was on a level with the street, were narrow platforms, occupied by the principal characters who were to appear in the entertainment, and who, costumed in their ordinary attire, were familiarly addressing the spectators.

"Hai!" exclaimed one, in a deep, tragic voice. "You are about to behold the greatest performance ever given in Tokio! It is something to be thus favored."

"The sun will soon be under its coverlet of clouds," said a second actor, whom we afterward saw costumed as a woman. "If you wish to be charmed for a brief time, come in and witness my performance of Sujeme."

"Oh, we've had that honor!" satirically observed a man in the crowd, rolling his eyes in a comical fashion, as only a Japanese can. "You are very lovely, when you are dressed up, Bunsuke!"

"You good people!" cried another actor, who was squatting upon his heels on the left of the entrance and slowly opening and closing his fan, "I will show you how the foreign ladies use the *uchiwa*" (folding fan, which is seldom carried by Japanese women). "See—they open it just as a duck does its wing—with a flirt, not gently and gracefully."

Having thus attracted attention, he proceeded to amuse the crowd by burlesquing the awkward manner in which many of our countrywomen handle the instrument, his antics creating the greatest merriment.

Some of the artists joked, others sang, and one tall, grave-looking tragedian related a ghost-story; thus gradually collecting a dense assembly that soon blocked the narrow street.

"Are these people all going to see the show?" I asked.

"No," said Taro, who, on account of the din, was obliged to speak at the top of his voice; "only a few of them will enter. That *samurai*, with his hand to his ear, won't be one of the audience, nor will his friends there"—indicating a couple of shaven-pated, two-sworded gentlemen, who were eying me curiously. "If they visit the theatre, it will be in disguise. No nobleman is supposed to be present at such performances."

"And those ladies, with the beautiful headdresses?" I inquired.

"They will probably go, if they find any one to take them. You may see them later on, like birds, near the sky."

He meant they would probably occupy boxes in the gallery.

While we were watching and conversing, a man came out of the building and proceeded to light the enormous lanterns suspended from the eaves above the heads of the gesticulating actors.

He was provided with a long bamboo, on the end of which was a tiny crook; he also carried a small roll of lighted paper that glowed like a live coal. Raising the rod aloft, he unhooked one of the lanterns, lowered it, and slid the transparent cover up the bamboo rods by which it had been hung and which terminate in the circular piece of wood forming its pedestal and candle-holder.

At that moment, one of the comedians, in illustrating a joke, moved back his elbow and burnt himself with the lighting apparatus, whereupon he began to vigorously scold the attendant.

The man regarded him ruefully, glanced at the fiery roll of paper, and said:

"Why do you not abuse the god of fire? I'm only his servant."

This reply made the actor laugh, and, after playfully rubbing the man's shaven pate, as the Japanese do a child to pet it, he bowed and retired, leaving the fellow to continue his work, which he did, as follows:

The roll of burning paper did not give out a flame; however, he soon produced one by blowing quickly upon it. Having lighted the fat red candle already stuck on the spike of the pedestal, he slid down the oiled-paper globe, and, hitching the lantern on the crook of his bamboo, raised it aloft, then proceeded to light the other four.

Above the eaves, beneath which these illuminated globes were suspended, were large colored pictures representing various tragic and comic episodes in well-known plays; and projecting over the road was a papier-maché group depicting a couple of contortionists, one of whom held aloft a mask such as is used by acrobats between the acts in illustrating the gambols and antics of a tiger.

As I stood in the crowd, I saw boy peddlers rushing hither and thither with fruit and cakes, actors' wives carrying teapots and refreshment-boxes to and fro, as though going and coming from the stage-door, and a mixture of persons of all ages and both sexes, some being well-clad and others very lightly costumed.

Everybody appeared good-tempered and polite, and, though I must to a certain extent have been an object of curiosity, I did not hear a rude word from an adult or receive the slightest insult.

Some of the small boys stared and referred to me as "*tojin vaka*" (foreign lunatic); but they were quickly silenced, their parents loudly remarking, as a salve for my wounded feelings:

"*Tojin sama, ro.*" (Foreign lord, my boy.)

After enjoying the sight, we observed a number of families enter the building. These, my friend informed me, were tradesmen and artisans of the better sort, who are the chief supporters of the drama, and who subscribe a yearly sum that entitles them to a certain space on the floor of the theatre. They are, in fact, holders of season tickets.

Having paid the fee for admission—less than half a dollar each—Taro and myself mounted the stairs to the right, and, putting off our foot-coverings, for which we received checks, were conducted along a mat-walled passage to a box in the second tier.

This was considered the most aristocratic portion of the house, though I always preferred the floor, which is divided into spaces for eight or twelve persons, between the divisions being plank walks for the actors, who, during the performances, sometimes move about the building, in order to exhibit their gorgeous dresses or to thank a patron for some gift.

The stage was raised about three feet from the floor, and the scenery—or, rather, setting—was placed at the back, as also were the musicians and chorus.

These were dressed in *samurai* (noble's) costume, and, as we took our seats, were singing and playing with great vigor.

On the right and left of the stage were two tiers of private boxes—those on the right being screened with curtains of split bamboo, indicating they were occupied by gentry, who desired to remain *incog.*

Around three sides of the interior of the building, which was twice as long as it was wide, extended two tiers of galleries, divided into boxes by wooden bars.

These divisions were soon packed with men and women of the middle classes, and, being lighted from above with large globular paper lanterns, presented quite an animated appearance.

It was also very interesting to watch the actions of the audience in the body of the house.

Every now and again some one would come in and glance round, as though looking for a friend in one of the compartments.

Presently the person whose party they were to join would notice them, rise, and cry "Hai!" just as the boys do in our own country. The newcomer would give a nod of recognition, smile, and advance along the plank, then squat and drop into the space, where he would be received with jubilant greetings by his acquaintances.

Every now and again a gorgeously decorated lady would come in, and attract general attention by her little airs, of which the audience would quietly make fun.

The plank walks terminating in the sides of the stage were four times the width of those between the floor-compartments, they being constructed partly for the benefit of the actors and partly as a means of general exit.

At regular distances, lighted candles in tall sticks were placed along the broad walks and across the front of the stage, thus fairly, yet not brilliantly, illuminating the latter.

The audience, both on the floor and in the boxes, were indulging in eating and drinking, and the air was blue with the smoke from hundreds of tiny-bowled brass pipes.

Taro informed me that many of the people had brought their suppers with them, and that, during the season, some regularly took their evening meal in the theatre, remarking:

"Those who do not provide their own food have it fetched in by waitresses connected with the establishment. By-the-way, when you feel tired, we will visit the restaurant belonging to the house. I think the scene will amuse you."

Among the audience were many celebrated authors and dramatists, some of whom recognized my companion and returned his graceful salutation.

I also noticed much telegraphing and signaling between friends, in addition to which, hilarious persons in the floor-compartments would rise and shout to their acquaintances in the boxes:

"Ah, ha! So you have come, *sama!* Well, I wish you good health."

I can perfectly understand how that sort of thing would weary a foreigner who could not comprehend the language. To me it was exceedingly amusing.

There were no programmes, every one being supposed to know the stories of the plays, or to have posted himself from the big bill in the frame outside.

When the music ceased, the audience settled down, folding fans were opened and used by the men and round ones withdrawn from the bosoms of the ladies' dresses, and soon a dead silence obtained in the house.

In a short time the musicians began to play alone, without singing on the part of the chorus, and in marched the actors, dressed in gay costumes. Before each walked a servant, carrying a lighted candle fastened to a long handle.

They paraded round the broad plank walk, stopping every now and then to salute some friend or patron, when the candle-bearers would raise or lower their sticks, in order to show off the points of their masters' dresses.

The comedians were evidently popular favorites, for the audience cheered them, uttering a cry that sounded like our hurrah. The actors returned to the stage and danced the *Sambaso*, after which they played a comedy called "The Lucky Tortoise."

The characters were performed by men and boys, who made up with artistic skill. In representing females, they imitated the latter's voices and gestures most excellently.

The story of the play was broad, and some of the lines were calculated to bring a blush on the face of a foreign lady, although the libretto was not much worse than that of opera bouffe.

The Japanese dames listened attentively, and, as their features were well coated with pearl-powder and paint, did not exhibit any feeling of embarrassment. I must state, however, they did not join in the noisy applause so liberally bestowed upon the hits by their husbands and male friends.

A Japanese woman is naturally gentle, shy, and refined, and cares more for the tender pathos of tragedy than for the doubtful wit of their comedies. After all, the use of pearl-powder has its advantages.

The boy who represented the tortoise was an exceedingly good pantomimist, his by-play being a study.

He was made up so well that at first I thought it was a genuine tortoise crawling across the stage, and, had he not disillusioned me by speaking, I should have remained in ignorance to this day.

An old woman, *Yaegiri*, has a dream, which she garrulously relates to a number of persons, some of whom advise her one way, and others to the contrary. In her perplexity, the goes to a shrine to pray, when a tortoise crawls out of a hole and bids her follow him to a mountain. Her friends gather round and make very comical remarks, in spite of which she goes with the reptile, which, after trying her faith in a variety of ways, digs in a hillside and unearths a jar containing gold coin.

At the conclusion of the comedy, the moral of which appeared to be "Mind your own business," the chief actors strutted round the plank walk and received the applause of their admirers. Some of the latter handed them notes, which they read aloud, thus advertising both themselves and their patrons.

While these persons were promenading, the orchestra renewed its music, and, in a few moments more, the stage was occupied by acrobats, dressed as *Tengus*.

The *Tengu* is, in Japan, what a bogy is with us. They are usually represented as having enormously elongated noses, and are armed with two swords and wear wings of various colors.

Pictures of these *oni* (imps) are to be found in almost every book intended to amuse children, and the latter appear to consider the *Tengu* rather a good sort of goblin.

As the strangely costumed men entered, an attendant brought a whitened screen upon the stage, and opened it; then, bowing, retired.

The performers were Takahashi Mosuke and his four sons—Kameshichi, Torazo, Atsuwoke and Yazu-uki—all famous in their line of business.

They advanced to the front of the stage, knelt, protruded their long artificial noses over the heads of the spectators and bowed.

As their beaks inclined into the squatting crowd, a woman in the gallery gave a scream.

This caused great amusement and considerable joking between the acrobats and the audience.

"Hai!" exclaimed one of the latter, "You're a beautiful family!"

"That is our chief recommendation, my lord!" merrily replied Takahashi. "We *Tengus* subsist upon (gain our rice and fish by) our noses!"

As he made this response he signaled his sons to rise.

The boys did as they were commanded, and presently stood facing us in a line.

They looked very comical in their loose pantaloons, bright-colored wings, shock wigs and wooden masks; each carried a fan and wore two swords.

Takahashi waited until silence was obtained, then said: "You are now about to behold the most wonderful feats ever exhibited in Tokio. We are not common men, but are descendants from the *Tengus*."

"When did you take to wearing wooden noses?" demanded a man among the audience. "Your ancestors did not use masks!"

"This is not wood!" slyly answered Takahashi, indicating his artificial nasal organ. "Go to! you are an ignoramus!"

This sally, which involved a pun upon the word "wood," brought down the house; the women joining heartily in the applause.

As the sound died away, two servants, dressed in ordinary costume, entered the stage, bearing a paper umbrella, some rings, and a number of balls, covered with various colored silken threads, such as have of late been largely imported, as toys, by us.

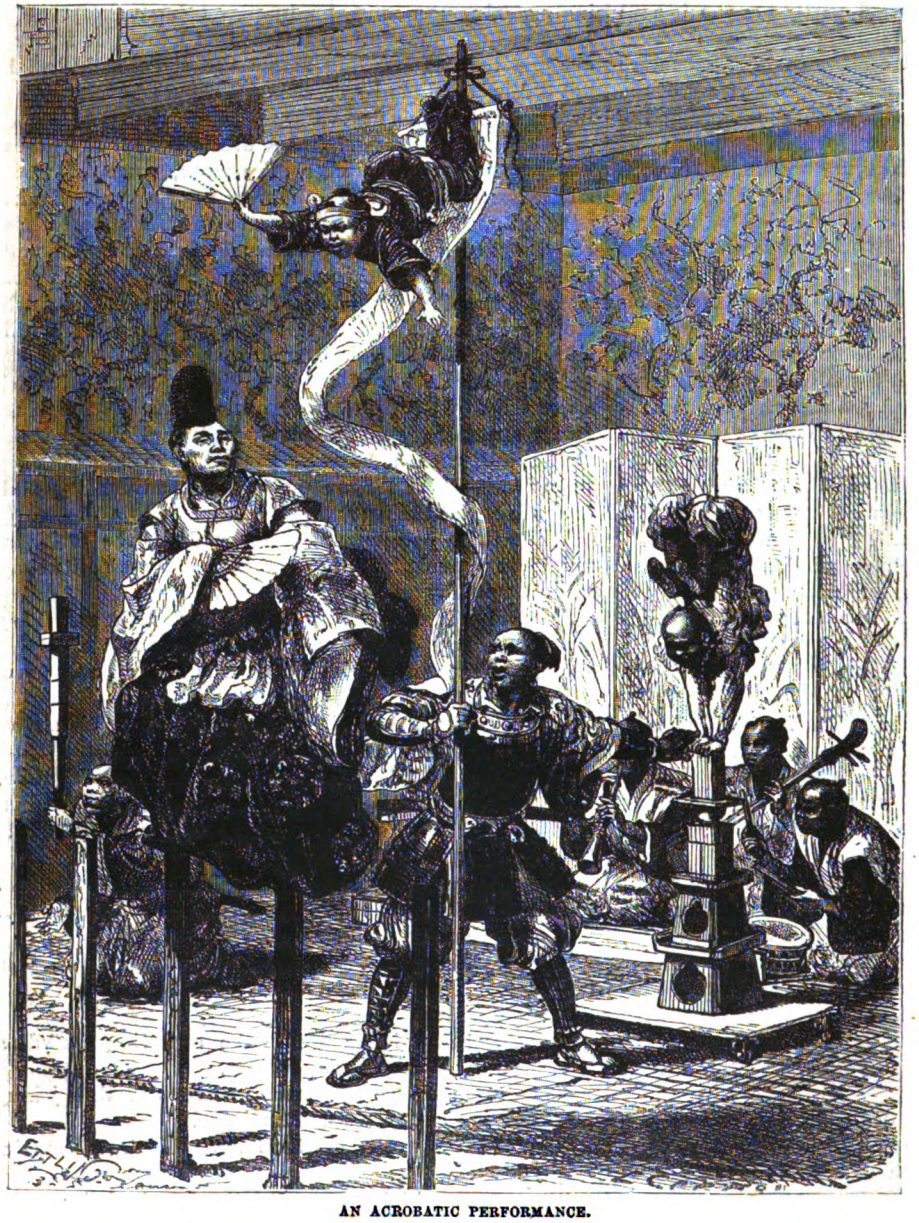
These men were the confederates of the acrobats, in addition to which they led the applause, and by shouts and gesticulations encouraged the performers and attracted the attention of the audience.

"Haio! haio!" they yelled—"haa—i—o!"

The Takahashis now began their entertainment, all getting to work at once.

Takahashi Mosuke, who wore a mask with a proboscis quite five feet long, laid himself down upon the stage, and, by a dexterous movement, aided Torazo to mount his nose, upon which the young man coolly proceeded to balance himself.

The paper umbrella was then handed to Torazo, who opened the article and set it daintily on the point of his short nose, after which he amused himself by keeping five of the balls in the air; using his fan, as a battledore, to toss back the silk-covered globes. Glancing from him to Kameshichi, the elder son, we beheld the latter kneeling upon the stage, balancing a brass ring on the eighteen-inch nose of his mask, and, as he did so, sending ball after ball revolving through the circle.



AN ACROBATIC PERFORMANCE.

This performer, like his father, used a feather fan to direct the course of the falling spheres; knocking them sharply across his left knee and dropping them neatly on his right, ready for him to pick up again.

A prolonged "*Haa—io!*" on the part of the servants attracted my attention to Takahashi, whom I found had tucked a bamboo pillow under his body and was elevating his feet.

Little Yazu-uki advanced to him, and, seating himself on the sole of the parent's right foot, was slowly raised to the full height of that limb. He then placed his wooden nose on the concave part of his father's left foot, and assumed an inverted position, elevated his heels high in the air, and extended his hands, in one of which he retained his fan.

Takahashi was now supporting two of his sons—one on his nose and the other on the sole of his left foot.

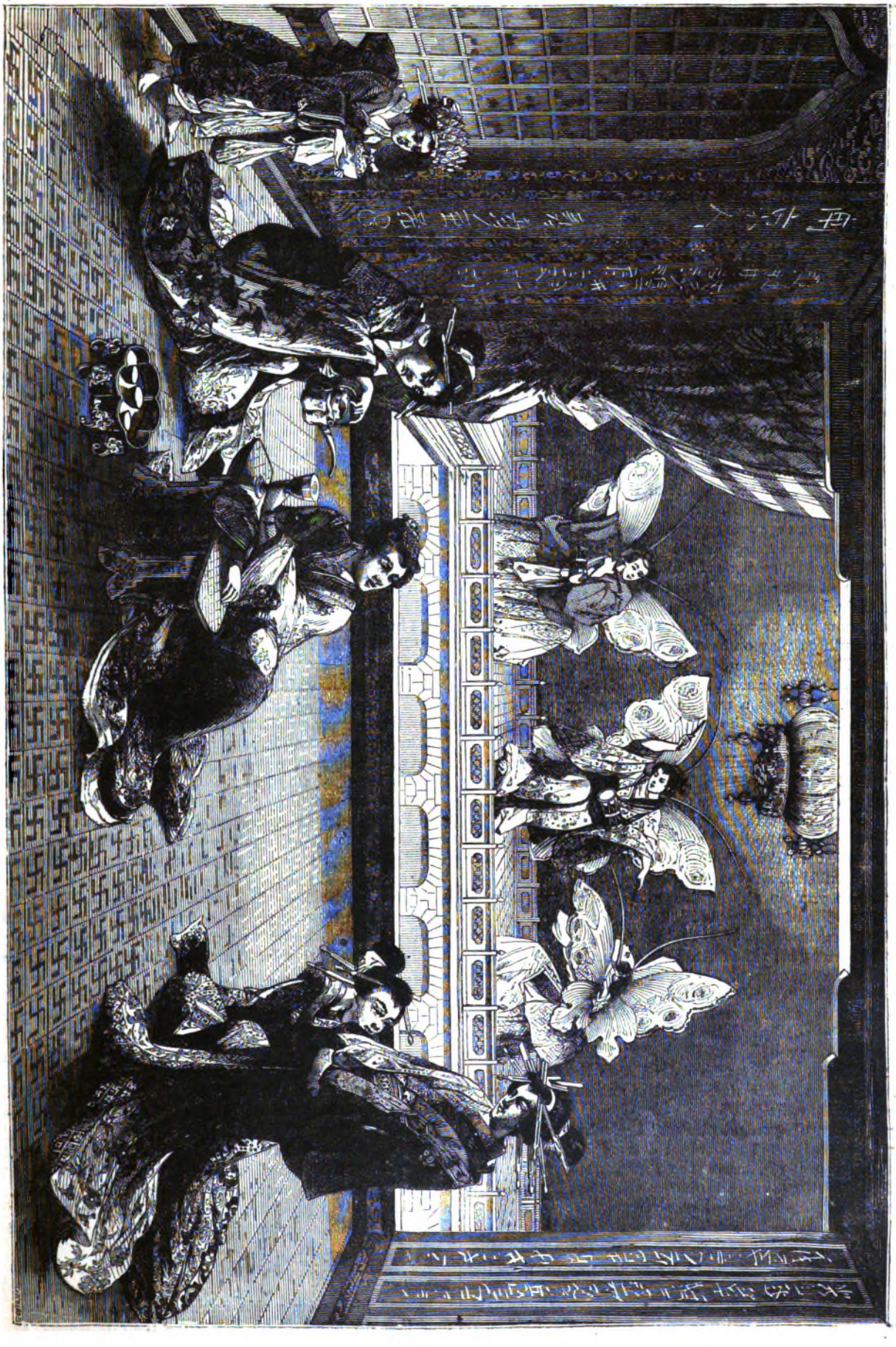
The audience yelled their admiration, and the servants on the stage redoubled their wild cries and contorted their bodies in a most amusing fashion.

When the people quieted somewhat, Atsuwoke, the third son, proceeded to tie a brush, such as is used by the Japanese in writing, to his wooden nose, and to inscribe certain characters upon the screen.

The writing most commonly used by the Japanese is not stiff, like Chinese; the letters, like our own, being often connected with one another by a stroke.

Atsuwoke proved himself a perfect master, his calligraphy exciting the greatest admiration on the part of the spectators.

Having shown what he could accomplish when squatting, in the usual fashion of his countrymen, he stood on



HOW THE JAPANESE AMUSE THEMSELVES.—THE BUTTERFLY BALLET.

his hands, and, while head downward, wrote: "I trust you honorable lords are satisfied with our humble exertions. When the sun shines and the gods smile, the flowers are at their best."

The applause he received was deafening.

I have no doubt but that the combined sentences had another and probably political meaning, the excitement they occasioned being out of all proportion to their literary worth.

I turned my glance from the acrobats to the people, and when I once more gazed at the former, saw them kneeling in a line saluting the audience, with bowed heads.

They then quitted the stage and made a circuit of the house; their attendants, who carried lighted candles held on long sticks, literally illuminating their presence as they progressed.

While the performers were receiving the congratulations of their patrons, my friend noticed a dramatic author among the crowd below, and signaled him to join us.

"That is Hashimoto Tonosuke," he remarked to me. "He is a fine man. You will be delighted to make his acquaintance."

The gentleman presently made his appearance in our box, and, after the usual formal introduction, chatted quite pleasantly about matters theatrical.

He proved to be the adapter of the drama that we were about to see performed.

"Have you ever written an original play?" I asked.

The answer was significant:

"What would avail me if I did? The managers and proprietors of our theatres have not intelligence enough to ascertain, beforehand, what the public requires, nor would they know how to produce a really new piece. So long as we authors play on the old instruments, they are satisfied. They recognize the theme, and say, 'Yes—that always tickles their senses! It is good to have a dragon in a drama. I've got a man in my company who can represent a dragon to the life,' and so on, all through the play."

"Would not the audience appreciate something new?"

"Yes! Our people are fond of fun, and keenly enjoy novelties; but that goes for nothing. The managers sit in their dens, count their money and drink *sake* with the leading actors, who tell them, with many sagacious nods, 'You stick to the old plays! Nobody wants to hear modern rubbish, written by green boys.'"

"Have you no purely domestic dramas, representing the home-life of the people?"

He thought awhile, then said:

"No—not such as I am told are common on your stage. The Niphonese evince little interest in what you call home-life—they say, "We can see that at any time." Our dramas are either founded upon incidents in the lives of mythological beings or descriptive of public life. The people love high-sounding sentences, delivered with ferocious gestures and rolling eyes, and take a delight in the gory scenes. In my drama I have introduced seventeen combats, and they are all applauded."

"What would you substitute?" I asked.

"Lots of things! I would dramatize some of our classics, reproduce, upon the stage, incidents in our national history—make the actor a teacher, instead of a mouther of false sentiment or a buffoon."

In Japan, as in all other countries, the author desires to elevate the tone of the stage, and has the same complaint, viz., that the managers have no knowledge of what the public really want.

It is possible that, were the authors managers, they would be as cautious as the latter in trying costly experiments.

While we were conversing, the stage had been vacated by the acrobats and filled by dancers, who formed in lines, advanced, retreated, fanned themselves in concert, and performed a number of evolutions.

I watched them awhile, but finally became weary, and yawned.

"Would your Excellency like to visit the humble department behind the curtain?" whispered Hashimoto.

I replied, in Japanese fashion:

"If your Excellency would graciously condescend to thus illuminate me, I should feel humbly grateful."

Had I merely said "Yes," he would have deemed me an ill-bred savage.

As it was, he bowed, smiled, and, politely requesting us to follow him, led the way through several intricate side-passages and down a creaky incline, until we passed a curtained door and found ourselves behind the scenes.

The orchestra had quitted their places, the change being rendered necessary by the stage-setting, and were now lounging round in ordinary costume, playing an accompaniment to the dancers, who were partly concealed from our view by latticed wooden screens.

The sight was at once amusing and novel.

We were at the extreme back of the stage, which was divided from the rear portion by wing-scenery, the centre part being half occupied by the before-mentioned screen.

Above this, and to its right, we had a view of the audience and some of the actors.

"Look at yonder fellow, Namikowa!" shouted our guide, pointing to a man on the stage who was dancing with an umbrella in one hand and a dirk in the other. "He would rather fool round in that way than take a part in one of my dramas."

"Possibly he receives better pay as a dancer," I suggested.

The author scornfully elevated his nose, and replied:

"The burrowing mole pretends to despise the sun. The groveling beggar obtains alms by any means."

Further conversation was interrupted by the attendants of the dancers, who slapped together pieces of hard wood, and yelled frantically.

There were no dressing-rooms, green-room nor wings, and I saw that when a very grand spectacle was put upon the stage, the space usually occupied by the performers could be much enlarged by setting the movable screens further back.

The scene was most interesting.

Directly in front of us was a low screen, behind which knelt an actor, dressed as a court lady, who was putting the last touch of powder to his cheeks and surveying the effect in a metal mirror.

"How will that do, Tameji?" he asked of his servant.

"It will about drive them crazy," answered the man. "When you ask for the bucket and flowers, am I to advance one or *two* paces?"

"Two, you stupid!" he somewhat warmly replied.

On the right was the leading man, before whom knelt a servant with a lacquered tray, on which rested an ink-slab and colored pigments.

On the right and at the back of the artist were friends, advising him with regard to his make-up.

He glanced at the mirror, held by one of his admirers, and appeared to hesitate; then, taking a small brush, dipped it in ink, and painted a tiny dot in the corner of each eye.

"Yes," he said; "that makes me look more like the great hero."

Behind him, near a side entrance to the stage, were four dancers practicing a *pas*, while their instructor, an

old man with his head swathed in a towel, shouted directions that must have been heard by the audience.

Presently a prompter raised a trap in the scenery, to the right, and shouted to the dancers to go on.

The centre of the space was occupied by various characters, some of whom were dressed as women, busily engaged in reciting their lines, just as one sees actors do at the wings of our own stage.

"I fear those honorable gentlemen are imperfect in their parts?" said our guide. "It is thus our humble work is spoilt."

The director, a grave-looking man, clad in a dark blue costume and socks, stood near us.

"Ah, O-ai," he remarked to a girl whose duty it was to serve the performers with tea, and who had just filled a cup for a man wearing an enormously broad hat—"you must attend to those drum-players," indicating some musicians on the left; "their tongues are hanging out of their mouths!"

He laughed as he said this, and turning to where we stood, was introduced to us by our guide.

In reply to my question as to why he had no curtain to separate the stage from the audience, he stated:

"Our patrons dislike 'waits,' so we abolished the curtain, and keep our stage filled all the time. In our theatre at Kioto we have a revolving stage, but do not find it any great advantage."

He showed us the wardrobe and property-room, which was crammed with masks, dresses, and the thousand and one articles required by the actors.

"Our leading people find their own dresses," he said. "You see, they get lots of presents from patrons, and can afford to spend large sums on their costumes. As it is, the articles we have to provide cost a large sum."

Upon our return to the *salon*, I noticed an actor securing a number of strips of thin paper to the matted walls. He was dressed in his stage-garb, and appeared to be highly pleased with something.

"Have you experienced good luck, most talented Wage?" inquired the director.

"Yes, most honorable master! I am trembling with joy!" replied the dancer. "Thirteen gifts at one performance! The god of plenty has smiled upon me."

We read the papers, two of which ran:

"Terada Houi, of Yeast Street, maker of beautiful silks, bestowed twenty thousand cash on the admirable Wage, out of respect for the latter's unique dancing."

"Nakamura Buyemon, of the Ogaki wharf, who sells fine *sake*, has given three riyos to the magnificent dancer, Wage."

The walls were covered with these notices, most of which served the double purpose of advertising both donor and recipient.

Noticing that our friend, the author, was growing somewhat anxious, we bade him and the courteous director good-evening, and returned to our box.

The drama had just begun.

It was called "The Immortal Wreath," or "Chaplet," and was a direct steal from "The Story of the Forty-seven Ronins."

Two great lords quarrel, and one pursues the other, finally wounding him. The pursuer, having drawn his sword within the sacred precincts of the castle of Oshiro, is disgraced, and condemned to commit *hara kiri* (suicide by disemboweling), which he proceeds to do before the spectators. His retainers swear to avenge his death, and assume a number of disguises in order to deceive their lord's enemy, who, though equally guilty with their dead master, is, through favoritism, permitted to live. Some of these disguises formed the comic incidents of the drama. Two females—singing girls—sisters of Hashimoto, the head of the "Wreath," or Brotherhood of Ronins, gain admittance to the wicked daimio's palace and cut off his head, which they secrete in a box. In the dead of night, when the snow is falling, Hashimoto and the other "flowers of the chaplet" assemble at the house of their lord's enemy. Then ensued a stage *mêlée* that would have warmed the heart of a Bowery boy.

We beheld single, double, triple and quadruple combats with sword, halberd, dirk and grass-knife; blows were given and taken with a zest that showed the actors had their souls in the work, and did not mind a crack or two. Blood flew, heads rolled off, sometimes revealing a shining pate hidden in the padded neck of the decapitated one, and the victorious men of the "Chaplet" secured the bleeding trophy—the head of the bad daimio; after which the stage was cleared of the living, the pretended dead carried off, and the acrobats once more made their appearance.

"Come," said my friend Taro. "Suppose we visit the restaurant?"

To tell the truth, I was somewhat weary of the noise, and desired to exchange the smoke-laden atmosphere of the theatre for one less charged with the odor of the middle classes.

We descended the stairs, and, without quitting the building, soon found ourselves in a neatly matted apartment, shut off from the main portion of the theatre by paper windows.

At one end was a *tokouoma* (divan), on which were dwarfed trees and flowers in pots, above, against the wall, being a picture of the god of happiness.

The room was lighted with candles, placed on tall stands, and the floor was occupied by a number of customers, divided into groups of twos and threes.

Each party was enjoying itself according to its own fashion, just as though there were no others within hearing.

Singing girls were chanting their weird songs, glorifying lovers who had long ceased to exist; women musicians were playing the *samisen* (banjo) and *koto* (harp), the flute, and a sort of violin, and clapping together oblong pieces of lacquered wood that gave out a sound resembling castanets. Added to this din were the voices of the guests, the chattering of the maids-in-waiting, and, from the adjoining place, the distant shrieks of the audience.

One thing comforted me—although a number of the visitors were smoking, the air was tolerably pure; so we squatted on the floor and ordered a fried fish, rice, tea and *sake*.

In a short time Hashimoto entered, accompanied by his friends.

He called for refreshments, and acted as though very much delighted with the success of his piece.

We enjoyed our repast, and, when the gong rang, rose with the others, in order to return to the theatre and witness the last act of the tragedy.

Upon passing Hashimoto we tendered our congratulations, which he received with a humility unknown among our own adapters.

No Japanese ever dreams of praising himself, even conceited persons of that nation being guiltless of this offense.

As we hurried back to our seats we encountered a crowd entering the restaurant.

"Who are these persons?" I inquired.

Taro laughed and said:

"Oh, they are people who profess to know everything

HOW THE JAPANESE AMUSE THEMSELVES.— BEHIND THE SCENES.— SEE PAGE 497.

before they see it! They will remain and eat, until the gong sounds for the climax of this act, when they'll rush to their places and cry: 'How did they do so-and-so?' To-morrow they will give every one their opinion of the new drama."

The last act was even more blood-curdling than the others, and brought tears into the eyes of the women.

I must admit that some of the acting was superb, the speeches of the dying heroes being grandly delivered.

The piece ended with the death of all the principal characters and a blaze of colored fire.

After this came *waki kiyogen* (extra performances), by the most popular of the actors.

It being close upon the "hour of the rat" (midnight), we did not remain to witness the last dances, but, securing our foot-gear, quitted the building.

The foregoing is, as near as I can remember, my experience that evening. I have since visited many Japanese theatres, where the performances began at daybreak and ended at sunset, but none were more entertaining than the one I witnessed at the House of Saruwaka Kanzaburo.

THE STING OF THE SERPENT.

MRS. ESTABROOK sat alone in her boudoir, with an open letter before her, which she was not reading, but looking at with an expression of countenance that boded ill for the writer. A handsome woman in her youth, Mrs. Estabrook's beauty was of that queenly character that was perfected by maturity. There were few who could rival her, young or old, for absolute beauty; still fewer who could approach the gracious, winning manner that was one of her greatest charms in society. She aspired to no position of belle, having introduced to society her daughter, Coralie, and her niece, Annie Hartman, the previous Winter, and gracefully assumed the *rôle* of *chaperon* and matron.

Yet society persisted in its devotion, praising her face, her figure, her talents; but above all, her angelic sweetness of disposition. Her dearest friends, nay, her own child, had never heard a harsh word drop from her lips, and it would be impossible to describe the liquid sweetness of her voice, never raised above a melodious pitch.

Looking into her face as she read and re-read the letter lying before her, it was difficult to believe that it was the one ever wreathed in smiles, or gracious, winning sweetness. The low, broad forehead was drawn into a frown, dark and threatening, the large blue eyes glittered with a steely light, and the perfect mouth was firmly closed, as if to stay a torrent of angry words.

Suddenly she spoke, in a hissing whisper, that was more chilling to hear than the most violent outburst of rage.

"Would ask my permission to pay his addresses to Annie!—Annie! It is impossible. The man is mad. After passing three months at The Groves with Coralie, he wishes to marry Annie! I cannot believe it. It is insulting! How dare he slight my child, when he knows the wish of his father and hers to unite The Groves and Marshall Place by marriage! To dare to write this to me!" and she read, with cutting, sarcastic emphasis: "I am aware, my dear madame, that my deceased father and your husband had other views for Coralie and myself, and I hoped when I returned from Europe to fall in with

those views. But I met your niece. I love her, and believe my love is returned. It would be therefore an insult to offer to your daughter a hand that did not imply also a loving heart. Will you permit me, then, to enter your family not as a son, but a nephew, and an affectionate cousin to dear Coralie.' "

There was more, much more, in the same strain; the writer evidently felt the delicacy of his position, yet every line betokened manly truth, and an honor that could not brook an ignoble action.

Many mothers, reading this letter, would have thanked heaven for a daughter's escape from a mercenary marriage—for Coralie was an heiress, and Annie possessed only a very modest competency. But Blanche Estabrook was a woman who, having set her heart upon any scheme, could ill bear its failure. For years she had looked upon Walter Marshall as the future husband of Coralie. It had been discussed almost from the cradles of the children, and the mothers, dreading a brotherly and sisterly intimacy, had carefully kept the young people apart until Coralie was introduced to society, Walter having just previously returned from Europe. It seemed incredible even yet to the angry mother, quivering under the insult she felt this letter to be. The young heir of Marshall Place had paid Coralie every attention during the Winter, and accepted eagerly an invitation to The Groves for the Summer.

The mother had thought all her schemes prospering, when the letter brought an unexpected overthrow of all her plans. While she mused, her brow growing darker every moment, the door opened, and Coralie sauntered in. Quick as a lightning-flash every trace of anger left the mother's face, and she looked smilingly into the fair one before her. Allowing for difference of age, the younger

THE STING OF THE SERPENT.—"'WALTER! ANNIE!' CRIED THE DISTRACTED MOTHER. 'GET A PHYSICIAN! QUICK! SHE IS DYING! SHE HAS ON A POISONED RING! GET A PHYSICIAN! CORALIE! CORALIE! LOOK UP! SPEAK TO ME!'"

face was a mask of the elder one. The same creamy complexion, regular features, large blue eyes, and masses of purple-black hair. The same tall, queenly figure, more matronly in the elder lady, yet well developed in her child. Only the smile in Coralie's eyes looked truer and brighter than her mother's ever looked; the tones of Coralie's voice were clearer and more heartfelt than her mother's melodious accents. What Blanche Estabrook *appeared*, Coralie *was*—sweet and gracious, pure, true and tender. Now, as she sauntered in, her white morning dress and scarlet ribbons suiting well her peculiar beauty, there was an amused light in her soft blue eyes, a smile upon her perfect mouth.

"Mamma," she said, "has Walter brought his love-tale to you? He has coaxed Nannie off for a stroll, and I most obligingly had a headache, and could not go."

"You know, then," said her mother, sweetly, "of this swain's desertion of your colors."

"Nay, mamma, he never wore them. Papas may plan, and children prove unwilling. I can never tax Walter with fickleness, for, at the first ball where we met him, he told me he had never seen more beautiful eyes than the soft brown ones of my cousin Annie. Later I patiently heard discourses on nut-brown tresses, fairy-like figures, soft, smiling lips, and so on, through the whole catalogue of charms, till last night he showed me an envelope directed to you, and told me his secret was sealed within. Dear little Nannie! I am glad she has so true a heart to rest upon. She would never shine in society, but I cannot imagine a more charming home-fairy."

"I am glad you feel no disappointment," was the reply. "Your father was very anxious to have the estates joined, and I am afraid I have spoken of the matter with too much confidence to you."

"Not at all. Be very sure, mamma, that I am quite heart-whole. To tell the truth, though Walter Marshall is a dear, good fellow, he is not the man of men for me. I want something higher, grander. A man who is more than other men in himself, not by right of possessing broad acres and large bank-accounts. A man——"

She ceased.

"Coralie," said her mother, noting a warm flush upon the pure round cheek, "have you met this ideal man?"

"I have dreamed of him," she answered, with a soft light in her large eyes. "May not all girls dream dreams, mamma? Mine are only for your ears."

"You dream of an artist, or a poet—a hero, perhaps?"

"Ah, mamma, who can define a dream so closely? But here come the lovers. I will leave you here to give them assurance of your approbation."

She flitted away, not noting the hard, cruel glitter in her mother's eyes.

"Must everything thwart me?" murmured Mrs. Estabrook. "She loves Clyde Gordon. A poet, forsooth!—penniless, and no birth to carry him upward. A waif from some hovel, who has crowded into society upon his book—his poems! How could I dream his great dreamy eyes and handsome face would work this mischief? I'll not bear it. Love or no love, Walter Marshall shall marry Coralie."

And she turned to greet the lovers with tender, gentle words of affectionate encouragement, earnestly thanking Walter for his honorable candor and disinterested love for the blushing girl she caressed so fondly.

It was strange, in defiance of all this caressing encouragement and loving tenderness, that as the days passed on there seemed a constraint, shadowy, undefined, between the young hearts that were so fond and loving.

Walter could not resent the fact, yet could not avoid feeling that Mrs. Estabrook viewed his engagement with a tender pity, as if she felt he had chosen an inferior mind to mate with his own.

She was far too politic to refer to pecuniary difference between the betrothed couple; but in a delicate way she would lament her niece's early disadvantages, and imply deficiencies too vaguely for them to be defended. The fact that Annie was fourteen when her parents died, and her mother's sister having given her a home, gave a groundwork for these insinuations of a deficient early training. To Annie the cloud came in a different form.

With the same cautious confidence, that was half reserve, half freedom, she was led to believe that Walter's marriage would be to him an irreparable injury. The story of the early plans of Mr. Marshall and Mr. Estabrook was confided to her, with a well-acted astonishment that she had not heard it. Under a tender, caressing manner she was led to feel herself a traitress in her aunt's household.

Mrs. Estabrook understood only too well the natures she was dealing with—the outspoken, frank honesty of Walter, the timid, gentle sweetness of his brown-eyed betrothed. She knew full well that Coralie's nature was far too noble to aid her in any underhand scheme, so she contented herself in bringing forward, in a guarded way, all the accomplishments of the brilliant beauty, where they would most strongly contrast with Annie's less showy attainments.

Matters were in this uncomfortable, unpromising state when a letter arrived that gave Annie Hartman a most unexpected claim to equality with the heiress of The Groves and Mr. Estabrook's large fortune.

Mrs. Estabrook was so far ignorant of the family of her sister's husband that she was obliged to ask her niece who was the uncle who, dying, had left her heiress to a large country-house and handsome income.

"I knew but little of my Uncle Willis," Annie replied; "I have never seen him, and certainly never expected to inherit his fortune. He was a bachelor uncle of my father's, who spent his life in collecting paintings, gems and curiosities, spending a large portion of his time abroad, selecting articles to add to his museum of treasures.

"I have heard my father speak often of the costly stones in his cabinet, of the choice works of art in his gallery, and the odd curiosities in his museum. It was a sort of promise that kept me good for many a year, that when I was a big girl I should go to Ferndale and see Uncle Willis and his pretty things. It seems impossible to realize that it is all mine now. Cannot we go up there, Aunt Blanche, all of us, and spend a day soon? It is only an hour each way by rail. Will you go?"

"With pleasure, dear! Apart from the fact that it is yours, your description makes me quite anxious to see the place. You know my love for fine paintings, statuary, and oddities of all kinds. Shall we say next Wednesday? Walter, you will escort us?"

Fairer day never shone than the October morning when the little party of four left the train at Cleveland, and took a carriage for Ferndale. The leaves were putting on their gorgeous Fall foliage, the air was cool but clear, the sun brilliant, and the sky cloudless. The drive was delightful, and the house, having been closed only a few days since the death of the former proprietor, was cheerful and pleasant. Two servants were found in the kitchen ready to answer all questions, and give up the keys of the closed rooms.

"I cannot feel great grief," Annie said, after a description of the sudden death of her great-uncle, "as I never

saw him. Does it seem very heartless, Aunt Blanche, to go over the house?"

"Not at all, dear. Sooner or later you must examine the premises. Shall we go first to the room your servant says was built for the pictures and cabinets?"

"Just as you please."

The room was found to be a long, narrow addition to the main building, with three divisions. One, with a glass roof, was devoted to the splendid collections of paintings and statuary; a second was a perfect museum of curiosities, and a third, the smallest, contained cabinets of coins, metals, minerals and precious stones.

The young people were all absorbed in the contemplation of a hideous idol, when Mrs. Estabrook, opening a drawer in the cabinet of jewels, was attracted by a curious ring in a small open box. The design was peculiar—two serpents entwined, the heads meeting for the outstretched forked tongues to hold a large emerald. The workmanship was exquisite, every golden scale being a marvel of fine chasing. Wrapped around the box was a paper, upon which was written, in fine words:

"The ring in this box I purchased while in Venice, as a specimen of a forgotten art—that of poisoning by pressure. The poison is contained in the forked tongues of the twisted serpents, and penetrates the skin as the ring is passed over the finger. I do not myself believe in the danger, but would warn those handling the gem against removing it from the box, as there is a possibility of the poison actually existing, as described. The gem is called

'The Sting of the Serpent,'

and is said to have been made by order of one of the Borgias."

Slowly Blanche Estabrook read every word in the minute handwriting, while her eyes shone with a deadly, evil light.

"Once free of this baby-faced heiress," she said, in a whisper, "Walter would turn to Coralie. I am sure of it. Already, I think, he regrets his hasty choice."

Very deliberately she folded the paper, and put it in her pocket; then, placing the ring in a conspicuous place, she joined the young people in the curiosity-room.

"Shall I be taking a liberty, Annie," she said, in her usual soft tones, "if I see what the servants can give us for luncheon?"

"I have already spoken to them," Annie replied; "but if you will superintend them a little, it will be a real kindness."

"I will! Do look at the lovely jewels in the cabinet; I am afraid those diamonds made me forget the tenth commandment."

"Dear Aunt Blanche," Annie said, eagerly, "you may take your choice. Only allow me to have them set for you."

"Thank you, dear. We will examine them together, after luncheon. At present, I am most unromantically hungry."

She left the room as she spoke, and the two went to examine the jewels. At once, Coralie spied the emerald ring, and its exquisite beauty attracted her warm admiration.

"I do not fancy it," Annie said; "I have a horror of snakes, real or artistic."

"But see the tiny diamond eyes, the lovely chasing. I think its being so odd is one of its chief charms. Now and then," added Coralie, laughing, "horrors are charming, from their very novelty. One of my favorite bracelets is a snake."

"Will you not accept this, then, to match it? It is quite small enough for a lady's ring."

Coralie slipped it upon her finger, and, turning her white hand this way and that, admired the sparkle of the serpent-emerald and the beauty of the chasing.

"I must find something prettier for you," Annie said, "or it may prove ominous to give you a serpent. Come, choose some stones, and we will have them set in some other form."

Coralie kissed the sweet face upturned to her own.

"It would take more than a finger-ring to cast a cloud upon our love," she said, tenderly. "Walter, you should take some of these pearls for a bridal *parure*. Are they not lovely?"

So chatting, the minutes flew by, until a servant summoned the trio to luncheon.

Mrs. Estabrook gave one glance at Annie's hands, and shrugged her shoulders a little, thinking:

"She has not put it on. *I'll* manage that after luncheon."

But before the seats were taken, Coralie, feeling a little, sat down upon a sofa and leaned her head upon the arm.

"Do not mind me," she said, while a deathly whiteness gathered round her lips; "I am tired. Very tired," she continued, in a low, dreamy tone; "my hand and arm feel numb, and it is creeping, creeping. Mamma! Annie!"

Fainter and fainter the sweet voice grew.

With a sudden, appalling fear, Mrs. Estabrook sprang across the room, and raised the white hand buried in the folds of Coralie's dress.

It was there! The serpent's sting had penetrated to the life-castle of her own child. The dagger she had aimed at another's heart had pierced her own.

"Coralie! Coralie!" she cried. "Wake up! Say you are not dead!"

The voice, ringing in its despair, penetrated the fast numbing brain of the doomed girl.

"Let me rest," she murmured; "it is like heaven to lie here and sleep."

"Walter! Annie!" cried the distracted mother. "get a physician! Quick—she is dying! She has on a poisoned ring. Oh, how can I save her? Do not stay to question me! Get a physician! Coralie! Coralie! look up! Speak to me!"

But the cry was lost to the ears of the girl, sunk into death-warning stupor.

Walter had sped at the first call for a doctor, and Annie was busily helping her aunt to use restoratives and try to bring back life to the beautiful face, so pale and lovely in the deep sleep. The ring seemed to be nailed to the slender finger, it was so difficult to remove; and when it came off, two fine lines from the nail to the knuckle were traced in blood-red upon the waxen skin.

In vain the doctor tried every restorative, every remedy his skill suggested. The deep sleep lasted several hours, the respiration growing fainter and fainter, till every pulse was still, and Coralie lay dead in her mother's arms.

There was no mystery to be explained. In raving grief Blanche Estabrook told every iota of her fiendish plan, and the paper was found in her pocket, when, finally, unconsciousness followed her delirious revelations. For many days it seemed as if remorse and grief must cost her her life. Annie nursed her faithfully through an attack of brain fever, that left her with her health a wreck, her reason permanently unsettled.

Years later, when Annie was a happy wife and a proud mother, Blanche Estabrook, in a cell in a lunatic asylum, lived out her retribution, while Coralie slept in her early grave, the victim of the "Sting of the Serpent."

EXPERIMENTS WITH THE AUDIPHONE ON A CLASS OF DEAF MUTES—A YOUNG LADY HEARING CONVERSATION FOR THE FIRST TIME.

HEARING WITH THE TEETH.

MR. RICHARD G. RHODES, of Chicago, is the inventor of the audiphone, designed to enable the deaf to hear by means of the teeth. Mr. Rhodes describes it as consisting essentially of a diaphragm of hard rubber, somewhat similar to the diaphragm of the telephone, and of somewhat peculiar composition. This diaphragm is very thin and elastic, and cut in the form of a square, with rounded corners, so as to present a collecting surface of not far from one square foot. For purposes of convenient adjustment, it is furnished with a neat hard rubber handle, and in this form might readily be mistaken for a fan of the ordinary Japanese pattern. When in use the edges of the diaphragm are made to approximate toward each other by a silken cord, so as to present a convex surface to the speaker and a concave one to the listener. The cord may be fastened at any convenient convexity of the surface of the auditory disk. When thus adjusted, the upper edge is pressed

A CLASS HEARING, WITH THEIR TEETH, A VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT.

firmly against the interior edge of the upper teeth, and the deaf-mute is ready to listen.

Experiments on a class of deaf-mutes were recently conducted by Mr. Rhodes in person. The most satisfactory results obtained were those in which the congenitally deaf members of the class were the subjects of experiment, deafness from disease frequently involving loss of sensibility in the auditory nerve, rather than injury to the bony or membraneous structure concerned in hearing, and thus extinguishing the necessary basis of sensation. A young man who had been deaf from infancy heard words spoken in the tone of ordinary conversation. His delight at the recovery of a lost sense affected every spectator.

A little girl who was born deaf indicated by signs and looks of surprise that she heard the sound of voices; but, having never before heard any sound, she did not know the meaning of the words.

Instruments were placed in the hands of the entire class, and a lady sang, accompanied by an organ. At the sound of the first notes the faces of the mutes expressed great surprise, and when the voice of the singer rose and fell, and the harmony of the accompaniment blended with the voice, the pleasure of the mute listeners was manifested. Their faces lighted up and their hands were moved up and down as the pitch of the air rose and fell. Some of the mutes waved their hands with a peculiarly graceful movement to show that they could distinguish between the volume of the crescendo passages and that of the less loud portions.

The inventor—with Caswell, Hazard & Co.—claims that totally deaf persons may be made to hear ordinary conversation by the use of the audiphone, and that they may then be taught to speak.

ANTS AND THEIR WAYS—THE FARMER ANT.

Many curious and interesting stories have been told of the habits of ants of various countries, and travelers seem never to tire of describing the wonderful performances of these little creatures. They also inhabit all parts of the habitable globe, and naturalists have already described more than a thousand different species of ants, and many still remain unknown to the scientific world, and their story or history unrecorded. To the unscientific eye all ants look very much alike. Some are larger than others, to be sure, or they may differ somewhat in color; but they are merely ants to the ordinary observer, and, as such, scarcely worthy of notice, except, perhaps, for the purpose of finding some means of destroying them.

ANTS AND THEIR WAYS.—AN ANT-HILL.

The ants of foreign countries, and especially those of Africa and South America, have received more attention from naturalists than those of our own country; and it is only quite recently that persons with a taste for studying the habits of such insects have devoted much time to our indigenous species; and this lately awakened interest is probably mainly due to the discovery, in Texas, of what has been very appropriately named "the Farmer Ant."

This most interesting insect was first observed by the late Dr. G. Lincecum, of Long Point, Washington County, Texas, in 1848. After several years of acquaintance and study of its habits, Dr. Lincecum communicated his discovery to the Smithsonian Institute at Washington and to friends in Europe, who soon made it public through the various scientific journals. His own very careful observations and statements in regard to the habits of this ant have been fully verified by more recent

observers; consequently, there can be no question about the existence of this industrious little agriculturist, or the high degree of intelligence it displays in its operations; and very appropriately we may quote, as an introduction to its history, the proverb:

"Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways and be wise."

"The Farmer Ant" is a large, brownish-colored species, and lives in what may be termed cities, but, like a thrifty farmer, plants grain, cultivates it, and, when ripe, gathers and stores it in regularly prepared granaries. In fact, it seems endowed with sufficient skill and ingenuity to meet all the various exigencies which it may have to encounter in its struggles through life.

The first community of these ants that Dr. Lincecum observed was situated in a nearly barren spot on the top of an elevation in the open prairie, where there was but little grass or weeds to interfere with their seed-collecting labors. The ant-rice is a grass known to botanists as *Aristida stricta*, which the ants carefully cultivate within an open space about their nests, cleared of all other weeds and plants. If a road passes near their cities they quickly avail themselves of it, thereby saving much trouble in clearing the ground.

In establishing a new city or nest, a single female starts out alone in Spring, flying until she finds a place to suit. Alighting, she commences to dig a hole; and after penetrating a short distance her wings are in the way, and so she deliberately comes to the surface and with her sharp mandibles cuts them off as useless appendages. She then continues her labors until the hole is five or six inches deep, and after making a small cell at the bottom the passage above is closed to prevent any intrusion upon her solitude. Here she remains quiet for nine or ten days, then tears away the obstructions in the passage and comes forth to procure food; and after procuring a good meal, returns and commences to lay eggs—twenty or more—these being carefully attended, and the young ants raised to maturity. These are all workers—no drones nor rivals in the way of queen-mothers among them.

The entrance to her kingdom is carefully concealed, and she never again appears in outside society, but remains at home, raising children and keeping them at work, for the next twelve to eighteen months, when, believing her family strong enough to make its way in the world, it throws off all disguise and commences to clear off and establish a farm. This is done by removing all the grass and weeds for a considerable space about their subterranean home, or city, for from this time forward a mound is commenced and raised to a height of one or two feet, in the centre of the farm.

This may be termed the home and granary of the entire community. All the cleared space about this home is planted with ant-rice, which is carefully tended, no weeds being allowed to grow among it, and when the crop is ripe the grain is gathered without threshing, the chaff being left until a more convenient time for its removal, and all carried into little cells in the mound prepared for its reception. After the entire crop is gathered the workers proceed to husk the grain, carrying the chaff not only out of the granary, but across the little farm, depositing it in heaps in the uncultivated land beyond.

If during heavy rains in Winter the granary is overflowed and the grain in it gets wet, it is all carried out the first warm clear day and spread out in the sun to dry, and then carried back early in the evening or before the dew begins to fall.

Dr. Lincecum states that on one occasion he found at least a gallon of the ant-rice spread out on a flat rock to dry, and being a little curious to see how the ants would manage to get so much back again, he returned in the evening to the nest, and was just in time to see the ants come out and carry it all back in five minutes.

The above is but a brief sketch of the history of the Farmer Ant of Texas, and strange and wonderful as it may seem, it is nevertheless true; and while much more might be added, especially the story of their loves and love-making, enough has been told to show the reader that even down among the ants and creeping things of this world there are useful lessons to be learned in economy, industry and government of families and communities, that are worthy of our careful attention.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

Dephosphorizing Iron.—A short time ago we heard of a new process for ridding iron of the small quantities of phosphorus which impair its strength. This method of dephosphorizing has, we understand, rather disappointed expectations at home, when brought to trial, although it is said to be in operation at several European works. Other plans are proposed to effect the same end, both by American and foreign chemists, and probably the most successful of these is a process which is now being tried on a practical scale in South Wales, in conjunction with the Bessemer process of making steel. By this process the pig-iron is taken in a molten state direct from the blast-furnace, where it is reduced from the ore, to the Bessemer converter or crucible. Here it is subjected to a very high temperature, kept up by a powerful air-blast forced into the liquid metal. The iron is by this means purified from silicon, manganese and carbon; and the further process of Mr. Bull to extract the phosphorus consists in injecting a blast of steam into the mass. The steam being dissociated into its component elements, the oxygen combines with some of the iron to form a little rust, and the free hydrogen combines with the phosphorus to form phosphuretted hydrogen. In fine, it will be seen that Mr. Bull's process aims at completely purifying the iron by the joint agency of air and steam; and if as successful as is expected, it will give a great impetus to the iron trade of South Wales, for it will be possible by its means to convert Welsh ore into iron equal in quality to the best Swedish brand.

A Gas and Water Geyser.—As far back as 1833, a salt-well bored in the valley of the Ohio spouted up jets of water and gas, to a height of sometimes 100 feet, at intervals of ten or twelve hours; and, since then, a number of wells in the oil regions have kept throwing up volumes of water; but the most marvelous of these artificial geysers is that recently broached in the valley of the Wilson's Run, near the town of Kane, on the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad. The Kane Geyser, as it is called, originates in a petroleum-well drilled in 1878 to a depth of 2,000 feet, but abandoned because no oil was found. Since then the hole has continued to eject a column of mingled water and gas every thirteen minutes, to heights varying from 100 to 150 feet. During the sinking of the well, veins of water were passed through down to a depth of 364 feet, and after that a vein of gas was pierced at 1,415 feet below the surface, so that the water flows into the well on the top of the gas, until the pressure of the confined gas causes an explosion, and it escapes from the orifice with great violence. The discharge lasts about a minute and a half. When the sunshine strikes the fine shower of water-spray and endues it with rainbows, or when the inflammable gas is fired at night, the spectacular effect is very beautiful.

Edible Ferns.—Most of the ferns found in our woods contain more or less starch, and when properly prepared are extremely palatable; so that we hear without surprise that an attempt has recently been made in France to popularize them as an article of food. The tender shoots of the common brake fern, when exposed above the soil to the air and sunlight, become exceedingly fleshy, white and tender. A famous French painter is known to pride himself on his fern omelettes; and the hill tribes of Japan live on fern all the year round. In Spring they eat the tender leaflets, and later in the season they eat the starch extracted from the roots.

Paper Sheathing for Ships.—Some time ago a vessel was undergoing repairs in the Portsmouth dry-dock, and it was then observed that no barnacles or seaweeds had adhered to her bottom at a place on which a piece of paper was found sticking fast. Further experiments in pursuance of this hint have ended in a patent being taken out for sheathing ships in paper. As the latter can be easily impregnated with poison, it may also be made to act as a guard against boring worms as well as ordinary fouling.

A large number of houses have a capital inlet for fresh air through the crevices between the upper and lower sashes of their windows; but these are usually made air-tight and useless by placing on them long, sausage-shaped sandbags. Mr. R. Le Neve Foster, F.C.S., strongly recommends householders to abolish the sandbags, and thus let the crevices serve a purpose for which they are so well adapted.

VARIATIONS OF THE PENDULUM.—M. Dejean, of Paris, has been repeating some of the late Professor Foucault's experiments, and finds that for a pendulum suspended on what is scientifically called a universal joint, the plane of oscillation has a tendency to advance in a particular direction, which he describes as constituting the horizontal projection of the earth's trajectory—that is to say, the result of the movements to which the earth is subjected. He states that the pendulum, as soon as put in motion, rapidly assumes the line of that projection, following the impulse of terrestrial attraction, just as a weathercock obeys the action of the wind. Moreover, that projection on the visible horizon (namely, the table or slab on which the pendulum is suspended) undergoes horary variations with great regularity. Four times a day it passes through the meridian, and the hours of this passage change with the periods of the year.

A CURE FOR CATARRH.—A simple, and apparently very successful, remedy for chronic catarrh has been discovered in sea-water gargling. Prof. Mosler has treated numerous patients in this way, and records his experiences in a Berlin paper. Special rooms for gargling have been erected at some seaside places, where directions are given as to the mode of proceeding. One very necessary proviso is that the water should come in contact with the nasal cavity, but to those who can gargle this movement will not be attended with any inconvenience. A marked improvement in the malady will then quickly be perceived. We are not told that an artificial mixture of salt and water is likely to be effective. A few experiments, however, would soon establish the fact.

A MARKET FOR USELESS FUNGI.—There are several species of fungi supposed to be worthless, or even poisonous, which the Chinese consume in various ways; and New Zealand colonists export the fungus which grows on the decaying timber in their forests, and thereby make a considerable profit. Last year the value of the fungi exported amounted to £11,000, and this success may induce others to venture upon the exportation of the *Hirneola polytricha*, which resembles the "Jew's-ear" variety. The Chinese use these fungi as medicine to purify the blood; they are also used in soups. Great care must, however, be taken to discriminate between the poisonous and non-poisonous kinds.

NEW THERAPEUTIC AGENT.—A new method of treating cancerous growths, tumors, etc., consists in subjecting the parts to a stream of hot dry air. This is proposed, and has been successfully applied, by Dr. G. A. Keyworth. By means of a foot-bellows he caused air to pass through a glass vessel containing calcic chloride, then through a heated iron tube, and thence directed the hot dry air against the surface of a cancerous sore. The treatment was continued for an hour, the effect being to relieve the pain and cause the parts heated to shrink and dry up very considerably. It is believed that this new method will prove valuable when proper appliances are employed to maintain and direct the supply of the air.

IN the *Bulletin* of the Paris Anthropological Society, M. J. Geoffroy gives a *résumé* of his great work on the knowledge and denominations of color, in which he attempts to controvert the views of Magnus and Geiger, and those of Mr. Gladstone, which ascribe color-blindness to Homer. On the grounds taken by these writers, he insists that we should be equally justified in asserting that Corneille, La Fontaine and others who happen not to mention in their works any one special color, must have been blind to it. He considers that the delight taken by savages in bright colors is a sufficient proof that the sense of color is not due to culture.

GOLD composition for work intended to be bronzed, such as small machine-tools, bookwork, etc., is prepared by a mixture of chrome-yellow and varnish. The chrome is well ground with a muller into the varnish. This gives the bronze, especially the gold, a fuller tint than if rolled with the plain varnish only. It answers equally well for copper, citron or emerald bronze. To give silver bronze a deep appearance, the ordinary black ink may, according to the *Paper Trade Circular*, be used.

SOOT-WATER FOR ROSES.—It is stated that a rapid growth of thrifty rose-shoots may be promoted by the use of soot-water. The application has, at any rate, the advantage of costing nothing. Some soot is to be collected from a chimney or stove, put into an old pitcher, and then hot water is to be poured upon the contents. When cold, the "mixture" is to be used for watering the plants every few days.

THE new diving-dress in practical use at the Polytechnic is likely to prove a valuable invention. By means of it a diver can remain four hours under water. Air is not supplied by a tube from above the surface, but is carried down in some way within the dress of the diver. How this is effected remains for the present a secret.

TO CLEAN nickel-plated brass or iron which has become coated with burned grease and dirt, without injuring the nickel surface, boil in strong solution of potash or soda, rinse in water, and rub first with moistened and then with dry rouge or chalk.

PROF. SHELDON assumes that 350,000,000 gallons of milk are annually made into cheese in England, and 550,000,000 gallons into butter. The quantity of the former product made is 126,000 tons, and of the latter, 89,285.

THE earthquake in Switzerland on December 30th, 1879, is exciting great interest in scientific circles, and arrangements are being made for accurately measuring the duration of future shocks.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

A STAG is often obliged to run for deer life.

TO WHAT rhythm does a sawmill run? Log-a-rhythm.

WHEN is a wolf most dangerous? When he feels sheepish.

HOW TO acquire short-hand—fool round a cutting-machine.

THE people who give tone to society seldom give anything else.

"AH, me!" sighed a pawnbroker's wife, "what a-loan-some life we lead!"

HINT FOR THE WINTER.—How to keep your rooms warm—keep your grates coal'd.

WHAT word is there of five letters that by taking away two leaves but one? Stone.

WHY do cats resemble a certain kind of politicians? Because they are so apt to be on the fence.

AN old lady wants to know what good the new French cable is going to do those who don't understand French.

PLAINTIVE.—Upon a modest gravestone in a cemetery appears the plaintive legend: "His neighbor played the cornet."

"WOULD you know this boy to be my son by his resemblance to me?" "Yes, sir; the maker's name is stamped upon the blade."

"HERE," said a dentist to a victim, "is my reception-room, and that," pointing to an inner office containing a big chair, "is my drawing-room."

SMILES.—"John," said a patient wife to a dissipated husband, "I would rather you'd have one smile on your face than half-a-dozen in a tumbler."

FOR those about to marry: Never marry a woman unless she is so rich that you would marry her if she were ugly, and so handsome that you would marry her if she were poor.

AN afflicted husband was returning from the funeral of his wife, when a friend asked how he was. "Well," he said, pathetically, "I think I feel the better for that little walk."

THE WEATHER.—Said a very good old man, "Some folks are always complaining about the weather, but I am thankful when I wake up in the morning and find any weather at all."

AN artistic reflection found in a French paper: "A good art critic can be made out of a mediocre artist, just as out of bad wine an excellent article of vinegar can be manufactured."

SKATING is very healthful exercise. It not only puts in play all the muscles of the legs and arms, but it creates bumps on the head for future phrenologists to feel of and report on.

FLOATING DEBT.—One of the worst things that any concern can tie to to keep it above water in troublous times is a floating debt. The debt may float, but it's pretty sure to sink the debtor.

ADVERTISING for a wife is as absurd as getting measured for an umbrella. "Talk up" to the dear creatures, if you'd marry them. One half the world was born to marry the other half.

THE Zulu lady wears her wedding-ring in her nose A double purpose is thus served. It discourages promiscuous kissing, and she is in little danger of losing her ring—she always *nose* where it is.

SAGEY.—Women somehow get over childish notions that men never outgrow. Some men celebrate every birthday as long as they live, while women quit doing so almost as soon as they grow up.

THE BEAUTIFUL SNOW.—There is something soft and tender in the fall of a single snowflake, but when it comes to crawling out in the morning and shoveling away a big drift, it's simply disgusting.

THEIR ONE VIRTUE.—There is one virtue possessed by the colored people of the "Dark Continent" which does not prevail among the whites. If you tell them a secret they are sure to keep dark about it.

MAN'S REIGN.—The first two years of a man's life he is generally master of the house. From that time onward it is a struggle, until by marriage he surrenders unconditionally, on the plea of "business cares."

TOO MUCH "YANK."—A Yankee woman recently married a Chinese laundryman, and in three days thereafter the unhappy Celestial appeared at a barber's shop and ordered his pigtail to be cut off, saying, in explanation, "Too muchee yank."

A MODERN FABLE.—A boy undertook to torture a wasp by touching a lighted match to its body. The wasp planted a burning sting in the boy's hand, and as it flew away gave him this bit of advice: "Never try to beat an expert at his own game."

"THERE is one thing about a kiss," said a gentleman to his wife, "that makes life very dear to us men." "Oh, I know what it is," was the reply; "it's a pretty pair of lips." "Yes, indeed, and the satisfaction a man has of knowing that the lady's mouth is tightly closed for a short time."

SPRINGTIME—AN APRIL SHOWER.

FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY.

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ALEXANDER II., CZAR OF RUSSIA.

BY ALFRED H. GUERNSEY.

ALEXANDER II., officially styled, as far as the English language will express his titles, "Emperor and Autocrat of all the Russias," was born on the 29th of April (the 17th by Russian reckoning), 1818, and has therefore entered upon his sixty-second year. It is long since one of his predecessors upon the throne of Russia has reached that age. He ascended the throne upon the death of his father, Nicholas I., March 2d, 1855, and has consequently reigned twenty-five years. Few of his predecessors have reigned so long; and there is a popular proverb which forebodes ill to any Czar whose reign overpasses that space of time: "Evil awaits the Czar of five-and-twenty years." History almost seems to verify the omen. The first twenty-five years of the reign of Ivan the Terrible (1547–1584) were notably prosperous; but he had scarcely touched the twenty-sixth, when disasters began to crowd thick and fast. The conquests which he had won were wrested from him; his three successive wives died, one after another, and his son and heir was murdered. The first twenty-five years of the reign of Peter the Great (1689–1725) were, upon the whole, prosperous; but scarcely had he touched this ominous period before

THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER II.

evils began to come, and the remaining ten years of his life were shrouded in gloom. Had Alexander I. died just before the beginning of the twenty-fifth year of his reign, he would have been set down as the most fortunate of modern sovereigns. But the very next year nature and man seemed to conspire against him. A fearful rising of the Neva, in 1824, threatened St. Petersburg with destruction. A wide-spread conspiracy was formed against him, and he left his capital, broken in heart and spirit, only to die in the distant Crimea. His brother and successor, Nicholas, reigned to all appearance prosperously for twenty-five years; but in the twenty-sixth of his rule he entered upon the Crimean war, the unsuccessful issue of which broke his prestige, and caused his death. His son, the present Alexander, gave promise of being the best and wisest of Russian Czars; but as he approached the close of the first quarter-century of his reign, disasters thickened around him; and now, as we read day by day the tidings from Russia, everything forebodes a gloomy future for him and for his empire.

In any point of view, the reign of Alexander II. will have to be written down by the future historian as a critical one in the history of Russia. He is the inheritor of long centuries of wrong, which, with the best intentions, he has found himself unable to right. And now we are told that the one desire of his heart is to throw off the mighty burden which has been laid upon his shoulders.

The native title of the sovereign of Russia is "Czar," or "Tsar." Many persons, misled by the similarity of sound, suppose that this title is the same as the Roman "Cæsar" and the German "Kaiser." There is, however, no real connection between them. "Czar" or "Tsar" appears to be a pure Russian word, meaning simply "chief." Etymologists find a probable analogue in the suffix *-sar*, which occurs so often in Assyrian and Babylonian names, such as Phalas-sar, Nabonas-sar, Nabopolas-sar, and the like. Still, in modern history, "Czar" is used as a synonym for "Kaiser," or "Emperor," meaning the sovereign of several States over which he is ruler-in-chief, with powers more or less paramount.

In Russia, surnames, as we understand them, are scarcely known. The son usually takes, as a sort of patronymic, the name of his father, adding to it the suffix *-vitch*, "son of." Thus, the father of the present Czar was Nicholas, or Nicolai; so the son is called Alexander Nicolaïvitch, or, as we should say, "Nicholson"; the father of Nicholas was Paul, and so his name was Nicholas Paulovitch—that is, "Paulson"; the eldest son of the present Czar is also named Alexander, and so he is called Alexander Alexandrovitch, or, as the Scotch would say, "Saunderson." The eldest son of the Czar takes the title of *Czarevitch*, "the Czar's son." Daughters add *-evna* or *-ovna*, "daughter of," to their father's name.

There seemed very little likelihood that Nicholas would ever become sovereign of Russia. Alexander I. was Czar. He was a weak man whom circumstances had enabled and even compelled to play a leading part in the history of the Napoleonic times. Many worse men have lived, few more unhappy ones. Years before his death he had come to know that he could have no legitimate child to succeed him upon the throne, and all his love was centred upon an illegitimate daughter. She died in 1824, and simultaneously came the ominous inundation of St. Petersburg. Memories of old events began to crowd upon the Czar, already broken in health and weakened in mind. He had ascended the throne by the murder of his half-mad father. Everybody knew that Alexander had been privy to the dethronement of Paul, and few doubted that he must have been aware that murder was the almost inevitable sequence of dethronement. The ill-balanced mind of Alexander gave way. His physicians ordered him to make a tour in the southern part of his wide dominions. He went as far as Taganrog, in the Crimea, where he died suddenly, on the 1st of December, 1825. Long before this a witty Russian had epigrammatically designated the Russian system of government as "a despotism tempered by assassination." Not a few believed that the Czar had been poisoned, and there were circumstances which rendered this not wholly improbable. But the attending physicians certified that his death was owing to fever and erysipelas. We are inclined to believe that their report was true; and that, although several of his predecessors had certainly been assassinated, and several others had probably come to their end by foul means, the name of Alexander, the son of the murdered Paul, does not belong to this dark list.

Alexander I. died childless, at the age of forty-eight. By ancient law, the Czar had the right of naming his successor, his choice not being restricted to members of the imperial family. Paul I. had tried to change this, making the crown hereditary in males of the blood royal. Still, it was understood that within this limit the Czar had the right to set aside the strict order of primogeniture. Upon the death of Alexander, the crown devolved upon one of his brothers. Of these there were three—Constantine, aged forty-six; Nicholas, twenty-nine; and Michael, somewhat younger. Three years before his death, Alexander had executed a formal document, not to be promulgated until after his death, devolving the crown upon Nicholas, to the exclusion of Constantine. The narrative of this transaction not only forms one of the most curious chapters in history, but it incidentally throws no little light upon events which are transpiring before our own eyes.

Constantine, Grand Duke of Russia, is one of those strange characters who form a standing puzzle to historians and philosophers. He had received his name from his grandmother, the great and bad Catharine II., who fancied that in him would be fulfilled an old prophecy that another Constantine would come to be the ruler of Constantinople, and master of the wide domains swayed by the first Christian Emperor, whose name he bore. All the other sons of Paul I. were notable for their stately presence. Constantine alone had the mean Tartar aspect of his father. He was by no means wanting in a certain kind of capacity, but his temper was so violent and capricious that he may fairly be considered as more than half insane. Of his wild escapades, the history of his time is full. While a mere boy, he was married to an accomplished German princess of the House of Saxe-Coburg. His brutal manners were intolerable to any civilized woman, and after a few years of misery she left him, while he abandoned himself to a succession of ignoble amours. In 1815 he was made commander-in-chief of the forces in Poland, and virtual viceroy. Of his brutal rule there, we shall not speak. To this half-mad savage it seemed that the imperial crown of Russia must soon fall. But it was ordered otherwise, in a most singular way.

About 1820 he became violently enamored with Johanna Grudzinska, a noble Polish lady, whom he wished to marry. His former wife was still living, and the Russian Church is, above all others, most firmly set against divorces. But his brother Alexander was the titular head of the Russian Church, with enough of purely ecclesiastical power to secure the coveted divorce, and he clearly wished that Constantine should not succeed him upon the throne. How the matter was brought about, we do not know; but the upshot was that Constantine agreed to

renounce his birthright upon condition that a divorce was granted. Constantine married the Polish lady, who seems to have made an almost civilized man of him. It was not very long before it was thought advisable to put this family pact upon record, so that it might be available when required. Constantine put his abnegation in the shape of a petition to his brother, the Czar:

"Not recognizing in myself"—so ran the document—"either the genius, the talent, or the power requisite for my being raised to that sovereign dignity to which I might lay claim by my birth, I beseech your Imperial Majesty to transfer that right to the one to whom, after myself, it belongs; and thus for ever to assure the stability of your empire. As for myself, I add, by this renunciation, a new guarantee and a new force to the engagements which I, of my own accord, solemnly contracted at the time of my divorce from my first consort. Deign, Sire, graciously to grant my supplication, to which our august widowed mother has given her accord, and sanction it by your imperial assurance."

This document was formally sealed and deposited among the archives of the empire, and to it was appended a manifesto from Alexander, naming Nicholas as his successor. The package bore a superscription to the effect that it should be first opened by the Grand Council after the death of the Czar, and before any other official act was performed. As far as we can now learn, Nicholas, whom the matter so deeply concerned, was wholly ignorant of this strange family compact, which made him inheritor of the crown of all the Russias.

Alexander died three years after the formal execution of this family compact, by which Constantine gave up his right of primogeniture. It took a week for the swiftest couriers to bring the tidings of the death of the Czar to Warsaw. For two whole days Constantine kept himself in seclusion. Perhaps he was meditating what he should do, for the imperial crown was not a thing to be lightly thrown away. In any case, he made up his mind, and from that decision he never swerved for an instant. He would not have the imperial crown. At Warsaw he had been recognized as Czar. He refused such recognition. He said that he had solemnly renounced the right of succession, and he now held by the renunciation. To Nicholas he wrote, begging to be the foremost of all his subjects to proffer the oath of subjection and fidelity.

The tidings of the death of Alexander reached St. Petersburg two days after their arrival at Warsaw. A courier from the Crimea had come with intelligence that the Czar was recovering from his illness, and thanksgivings for this were offered up in the imperial chapel. While the solemn services were being performed, a new courier entered, and placed in the hands of Nicholas dispatches announcing that Alexander was no more. He ordered that the thanksgivings should cease; and before any one could fairly know what was the import of these last dispatches, the great illuminated cross was draped in black. The Empress-mother, whose lips were yet quivering with thanksgivings for the supposed convalescence of her eldest son, knew what had happened, and sank fainting into the arms of her attendants.

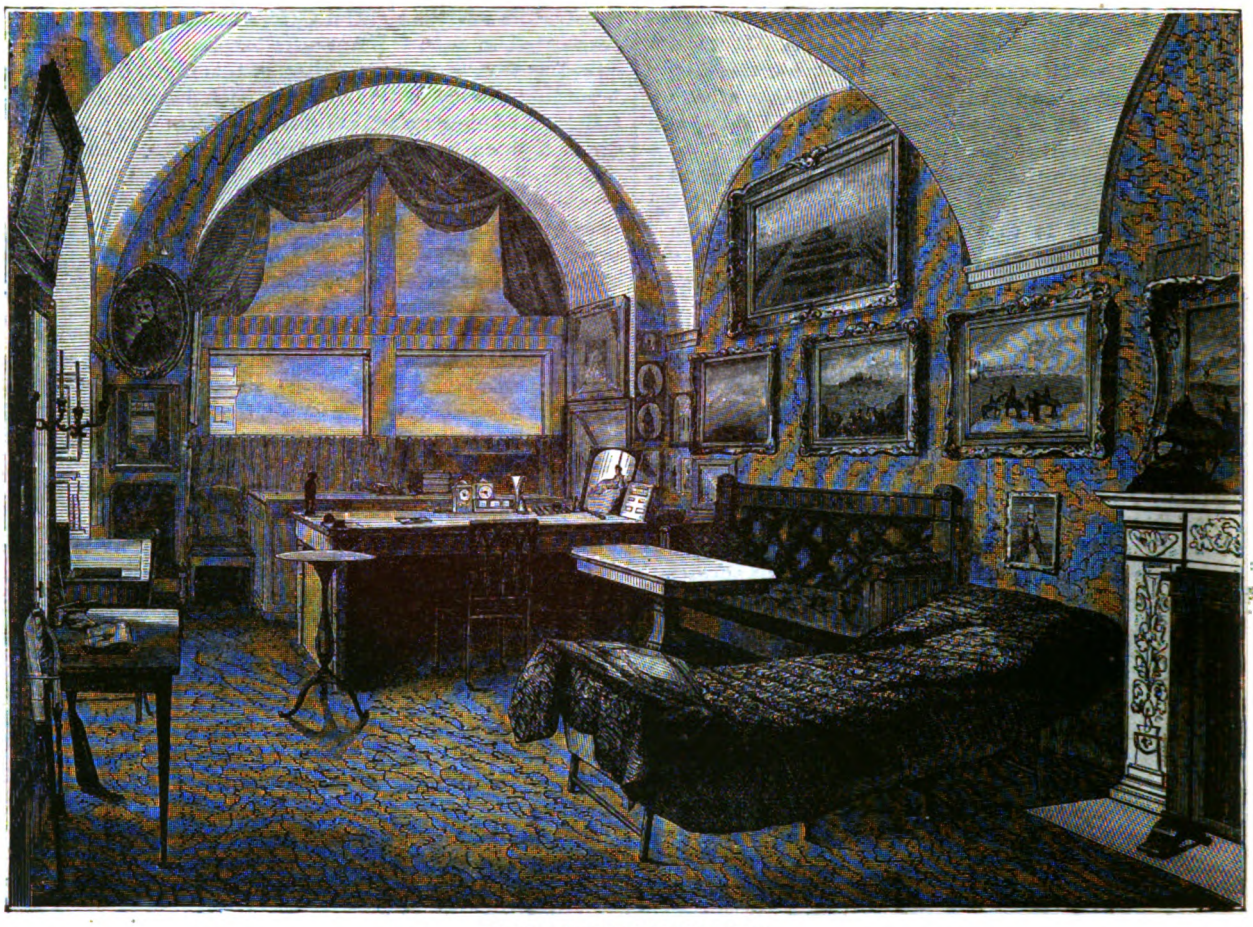
Then, or within a day or two, came the opening of one of the strangest scenes upon record. "The Czar is dead; long live the Czar!" was shouted, or might have been shouted. Nicholas went to the Senate House, with apparent purpose to take the oath of allegiance to Constantine. The famous sealed document was opened, and in it was the formal renunciation of Constantine and the naming of Nicholas as Czar. Nicholas refused to recognize these documents. He had never before heard of them; they had never been made public, and were in every way invalid. Constantine was the rightful Czar, and should be at once proclaimed as such. Never were functionaries in a sorer quandary than were the members of this Council of State. According to what looked like law, Nicholas was the Czar, and to his behests absolute obedience was due; but he directed them to proclaim his elder brother. Whatever they should do, Siberia loomed up before them. Whichever should become ruler, in case there was any real dispute between them, would not be likely to look favorably upon any one who had favored his opponent. The puzzled Council acted cleverly. No men could have carried water more dextrously upon both shoulders. To Nicholas they made reply: "You are our Czar; to you we owe absolute obedience. Since you command us to recognize the Grand Duke Constantine, we must obey." So the troops of the guard were drawn up, the death of Alexander was formally announced to them, and Constantine was proclaimed as his successor.

Messengers were forthwith sent to Constantine at Warsaw, announcing to him that he was now Czar, and had been so proclaimed at the capital. Constantine refused to recognize the act, and anew professed fealty to Nicholas. Courier after courier crossed each other on the road from Warsaw to St. Petersburg, bearing dispatches that each brother recognized the other as Czar and sovereign. This strange contest lasted nearly three weeks. In the end, Nicholas came to be fully convinced that Constantine was really sincere in his renunciation, and on the 24th of December had signed the manifesto announcing his own accession, which was to be made public on the next day.

But in the months preceding, a conspiracy had been forming, the object of which was to overthrow the whole system of the Russian government. Even after the lapse of more than half a century, we know very little of the extent and aim of this conspiracy. We indeed discover that so-called "liberal" ideas had penetrated certain portions of the people, and that they were prevalent among the subordinate officers of the army. We catch glimpses of secret revolutionary societies, apparently not unlike those of which we read in our own day. The leaders of these societies, as we have them, are scarcely worth mentioning now. Petzel, the Mouraviefs, Troubetskoi and Oblonskoi are mere shadows of names. Of Conrad Ryleïff, poet, dreamer and revolutionist, we know a little more. He seems to have had a presentiment of the fate which was to befall him. In one of his poems he says: "Well do I know that a gulf is yawning to swallow up the first who rises against a nation's oppressors. Fate has chosen me; but tell me in what country, in what age, liberty has been won without victims? I shall die for the country of my birth. I know it, I feel it; and it is with joy that I hail my approaching doom."

It had been designed that a general outbreak should take place in the Spring of 1826; but the apparent interregnum which followed the death of Alexander seemed to present a favorable occasion to anticipate the time. Of all the conspirators, no one seemed to shrink from the idea of assassination. Nicholas was chosen as the first victim, and the time was fixed upon as that 26th of December, 1825, when he was to be formally proclaimed as Czar. Among the conspirators was one Kakhofski, who seems to have been a mere desperado. "Dear friend," said Ryleïff to him, "you only of us are alone in the world. You ought to sacrifice yourself for the society. Rid us of the Czar."

On the morning of December 26th, the civil and military authorities were assembled at St. Petersburg for the



THE CZAR'S SLEEPING-APARTMENT.

purpose of taking the oath of fealty to the Czar Nicholas. All at once a cry was raised among the troops: "They are deceiving us. The Grand Duke Constantine has not refused the throne. He is now in irons at Warsaw; but I am here with orders from him to oppose this treachery. Down with all who are unfaithful to him!" Some one cried out, "Hurrah for the Constitution!" and the hurrah was duly given. "Who is this *Constitution?*" asked a soldier who had shouted himself hoarse. "I suppose she is the wife of the Czar Constantine," was the reply of his comrade. Disorder spread through the regiments. One general who tried to repress it was shot down; and before any one could tell why or wherefore, the tumultuary troops found themselves drawn up in the great square, in the centre of which stands the huge granite block surmounted by the famous equestrian statue of Peter the Great, whose hand is stretched out in benediction over the great city which he had created among the swamps of the Neva. It seemed as though he was also blessing those who were now upholding the claims of Constantine.

Nicholas had in the meantime been in the palace, receiving the homage of the great officials; and it was noon before he knew of the wild movement which had been made against him. Of Nicholas himself, little was known, saving that, as commander of a regiment, he was the strictest of all military martinets. He had now a chance to show what there was in him. He

THE CZAR ON A HUNTING EXCURSION.

A RECEPTION AT THE COURT OF ALEXANDER II.

proved himself equal to the occasion. Taking in his arms his young son—then a slight boy of seven years, now the Czar Alexander II.—he descended the steps of the palace, at the foot of which were grouped a handful of guards, upon whose fidelity reliance might be placed. "I confide the boy to your hands," he said, as he took his way to the scene upon which the drama was to be played out. This is the first time in which the present Czar appears upon the page of history; it was an even chance whether it should not be the last.

Of the wild and whirling events of that afternoon, it is impossible to frame anything like a connected account. We catch glimpses of attacks, almost but not quite successful, upon important points. The truth appears to be that the conspirators had no head, or rather a nominal one, who was worse than none at all. Troubetskoi was styled "dictator" of the revolutionary society, and he was to direct the movement. But his heart failed him at the supreme moment, and he betook himself to the palace in order to take the oath to Nicholas. Ryleiff, in whose head lay what of brains were in the conspiracy, tried vainly to learn where Troubetskoi was. So, for four hours, at a time when minutes were of mighty moment, the revolutionists were without

THE CZAR AT A ST. PETERSBURG FIRE.

leader or guide. One man of the right mold might, on that afternoon, have changed the current of Russian history for an age, perhaps for many ages.

The only head in which there were any brains at this moment was that of Nicholas. By four o'clock in the afternoon he had got together a respectable force, which he had marched into the great square; and the two bodies of soldiery stood confronting each other. Those who held for Constantine still refused to recognize Nicholas; and orders were given that a volley of blank cartridges should be fired against them. This idle measure was as useless as such things commonly are. Then orders were given that the guns should be shotted and fired. For a few minutes, it was uncertain whether this order would be obeyed. If it were not, the cause of Nicholas was a lost one. The young Grand Duke Michael decided the matter. Seizing a lintstock, he fired the first gun. Volley after volley followed, plowing through the dense masses of the insurgents, who broke and fled in every direction. By six o'clock all was over, and Nicholas was undisputed Czar of Russia.

The first thing to be done was to inquire into the conspiracy. A commission was appointed for the purpose, and its work lasted for more than half a year. As far as we can learn, this commission did its work with no lack of zeal, and with no undue harshness. The results of the inquiry were meagre enough. Thirty-seven persons, who were found guilty as ringleaders, were sentenced to death; but in the case of all except five of them, the punishment was commuted to banishment to Siberia. One hundred and thirty more were found guilty in a minor degree, and were sentenced to punishments more or less severe. Thus the entire list of those who suffered in any way in consequence of this conspiracy falls short of two hundred.

The fate of Troubetskoi, the nominal head of the movement, deserves mention. He begged abjectly for his life, and asked to be allowed to write to his wife, announcing what his fate was to be. "Write as I shall dictate," said Nicholas to the pitiful wretch. The letter ran thus: "My life has been most mercifully spared; but I am consigned to perpetual hard labor in Siberia." "Well," said Nicholas, "if you want your miserable life upon such terms, take it."

Five of the leaders of the conspiracy were to die. Capital punishment had long before been nominally abolished in Russia, although the terrible inflictment of the *knout*, or flogging, when administered to its full extent, was equivalent to death. It was eighty-five years since there had been an acknowledged execution in the Russian capital. The five were to be hanged upon one scaffold, in the gray morning of July 25th, 1826. No wonder that the executioners blundered in their ghastly work. They do such things among us. All were to die by one fall of the drop. In two cases the ropes had been properly adjusted, and the victims were strangled without ado. But in the other three cases the nooses slipped, and the victims fell, half-stunned, into the pit below the gallows. The scaffold was re-arranged, the men were brought back, and their execution was completed. One of the three was Ryleïff. As he mounted the scaffold for the second time, he murmured, "Can nothing go right with me, not even death?" Mouravieff, another of the three, exclaimed, "Woe to the country where they can neither conspire, nor judge, nor hang!" It has been said—and the statement has passed into history—that when Ryleïff was first hung, "the rope broke, and he fell to the ground still alive. The sight of his agony created such sympathy in the assembled multitude, that the Governor-General sent for instructions to the Czar, and his reply was, 'Take a stronger rope, and proceed with the execution.'" We are quite confident that nothing of the kind took place, or, indeed, could have taken place.

The formal coronation of Nicholas as Czar took place at Moscow on the 3d of September. It was a notable scene, as we read it in the records of the day. The most touching incident occurred after the close of the public ceremonies, when Nicholas and Constantine walked out side by side from the Church of the Assumption. Constantine, lifting his shaggy white eyebrows, said, "What a beautiful day this is, my brother!" to which Nicholas made reply, "What had I to fear? Had not I my conductor by my side?" Thus, in the full triumph of his elevation, Nicholas recognized that he owed all to the unswerving persistence of Constantine in holding fast to his perhaps enforced renunciation of the imperial dignity.

So ended the strange drama of the accession of Nicholas. Of Constantine, a few words more may be said. He remained in command of Poland until 1830, when he was driven from Warsaw by an insurrection of the Poles, whose national feelings he had outraged. Diebitch, the "Crosser of the Balkans," was made viceroy over him. The best that both of them could do was bad enough. Constantine was almost disgraced by Nicholas, who owed all to him, and died in obscurity in the Summer of 1831. Johanna Grudzinska, for whom he had sacrificed so much, died a few months later.

Of the reign of Nicholas we shall not speak at length. His first purpose was to consolidate the imperial power. The next was to fulfill in his own person what had been hoped for from Constantine; that is, to make himself master of Constantinople and the narrow waters which connect the Black Sea with the Mediterranean—in a word, to carry into effect the grand idea embodied in the so-called "Will" of Peter the Great, which he is said to have deposited in the archives of the palace of Peterhoff, as "a rule for his successors on the throne of Russia." We are inclined to believe that no such document exists, or ever existed. We speak thus, knowing that we may possibly be corrected by Mr. Eugene Schuyler in his forthcoming "Life of Peter the Great." If he has found, or shall find, trace of any such document, we hereby retract the judgment which we have formed from the best sources within our reach.

As far as we know, the first mention of any such document is made by the famous, or infamous, Chevalier d'Éon, a personage who passed for half his life as a man, and for half of it as a woman, and in this double capacity intrigued with both sexes, to the no little discredit of not a few men and women in high places. We first meet with what purports to be a transcript of this "Will" in a manifesto put forth by Napoleon when about to invade Russia. The essential paragraph in the "Will," as thus given, runs thus:

"Approach as near as possible to Constantinople and toward the Indies. He who reigns at Constantinople will be the real sovereign of the world. And, with that object in view, provoke continual wars with Turkey and with Persia. Establish dockyards in the Black Sea; get possession of the shores of that sea, as well as of those of the Baltic: these two things being necessary for the ultimate success of our project. Hasten the decadency of Persia; penetrate as far as the Persian Gulf; re-establish the former trade of the Levant, by appropriating Syria; and, if possible, extend the power of Russia to the Indies, which are the emporium of the world."

We do not believe that Peter had it in him to conceive any such vast idea. We believe that Napoleon could have conceived it; and that he put it into shape in order to

show to Europe what Russia could do, and would do, should opportunity be given. In any case, the grand idea thus formulated is the one upon which Nicholas acted with full determination, and the one upon which his son and successor has been forced to act, more or less against his will. How nearly Nicholas came to success, and how utterly he failed of it, may be read in the following brief resumé of his reign which we have written elsewhere:

"The brilliant warfare of 1829, when Diebitch demonstrated that the Balkans presented no insuperable barrier to a straight march upon Constantinople, gave prestige to the earlier years of the reign of Nicholas. But the fruit, apparently within his grasp, could not then be seized, and he was forced to content himself with seeing Greece made an independent kingdom, and the Danubian provinces of Wallachia and Moldavia reorganized under a Russian protectorate. For a time he turned his attention to affairs at home, trying to give a good government to Russia. He instituted many reforms; relaxed the rigid censorship of the press, fought against the notorious venality of government officials, and attempted a codification of the laws of the empire. He hoped to concentrate all the power of the empire into his own hands, meaning to use it well and wisely; and for a brief space Russia, to all appearance, presented the aspect of a vast empire ruled by the iron hand of a single man. A more laborious man never lived. He worked fourteen or sixteen hours out of the twenty-four. He thought that all the great influences —the Church, the army, the secret police—were subservient to him. But never before in the world's history were more flagrant abuses perpetrated than took place under his reign. Religious persecutions were especially notable. The members of the United Greek Church, which acknowledged the authority of the Pope, while clinging to their own ancient usages, were forced to unite with the so-called 'Orthodox' establishment; the Roman Catholics in Poland and the Protestants in the Baltic provinces were alike persecuted; and the Jews were everywhere subjected to outrage. In the East he followed the traditions of his House, making large conquests in the region of the Caucasus. The ambition of gaining a preponderance in Turkey was the leading idea in his foreign policy. This at last culminated, in 1853, in the rupture with the Porte, out of which grew that conflict with England and France which we know as the Crimean War. The general result of this was in many ways adverse to Russia. The strong physical and mental constitution of the Czar broke down, and he died on the 2d day of March, 1855. The immediate physical cause of his death, as assigned by medical authority, was 'atrophy of the lungs.'"

Nicholas was succeeded by his eldest son, Alexander, now a man of eight-and-thirty. No two men could well be more unlike than were father and son. Alexander was trained under the genial influence of his mother, a daughter of the King of Prussia. He had little liking for the stern routine of military life, which, according to old Muscovite ideas, was the only occupation befitting a Czar. There were rumors that he was to be set aside in favor of his brother, the Grand Duke Constantine, nine years his junior. The two brothers were never on friendly terms. Constantine had been made Grand Admiral, and upon one occasion found opportunity to place his brother under arrest; their father made amends for this by subjecting Constantine to a like indignity. Long before his death, Nicholas had looked anxiously upon what might be the issue of the estrangement between his sons, and when almost at the point of death he called them to his bedside, formally made over the imperial dignity to the eldest, and won from both of them a solemn promise that they would always remain closely united, in order to secure the peace and happiness of their common country. We find no reason to suppose that this solemn compact has ever been violated. Short of the imperial dignity, Constantine has titles enough. They are all set down in the *Almanach de Gotha* for this year, 1880. From this we read, in the recognized French edition, that he is:

"Constantin-Nicolaïévitch, grand-duc, né le 21 (9) Sept. 1827; grand-amiral et aide de camp gén., président du conseil de l'Empire, chef du corps des cadets de la marine, du 1er équipage de la garde, du 1er équipage de la Mer Noire, du 29e équipage de la flotte, chef du régim. de dragons de Kargapol no. 5, des lanciers de la Volhynie no. 6, des hussards de Narwa no. 13 et des grenadiers de Grusie no. 14, propriétaire du régim. d'infant. autrichien no. 18, chef du 2ème régim. de hussards prussiens du Rhin; marié le 11 Septembre (30 août) 1848, à la Grande-duchesse Alexandra-Joséfovna, ci-devant Alexandra-Frédérique-Henrietta-Pauline-Marianne-Elisabeth, fille de feu Joseph, duc de Saxe-Altenbourg."

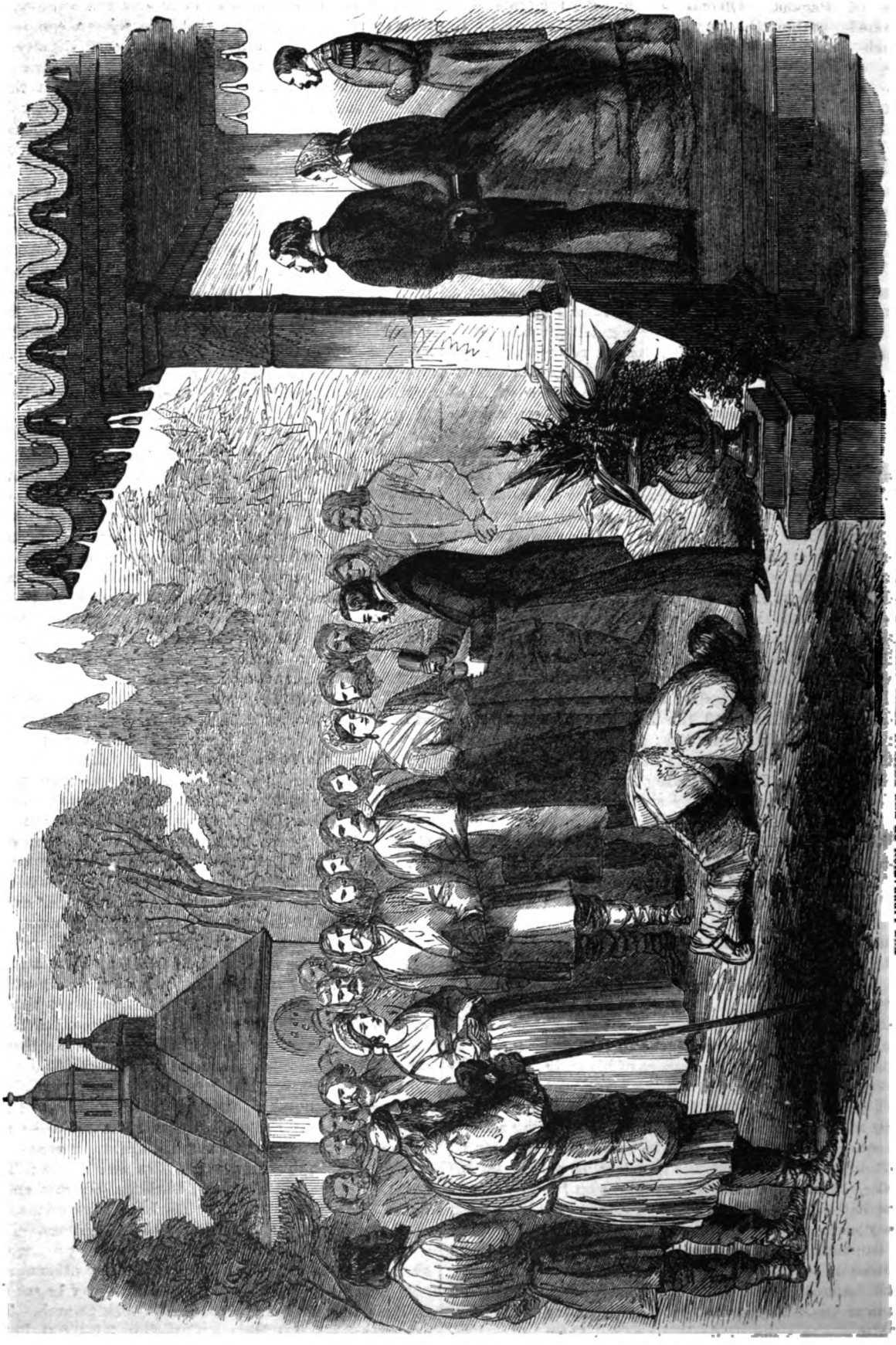
Nicholas dying, his son Alexander was proclaimed as Czar. His first official act was to issue a manifesto declaring that he intended to "uphold the glory of the empire" as it had been upheld by Peter, Catharine, Alexander I., and his father, Nicholas. The Crimean war was not yet concluded; but all parties were tired of their share in it, and a peace was speedily patched up. All parties agreed to conditions which no one of them meant to keep longer than suited their convenience.

Let us now look at the Russia of which Alexander had become sovereign. The more one looks upon it, the more he becomes aware how little he can learn, when compared with what he would wish to know. A few material statistics are, however, available:

The territorial area of Russia contains about eight and a half millions of square miles, something like one-sixth of all the dry land of the globe. With a single exception, no such an aggregate of territory ever fell even nominally under a single sway. That mighty collection of kingdoms, states, provinces and colonies which we know as the "British Empire" is a little larger in space; but very much of this, as the greater part of British America and the interior of Australia, is not, and probably never will be, inhabited. The Roman Empire, in its widest possible extent, would have been lost in the vast domains of Russia. The United States of America claim less than half as much territory. The other great nations are, in comparison with Russia, only mere specks upon the earth's surface.

The population of Russia is made up of many races, holding many faiths. Predominant over all are what we may call the "Russians proper," a Sclavic race numbering something like 56,000,000. Kindred in race, but bitterly hostile in other respects, are the Poles, of whom there are some 5,000,000. Then there are some 3,000,000 Jews and 1,000,000 Germans. The remainder of the population is made up of a hundred races, as ethnologists count them, speaking half as many languages. Among these minor races are enumerated: tribes of the Finnish race—Finns proper, Lapps, Tchuds, Vots, Livs and Esths; Tartar tribes—Nogais, Mestcheriaks, Bashkirs, Kirghiz and Yakuts; Mongolians—Ainos, Buriats, Tangusians, Calmucks, Cossacks, Samoyeds, Ostiaks, Uzbeks, Turkomans and Tajiks; Circassians—Circassians proper, Georgians, Mingrelians, Armenians; and many others.

In point of religion, some 60,000,000 may be set down as belonging to the "Orthodox" Greek Church. There are some 8,000,000 Roman Catholics, 3,000,000 Protestants, about as many Jews, and 7,000,000 Mohammedans—leaving a residue of about 5,000,000 who may be grouped



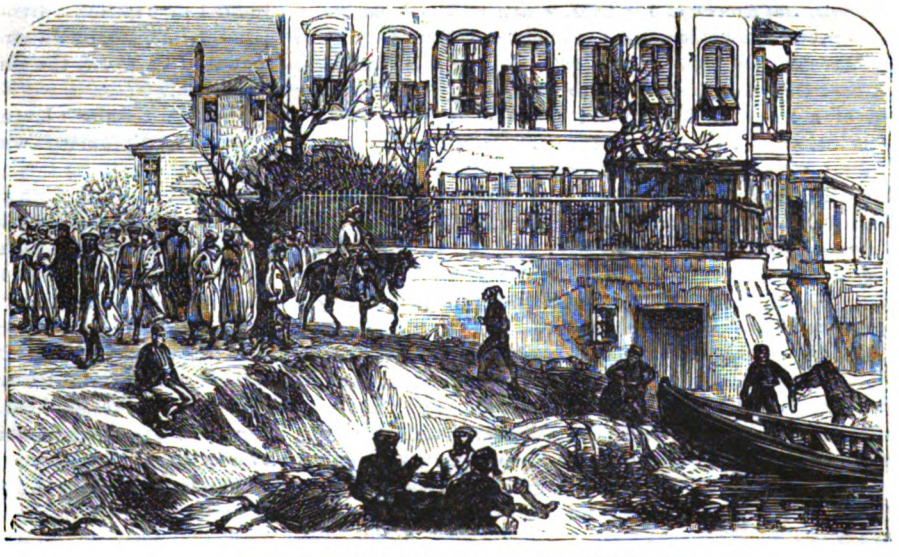
THE LIBERATION OF THE RUSSIAN SERFS, AFTER THEIR EMANCIPATION BY ALEXANDER.

together under the general name of Pagans. Officially reckoned, within the Greek Church are a multitude of sects, of whose numbers we know little, and whose special tenets are only vaguely indicated by the names which they assume. We read of the "Old Believers," whose origin is ascribed to their opposition to certain changes in the liturgy made in the seventeenth century by the Patriarch Nikon; their numbers are set down anywhere between 1,000,000 and 17,000,000. We read also of the "Milk-drinkers," the "Flagellants," the "Little Christians," the "Helpers," and the "White Doves," or "Innocents," who mutilate themselves in order that their bodily desires may be more effectually kept under.

ROUMANIAN PRIESTS BLESSING ALEXANDER ON HIS ARRIVAL.

ALEXANDER WATCHING THE ATTACK ON PLEVNA.

The institution of serfdom, which held the greater portion of the people of western Europe during the Middle Ages, is of comparatively recent date in Russia. We cannot fairly trace it back beyond the reign of Boris Goudenov, about the year 1600. But it was not many years before the mass of the rural population was reduced to the condition of serfs. Almost the only exceptions were those who resided upon the crown domains; and as, in course of time, large grants of these domains were granted to one powerful favorite after another, the great body of the Russian peasantry gradually passed into the state of serfhood—a condition in most respects far worse than that of slavery as it existed among us a few years ago. The serfs were *adscripti glebæ*—"bound to the soil"—a condition which Thomas Carlyle, not many years ago, with all apparent seriousness, advocated as the best one for the emancipated blacks in the West Indies. Catharine II. issued a ukase ordering that the Czars should henceforth give away only the landed estates of the crown, the peasants not to be included in the grant. Her son Paul not only renewed this ukase, but also prohibited the public



HOUSE AT SAN STEFANO WHERE PEACE WAS SIGNED.

exposure of serfs for sale in the market, directing that they should be sold only in connection with the lands of which they were adscripts. Alexander I., toward the close of his reign, meditated considerable ameliorations in the condition of the peasantry; but his plans really amounted to nothing. Nicholas turned his thoughts more or less in the same direction, but with little apparent result.

In 1860, the civil condition of the Russian people was something like this: Their numbers were set down at about 53,000,000; of these, 16,000,000 were what may properly be called peasants, holding lands from the crown upon the tenure of paying certain rents or performing certain services. These were strictly adscripts of the soil; considerable numbers of them were allowed the privilege of finding work in manufactories, but were bound to return to the crown-lands when so ordered. The serfs proper numbered about 23,000,000, belonging partly to the crown and partly to the nobles. Alexander II. had long conceived the idea of emancipating the serfs when the imperial power should fall into his hands; and very early in his reign he began the preliminary measures. First, he emancipated the crown serfs; and then proposed to do the same thing for those of the nobles. He met at first with strenuous opposition, and threats were muttered of a revolution. The Czar met these by intimating that if there was really to be a revolution, it had better begin among the few nobles than among the numerous peasantry. The refractory nobles were overawed; and on March 2d (February 19th by Russian reckoning), 1861—the sixth anniversary of his succession—an imperial ukase was formally issued, proclaiming the emancipation of the entire body of the serfs in Russia proper, upon certain conditions relating mainly to the arrangement of details as to the quantity of land to be ceded, and the amount of rent or purchase-money to be paid—a period of two years being allowed for this purpose. Two or three years later, similar measures were undertaken in Poland and in other parts of the empire. Various other reforms were set on foot, of which our space will not permit us to make special mention. The Franco-German war of 1870 furnished the long-awaited occasion for Russia to free herself from some of the onerous restrictions imposed by the treaty of 1856, foremost among which was that the right of the free navigation of the Black Sea was regained.

Russia was in the meanwhile slowly extending her real or nominal dominions in Asia. In 1866, hostilities broke out with the Ameer of Bokhara, which lasted a year and a half, the result being that the Ameer was conquered, and Samarcand, his capital, was occupied by the Russians. In 1867 the Czar sold Alaska to the United States, getting rid of a mass of territory of no value to him, and, we imagine, of little to us. In 1873, Khiva was overrun, and in 1875 a large part of Khokand fell under the sway of Russia. No European Power except Great Britain looked with jealousy upon these acquisitions; and even England appeared to look on with indifference, for when the Czar visited that country in 1874, he met with a cordial reception. Of the more recent affairs in Afghanistan, it is yet too early to anticipate the results.

But the recent war between Russia and Turkey calls for more extended consideration, involving as it does matters of grave import to all the civilized world. For years previous to 1876 everything had foreboded that Turkey was tumbling to pieces, and that the European Powers would be likely to quarrel over the fragments of the Ottoman Empire. An insurrection, more than usually alarming, had broken out in the wild frontier region of Herzegovina and Bosnia. This had been apparently suppressed by Omar Pasha, but there was a long arrear of grievances to be settled. The Christian population averred that they had been fearfully wronged; the Mohammedans retorted with like charges. We imagine that either side could have made good any number of accusations against the other.

The European Powers tried to set matters right. The "Sublime Porte" was profuse in promises, not a word of which would anybody believe. Count Andrassy, who represented the Austrian Government, put forth, near the close of 1875, a rather notable report, the upshot of which was that there were beyond doubt great abuses in this part of European Turkey; and that the root of all of them was that while "the Mohammedans were owners of most of the soil, the Christians tilled it." He suggested that many reforms were absolutely necessary; among which were, that there should be complete religious liberty; that the State should sell to the peasantry a part of its lands upon easy terms; and that the execution of these reforms should be intrusted to a commission composed of Christians and Mohammedans in equal numbers. But he added, significantly, "As the people will not trust the bare word of the Porte, the Powers must obtain from the Sultan, by means of an official commission, the confirmation of his promises, and the acceptance of the demands presented by the European Governments." In a word, the Powers of Europe were to constitute themselves the protectors of the Christians in European Turkey. But each of these Powers had its own special ends to subserve, and it was scarcely possible that these should not conflict.

Meantime, the internal affairs of Turkey were going on in a bad way. The Sultan Abdul Aziz was deposed at the close of May, 1876, and his nephew Murad was placed upon the throne. A month later the ex-Sultan was found dead. There were several mortal wounds upon his body, and it was officially reported that he had committed suicide; but nobody doubted that he had been murdered.

All this time the insurrection had been spreading, and had extended into Bulgaria, fomented, as everybody knew, though perhaps nobody could prove, by emissaries from Roumania, now in all but name a dependency of Russia. The wildest accounts were widely circulated as to the atrocities committed here. The British Government sent Mr. Baring to look into the matter. He reported that in the single province of Philippopolis he had heard the number of killed estimated at anywhere between 2,000 and 200,000. But, taking all things into consideration, he judged that in this province the number of killed was not less than 12,000, of whom not more than 163 were Mussulmans. In a word, the Christians were the ones who were massacred.

It would require a large volume to set forth the tortuous course of diplomacy which ensued. Every European Power seemed to be trying to outwit all the others; the real point being that no one should gain too much from what seemed to be the now inevitable downfall of Turkey. At first it seemed that for once Russia and England would find it for their interest to act in concert. Count Schouvaloff intimated to Lord Derby that, "in the opinion of the Czar, force should be used to stop the war." He suggested that Bulgaria should be occupied by the Russians, and Bosnia by the Austrians, while the united fleets of all the Powers should hold the Bosphorus. The British Government, strong at sea, but weak upon the land, were averse to any armed occupation; but were in favor of an armistice of a month, to be granted by the Porte. If that were not given by the Sultan, they would leave him to his inevitable doom.

The Sultan was apparently quite ready to do much

more than was asked of him. He would accord an armistice for a whole six months, and in the meanwhile should be promulgated a general scheme of reform in the whole administration of the Ottoman Empire. But all ideas of accommodation fell to the ground, for the simple reason that nobody dared trust anybody else. Germany, Austria and France betook themselves to the background, leaving Russia and Great Britain to come to the front. England quite reasonably distrusted Russia, suspecting that her purpose could be nothing less than to make, directly or indirectly, large acquisitions toward the Bosphorus. When we consider how vital the command of this sea is to Russia, we cannot wonder at the suspicions of the British.

Alexander did his best—we are inclined to think honestly—to satisfy the British Government. Early in November he pledged his honor to the English Ambassador that he "had no intention of acquiring Constantinople; and that if necessity should oblige him to occupy a portion of Bulgaria, it would be only provisionally, and until the peace and safety of the Christian population should be secured." But no matter how sincere Alexander may have been at the time, there was a power behind him which would not allow him to stop. The point to which he soon found himself forced is indicated by a speech, now historical, delivered to the Common Council of Moscow. He hoped, indeed, that peace would be secured by means of a conference between the Powers. "But," he added, "should not this be achieved, and I should see that we cannot obtain such guarantees as are necessary for carrying out what we have a right to demand of the Porte, I am firmly determined to act independently; and I am convinced that in this case the whole of Russia will respond to my summons, should I consider it necessary, and should the honor of Russia require it."

A conference of the Powers was indeed held. But the Turkish representative, seeing how at variance the others were, put a bold face on the matter. "While Turkey would grant reforms of her own will," he declared, "she would allow none to be imposed upon her by the dictation of foreign States." While the conference was in session, a Constitution for the Ottoman Empire was formally promulgated. As it read, it is an admirable document. We doubt whether a better one was ever put upon paper. But nobody dreamed that it would ever be carried into effect. The conference was fairly puzzled as to what should be done. It finally suggested a ridiculous scheme: the troubled provinces should be occupied by Belgian troops. This scheme fell through for two valid reasons: Belgium had no men to be sent on such a mission, and Turkey would not receive them had they been sent.

When the year 1877 opened, it was clear that matters were approaching an issue. The European Powers were rather inclined to let Russia and Turkey try what they could do against each other, and see what would come out of it. Everybody assumed that Turkey would get the worst in the contest, and then the others would step in and see to it that Russia should gain nothing of any account from her military success. The war spirit of the Turks had by this time been raised to the highest pitch. They had come to consider Turkey a fair match for Russia. This feeling was by no means confined to the Ottomans. A grand council was held, in which were represented, in one way or another, all the races and religions of the Ottoman Empire; it decided, with only one dissentient voice, that the risk of a war with Russia should be run "rather than that any foreign Power should be permitted to interfere with the internal affairs of the empire." The Marquis of Salisbury—by no means the wisest or the most foolish diplomat who had to do with the matter—could not understand what he called the "infatuation of the Turks." The only ground which he could find for it was the belief, "fostered in their minds by irresponsible advisers," that the power of Russia was broken, her armies suffering from disease, and that there would be no war. "Their traditional policy," continues the marquis, "has been to maintain themselves by dividing the Powers; and they imagine that the Powers will still be divided, and that a general European war will save them."

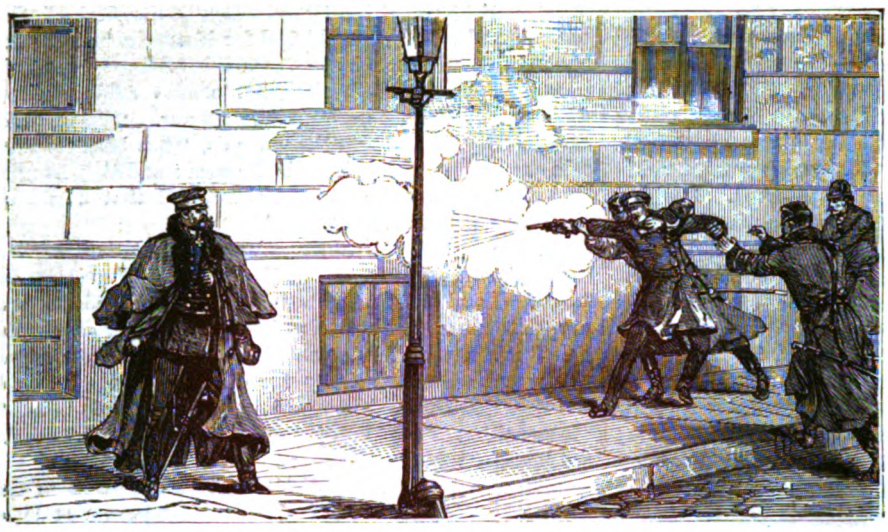
On the last day of March, the representatives of Germany, Austria, France, Italy, England and Russia assembled in London, drew up a formal protocol, which purported to mean much, but which really meant very little. The Powers, so ran the protocol, had hoped much from the reforms announced by the Porte; but, they added, "if these hopes should once more be disappointed, and if the condition of the Christian subjects of the Sultan should not be improved in a manner to prevent the return of the complications which periodically disturb the peace of the East, they think it right to declare that such a state of affairs would be incompatible with their interests, and those of Europe in general. In such a case, they reserve to themselves to consider in common as to the means which they may deem fitting to secure the well-being of the Christian populations, and the interests of the general peace."

But to this comprehensive protocol the representatives of the several Powers added provisos which practically nullified it. Count Schouvaloff, speaking for Russia, said that if the Porte was really desirous of undertaking the reforms in question, let it send to St. Petersburg a special envoy to treat of disarmament, to which the Czar would consent; but if massacres similar to those which had occurred in Bulgaria should continue, that would put a stop to all measures of demobilization. The Earl of Derby, speaking for Great Britain, said that in case this measure should not result in the reciprocal disarmament of Russia and Turkey, the "protocol was to be null and void." The Italian representative declared that his Government was bound by its signature to the protocol "only so long as the agreement between all the Powers is maintained." The representatives of Germany, Austria and France said nothing, being apparently instructed to let everybody else fight the matter out.

The Turkish Government took the whole matter in a quite lofty vein. It refused any recognition of the protocol. "Strong in the justice of her cause, and trusting in God," so runs the reply, "Turkey determines to ignore what has been decided without her and against her; resolved to retain in the world the place which Providence has destined her in this regard"—that is, the right of every Power to regulate its own affairs without interference from others.

In the war of words, Turkey had clearly the best of it. All the European Powers, with the exception of Russia, made up their minds to stand aloof for awhile. The only question was whether Russia would go back or go forward; for she could not stand still where she was. It must be borne in mind that the greater part of the population of Turkey in Europe belongs to the Sclavonic race, and to the Greek Church; and it had come to be a cardinal belief among the Russians that they were the natural protectors and defenders of their brethren by blood and faith who dwelt in Turkey. The Czar did not long leave it in doubt what the course would be to which he had found himself impelled, probably against his will.

He had for some time been concentrating large bodies of troops all along the wide frontiers. On the 24th of April, 1877, immediately after the reply of the Porte to



SOLOWJEFF'S ATTEMPT ON THE LIFE OF ALEXANDER II.

long a state of things which they had declared to be incompatible with their interests, or to try to obtain by force what the unanimous attempts of the Cabinets had failed to obtain by persuasion"; and, in so doing, while he was "fulfilling a duty imposed upon him by the interests of Russia, he was also consulting the views and interests of Europe."

The actual invasion of Turkey took place some days before the formal declaration of war reached Constantinople. The Porte protested earnestly against this violation of the spirit of international law. "We hope," said the

the protocol had been received, he put forth a formal manifesto declaring war. In this document he reminded his "well-beloved subjects" that during his whole reign he had endeavored to provide for them the blessings of peace; but all his efforts to ameliorate the condition of their brethren in Turkey had proved unavailing—the Porte having refused to defer to the will of Europe, as set forth in the protocol; and he was now obliged to proceed to more decisive acts. He had, therefore, "ordered his brave armies to cross the frontier." To the Powers of Europe, he said, by way of justification, that he found "no other alternative than either to pro-

ORENBURG BURNED BY THE NIHILISTS.

SCENE OF THE MOSCOW ATTEMPT TO KILL THE CZAR BY BLOWING UP THE RAILROAD TRAIN.

Ottoman manifesto, "that the Governments of Europe, as well as public opinion, will appreciate these facts, and take them into account when they will have to determine the share of responsibility which falls to the two States in the armed conflict which has just broken out." The British Premier wrote a dispatch full of deep regret at the "unwarrantable course pursued by Russia." No other European Power took official notice of the Russian manifesto.

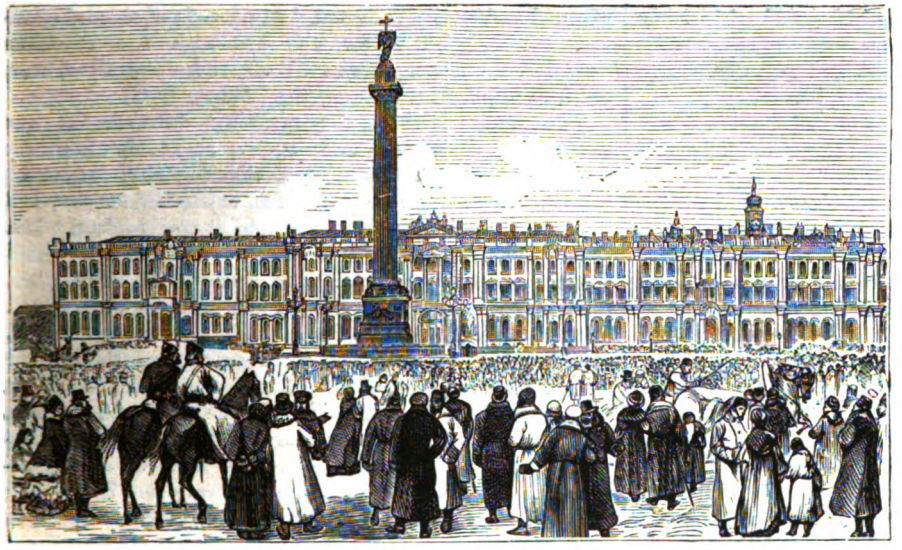
No one, at the outset, supposed that Turkey could carry on the war for a month. To the surprise of all men, the contest lasted nearly eight months; the Turks displaying

a degree of bravery, and even of generalship, of which no one dreamed them to be capable. But, as far as we can now see, all this was the expiring effort of a man lying at the point of death, stricken by a long and incurable disease. It is not within our purpose to write a history of this war; we touch only upon a few of its salient points.

The first blows were struck in Asia. In the region of the Caucasus, the Russian force numbered nearly 150,000; the Turks opposed then with about 125,000, of whom not more than 80,000 were regular soldiers. Here, with little variation, the war went against the Turks.

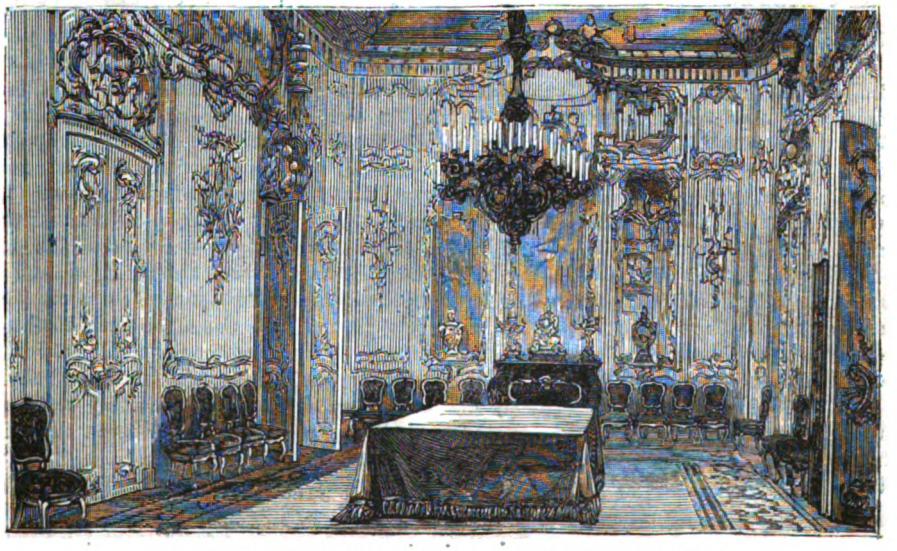
DESCENT OF THE POLICE ON A NIHILIST PRINTING-OFFICE.

In Europe, the contest was waged on a mightier scale. The Russian force on the Danube is set down at 350,000 men, with nearly 60,000 horses and 1,000 guns, besides an auxiliary force of 70,000 Roumanians, the whole being under the command of the Grand Duke Nicholas, brother of the Czar. The Turkish force in this region is put down at 250,000, but they were widely scattered. Between these hostile forces ran the Danube, whose breadth varies from 750 to 2,200 yards, with a broad expanse of marsh upon the Russian side, while the opposite bank is mostly high and steep. To cross such a stream, even in the face of an inferior enemy, is one of the most difficult operations in warfare. It took two months of preparation and delay, before the Russians could get 120,000 men over. The passage was effected early in July, at four points, and this great army moved straight into Bulgaria. Abdul Kerim, the Turkish commander, seemed paralyzed, though he assured the Sultan that he was maturing a plan which would "insure the total defeat of the enemy, not one of whom would ever return to his own country."



EXTERIOR OF THE WINTER PALACE, ST. PETERSBURG.

The Russians having thus established themselves in Bulgaria, a proclamation was put forth in the name of the



THE DINING-ROOM IN THE WINTER PALACE BEFORE THE EXPLOSION.

Czar, which indicated what the invasion was intended to effect. The Christian population was told that the foremost purpose was to secure an amelioration of their lot; to them should be secured the "sacred rights of their nationality.' The Mussulmans were significantly told that "your existence, your property, the lives and honor of your families will be sacred upon us Christians; but regular and impartial justice will overtake those criminals who have remained unpunished, notwithstanding that their names are well known to the Government." Then was foreshadowed the idea that the Russians meditated no temporary occupation of the country. "As fast as the Russian troops advance into Bulgaria," continues the proclamation, "the power of the Turks will be replaced by a regular organization; the native inhabitants will be summoned to take part therein under the supreme direction of the special authorities. Obey the Russian authorities; follow faithfully the indications they will give you; therein lie your strength and your safety."

At first it seemed that the march from the Danube to the Bosphorus would be a mere military promenade. The Grand Duke Nicholas moved unobstructed to the very foot of the Balkans. "Everywhere," writes one who accompanied the march, "the people came out to meet us, offering bread and salt; the women and girls fairly pelted us with flowers. The priests from the monasteries came down to meet us with banners and pictures, and a large Bible, which the soldiers kissed as they passed. On entering Tirnova, July 16th, the Grand Duke was met by priests in robes, chanting prayers in the old Sclavonic tongue, and immense crowds of people."

Two days before this a Russian detachment under General Gourko had actually penetrated the Balkans, and almost simultaneously the strong post of Nicopolis was carried by assault. But the Russians were now to learn that stern fighting lay between them and Constantinople; and the Shipka Pass and Plevna came to be words of evil omen.

Plevna, a little town a score of miles from the Danube, was held by the Turks under Osman Pasha. On July 20th the Russians attempted to take it, and were disastrously repulsed. The attempt was renewed on the last day of the month, with a larger force, but with even worse result. On this day the Russians lost eight thousand men killed. Gourko's small force was driven back into the Shipka Pass, where a series of bloody encounters took place. One of these must stand as a type of all. It is thus described by the correspondent of a London newspaper:

"The Turkish attack was begun on Tuesday, August 21st, and on Thursday the Russians, who had been strongly reinforced, expected to be surrounded. At six o'clock there was a lull in the fighting, of which the Russians could take no advantage, for their reserves were all engaged. The men were beaten out with heat, fatigue, unger and thirst. For three days there had been no cooking, and there was no water within the lines. The poor fellows lay panting on the bare ridge, reckless that it was swept by the Turkish fire. Others doggedly fought on down among the rocks, and were forced to give ground, but grimly and sourly, the cliffs and valleys sending back the Turkish shouts of '*Allah, il Allah!*' The Russian generals, Stoletoff and Derotchinski, are on the peak which the first position half incloses. With their glasses they scan the steep brown road leading up from the Jantra valley, through thick copses of sombre green and dark rocks. Suddenly Stoletoff clutches his brother general by the arm and points down the pass. The head of a long black column was plainly visible against the reddish-brown bed of the road. 'Now, God be thanked!' exclaimed Stoletoff, baring his head. The newcomers were a battalion of a rifle brigade which had followed Gourko in his bold advance and his checkered retreat. They had that day marched four leagues, and rushed into action without even halting for breath. By their aid the fearful attack was repelled."

The interest of the campaign now began to centre around Plevna. Osman Pasha had there some fifty thousand men, and had entrenched himself so strongly that he could be driven out only by famine. The Russians drew strong lines around the place, and for month after month there was a series of attacks and counter attacks. The Czar came in person to witness the warfare here, and the illustrated newspapers of the day show fully what he saw, or might have seen. Osman Pasha could hold the post against any number of men that could be brought against it; but he could not hold it against famine. He perceived that there were only two possible things to be done: he must either surrender, or break through the investing lines of the Russians. He resolved to try the last expedient, and the effort was to be made on the night of December 9th. His whole force now numbered barely thirty-two thousand men of all arms. The attempt was skillfully planned and boldly executed, but proved an absolute failure. An English writer who was with the Russians describes the closing scene. We give his narrative, with much abridgment:

"The gray light of the morning dawned. It was cloudy, and threatened more snow. Suddenly there was a boom of guns, followed by a crashing roll, which we had learned to know so well. The battle had begun, and we rode in the direction in which it was raging. The country behind Plevna is a wide, open plain, into which the gorge leading up to Plevna opens like a tunnel, the plain being bounded by steep rocky bluffs, along which flows the Vid. Osman Pasha had, during the night, abandoned all his positions, and concentrated the greater part of his army across the Vid. The attack was a most brilliant and daring one. The Turks advanced as best they could under cover of their wagons, while the Russians poured a heavy fire upon them from their breech-loaders. Then the Turks, finding their cover beginning to fail them, dashed forward with a shout upon the line of trenches held by the Siberian Guards; swept over them like a tornado, poured into the battery, bayoneted the men, and seized the whole battery. They had broken the first circle which held them in; had they gone on, they would have found two more. But they did not have time to go on, for the Russians rallied almost immediately, and a hand-to-hand fight ensued. The Turks clung with dogged obstinacy to the guns which they had captured, seeming to have forgotten that they had come out to escape from Plevna, not to take and hold a battery. Nearly all of them were killed, and those in the flanking trenches open to the Russian fire had little shelter, and began a retreat which soon became a flight. For four hours the storm of lead had swept on. During all this time we were in momentary expectation of seeing one side or the other rush to the charge. About noon the firing began to diminish on both sides; then it stopped entirely, the smoke lifted, and there was silence. In half an hour more a white flag was seen waving from the road around the cliffs. Plevna had fallen, and Osman Pasha was about to surrender."

The fact was that the Turks had exhausted their ammunition; a detachment of Roumanians had turned their left flank and cut off ten thousand men, who laid down their arms without having been really engaged; and at the

critical moment Osman Pasha was wounded in the leg by a bullet which also killed his horse.

With the loss of the force at Plevna all was lost. The Turkish Government accepted the situation, and sent a circular to the various Powers, asking their mediation. "What reason," said this circular, "is there for continuing the war? Russia has declared that she is not animated by a spirit of conquest. The military honor on both sides must be abundantly satisfied. The Porte is ready to come to terms, is desirous to stop the further effusion of blood, and therefore appeals to the feelings of justice which must animate the great Powers, hoping that they will receive these overtures amicably."

The Russian forces had by this time come almost within sight of Constantinople. By one means or another, a treaty of peace was patched up in March, 1878, at St. Stefano, which was, however, subsequently greatly modified at the Congress of Berlin. It is not easy to perceive that Russia has really gained anything by this war. The main change which has been wrought in the Ottoman Empire is that Bulgaria has been constituted a "hereditary and constitutional principality," under the nominal sovereignty of the Sublime Porte. This new State contains a population of not quite two millions, the religion of the State being the Confession of the Oriental Greek Church. The young Alexander of Hesse was unanimously elected as prince on the 29th of April, 1879.

Of the Czar Alexander II., only a little more remains to be said. That he has fallen upon evil times is clear. "You will find the burden a heavy one," were the words uttered by Nicholas, when, almost at the point of death, he summoned his children to his bedside and made over the imperial crown to the Czarevitch. The burden has been a heavy one in many ways. We catch occasional glimpses of the life of the Czar during the last few years of his reign, most of them being highly favorable to him. Still, it is quite clear that wide and deep discontent has grown up in the empire. The deep-rooted causes of this are not easy to trace. One writer tells us that "it has been the constant policy of Alexander to strengthen the influence of the Church of which he is the head. The result has been a persecution of all other religious bodies." Perhaps the key to the whole situation is to be found in the fact that in this second half of the nineteenth century the great body of the Russians are either the sons or the grandsons of serf-owners, or are themselves by birth serfs or the children of serfs. Men thus born must be more or less antagonistic They are, in a sense, equals; but yet the one class claims for itself far more than the other is willing to grant.

Several attempts have of late years been made to assassinate the Czar. It is not easy to say how much some of these had to do with political ideas, or how far they were the promptings of revenge for what the perpetrators believed to be private grievances. The first of these attempts was made at St. Petersburg on April 16th, 1876. The Czar was entering his carriage, when a pistol-shot was fired at him by an ex-student named Karakosof; the weapon was turned aside by a workman named Komissarof, who was ennobled for the act. Near the close of the same year a singular demonstration took place in St. Petersburg. December 18th, in the Russian calendar, is St. Nicholas's Day, and a great throng was assembled in and around the Cathedral of Our Lady of Kazan. Among these were some hundreds of students. One of them made an inflammatory speech, and there was some disturbance, which was speedily put down, and several arrests were made. The correspondent of the London *Times* dispatched an account of this affair, which he characterized as ridiculous in itself; but it was still an indication of a more extended movement in other places, especially in Poland. He adds, almost prophetically, "Every one knows that discontent and political agitation among the students are constant sources of trouble in Russia." In the Summer of 1867, the Czar paid a visit to Paris. On the 6th of June he and his two sons were riding in a carriage with the Emperor Napoleon, when they were fired upon by a Pole named Berezowski. For whom the shot was intended is not certain, but it was badly aimed, and struck the horse of an equerry. The would-be assassin fired again, but the weapon burst, disabling his hand.

A more determined attempt on the life of Alexander was made at St. Petersburg on the 14th of April, 1879. The Czar was taking his customary walk near the palace, when a "respectably dressed man, wearing a military cockade," fired four shots at him, none of which took effect. He was arrested, but soon became insensible, having, as was supposed, taken poison. It was ascertained that his name was Solowjeff; and that was all, as no papers were found upon his person. But an alarming circumstance connected with this affair was, that just previously papers had been circulated purporting to be signed by the "revolutionary committee," threatening the life of the Czar, and a second St. Bartholomew massacre. All suspected houses were searched, but no discoveries were made.

There seemed to be reason to believe that a great revolutionary conspiracy had been formed, and to the supposed conspirators was applied the name of "Nihilists." Troubles in which they quite possibly had no part were attributed to them. Thus, on the 18th of April there was a great fire at Orenburg, a city of 30,000 inhabitants, on the very borders of Russia in Europe. A great part of the city was consumed. This conflagration was attributed to the Nihilists, perhaps upon no better grounds than those for believing that the great fire in London was the work of the Papists.

Two still more recent attempts on the life of the Czar have undoubtedly a political motive. On the 1st of December, 1879, he went by rail from St. Petersburg to Moscow. The time when this journey was to be made was well known. In anticipation of this event the conspirators had hired a house near the railway station, from which they dug a tunnel one hundred and fifty feet long, undermining the track. In this tunnel was placed an immense quantity of explosives, which were connected by wires with a battery in the house. This was fired, but, as it happened, a little too late, for the train which held the Czar had just passed. The baggage-train, which followed, was completely shattered, but no one on board was injured. It appeared that the conspirators had been at work upon this mine since early in September; but the most persistent efforts failed to discover who they were.

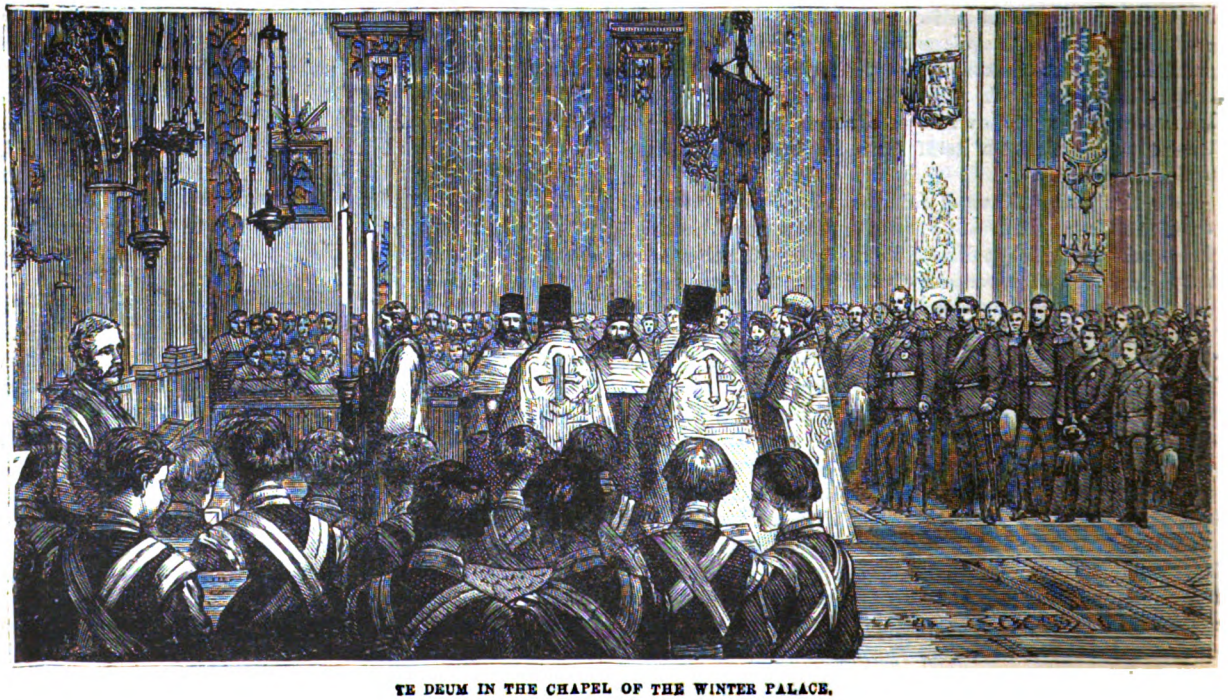
A still more bold attempt was made for destroying the Czar by blowing up a portion of the great Winter Palace at St. Petersburg, on the evening of February 17th, 1880. The explosion took place right under the dining-room, which the imperial party was on the point of entering, a few minutes later than usual. The mine had been laid in an apartment two stories below the dining-room. Above this was a guard-room, which was filled by a detachment of the Finnish Guards, of whom eight were killed outright and forty-five more severely injured, several of whom died subsequently. The dining-room above was much shattered, but none of its occupants were injured. It is clear that the projectors of this scheme were in positions which gave them free access to the palace, and a perfect knowledge of all the ways of its occupants. But as yet we

cannot learn that any real clew has been found to identify the criminals.

This bold attempt appears to have unmanned the Czar, and on the 24th he issued a ukase, which reads almost like an abdication of the imperial authority. It established in St. Petersburg a "Supreme Regulating Commission for the preservation of public order and social tranquility," with powers practically unlimited. At the head of this commission was placed Count Loris Mellikoff, "whose orders are to be immediately obeyed by all local officers, such as governor-general, governors, and prefects of police, and also by all the departments, including that of war."

REMOVING THE DEAD BODIES AFTER THE EXPLOSION.

This Count Mellikoff, whose name now appears for almost the first time in European history, is an Armenian by birth, and of humble origin. We learn that he distinguished himself in the late Turko-Russian war, especially at Kars. He is described as a man of very liberal ideas, and those best qualified to judge indulge in high hopes that his virtual viceroyship will result in permanent good for Russia.



TE DEUM IN THE CHAPEL OF THE WINTER PALACE.

"LET NO MAN PUT ASUNDER."—"I KNELT DOWN BESIDE HER, A SLIM, DRENCHED FIGURE IN GRAY, CLASPED IN THE ARMS OF A MAN WHOSE FACE WAS HIDDEN BY HER PRETTY, DRIFTIN' HAIR, WHOSE STRONG ARMS WERE BOUND LIKE IRON AROUND HER."

CUPID'S MAMMA.

No VENUS—anything but that;
Could Fancy, howsoever flighty,
Transform the mother of this brat
To aught resembling Aphrodité?
No Venus; but the daily sport
Of common cares and wearied feet;
No monarch of a Paphian court—
Her court is in the dismal street.

She taught young Love to play the part,
And bend the bow and aim the arrows;
Those arms will scarcely pierce a heart,
Unless it be a little sparrow's.
Alas, the Truthful never wooed
The Beautiful to fashion Cupid;
But, in a sympathetic mood,
Perhaps the Ugly wooed the Stupid.

Is Cupid nervous? Not a bit.
Love seeks no mortal approbation;
Stalls, boxes, galleries and pit
May hiss or cheer the transformation.
Mamma looks anxious and afraid
In parting from our young beginner,
Whose little wages—weekly paid—
Will give them once a week a dinner.

"LET NO MAN PUT ASUNDER."

BY ISABELLA VALANCY CRAWFORD.

THERE wasn't a finer pair in Sandyneck than Cap'n Bose and his mother. She was one of them tall old ladies, with a stately way of carryin' her head, and her soft eyes either lookin' right up beyond the clouds, or down amongst the little children as was for ever runnin' under her feet, and a reg'lar Dorcas Society in herself. She wore one gown, the color of lavender spikes, of silk that thick it would stand alone, and all Winter a black velvet, soft and black as a squirrel's back; and you'd never see her out of them gowns, come what would.

Their rale name was Von Bose, but the Sandyneckers was close about speakin', and dropped the Von, leavin' the Bose; and so Cap'n Bose was known for miles around, as his father had been afore him.

The old man had left his widder about the prettiest house anywhere near, and his son came in for the ship—a reg'lar three-master, as stanch as oak and iron could make her, and as trim as a young gal when she's prinked out and waitin' at the gate for some one that ain't her grandma.

Cap'n Bose was stout and strong, and tall and broad, and brown as the sun and wind could tan him, with big, laughin' brown eyes and white teeth, and a large straight nose; but, when all's said, it ain't in pen and paper to put a man afore you as he *is;* there's allers somethin' missin'.

Now, it seemed to me Cap'n Bose was uncommon like his own craft—his timbers sound and rale han'sum to look at, and answerin' to every lap, lap of the leastest wave again him, but fightin' a storm as tough as a sea-devil, and spittin' out fire again any sneakin' cuss of a proa that come piratin' around, and cuttin' off with "a bone in his mouth" when the wind was agreeable.

He had his little failures, too, by odd turns of not answerin' to the helm comfortable; but I never knowed the land as growed angels, and it seems an uncommon good thing, too, for it seems as if a human angel would be a critter just good enough to have no faults himself, and not spiritooal enough to cover up them of other people as he couldn't understand.

You see, I'm a bit of a filosofer as well as a boat-mender, and while I'm down on the beach cobblin' them fishin' boats, they combines easy enough.

The Sandyneckers is fishermen, and has been for nigh this two hundred years, and from Father Jacob—ninety-nine his last birthday—down to the leastest brown dot that lays laughin' and crowin' in the yaller sand while the mother mends the net, there's a family likeness between all the Sandyneckers, and they're every one on 'em aunts and cousins and grandpas, in and out amongst each other, except me and Polly, my gran'niece; and the way me and Polly came to settle amongst them was this:

I'd sailed aboard the *Ginevra*, under old man Bose and under Cap'n Bose, for nigh twenty years, and when I'd saved a bit, and got the rhuematics pretty severe, Cap'n Bose recommended me to lay up at Sandyneck; and as me and Polly was alone, except for my cousin, Samanthy Pebbleboy, we moved inter a little brown house, set so close upon the beach that it looked like a merrymaid half the time, half in and half out of the water; and up behind us went a grass-plot like velvet, and a-top of its slope Cap'n Bose's house, white as a shark's tooth, and set round with verandys and balconies and noddin' trees; and when I wasn't boat-cobblin' I was busy about the flower-beds, little Polly trottin' beside me, keepin' me company with her wise baby-chat, and carryin' the plants I was beddin' out, or the pipe and 'baccy I was done usin', in her little check bib, as old-fashioned as you please.

There was a pretty view of Sandyneck, runnin' like a finger of gold inter the blue water, crooked a bit, as if it was beckonin' the tide in; and the fishers' houses, as brown as oak-leaves in Fall, scattered over it; and Madame Bose, when the days were pleasant, used to come down from the verandy with a white shawl over her lavender dress, smellin' of sandal-wood, and chat by the hour with me and Polly—that is, when Cap'n Bose was away v'yagin'; but when he was home, the house was full of company, and we seed very little of her, except that every day little Polly carried in ter her a big basket of flowers, with a bokay for every lady stayin' in the house: and that there brings me right to my bit of a story—indeed, it's such a mere bit of a trifle that it's more like what Cousin Samanthy, who's been rale well raised, calls a anny goat—which I takes to mean a little nut chock full of meat.

I mind it well the fust I noticed of it.

It was, we'll say, an hour, or, mebbe, two, after a July dawn—and we all know what that means—the sea lit by little catspaws inter ridges like dolphins' backs, shiftin' their colors every minnit, and a path of gold stretchin' right across it, as if the sun was some r'yal bark with a king aboard, and them clouds, all fire and saffron, hangin' close about it, looked uncommon like sails swellin' afore a niceish breeze.

It was a kind of nateral to smell nothin' but sea and roses, for the whole sea and sky seemed to be roses, and the very grass looked pinky, and the big blue hills, so far away behind Sandyneck that they seemed just bits of sky, one blue against another, had wreaths of pink mist rollin' and curlin' round their tops.

Sandyneck curled like a finger of red gold—like a pilot a-beckonin' up the sun, and the fishin'-smacks was like motes away in the sunlight.

The house was quiet; Venetians shet, curtains down; not a stir but me and Polly shakin' the last night's rain

off of my pet roses—rose-multifloras—when a lark Madame Bose had been sent from England began to sing from its cage in the jessymine droopin' down the pillar of the verandy. The poor critter seemed to be singin' its heart out, and Polly was listenin', her eyes gettin' bigger and bluer, and her red lip tremblin', as I snipt off any blossoms that showed a blight, and she caught them in her little bib.

"Uncle Jim," says she, at length, "what's the birdie cryin' for?"

"'Tain't cryin', honey," says I; "it's singin'."

"No, it's cryin'," says she, as grave as a captain in a squall; "it's cryin' in its singin'."

"I guess," says I, "it's longin' to soar. Them larks is powerful fond of the sky—fonder nor some Christians."

"When I'm an angel," says Polly, stampin' her dimply foot, "I'll get leave, when my wings is grown strong and big, to come and carry all the cages in the world 'way up inter the sky, and I'll open all the doors and let the birds fly out. Poor, pretty birdies! It's real cruel to lock 'em up!"

"Why, my little dimpled hurricane," says Cap'n Bose's voice, right behind us, "what's the matter? And what are you doing?"

He caught her up on his shoulder, and the roses tumbled from her bib all over his curly beard, an' lay in a heap on his feet.

"You're early up, cap'n," says I. "Polly an' me is gettin' madame's bokays ready—ain't us, Polly?"

Polly nodded, holdin' fast by his thick, brown curls with her little mites of hands, for she an' Cap'n Bose was firm friends.

"Ah! you are, are you?" he said, kinder careless. "What a morning it is! What'll you give me, Polly, if I give you a jolly canter round the lawn? I'm in great spirits this morning."

He *did* think a sight of Polly, surely; but then, I never see'd the ugliest critter as didn't, an' there was somethin' about the child curus. She minded me of a little anchor holdin' the biggest and crankiest of crafts safe in still water. You couldn't be ugly long with that round, rosy face, an' them deep-sea eyes of hers close to yours.

"For an old tar," he says, comin' back with Polly in his arms, after a scamper round the lawn, "you take kindly to flowers, Uncle Jim."

"It's filosofy," says I, cuttin' away at them multifloras. "When an old salt without many friends feels the rheumatics in his bones, and a ginral crumliness settin' in, it's time for him to take to somethin' as'll grow over his grave."

"What an idea to work amongst July roses with!" he said, laughin', an' sittin' down, with Polly by his knee, on one of them pretty green garden-seats, lookin' toward the golden finger beck'nin' in the sun an' the tide. "Come, Jim, don't they speak of anything but graves to you?"

"Wall, cap'n," says I, "I never was much amongst them, for them to say much to me; but I do think, now, if anythin' was to happen Polly there, they'd hev a thousand tongues to talk of her to me—she do so seem one on 'em."

He leant his chin on his brown hand, an' looked clar over Polly's sunbonnet out to sea, as I'd seen him look a thousand times when he'd be lookin' for a ship that he thought might cross the *Ginevra*, an' there was a half-smile in his eyes, an' a cross-line on his brown forehead.

"Sail in sight, sir?" says I, arter a minnit, to humor the idee, as I'd said it a thousand times afore on board the old craft. He started as if a tornado had come about his ears, an' then laughed.

"Not in sight," he said, an' then he put out his honest, strong hand an' took mine; "but, Jim, I'm expectin' her in every puff of wind, and her name's—— Jim, you've been a faithful friend to me, so I'll tell you the name of the craft I'm lookin' for."

"It's the *Rose*," says I. "Blow me, captain! it's what we've been lookin' for this many a year back, since the time when she was a baby, like Polly here, an' ye used to tote her round in your little boat. Why, you was built for each other."

"I hope so," he said, laughin'. "She's here, Jim. And now, Polly, come and pick me a nosegay for a pretty lady. I've a fancy," he said to me, "that those innocent, baby touches of Polly's are like spells."

So Polly an' he walked off, a long an' a short shadow on the grass, in an' out amongst the flower-beds, an' I sot down with a pipe to think it over.

Have him! Of course she'd have him! As Samanthy says, men an' women is made like stockin's an' mits, in pairs; an' it ain't natur's fault if one gets lost to its mate once in a while; but here was the cap'n an' Miss Rose all right an' tight, built for consorts if ever two crafts was, an' no one as I knowed on to say 'em Nay. Why, of course she'd have him.

"An' so," says I, when Polly an' him come back with her bib full of flowers, an' a smallish bunch in his big brown hand, "Miss Rose is here, is she?"

"She came last night," he says, lookin' over the front of the house to see if there was any stir inside.

"And ye only to hum three days," says I, laughin'. "I guess yer ship is in the trade-winds, an'll be in port afore ye know where ye are. But," says I, "of course there be shoals an' travelin' bergs in the shiniest weather. That's filosofy."

"It's not all plain sailin'," says he, sortin' over the flowers in his hands, with a darker look than ever I seed afore on his cheery face. "Ah, Rose, is this you?"

How his face shone out! and there, sure enough, came Miss Rose over the lawn, in her white dress, an' holdin' out her pretty arms to Polly.

"Good-mornin', Cousin Phil," says she; "an' is this my little Polly? I got up early and stole out to pay Uncle Jim's roses a visit, and I run straight into a group of my friends. Uncle Jim, I'm so glad to see you an' my little Polly again."

"Thankee, miss!" says I, while she kissed Polly, kneelin' on the grass to do it. "It never seems to settle in Summer in these here parts until you come. Polly minds ye, ye see, miss."

"Oh! you flattering Uncle Jim!" says she, blushin' up sweet as a pink; "I have to come to Sandyneck for real compliments. They're exotics in the city. Oh! Polly, Polly, what dewy, sweet flowers you have in your apron!"

"Them's for madame's bokays, ain't them, Polly?" says I—Polly bein' a bit shy at first, peepin' at Miss Rose from under her lashes.

"Yes," says Polly, "*him's* got yours," p'intin' her brown finger at Cap'n Bose; "we plucked 'em for the pretty lady."

"And to Polly there's but one lovely lady," says he, offerin' Miss Rose the flowers. "Come, Rose, let's have a stroll over to the Neck before breakfast."

"Me, too," says Polly, catchin' at Miss Rose's white dress as she got up from the grass, for Polly was that made much of, that in her five-year-old mind she thought there was a corner for Polly in every critter's heart.

"An' Polly, too," says Miss Rose, "if those fat, brown legs will carry her so far."

CUPID'S MAMMA.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 530.

The three on 'em walked off down the lawn—Miss Rose with her slim white hand through the cap'n's arm, an' Polly holdin' the other, and lettin' a track of flowers fall from her bib on the grass, until they went out of the little wicket-gate leadin' to the sands; an' seein' the smoke curlin' from the chimbly of my merrymaid, I knowed Samanthy had breakfast ready; an', as she ain't nothin' to speak of as a filosofer, especially when it's corn-dodger as is burned, I carried madame's basket inter her mornin'-room, and then went down hum to my breakfast.

It was Tuesday, an' on Sabbath Samanthy allers puts on a clean caliker, starched as stiff as a pine plank, an' starches her natur as well; an' it's not till about Friday that she an' the caliker begins to get a bit slimpsy an' chipper; so I took rale care to rub my boots on the corn mat, an' hang my hat on its own peg, for her gown was cracklin' over the floor in fine style.

"Where's Polly?" says she, settin' the coffee-pot on the table.

"Gone up the Neck with cap'n an' Miss Rose," says I. "See here, Samanthy!" If it *was* only Tuesday, I couldn't help winkin' at her; an' says she:

"Is the influences of the Sabbath so soon dried up, like doo? What are you winkin' for, you old unregenerate?"

To do Samanthy justice, her starch aren't usual made on vinegar; but she did seem kinder bitter this mornin'.

"Blow the doo!" says I. "Come, Samanthy, ain't Miss Rose a prime favor*ite* of your'n?"

"She *was*," says Samanthy, puttin' the sugar uncommon sparin' inter my cup.

"Wall," says I, "what if the cap'n an' Miss Rose is goin' to make a match of it, an' h'ist sail in company?"

"They ain't, though!" says Samanthy, cracklin' her gown uncommon loud, an' drawin' the molasses-jug just beyond my reach.

"Why," says I, seein' that there was somethin' besides starch afloat, "what do you know alonger this affair?"

"There ain't no sailin' in company for them," says she, tossin' her head toward the Neck. "Mrs. Abbey was down last night."

Mrs. Abbey was Miss Rose's maid, an old schoolmate of Samanthy's.

"Wall?" says I, kinder curus.

"Miss Rose is engaged to a New York gentleman," says Samanthy. "*Some* folks doesn't know gold from glitter, no more nor a blind kitten can read an almanac."

"He'll take it severe," says I, thinkin' of the cap'n; "very severe, Samanthy."

"Wall, he's *got* to take it, one way or other!" says Samanthy.

"An' he ain't nothin' of a filosofer," says I, "which makes it wuss."

"You an' yer filosofy!" says Samanthy, rilin' up as if it was Saturday. "Shoo! When a thing's *got* to be, it don't make it no easier to put yer hands in yer pockets an' swagger along, makin' believe yer don't feel the kicks that's urgin' of you on so spry. Filosofy, indeed!"

"That ain't filosofy, Samanthy," says I; "that's swagger."

"It's all one," says she, rattlin' the dishes disputatious-like; "or, whether it is or whether it ain't, clar out, an' let me get the chores done up!"

An' that was jest Samanthy's way of tacklin' an argyment!

When I went out of the door the day had changed, and overhead was what we calls a mackerel sky—a reg'lar flock of little shifty clouds, like scales of red gold blowin' in long ridges over the blue.

"A storm brewin'," thinks I, out loud. "I'll jest step up an' shet down them forcin'-beds, not to hev them plants spiled. It's amazin' how often a fine mornin' brings up a storm!"

"An' filosofy won't set up spiled plants," says Samanthy; an' I started.

* * * * * * *

Madame Von Bose's experience:

When Rose, my dear young cousin, came to me in my morning-room after breakfast, and with warm tears, soft kisses and tender claspings of her young arms about my neck, told me of her engagement to Richard Campian, I

THE EGYPTIAN LOTUS.—SEE PAGE 539.

held her quietly to my heart for a moment and blessed her, without letting a drop of the water from my Marah-well of sorrow mar the beauty of her dream; but while I smoothed her bright hair and stroked her pretty hand, my soul was full of the Psalmist's cry, "My son! my son!"

"Does Philip know of this, my child?" I asked, and my voice was steady, and betrayed neither of us.

"I told him this morning," she said, with a sudden, sweet blush. "Philip is so good to me, cousin. He says that he will ask Mr. Campian down here, if you have no objection."

"That is like him!" I said, proudly, for I do not think, with some, that it shames us to take a simple pride in the gifts of God.

In those lands where a man is decorated by the favor of his king, he glories in the distinction, though it is none of his making. And if to be proud of my noble son be a sin, I fear I am a very sinful woman; but then I am also a very thankful woman.

"He shall write, after breakfast, and invite Mr. Campian down," I said. "You know, Rose, Richard is an old acquaintance of ours."

I tried to say *friend*, but the word would not come.

I went on arranging my flowers in an old silver wassail-bowl, with a hunting-scene of the time of Walter Tyrrel and Rufus on it, which poor Captain Von Bose had brought me from England, and Rose sat looking at me, twisting the lace of her sleeve, with a grieved expression round her lips for which I could not account.

MR. MANN'S "CLEO," THE PET BOA-CONSTRICTOR.— SEE PAGE 539.

"Cousin," she said, suddenly, "pray don't let Philip ask Mr. Campian here."

She spoke with such energy that I turned from my flowers to look at her.

"My love, you surprise me!" I said. "Most betrothed people wish each other's society."

"But I have seen Mr. Campian every day this Winter," she said, "and I do wish to spend my last Summer with you alone."

"My dear, you cannot see too much of the man who is to be your husband," I said, decisively, fearing a little that Rose, with all her firm sweetness, might be tainted with the careless spirit of the time. She turned her face away—an innocent, proud young face, with liquid gray eyes, and the soft curves of perfect health and youth, a delightful face, but not a beautiful—and I saw a flush creep down her ear and neck. Then she looked back at me frankly.

"You are right, cousin, as you always are," she said, "and you are very kind."

"Rose, do you love Mr. Campian?" I asked, for this little scene in some way disturbed me about her. "I beg your pardon, my dear, but you have no mother."

She shrank back from leaning against the arm of my chair, a great rocker with an Oriental-dyed afghan, which Mouche, my beauteous Angora, and I generally shared.

"Love! What is love?" she said, looking at me earnestly. "Be my oracle, cousin, and tell me what love is, apart from poetry and novels."

In this way she set my question aside, while unconsciously answering it.

"Happy domestic love is like everyday sunshine," I replied; "it fills one's world, and is the nurse of much that is noble and beautiful. One feels and enjoys it without, perhaps, staying to think much of it."

"Until the darkness closes," she said, with a shiver. "Oh, defend me from love while the grave yawns on the earth! I am too cowardly to love, cousin—at least to encourage the *grande passion*. Your idol may lift his golden head to the skies, but Death strikes at his feet of clay, and in his fall he crushes your life out upon the stones."

"Rose, my dear," I said, gravely, "love ought to be a friend—neither an idol, a master, nor a serf. A friend, too, to help one climb a little nearer heaven. My child, love, to be true, must be no passion, as they call it nowadays, but more or less divine."

"That it may mingle with eternity," she said, gravely. "Love, nowadays, savors of earthly odors—musk, *patchouli* and gross perfumes—and I am borne down with the heavy sweetness. Now I'm quite done talking nonsense, cousin."

"Your marriage, then, with Mr. Campian is quite arranged?"

"Quite. Cupid wears a lawyer's gown in this century,

and my settlements are drawn up and signed. Mr. Campian has behaved like a prince."

Philip's step sounded in the hall, and Rose started so violently that the chair swung back, and Mouche rose from the afghan, giving his hind-paws the drollest shake of indignation at the disturbing of his nap, and trotted out of the room with the air of Diogenes when Alexander cast his royal shadow between the sun and the philosopher; and Rose followed Mouche, and before my son was well in the room, I saw her running down through the trees to Uncle Jim's cottage—a brown, clumsy old house, washed by the waves, drifted up with golden sand, and tricked out gayly with scarlet runners, always fluttering and tossing in the soft Summer air.

Knowing my son so well, I went on piling the silver wassail-bowl with crimson and white roses, and tall branches of ambrosial syringa, with here and there a dark glittering spray of laurel, only looking up to see that he was dressed for riding, and held a letter in his hand. I really dared not trust myself to look in his face.

"I thought I heard Rose's voice here," he said, coming and standing before me with his back to the light.

"She is just gone out. This is sudden news about her, Philip."

"Yes," he said, steadily, "and this letter is to invite Campian down here—of course, if you have no objection, mother."

"Oh, Philip!" I cried, thrusting away the roses, "I hoped it would have been so different!"

"Well, well, mother," he said, with a rueful smile, "every man has his chance for showing himself akin to the gods, by a display of heroism, and I suppose this is mine. But, oh, mother!" he cried out, bitterly, "it was a fair ship to founder so suddenly!"

That was the first and last lament he made. He was his brave father, every inch of him, and faced his trouble royally.

"I do not like this Mr. Campian," I said, very weakly, salting my poor roses with two tears.

"Nor I, much. He is too cold and self-contained for Rose, I'm afraid," said Philip, putting a rosebud in his buttonhole with a forced precision that was painful. "However, for Rose's sake, we must try and like the fellow. By-the-way, mother, I sha'n't be home till late, so don't wait dinner for me."

He only came home when we were all retiring for the night. There was a bright moon, and when I heard the tramping of his horse's feet, I looked out, and, for the second time in my life, saw how aged and worn a man's face might become in twelve Summer hours. The first time was when our only daughter died, and her father sat the night through by the child's coffin.

But, after that, he made no sign; and in the course of the next week Mr. Campian joined our party.

He came when I was dressing for dinner, and Rose was with me. My window opened out through roses on the lawn, French fashion, and the girl peered out at him between the swinging blossoms.

He was a lordly-looking man, with a chest like a Roman gladiator, perfect Roman features, and cold, magnificent gray eyes. Not tall, and with a swarthy, Italian skin, and black, straight hair, always blown carelessly about his splendid head. Whether his face was merely strong, or merely cruel, or both, it was impossible to say.

Was Rose cold, or shy? She drew back from the window, and deftly went on with her loving task of arranging my laces; but her little pink fingers touched my cheek, and I felt how cold they were.

Four or five of my guests, with Philip, were playing croquet on the lawn, and Mr. Campian walked, in his kingly way, over to them, and leaned against a spreading beech, with his back to the singing sea, and his proud, cold face looking toward us.

He was talking to Vale Dennison—a magnificent brunette, in maize-hued draperies, light as puffs of smoke—and admiring her with cold, critical eyes, smiling at her words, and his smile was like the play of light on a sabre.

"Go to him, Rose," I said; "run to him, my dear, and let him feel that he's welcome here. I'll follow you in a moment."

"Thanks," said Rose, looking out again. "Philip is not leaving him in much doubt as to his welcome. Which brooch shall I give you, cousin?"

The girl's voice sounded bitter, her face—I could see it in the mirror—was hard and white; then, in a second, it was ruddy rose again. What ailed the child?

But, indeed, my principal thought was of my son, and how he would meet Mr. Campian.

He met him like a man and a gentleman, with outstretched hand, and a grave kindliness in his good, noble face.

Vale Dennison—an artful woman, who made the utmost of small chances—had dropped her mallet, and slipped her slender, dusky hand through his arm (she loved Philip and his money equally), and glowed in her yellow draperies like a damask-rose in a golden mist—and the action seemed to separate her and my son from the rest, and link them together, as she meant it should, no doubt—for, indeed, she was a very subtle woman.

"How magnificent Vale looks to-night!" said Rose, who had the eye and soul of an artist.

"Indeed," I said, before the uncharitableness of my words struck me, "she reminds me of Jezebel, my dear, when she painted her face and tired her head, and looked out of the window."

"She and Philip contrast well," said Rose, turning to break off a spray of blossoms from the vine about the window; and then she came before the mirror, and, shaking her lovely hair about her scarlet cheeks, twined the roses in a high coronet over her smooth brow, and went out, crowned and beautified, to greet her lover.

Everything changes, of course, with time, but this new fashion of well-bred coldness, even between husband and wife, does not please me.

Rose's soul had always seemed to me like a bud, promising a gorgeous blossoming under the sun of a pure and true affection; but, instead, its petals seemed to fold closer in Mr. Campian's presence.

Philip drew Vale Dennison, not unwillingly, away from them, and the rest of my guests took the hint, and left Rose and Mr. Campian standing apart under the beach-tree.

"Campian is a queer fellow," said Philip, in his frank, sailorly way, when a week had gone. "I can't make him out."

"He is fond of Rose," I said, thoughtfully. "Look at him now."

There were lights on the piano, and Rose sat at it, playing some sweet and solemn sadness from one of Mozart's Masses, a white, lily-like figure in the circle of light; Mr. Campian, half in the gloom, watching her, his Roman face intent and fixed, his cold eyes for once soft and pensive.

"That is just it," said Philip, who was lounging half in and half out of the moonlit window, where I sat; while beyond, in the full silver glory, Vale Dennison swept to and fro across the sward, a black lace scarf over her head, a crimson rose upon her breast, ostensibly watching

the moon, but her black eyes more frequently flashed round at my son's tall figure lounging on the window-seat. "That is just it, mother. Sometimes a doubt of it strikes me forcibly; but then, at times, a man doubts nearly everything."

I, too, had my doubts, but not so much of Mr. Campian. He was one of those secretive and silent men who often possess an awful force of character and passion. It was quite possible that Rose was his life and blood, under the cold and calm exterior; equally possible that she was a thistledown floating unheeded through the chill atmosphere of an existence which knew nor owned Love in any guise.

Rose played prettily, as she did everything, and when Mozart was ended, Mr. Campian leant over her, and praised her rendering of the immortal composer, while I could see her face flush, and her eyes widen and brighten to stars with some emotion not such as should greet a lover's whisper.

Her hands lay idly on the piano for a moment; then she said, suddenly:

"Shall I sing for you, Mr. Campian?"

"If you will be so good. Sing me 'Robin Adair,' if I may have a choice."

She shrugged her shoulders and turned pale; and did her soft eyes wander to Philip's fair head, bathed in the moonlight, or was it a mother's tender fancy?

"Not now, please. That song is too realistic for me to-night; it makes my heart throb. I'll sing you a fancy of my own."

"It is sure to be a graceful one," he said, with all the cold composure which left the man such a riddle to me—only accustomed to my breezy, laughing, frank-hearted Philip.

A pretty Dresden page held a wax-light above Rose's head, and the light streamed over her face as she sang, and over her slim, white hands, on one of which her engagement-ring—a quaintly set ruby—sent out long rays of blood-colored light.

"What is the name of your poesy?" asked Mr. Campian, from a chintz-covered easy-chair which stood near the piano.

My furniture is simple, and I am old-fashioned enough to have huge china jars and great bowls of old silver, full of dried rose-leaves, standing in odd places about my rooms—*pot-pourri*, my mother used to call it—and I never smell the quaint odor without recalling that night. A damp softness in the air had brought the perfume strongly from the dried leaves, and the room was full of it.

Rose played a few bars of an Oriental sound, dreamy, with a vein of fire, like Summer lightning over a purple midnight sea, running through it.

"I call it 'The Song of the Persian Rose,'" she answered, through the throbbing music.

"Captain Von Bose!" called Vale Dennison, determined that Philip, willy-nilly, should be at her side; and, with a shrug of vexation, he got up and joined her on the lawn, just as Rose commenced her song.

I always had a good memory, and the words are as fresh in it yet as though they still rang in my ears; and Mr. Campian's powerful face, turned steadfastly regarding her as she sang, is a sharply lined picture yet upon my mind.

And this was Rose's song:

"Silence thy throbbing song,
Oh, dusky nightingale!
By those high hills along
Laugheth the morning's gale.
Dry from thy pearly cheek
Dew-tears, O jasmine!
Ruddy the morn breaks—
Sunlight and joy be mine!

"Weep not thro' starlit dusk,
White-plumed acacia-tree;
Breathe not about me, musk,
Night is no mate for me.
Flowers that the bright stars woo,
Wide with their kisses light,
See, by the mountains blue
Burneth the morn's light.

"Woo me no more, O Night!
Star-girdled king, away!
Stretch thy dusk wings for flight;
Roses were born for day.
Wouldst hang my crimson heart
Burning on thy chill breast,
As a dead monarch wears
Rubies upon his crest?

"Woo me no more, O Night!
Weeping thro' starlit dusk,
Bending thy crown of light,
Breathing with breath of musk.
Woo not by throbbing note
Of thy dusk nightingale,
Nor by the winds that float
Thro' my low-lying vale.

"Woo me no more, O Night.
Far from my vale depart;
Under thy crispéd light
Pale grows my ruddy heart.
Woo not by dewy tear,
Dripping from jasmine spray;
Red burns my heart at dawn;
Roses were born for day!"

In real life things commonly happen very quietly. The most startling events drop into their places without adjectives or coloring; and the next morning, when I came down to breakfast, it was to find a note by the urn from Mr. Campian, apologizing for his sudden departure to New York on urgent business, and Vale Dennison by the window, with thunderous black eyes, watching Philip and Rose walking under the beeches in the shade and sun of the sweet morning, little Polly—old Uncle Jim's grand-niece—playing about their feet.

Mr. Campian had behaved with a certain cold chivalry toward the woman he found would wed but did not love him. Rose showed me, after breakfast, a note in his square, massive hand, which ran as follows:

"My Dear Miss Levison: I have felt, during the greater part of our engagement, that, at least on your side, ours has not been a satisfactory betrothal. I would proudly have made you my wife, but last night decided me that this could never be. All that is just and honorable forbids me to take advantage of a promise given by you, I now see, under the pressure of friends and circumstances.

"I hope, however, to retain your regard as a friend, and obtain that of the man happy enough to win you.

"Make what explanations you wish concerning the breaking off of our engagement, and rely on my silence and discretion. Believe me, my dear Miss Levison,

"Your faithful friend, Richard Campian."

"Cold, clear and crisp!" cried Rose, laughing. "Evidently he is not heart-broken. I must send him back his ring." Which she did, with a graceful, grateful little note; and the same evening came shyly to me, in the rosy dusk, and showed me a pale sapphire on her slender finger, with "Mizpah" engraved on the stone of truth, and "Philip and Rose" on the golden band; the two names bound together with a true-lover's knot.

* * * * * *

When Polly's mother, poor creetur, writ us word that she was comin' home from Europe, where she'd been travelin' as lady's-maid in a rich family, to die with us, after a disputation with Samanthy about it, we took the letter up and showed it to Madame Von Bose, and telled her the hull yarn about the poor little bark as had been run down when only, as a man may say, still in the floating-dock, by a villain of a proa a-sailin' under false colors.

Samanthy put on her creakiest gown, an' starched her backbone well for the sail inter madame's port, an' when madame raised her white hands an' cried over the mite of a letter the gal writ to us, an' stroked my little Polly's hair an' kissed her, Samanthy sot straight up, an', says she:

"We don't consider our Mary no object of contemptuousness, Madame Bose, but as good as the next; an' I'm that onregenerate, that if ever I come across the villain as mocked her with a pretended marriage—well, he'll hear Samanthy Pebbleboy's opinion of *some* things rale spry!"

"Miss Samanthy and Uncle Jim," says madame, after hearin' the ins an' outs of the story, as much as we knowed ourselves, with Polly on her knee, playin' with her watch-chain, "you may rest assured that Mary will find a friend in me, an' if she is not as ill as you fear, an' able for it, my daughter, Mrs. Philip, wants a maid—for Abbey, you know, is married—and, between us, we may nurse her back to strength. *You* know what my daughter Rose is, Uncle Jim?"

"She's an angel, ma'am," says I.

"There ain't none on this earth!" says Samanthy, cracklin' her gown; "leastways, since Deacon Potpepper was took, an' he wasn't so much an angel as a rale, fair an' square Christian. My! it's rale grievous to miss them large, pinty check collars of his'n from meetin'; an' ef there was anythin' like an angel about him, it was them collars a-pintin' toward heaven, an' lookin' as ef his head was a-wantin' to get loose an' sail inter heaven. But I do allow Mrs. Philip Von Bose is a fine young woman."

"When do you expect Mary home?" says madame, comin' on the verandy with us, her lavender silk rustlin' like a baby creek, an' her white wool shawl folded about her fine, tall old figure.

"Wall," I says, "'most any time, now. She may sail past to New York to-night, or she may be goin' past this very moment. She'll be in port this week, anyhow, I calculate."

"Let us know when she comes," says madame, openin' a little gold box she always carried in her pocket, full of queer candies, an' holdin' it out for Polly's dimply fingers to go inter.

"Wall," I says, lookin' about at the sky an' sea, "I hope she's a good way off the coast, or in New York, by this, for we're goin' to hev some nasty weather, or I'm no sailor."

THE THREE ALPINE TUNNELS.—THE TOWN OF SUSA, AT THE FOOT OF MONT CÉNIS.—SEE PAGE 542.

"I thought you was a filosofer!" says Samanthy, scornful.

"They combinates," says I, takin' Polly by the hand. "Good-arternoon, madame."

"Good-by, Jim," says she. "You never saw the man who deceived this poor Mary?"

"Madame," says I, stiffenin' up, notwithstandin' the rheumatics, "ef I had, he wouldn't be flourishin' like a green bay-tree. He'd 'a' been scuttled in deep water."

"I thought you was a filosofer," says Samanthy again, tossin' her sunbonnet.

"So I am," says I; "so I am, Samanthy, an' not my worst enemy can say that when I'd licked a craft off the water that I didn't settle down as peaceable as Polly suckin' that 'ere candy."

"That's filosofy," says madame, smilin'.

"Yes," says I, "it air. Lick a man or sharkumstance clar out, an' then turn to an' make everythin' tight an' shipshape, an' let the next see yer ready for him."

Wall, there *was* a storm that night, an' no mistake as to what it meant. Me nor Samanthy couldn't sleep for the bellow, bellow of the thunder, an' it raly did seem as if the merry-maid was Noah's Ark, an' the hull world drownded but us three.

SUMMIT OF MONT CÉNIS AND LAKE.

THE RAILWAY OVER MONT CÉNIS BEFORE THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE TUNNEL.

The waves rushed in from the sea, an' more nor one tumbled clar over the chimbly, an' come sweepin' down, nigh drownin' Polly in her little cot, so that I had to take her in my arms an' set down by the stove with her, rockin' her to an' fro to quiet her, while Samanthy sot opposite, holdin' her elbows, an' starin' an' gaspin', an' she an' me thinkin' of the same thing, but not darin' to put a name to it.

"Seems to me," says Samanthy, when the hands of the wooden clock with a model of the *Ginevra* a-top pinted to midnight, "that Satan's let loose to-night."

But for one thing, I'd have enjoyed the storm, remindin' me of old times as it did, but poor Mary was on my mind, an' the yellin' of the wind an' roarin' of the sea an' the thunder, for the first time in sixty-six years, give me the shivers; an' scarcely had Samanthy spoken, when Polly, in her little white nightgown, sot straight up on my knee, an', says she, with her eyes wide an' shinin':

"What's that, Uncle Jim?"

"The wind an' the sea an' the thunder, lammy," says I.

"Not them," says she. "Can't you hear, Uncle Jim? One!"

VIEW OF MONT FREJUS FROM MODANE.

She pinted with her mite of a finger, as if she was reck'nin', an' I felt my flesh crawl on my bones, her eyes were so wide an' bright, an' I could hear nothin' but what I said, the storm havin' it all its own way.

It might hev been a minnit, more or less, we sot, Samanthy an' I, starin' at Polly, as still as a little image, on my knee, when up went her finger again.

"Two!" says she; an' with that a wave hit the house an' roared like a disappointed wild beast, makin' a din that left me quite dazed like; but Polly sot straight up, listenin'.

It was only Tuesday, but the starch was gone out of Samanthy's gown an' natur most complete, an' says she:

"Ef that child don't stop lookin' like that, I'll go clean crazy!"

"Three!" says Polly, with the dimply finger up again; an' with that the storm closed in in a style that said, "I've only been frolickin' round up to this. Now listen, ye landlubbers!"

Polly counted no more, but laid her curly head upon my arm, cuddlin' up close to me, an' fell fast asleep, as easy as any little lamb. There ain't a doubt children is nat'ral filosofers.

By noon, the sea was smilin' an' oily as old Elder Sandsugar, an' Cap'n Bose came to me on the beach.

"Did you hear the news from the Neck?" says he.

"No; what's up there?" says I.

"Come along; we'll see for ourselves," says he. "I haven't heard no particulars. Some signs of a wreck, I believe."

"It was a most unornary storm," says I; "but I didn't hear no sounds of a wreck."

"If there was one, it was up the coast. Don't look so downhearted, Uncle Jim; perhaps your Mary was safe in port long before the storm."

"Thankee, cap'n!" says I, seein' that madame had told him the story.

We reached the Neck in about five minnits, an' the first thing I see was a crowd standin' round somethin' lyin' on the sand—somethin' black an' somethin' gray, an' a long wavin' glitter of gold, an' a spark of somethin' like fire or blood.

"Mornin', cap'n," says the Neckers, drawin' back with sober faces. "Sad, ain't it?"

The cap'n nodded, an' pressed in amongst them, his hat in his hand, an', chuckin' off my tarpaulin, I follered.

Wall, wall, that long wavin' tress of gold had sent my heart to my mouth.

I knelt down beside her, a slim, drenched figure in gray, clasped in the arms of a man whose face was hidden by her pretty, driftin' hair, whose strong arms were wound like iron round her.

I raised her face an' looked at it, an' then laid it back on the sand.

"Mary!" says I, an' the cap'n raised me with his strong arm.

"Bear up, Uncle Jim," he said; an' one of the Neckers stooped, an' lifted her bright hair an' laid it on her bosom.

"They was washed ashore like that," he said, an' Cap'n Bose started with a great cry as the dead man's uncovered face shone up like a white stone from the yellow sand.

"Richard Campian!" he cried. "Uncle Jim, this is terrible!"

We knelt down beside them again, an' then I saw what it was I had taken for a drop of blood or a spark of fire. On the wedding-finger of my little gal's hand there was a ruby ring, an' Cap'n Bose saw it as soon as me.

A great flush went up to his hair an' down his bare brown throat. He pointed to the ring, an' looked at me.

"I can't understand," he said. "That is Campian's ring on poor Mary's finger."

"Sure?" says I, kinder bewildered.

"I have good reason to know it," he said.

"He must ha' made a terrible fight to save her," said a Necker; "but it warn't any use, poor things!"

* * * * * * *

Only some dozen persons survived the memorable wreck of the great ocean steamer, the *Peri*, and one of them was a young clergyman, who gave this remarkable account of the wreck, or, rather, of an incident connected with it:

When it became evident that the vessel must strike in the course of a few moments, the cries of the passengers, of whom most were ladies, became appalling; but through it all the captain retained an inimitable composure.

The engines had long ceased to act, and so frightful was the din of sea and sky, that the minute-gun, after being discharged three times, was abandoned; "for," said the captain, "in any case assistance could not reach us in such an infernal tempest."

At this there was a fearful cry raised for the boats, and, useless as it was, endeavor was made to launch them. As they touched the water, one after another was dashed into a hundred fragments, and, while trying to launch the last the *Peri* struck.

Exactly how it happened, I don't know; but, after such a din as might have attended the clashing together of two whirling worlds, I found myself on the bow of the ship, lifted high in the whirlwinds that scourged the sea, a few half-drowned, bruised, dying creatures struggling feebly to cling to spar and rail, while wind and wave tore at them like gladiators in the amphitheatre of old Rome, while the fates gave the bloody verdict, "*Pollice versa.*"

The nose of the vessel was caught between two clawlike rocks, her stern plunged into a boiling caldron of greenish, phosphorescent surf, her smokestacks just visible between the roll and bound of the army of giant breakers thundering over her, their terrible locks mingling with the very lightnings of the sky; every pale, brilliant flash of which showed, set for a brief second in the seething waters, a face of anguish, a white hand, the fair hair of a woman, the Samson struggles of some strong swimmer, the weird gleam of a jewel in ring or bracelet, and then one broad glare, that showed us we were alone on the storm-lashed wreck—some twelve souls saved alive from amongst four hundred men, women and children.

The man clinging to the rigging at my side was Mr. Campian, a born hero, if ever there was one, whose courage and devotion during the fearful night had won an admiration from me not previously accorded to his cold, brilliant, reticent character. During our brief acquaintance on shipboard, I had made him a study, but had missed the key to the hieroglyphics.

"Saved for this time!" I shouted to him.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"*Cui bono?* The sea will throttle us long before dawn!".

"If the wreck holds together, we may be saved."

"I think not; the timbers are parting already."

They were, with the groanings and shriekings of sentient things.

"Are there any women alive?" I shouted, after a minute's silence.

"Scarcely. Why do you ask?"

As if in answer, at our feet there rose a figure in gray—slim, ghostly—dripping golden hair clinging to arm and

bosom, a face like some beauteous thing molded in "thrice-bolted snow."

I had seen her once before, a servant, lady's-maid, I think, attached to a party on board—a shy creature, who had fled before an approaching step like a spirit.

The lightning played so continuously that every detail of the scene was as vivid as fire, even to Campian's ruby ring, and a bow of blue ribbon half torn from the girl's dress.

"Ah!" cried Campian, in a voice that might have brought the still warm dead from the maw of the sea about—"Mary!"

The wind shook her frail, frail form, the sea cruelly lashed her; without storm or shipwreck she could not have lived a fortnight, but at his voice the gates of life opened for a brief space.

She turned on him, smiling, her eyes wide and shining, and slipping again on the deck, cast her arm about his knee.

"I *knew* we should meet again, Dick; but, oh! my soul, why did you deceive me?"

The wreck was trembling and jarring, but the wind had fallen by a breath. He clung to the rail with one iron arm, with the other lifted her to his breast.

"I think I was dead when I heard your voice, and my soul returned to me," she said, her face transfigured by a mournful ecstasy as he looked down on her, his grand Roman face acquiring a certain sublimity from some working of his mind.

"Mary," he said, "was the wrong I did you too great to be forgiven or set right?"

"No. I forgave it long ago," she replied, stealing her feeble arm round his neck. "Oh! Dick, if I had been your own true wife, I'd rather be dying now in your arms than sitting beside a king on his throne; but put me down now—I must die alone, for I'm not your wife."

She had a simple way of speaking that was infinitely moving, and she tried to lift herself from his arms as she spoke; but he clasped her the more closely.

"Then I swear to you, Mary, my only love, that as man and wife we shall meet death together! My child, I was looking the world over for you, to right you."

Her head drooped, her eyes half closed.

"Ah, what happiness!" she said. "This is the beginning of heaven!"

The wind was sinking into long æolian wails, gathering strength for fresh fury; there was no diminution in the bellowing of the sea. The groaning and shuddering of the wreck was frightful.

One by one the survivors were dropping, with one thrilling cry, exhausted, into the sea. On us three heaven seemed to have placed the hollow of its hand for a brief season.

Mr. Campian turned his fine, heroic face to me.

"You are a brave young man, Mr. Godfrey, and I ask at your hands an heroic sacrifice."

"What is it?" I cried back through the din; but, indeed, I partly guessed.

"With the dying for our witnesses, and death our pursuer, will you devote the last moments of your life to making Mary my true wife?"

"Joyfully!" I cried back, and Mary lifted her head, and blessed me with her dying eyes.

Above us towered the sharp, gray rocks; below us shuddered the wreck; about us thundered our ready grave; over us hung a night flooded with fire, voiced with thunder. Time was narrowed to some few precious moments.

I looked on Mary's face; I thought of my own fair young wife, of my sweet sisters, and my voice rose solemn and untremulous through the storm, in the words of the majestic marriage-service.

Mary lay in her husband's arms, his ruby ring transferred to her marriage-finger, when the noise of the storm fell suddenly and awfully.

"And those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder!"

My voice, raised to combat the din, rang out in the sudden pause like a clarion.

"And death shall not divorce us!" said Mr. Campian; and at this supreme moment it came.

A silent mountain of water suddenly rose from the sea, and then, with such thunderings of sky and sea as no man ever heard before, it swept upon us, and I knew no more!

I was picked up, with a few others, clinging to fragments of the wreck, but Richard Campian and his wife Mary were washed ashore the following day, dead, but locked in each other's arms.

My first business was to visit the elder Mr. Campian, and tell him the story of his son's marriage; and, after some time, I found that he had discovered and adopted their child, a sweet little creature, who had been under the care of poor Mary's uncle—a worthy old sailor, in a remote fishing village—since her birth.

It was one of the most curious incidents—this marriage on the wrecked *Peri*—that ever visited my quiet clerical life.

Mr. Campian, senior, died last Summer, leaving me a legacy, which has placed me in very comfortable circumstances; and I and a certain Captain Philip Von Bose are joint guardians to the heiress of his immense wealth—sweet little Polly Campian.

THE EGYPTIAN LOTUS.

THE lotus (*Nelumbium speciosum*) is supposed to be the same plant as the "sacred bean" of ancient writers; it is also known as "the rose of the Nile." It is by many associated with the water-lily tribe. Representations of the flower are found sculptured on ancient Egyptian and Hindoo monuments; and for ages the lotus was held sacred in Egypt, as it still is by the Brahmins of India. It was largely cultivated on the waters of the Nile, though now it is rarely to be met with there.

The fleshy stalks and roots supplied a cheap provision for the poor. It seeds, or beans, were ground, and made into cakes; and its flowers adorned the banquets of the rich. The plant is now common in India and China, and has been met with in North Australia and Queensland. Both leaves and flowers float on the surface of the water. The seeds of the plant were inclosed by the Egyptians in balls of clay or mud, mixed with chopped straw, and cast into the Nile; in due season the beautiful petals appeared, to be shortly followed by buds, flowers and seeds. The Egyptian lotus, however, is not as celebrated as another less known tree, to which exaggerated description has assigned a fruit of a most delicious savor, on which the lotus-eaters lived, and to which was ascribed the singular property of taking from strangers who tasted it all desire of returning to their native land.

MR. MANN'S "CLEO," THE PET BOA-CONSTRICTOR.

POOR CLEO is dead! A little account of her may amuse your readers, and offend nobody. Cleo—or Cleopatra—was the pet name of a very handsome young Brazilian boa, of the kind called "painted boas," from their brilliant and luminous colors.

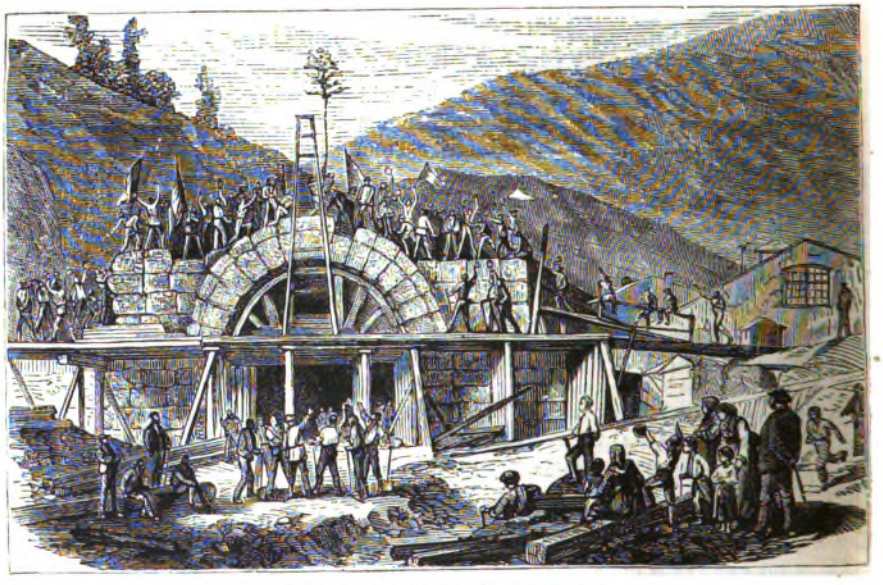
THE THREE ALPINE TUNNELS.— MODANE, NORTH END OF MONT CÉNIS RAILROAD.— SEE PAGE 542.

Cleo had bright gray eyes, full of life and movement; the pupils, sometimes mere specks, would dilate when she was particularly happy, or very much amused, so as to fill the eyes, looking like black diamonds. The head was very delicately tinted—I can best describe it as salmon-color, "shot" with silver-gray. These colors were, so to say, the groundwork of the whole skin; but from the neck to the tail there extended a very bold and distinct chain-pattern on the back and sides, of a dark maroon color. The tail was of a more vivid hue than the rest. She would cast her skin about five times in the year, sometimes in fragments; but now and then she would give us a perfect skin, from nose to tail; and these were beautiful, not only from their lace-like appearance, but because they also exhibited a trace of those iridescent colors which made the snake herself so brilliant in sunshine.

Cleo came into my possession in the Autumn of the year 1870, since which time she has been the constant companion of myself and my wife, excepting only on one occasion, a few months after she came to us, when we were both going into the country, and left her in charge of a friend experienced in the management of snakes.

After an absence of about six weeks, we went together to fetch Cleo home. Our friend reported that she was well, but very quiet, and always disinclined to move. Then he opened her box, and my wife, who was standing a few yards off and out of sight, said, very softly: "Cleo! Cleo!" Before one could have counted six, the snake was round her shoulders, caressing her in the most excited manner, and with every manifestation of delight. When she had sufficiently destroyed the shape of my wife's bonnet, she came to me, and packing herself round me under my coat, looked out defiantly; nor do I think any ordinary force would have removed her.

Neither then, nor at any

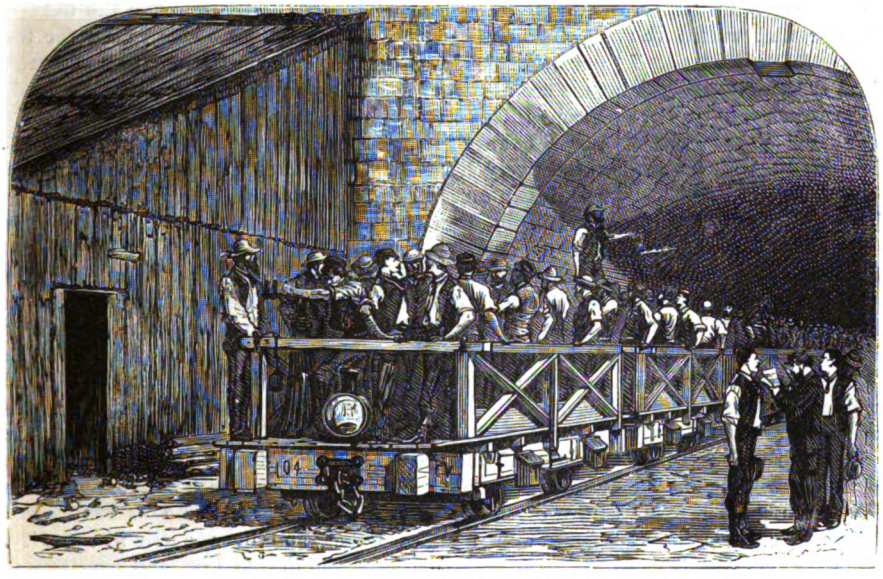


COMPLETION OF THE ARCH AT MODANE.

SOUTH END OF MONT CÉNIS RAILWAY, AT BARDONNÈCHE.

other time, did she exert pressure enough to give one pain, or even inconvenience. It is possible that this power of adjusting her weight may be part of an instinct necessary to avoid accidents among the smaller branches of trees, for Cleo's food consisted entirely of birds; indeed, she would eat nothing but pigeons, and would, on an average, take one of these a week. If it were offered her when she was not hungry, she would take but little notice of it; but if then the two were left together, in a little while they would make friends, and the pigeon's life became safe. For Cleo would ask for food while yet the pigeon was before her, and I have seen her

LAYING THE LAST RAIL OF THE MONT CÉNIS TUNNEL, SEPTEMBER, 1871.

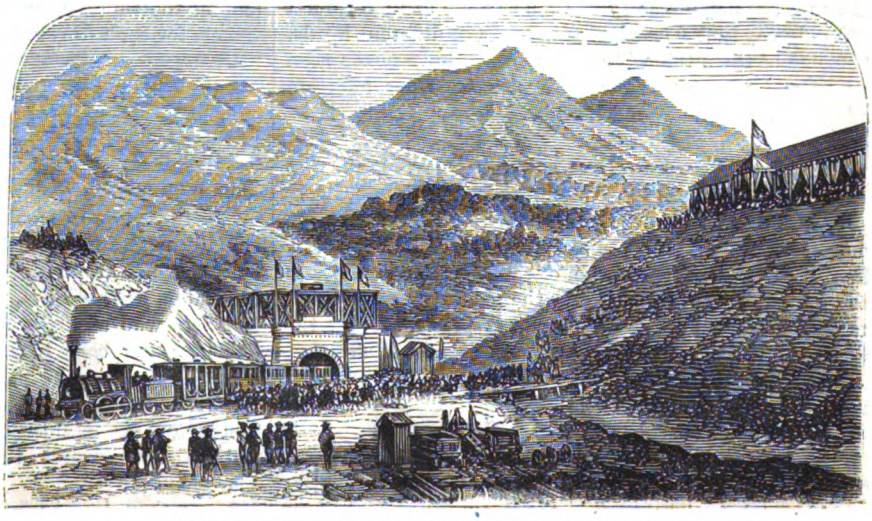


WORKMEN LEAVING THE TUNNEL ON ITS COMPLETION.

seize eagerly a strange pigeon while the one she had known for a day or two would be either sitting on the snake's back, or picking up its own food close by.

Neither pigeons nor any other animal ever showed the least fear of this formidable serpent, and I have tried the experiment with many kinds of creatures. A rabbit or a guinea-pig even would be safe with her, though she were hungry, and they appeared to know it. A little while before her death, she contracted a friendship with a young kitten, who even yet occasionally tries to find her old playmate. Cleo never opened her mouth except to eat. But after swallowing a pigeon, she would turn up the corner of her lips, that we might pick out the feathers which had stuck in her teeth. She always "killed her bird" instantaneously, seizing it by the beak, and breaking its neck by a movement too rapid for my eye to analyze.

She *never* crushed her prey to death, but invariably waited to see that it was motionless before laying her coils upon it. The constricting power was reserved for *mastication*, and was very sufficient for that purpose. Indeed, her first squeeze appeared to be of extraordinary force; afterward the coils remained a little loosened, just holding the



ARRIVAL OF THE INAUGURATION TRAIN AT THE ITALIAN END.

food still enough for swallowing. The pigeon's skin did not seem to be broken, and I never saw any appearance of blood whatever.

Cleo would neither eat or drink without a little preliminary conversation with one of us and a few caresses. She always came to us to ask either for food, drink, or a walk, and we soon learned to distinguish what she meant.

At first our friends would ask us if we were sure that Cleo knew us from other people; but soon not only was this question left behind, but it became evident that Cleo recognized her friends among our visitors, and would allow these to take her. But nothing could induce her to approach or remain near any person whom she disliked.

We have, in traveling, carried her about with us, both in railway-carriages and hotels, unsuspected by others, and no amount of inconvenience or discomfort appeared to distress her while we were near.

She thoroughly understood the joke of keeping concealed when strangers were present. It was only when we were alone, or with our own family, that she came forth of her own accord to join the conversation.

She never avoided children, but would allow them to take liberties which she would never have borne from any other stranger. When offended in any way, she simply walked off to some inaccessible corner, and waited the departure of the offender.

I do not remember any young child showing the slightest fear when Cleo came to make acquaintance.

The manner of Cleo's death was so much in accordance with her character, that few of her friends will be surprised at what I have to tell.

During last Autumn I was laid up with a very serious illness. At first Cleo seemed to enjoy my being at home all day long, but soon began to understand, principally from my wife's anxiety, that there was something the matter, and she refused food. One night she came to my bed to talk to me as usual, but I was too ill to take any notice of her—indeed, I could neither move nor speak. She tried in vain to make me respond to her caresses, and, after a while, returned to her own bed, refused not only food but water, and died within a day or two.

There was nothing whatever the matter with the snake to account for her death. She has often gone a much longer time without food from simple caprice or laziness; and she had no disease. To any one that knew her it was visible that she was suffering grief, as a dog is sometimes known to do under similar circumstances.

I could tell many a story of Cleo strange enough; but I need only say that I had had many pets of different kinds, and some of them tolerably clever, but I have never seen any animal who could compare with Cleo for affection and quick sense, and good humor. M.

I am indebted for the above account to Mr. Mann, who has been kind enough to give me the body of poor Cleo.

She was seven feet five inches long, and weighed nine pounds. I have made a beautiful cast of her for Mr. Mann; the scales have come out very well. Mr. Searle has painted her to life, copying the markings of her skin exactly. When a blanket or straw is placed around the cast, it would be difficult for a stranger to say if she were alive or dead. The monkeys were dreadfully frightened at the sight of the painted cast.

This is a great compliment to Mr. Searle.

I have also made her into a skeleton, stringing the vertebræ on to thin wire like a long row of beads. There are 266 vertebræ. There are in the lower jaws twenty-four teeth, in the upper forty-nine teeth.

Mr. Mann's power over snakes is very remarkable. There is not another instance on record of a large snake such as Cleo showing real attachment, and not only affection, but a knowledge of individuals. After all, therefore, there may be truth in the "wisdom of the serpent." I congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Mann upon their wonderful success in taming such a big boa as poor Cleo.

FRANK BUCKLAND.

CHINESE LOTTERIES.

THERE is scarcely a town on the Pacific coast in which Chinese lotteries do not exist, either as a local affair, or as one of the agencies of large lotteries of the kind in San Francisco. The tickets are square slips of paper, on which are printed eighty letters, these letters being the last in the Chinese first reader, or "Gin Chee Cho," as it is called. These tickets are for sale at all of the Chinese stores, and can be purchased for any price from ten cents to two dollars, the amount of the prize drawn depending upon the price paid for the ticket. When the ticket is bought the purchaser chooses ten letters on it, by marking them out with a pen, and upon these ten his chances depend. The drawing is conducted as follows: Eighty square slips of paper, each bearing one of the letters upon the tickets, are pasted by one corner upon a large board used for the purpose. After being thus pasted and found to be correct, they are next put into a large pan and thoroughly mixed. From this pan they are transferred to four porcelain bowls, twenty in each bowl. Four slips of paper, marked respectively 1, 2, 3 and 4, are next placed in the bowl, and one drawn out, which indicates the bowl of tickets to be used in the drawing. After determining this, the twenty tickets in the bowl indicated are taken out one by one and repasted upon the large board, a caller announcing each letter as it is drawn, and the clerks recording it. Out of the twenty letters drawn, if the holder of a chance is so fortunate as to have marked off ten upon his ticket, he secures a large prize, ranging from $1,000 to $3,000, and even $10,000, according to the money invested in the ticket. The drawings are made twice a day, and the dealers of the game, if at all fortunate, make a large amount of money from it. The chances are very great in favor of the game, but seldom over three or four spots being won upon a ticket, and over seven is a rarity. Under four spots scored the tickets lose, and over this to as high as eight the prizes are nominal, varying from 25 cents to $50. This species of gambling is very popular among the Chinese, and there is scarcely one but holds tickets for each drawing.

THE THREE ALPINE TUNNELS.

I.—THE MONT CENIS.

IT may not be generally known that the great Mont Cénis tunnel is not cut through Mont Cénis itself. It actually passes through Mont Vallon, a smaller mountain, and extends from Modane, Savoy, to Bardonnèche, in the valley of the Dora, Piedmont. Of the hundreds of travelers who annually pass through this wonderful tunnel, very few care to inquire how it was made. But let it be our task to set before our readers—pleasantly, we hope—the almost romantic and altogether wonderful history of this mighty work: the pioneer of the St. Gothard and the Simplon, the father of the Alpine tunnels of Europe.

More than twenty-five years ago, the first suggestion respecting the construction of such a tunnel was made to

Count Cavour; but even then the idea was no new one in the minds of the sturdy Piedmontese. Yet it is very doubtful whether the enterprise would have finally succeeded, had not a curious combination of circumstances tended to bring it about.

Just previously to the suggestion being made to the Government, three young Piedmontese had gone to England to learn engineering and mechanics. They had been taken through the various workshops, and finally had been enabled to inspect the atmospheric railways, which naturally riveted their attention. For did they not hope to carry a railroad across their mountain boundaries? and what method more fit for the purpose than the traction of a train by atmospheric air? They returned home to apply the invention, if it were possible, to Mont Cénis. Curiously enough, about this very time, an English engineer (Mr. Bartlett) attached to the Victor Emmanuel Railway—a railway since absorbed by the Alta Italia Line—had succeeded in perfecting a machine for perforating rock at great distances underground, by means of steam applied to a number of "perforators." These instruments picked holes in the rock; these holes were filled with blasting charges, and a large portion of the rock was removed in an incredibly short time, and at the saving of much labor.

There was one objection, however, to Mr. Bartlett's ingenious invention—steam could not be used far beneath the surface of the earth, for there was no steady supply of oxygen to create it, and fires were of course impossible.

But the "atmospheric" idea had taken possession of Germain Sommelier and his two student companions. What steam could not do, air might. Steam could not be generated such a distance beneath the surface as they proposed to drive their tunnel, but atmospheric air—condensed air—might be carried through tubes for any distance, far from the busy hum of furnaces, and released to do the duty of steam. A commission was appointed, after the Italian Chamber had been made acquainted with the proposal. The Government consented to construct a portion of the line, and the three Piedmontese gentlemen—Sommelier, Grandis and Grattoni—were appointed as joint directors of the works.

But even now the trouble was only beginning. The boring-machine having been fixed upon, it was necessary to decide in which direction the boring should commence. The first cuttings would be executed in the normal manner, as air and light were sufficiently available. But the shortest and most convenient route must be ascertained, the levels and gradients had to be calculated, and the distances between the opposite openings arranged.

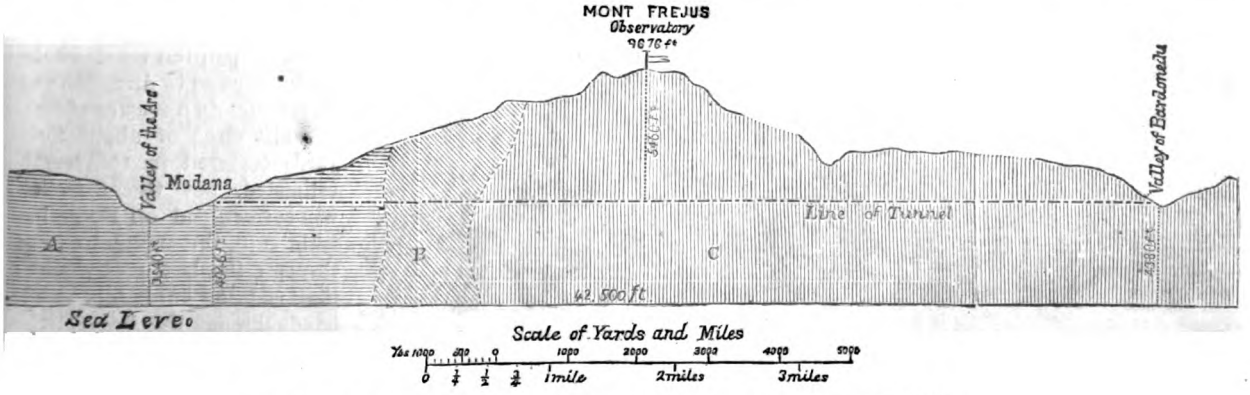
The months of August and September, 1857, were occupied in endeavoring to hit the proposed opening at Modane, from the opposite side of the mountain at Bardonnèche. This was at last managed, notwithstanding the storms and avalanches, and the wild tempests of wind, which swept the instruments away, or the mists which shrouded the observations of the hard-working engineers. The 11,000 feet of mountain had to be bored; the decision arrived at long before by Maus and Sismonda was found to be correct, and the seven miles and three-quarters of tunnel must be cut before the cherished plan could be accomplished.

The first suggestion had been to carry the tunnel through at a uniform gradient, for the difference in the level at Modane and at Bardonnèche is nearly 400 feet; but on reflection it was considered advisable to commence the excavations at both ends simultaneously, and work up to a central point, so that the drainage might be accomplished. The gradient is steeper toward Modane than toward Piedmont, as may be observed from the accompanying outline sketch. The gradient from the French side is 22.2 inches in 1,000, that from the Italian side is 6 inches in 1,000.

Very soon two good-sized villages sprang into existence near the mouths of the tunnel. Lodgings, workshops, repairing-houses and storehouses were built in rapid succession. Gas was provided, and subsequently, as the work advanced, was carried in tubes further and further into the tunnel. But four weary years were expended, between 1857 and 1861, before the excavations made very great progress. The wonderful "perforators" worked by compressed air were set to work at the beginning of the latter year, and the advance was comparatively rapid.

This really wonderful invention, by which alone the termination of this gigantic enterprise was rendered possible in a reasonable time, deserves description here, because not only is it necessary to understand the method employed, but because one other Alpine tunnel is being excavated by its means, and one description will suffice for all.

The boring machine employed has been illustrated and described in these columns. It is worked by air, which is compressed by water-power. Air, as we know, exercises a certain pressure of rather more than fourteen pounds (14.6) to the square inch. If a quantity of the atmospheric air be compressed to four, five or six times less than its natural bulk, the force it acquires will be in proportion to the compressing power exercised. The air is compressed by water-power, the water being forced into vertical cylinders, and the air is then pushed into a reservoir through a valve. The water then sinks; more air is admitted from outside; the water is again forced up, and so the air is "compressed," and stored in huge tanks ready for use; the expansive force of the imprisoned atmosphere



SECTIONAL DIAGRAM OF THE MONT CÉNIS TUNNEL, CONNECTING ITALY WITH SAVOY.

VIEW OF THE VALLEY OF THE BARDONNÈCHE.

There were at one time nine "perforators" at work in the Cénis Tunnel, each working a boring rod, each rod smiting the rock at the rate of 1,800 strokes a minute, and with an estimated force of 200 pounds at each stroke.

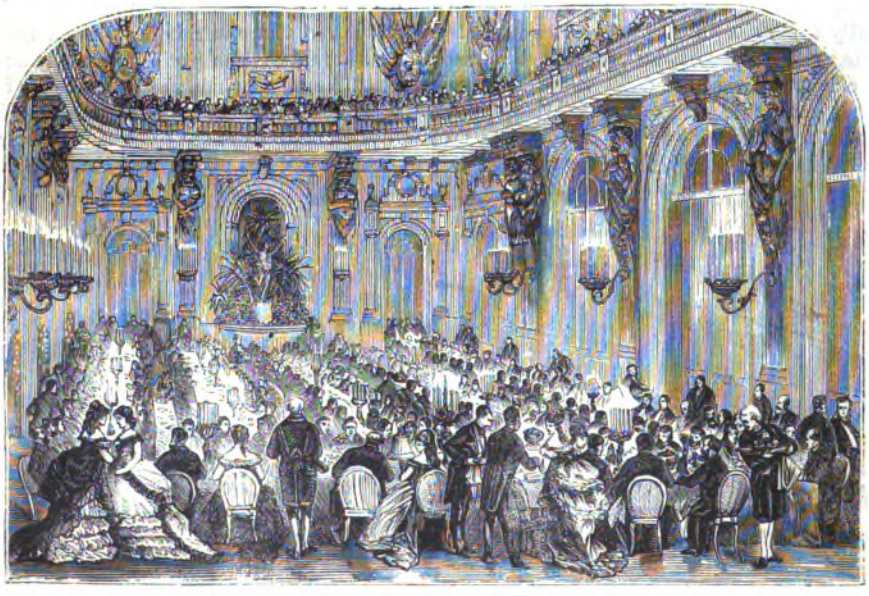
This boring was begun in January, 1861, and by August, when the workmen had become more skillful, the progress was about thirty inches a day. Thirty inches out of all those miles! But the blasting, carrying and boring was not relaxed day or night, and in 1869 no less than 4,000 men were employed on the tunnel. In 1866 half the work had been accomplished, after nearly nine years' hard labor. Two years later great progress had been made, and in December, 1870, the workmen could hear each other blasting, as they advanced from Italy and France respectively.

That was a nervous time, as we can imagine. The success of the undertaking then depended upon the result of the calculations as to direction and elevation. As a matter of fact, a slight error of about forty yards occurred in the length estimated, but the direction was correct, and on December 26th, 1870, the navigators cut through the last rocky partition, and the engineers shook hands through the breach.

The Mont Cénis Tunnel was then an accomplished fact; but, unfortunately, two of the

being very great—viz., five or six times its normally accepted force, or say eighty pounds to the square inch. When required, this air is admitted to the boring machine through tubes which can be elongated at will, by "lengths" being added as required. The boring machine looks very complicated, and is furnished with machinery, a description of which may be perused in any scientific journal of the early part of 1869. It would encroach too much upon our space to enter into details. The perforating point can be directed in any way; the point darting out against the rock, and with a boring, twisting motion, soon cutting a hole.

COUNTRY PEOPLE AWAITING THE FIRST TRAIN.



THE BANQUET AT TURIN ON THE COMPLETION OF THE TUNNEL.

TEN MINUTES WITH A PIRATE CHIEF.—"MARY GAVE ONE QUICK GLANCE. YES, THE BLUE EYES, THE OPEN, HONEST FACE, WERE HER BROTHER'S; BUT HIS HEAD WAS SHAVEN, AND HIS DRESS WAS CHINESE."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

three bold Piedmontese to whom the enterprise is due did not live to see the result of their labors. Messrs. Grandis and Sommelier passed away before the great work was accomplished; they were not permitted to witness the triumph of their genius. *Dieu dispose!*

That it is a triumph, no one can doubt. The high mountain road is forty-nine miles long, and necessarily winding. The very ingenious railway carried over Mont Cénis by Mr. Fell ran upon, and alongside, the diligence road, and shortened the time previously occupied to about four and a half hours, or nearly one half. But the completion of the Mont Cénis Tunnel carries an uninterrupted railroad for the distance of about 1,300 miles, from Calais to Brindisi. The Mont Cénis is the longest existing tunnel in Europe, its exact measurement being seven miles and a half and 242 yards. It was opened on the 17th of September, 1871, with great pomp and ceremony.

For the information of our inquiring readers we will add the statement of the composition of the mountain through which the tunnel is pierced. It consists, from the French side, of schist, then quartz, then limestone, then schist again, all the way into Piedmont. The cost was three millions sterling, certainly not an extravagant sum for such a completed work. The transit is comfortably managed, and no inconvenience is felt, as the ventilation is well attended to. Such is a brief account of the great highway through the Alps; and the example thus set has been quickly followed. Tunnels are now in progress through the St. Gothard and Simplon ranges, and another is actually hinted at which is to traverse Mont Blanc, from Chamouni to Courmayeur. Whether this last will ever be accomplished, it is, of course, impossible to say.

TEN MINUTES WITH A PIRATE CHIEF.

ABOUT the balcony of the Governor's House at Hong Kong, the ball being just over, the last guests were lingering, awaiting the arrival of their sedans. Under ordinary circumstances, the unmarried men would have been on their way home, but they were none of them in a hurry to depart on this occasion, as all were anxious for one more word or smile from a charming American girl, the belle of the ball, who, shawled and ready for her chair, was impatiently awaiting the arrival of her bearers.

It is astonishing what a number of slaves a pretty girl can employ, even upon such a trivial matter as looking out for the appearance of her chair-bearers; and Mary Lee understood the art of twisting men around her fingers better than most of her sex.

The balcony commanded a view of the road, yet she had found it necessary to have at least a dozen scouts upon the alert. The tall English military Captain Guffin she perched upon a chair, and commanded "to keep his eyes fixed upon the point where the road turned, and to let her know the moment the men came in sight." Captain Waffles, of H.M.S. *Rocker*, she detailed "to stand upon the railing of the balcony, and to keep a sharp lookout." Captain Jeller, of the U.S.S. *Communipaw*, was laughingly told off "to watch the Britishers"; while the handsome lieutenant, Arthur De Witt, acted as her aide-de-camp, and promulgated her orders with becoming gravity. There were half-a-dozen others, smaller fry, stationed at intervals down the road; and, although somewhat annoyed by the delay, she could not help enjoying the fun of having so many handsome fellows under orders.

Daylight had just broken, and the mists were rolling up the sides of Victoria Peak, curling across Chyloon Flats on the other side of the harbor, and hurrying out of the passes by which Hong Kong is approached, as if they were tired of the *rôle* they had played all night, and were anxious to be well out of the way before Aurora came to dazzle them with her bright presence. Sometimes a heavy patch of fog would linger lazily over a warm hollow, when, finding itself deserted, it would sheer off after the main body of the mist, in the depths of which it would disappear like a sheep into a fold. The vast size of the harbor was beginning to develop, and from the balcony of the Governor's House the view was animated and picturesque.

"Does any one see my bearers?" demanded the young lady, appealing to Lieutenant De Witt individually, but at the same time, in her pretty coquettish way, appearing to address them collectively.

"Aw—well—there's a fellaw coming up the road," drawled Captain Guffin; "but I suppose you want two fellaws?"

"Oh, dear me, no!" exclaimed the mischievous girl.

Captain Jeller, who was an old officer, and who had known Miss Lee from childhood, laughed at this sally; whereupon the English officer became very fierce, and stroked his mustache as if he meant mischief.

"How beautifully fresh the morning air is—don't you think so, Miss Lee?" observed Captain Waffles.

"I should think you found it particularly so up there," laughingly replied the young lady.

And with this sort of badinage she contrived to amuse herself until her bearers arrived, when, by a skillful manœuvre, she secured the arm of the young lieutenant, and bowing gracefully to her admirers, bade them good-morning and retired.

Mary was a pretty girl—there could be no mistake about that. All the men admired her, but she did not "take" with women. Plump, well-shaped, with beautiful little hands and feet, light-brown hair disposed in a most killing fashion, a bright color, lovely gray eyes with long, sweeping lashes, which, when opened, looked like the petals of a passion-flower, and with a very rosebud of a mouth, which could only have been made for kissing—no wonder that the boys fell in love with her, and that old men wished they were boys, when they looked upon her ripe, animated beauty. There was a sort of demure, I-know-you-like-me expression upon her merry face when she was surrounded by the opposite sex; and it is most certain that she never was so happy as when she had half-a-score of what she called "noodles" following in her wake.

Mary had been heart-whole until this time; but De Witt's dark-brown eyes and manly form—to say nothing of his gentle, almost womanly-tender ways—had made a decided impression upon her. It must not be supposed that she had never been what is called in love. Oh, dear, yes!—she had been smitten a thousand times, but the sensation had lasted only a few moments. She was such a sweet, merry, lovable girl, that she took pity upon every handsome boy she met, and liked them all a little; but Arthur De Witt had captured the pretty pirate after a very short chase, and, to use the words of his old friend, Captain Jeller, "Mollie Lee was a gone little goose."

Lieutenant De Witt walked by the side of the lady's

chair, and they chatted the usual nothings young folks indulge in when they love each other, but are ashamed to own it. Captain Jeller was a guest at the Government House, and, therefore, had not offered to accompany her; besides, he was a good old fellow, and, seeing how matters stood between the fair girl and his first-lieutenant, did not wish to spoil their love-making.

De Witt was desirous of taking her on board in his boat, but she would not hear of it. He pleaded very hard. "There were pirates in the harbor," and "he was sure that a typhoon was coming on."

Mary laughed at him; said "she would like to be captured by the pirates!" and "would enjoy a typhoon—oh, it would be splendid! You could come out and rescue me, and then——"

At this point she stopped, and De Witt finished the sentence:

"Yes; then you would give me your hand, dear Mary, and I should be the happiest man in the world!"

"Stop, for goodness' sake! Oh, Mr. De Witt, stop! The man is going to propose to me in a sedan! Why, you are perfectly ridiculous!"

All the romance of the situation vanished at once, and by the time they arrived at the wharf they were chatting about croquet—Mary mad with herself because he had subsided, and he annoyed to think she did not care for him, as he had flattered himself she did.

Finding that her father had sent a *sampan* for her, he renewed his pleading to be allowed to convey her on board in his own boat.

"Lieutenant De Witt, I am ashamed of you, thus to try and intimidate one of your countrywomen!"

"But, my dear Miss Lee, A-kin has lately run in and seized several people in broad daylight. I shudder when I think of such a fate being yours."

"Oh," laughingly replied the lady, "they say A-kin is very handsome, and never ill-treats women; though it certainly would not be nice," added she, seeing that her lover looked rather serious, "to have my nose sent in a piece of paper to papa, with a polite note informing him that if he did not send ten thousand dollars, my ears would follow. But no one will trouble themselves about me, dear Arthur," she said, with her eyes half-raised toward his.

This appeal completely finished the young lieutenant, who immediately poured forth his tale of love, and Mary found herself listening to him more seriously than ever she had to any one else before.

"Please, sir, the boat's recall has been flying for some time," said the coxswain, who had, unobserved, approached the lovers. "Shall we go off, sir, or shall we wait for you?"

Bidding the man return to the boat, De Witt urged his suit with increased vehemence.

"Do say you love me, dearest Mary!" he exclaimed.

Lifting her gray eyes toward the speaker's, she laughingly replied:

"Upon my word, Arthur, I am afraid I do love you a little bit."

Once more he begged her to let him see her safe on board her father's ship, but his request was as persistently refused.

"Papa can see me the moment I leave the wharf; besides, dear Arthur, I am not afraid of A-kin, 'or any other man,' and if they do molest me, I can protect myself," she added, producing a toy revolver. "Papa has taught me how to use this in case of need."

Captain Lee was an old China trader, and Mary was his only daughter. There was a rumor that he had had a son, but that they had quarreled, and the young man was supposed to have been lost at sea. Neither Mary nor her father ever spoke of him, and only their most intimate friends knew anything about the matter.

Upon his last visit to New York, he had found his daughter grown to womanhood, and had brought her out to Hong Kong with him. A few days after their arrival he was attacked by the gout, which confined him to the ship; hence it was that Mary had been unaccompanied to the ball. He considered that she was quite able to take care of herself, and not having heard of the pirate's outrages, he sent a native boat, which he used instead of his own gig, to fetch her from the shore.

It was with a heavy heart that De Witt parted with his love. Of course he could not be very demonstrative before the men, so he had to content himself with looking tenderly into her speaking gray eyes, which, instead of answering his mute appeal with a loving, trusting glance, twinkled and danced in such a merry fashion that he was obliged to laugh.

Mary could not be serious if she tried, and even upon such a solemn occasion as the first parting with her lover, merriment was uppermost in her mind. The lieutenant handed her into her boat, and, giving the word "Go" to her boatwomen, she soon disappeared from his sight.

"If you please, sir, the boat's recall is flying," again observed the coxswain; hearing which, De Witt came out of his dream, and entered the boat.

He had an undefined feeling of apprehension that it was not safe for Mary to trust herself in the *sampan*, yet he was afraid to offend by following her.

Both boats had got about half-way across the harbor, when they were overtaken by one of the sudden gusts which, sweeping down Victoria Peak, spend their fury upon the waters of the bay, and often, without giving the slightest warning, raise a tempest in a very few moments.

The man-of-war's boat made for the nearest merchantship, and took shelter under its lee until the storm passed, and Mary's *sampan*, which was going in the opposite direction, pulled for a low native craft that had just brought up ahead of them.

Mary had taken shelter beneath the bamboo awning, and little thought that her crew had made fast the *sampan* to a pirate vessel. The boatwomen sought a refuge with her, and were chatting after the manner of these mermaids, when their attention was arrested by the noise of some persons descending the side of the junk, and they found they were in the hands of pirates.

The storm was lashing the water into spray, which swept over the harbor like mist, and drenched everything not under shelter; yet these "sea-devils," finding they had captured a foreign woman, secured the boat by a strong chain, and, hoisting the sails on board the junk, swept out of the harbor, towing the *sampan* astern. The craft bent as she tore through the water, and flew before the gale like a fugitive sea-bird, and, had the *sampan* not been tanked, and as light as a cork, it must have been swamped.

Mary never lost her presence of mind, and the boatwomen, who were nearly frightened out of their senses, gazed upon her in speechless admiration. It was with great difficulty that she managed to keep her seat, and to prevent herself from being tossed through the matted sides by the pitching and rolling of the craft. At length the motion became so terrible that she was compelled to follow the example of the boatwomen, and to stretch herself upon the floor.

The pirates who were in charge were drenched to the skin by the spray thrown up by the junk, yet they sat in

the bows of the *sampan*, and, in spite of the blinding water, kept their places. The speed of the pirate craft was tremendous, and she dashed through the Cap-sung-moon Pass like a live thing. Now upon the top of a wave, then down as if descending a rapid, current and wind both in her favor. In about an hour the gale abated, when the pirates hoisted more sail. Mary and her boatwomen were wet through, and the latter called on Hai-lung-hwang to save them. Mary uttered a short prayer, but her great anxiety was to keep her pistol dry. Toward noon they arrived off a bay, and after tacking, during which operation they nearly swamped the *sampan*, they ran into harbor, and the motion of the boat became more bearable.

Having anchored, the captain of the junk ordered the boat alongside, and getting into it, directed the men in charge to pull toward a large junk which lay at the upper end of the bay. Upon reaching the craft they were commanded to go on board, and Mary had to climb the side in the same manner as the boatwomen.

When she reached the deck she saw she was surrounded by a murderous-looking crowd of pirates—all devouring her with horrible, eager looks. The hot blood mounted to her cheeks, and she determined to sell her life as dearly as possible, but to await the worst.

"How cool the white devil is!" murmured several of the wretches. "She will be a good mate for our leader A-kin."

A servant came forward and beckoned her to follow him, upon which the pirates made way, and she walked aft and entered the cabin, where the man motioned her to be seated. He then retired, closing and locking the door, and taking up his station outside.

The cabin was magnificently furnished; costly silk hangings covered the walls, while cabinets, articles of *vertu* and books were literally piled upon each other. In one corner stood a piano, and several Chinese musical instruments were scattered about the place.

Mary was in that state when people do things which appear to be totally at variance with their feelings. Instead of falling upon her knees and praying to heaven for help, she approached the piano, opened a music-book which lay upon it, and was about to play, when her attention was arrested by some writing on the top of the page before her—

"CHARLES R. LEE,
From his loving sister Mollie."

She could scarcely believe her eyes. It was her lost brother's book. Turning over the pages, fresh proofs of the truth became apparent. A piece of music given to her brother upon his fifteenth birthday, and a pencil-note in the poor boy's handwriting, all told too plainly that he had fallen into the hands of pirates, and the wretch who commanded the junk was probably his murderer.

For some moments Mary remained buried in deep thought, but at last she roused herself, and, raising her hands to heaven, vowed that she would avenge her brother's murder before she died.

"Oh, Charles! dear boy! Why did you quarrel with papa? Poor Charles! you were very fond of your sister Mollie, and we little thought we should ever come to this. But I will avenge you before I die, my darling."

As she uttered these words, the door slowly opened, and A-kin stood before her. When he first glanced at her, an indifferent look was upon his face, but it instantly turned to one of mingled horror and distress.

Advancing toward her, he stretched out his hands, as if about to embrace her, seeing which, in the desperate fear of the moment, she drew forth her revolver and fired at him. The ball grazed his cheek, but he heeded it not, for with a cry of anguish he exclaimed:

"Oh, Mollie, darling! Sister! Is that you?"

Mary gave one quick glance; yes, the blue eyes, the open honest face, were her brother's; but his head was shaven, and his dress was Chinese. Yes, it was her brother, and with a low wail she fell forward into his arms. In a few moments she recovered her senses, when she learned that her brother's ship had been captured by pirates, and that he had been adopted by the notorious A-kin, who, when he died, had bequeathed his command to Charles. He told Mary that he had not been a pirate from choice, and he would now willingly leave the life if he could do so without injuring his father's good name. Mary saw in a moment how it could be done, and communicated her

CANOVA'S FIRST WORK OF ART.— SEE PAGE 550.

NUTS AND NUT-BEARING TREES.— FIG. *A*.— THE ESAU CHESTNUT-TREE.—SEE PAGE 551.

design to her brother. A-kin, or Charles Lee, as we must now style him, called his men aft, and told them that he had a rich prize, and would obtain a heavy ransom for her if he restored her uninjured. A rowboat was got ready, and in ten minutes from her finding that he was her brother they were clear of the pirate junk, and rowing out of the bay.

The boat was manned by prisoners taken the day before, and the pirates readily agreed to this, none of them being willing to risk losing their heads if any other plan could be contrived by their leader. Charles promised to return in a hired boat, which they knew he could easily do if he paid well for it.

FIG. *B*.—THE PECAN-NUT.

He left all his effects behind but the precious music-book and a disguise, thus making his crew believe that he would return if he was not captured. Upon getting out of sight of the junks, Charles dressed himself in European clothes, and with a wig the natural color of his hair, he, in a few moments, was completely metamorphosed into an American.

Upon rounding the point they saw the United States ship *Communipaw* steaming along the land, and very soon perceived that she was altering her course to pick them up. A rowboat had no business out in the open pass, and the officers on board the man-of-war quickly discovered that it contained a foreign man and woman.

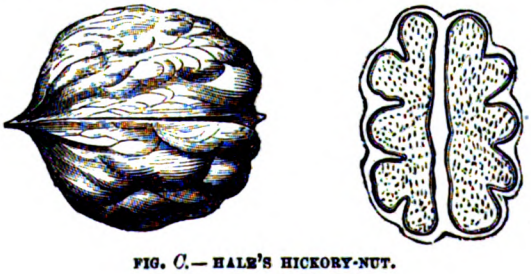


FIG. *C*.— HALE'S HICKORY-NUT.

The *Communipaw* steamed at full speed until she reached them, and Lieutenant De Witt descended the side, and made his dear girl fast to the chair, in which she was hoisted on board. Charlie followed her, but the Chinese, finding that they could retain the boat, returned to the land.

The meeting of the lovers may be better imagined than described. Arthur was in charge of the ship, and they had the captain's cabin all to themselves. If he didn't smother her with kisses, her brother did; and, as that was not very likely, it is probable that it was De Witt who "availed himself of the opportunity."

Of course there was a council of war, and I am afraid Mary told a very large fib. Charles said that "he had been seized by the pirates," but he did not state when, and that "he had been held captive until they had seized his sister, when they had planned their escape together." In the hurry of the moment, no one questioned him, and he retired below during the preliminary operations against his late associates.

After spending a delightful half-hour with his dear girl, the lieutenant was brought to his senses by the chief-engineer, who came to inquire if the commanding officer intended to go into the bay after the pirates, or to return to Hong Kong. De Witt determined to destroy the pirate junks, and, in spite of the pleading of Mary, who was afraid that he would take some prisoners who might criminate her brother, the lieutenant gave orders to prepare for action.

They steamed into the bay, and literally demolished the pirate junks. Not a soul escaped; and, as the last junk blew up, Mary, who was on deck watching the affair through her lover's field-glass, turned to her brother, and exclaimed: "That is the last of A-kin!"

The meeting between Captain Lee and his son was a most touching one. The old man had long ago given up his boy as lost, and he welcomed him as one from the grave.

He never knew the truth, as, for many reasons, Mary deemed it best to keep that a secret for some years, and did not even divulge it to her husband.

Lieutenant De Witt was promoted, and ordered home. Naturally enough, he elected to go in the same ship as Mary, as the old captain thought it best for them to be married at once. The ceremony took place on board the U. S. S. *Communipaw*, and a score of Mollie's old lovers were made miserable that day.

Mrs. De Witt has settled down into a charming wife, and when she goes into society is always surrounded by a crowd of worshipers, upon which occasions there still lingers about her witch-like face the old I-know-you-like-me expression. She tells De Witt that she "does not like so much attention"; but he only laughs, and replies: "You know, Mollie dear, that you do like it; and why not enjoy yourself?"

Charles gave up the sea, and resides with his sister. The old captain "has gone the way of all flesh," and there is now no necessity for secrecy about Charles. During all the time the latter was a pirate, he never committed a murder, and, by his firmness and bravery, prevented his people from perpetrating many fearful outrages.

On Thanksgiving Day, Mary always plays one of the pieces of music from the book they took from the junk, and, with a touch of her old manner, will playfully address him as A-kin. A look of recollection passes between brother and sister upon these occasions, and her eyes are moistened when she remembers how she once passed "Ten Minutes with a Pirate Chief."

CANOVA'S FIRST WORK OF ART.

TOWARD the end of the last century, and in a mud cabin in an Alpine valley of the Venetian territory, a little child was playing and drawing with a rough pencil. No kindly woman was looking after the child, who, young as he was, had known trouble. For he had run away from home, where a new father ruled in the place of the dead and real father, and he had come to live with his grandfather, his father's father—and this old man was a poor, untaught, but very intelligent, stonecutter.

At nine years of age the little fellow was set to cut stone, though, in all honor to the old stonecutter, it must be said that he taught the child what little art he knew; and so the child continued stonecutting till he was twelve, up to which time, and from a very early age, this little artist had always been very fond of making things out of clay.

Now, the stone-mason was one day employed at the palace of some great nobleman—the little boy was with him—and they both witnessed a grand misfortune: one of the finest dishes of elaborate confectionery, prepared with great labor and time for the nobleman's grand dinner, was spoilt.

The nobleman himself arrived in the kitchen in the very thick of the consternation, and it was in the midst of the silence which followed the terrible appearance of the great man that a little, thin voice was heard to say:

"If they would only let me try—ah, me! ah, me!—if they would only let me try!"

The cook, and the grandfather, and many others, hushed the little boy—but not so the duke. The child was called before him, and presented himself, beautiful, with a countenance full of intelligence and good-humor.

A few words, a laugh or so, and the young audacity has permission to replace the destroyed confectionery.

Possibly the duke forgets all about the business till the dessert arrives, and then, behold, the guests are delighted with something. And this something is a beautifully modeled lion in white paste; and upon the artist being called for, behold! a little boy, with a countenance full of intelligence and good-humor, steps forward.

How small a trifle makes or unmakes us! Had the confectionery not been spoilt, the little boy might have worked as a stone-mason for years—certainly not for life, for genius *will* make itself known.

The nobleman, of the great family named Falieri, then gave the hand of patronage to the poor little stonecutter, and in a few years what a change had taken place in the fortunes of that little lad! By twenty he was a rising sculptor—by thirty one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of living sculptors.

Then great honors fell upon him. He became even the friend of the great Napoleon—to whose honor be it said that he befriended all literary and artistic men—sitting at the Emperor's table, and chatting with him as with an equal.

And at last he was made a marquis.

And through all these years of success he never ceased to work hard; he always proved that genius is not lazy; that a great man must work hard if he would work well; and that those who talk of working, and never work, are precisely no geniuses at all.

He was most generous. He spent large sums in encouraging young artists and all art. In a word, this Canova lived and died a good, honest, hard-working man.

A CHEERFUL face is as good for a patient as healthy weather.

NUTS AND NUT-BEARING TREES.

By A. S. Fuller.

In America, the edible nuts are appreciated less than in almost any other country. This is probably due to the abundance and cheapness of other and more substantial kinds of food, which makes the use of nuts, by either rich or poor, a matter of taste, and in no way a necessity. In the Old World, however, it is quite different—not only now, but it always has been since the earliest times of which history furnishes us any account; and the poor are frequently compelled to look to the wild and cultivated nut-trees and shrubs as almost their only source of a supply of food. In ancient times, according to Strabo, Rome was supplied with pork fattened mainly upon the mast in the forests of Gaul; in fact, the ancient Romans, like the ancient Britons, looked upon the nut-bearing trees of the forest as the most valuable of all. And well they might, for they were frequently the principal source from which the people derived their food. In parts of Southern Europe, especially in the mountains of Spain, the peasants make a kind of cake from acorn-meal, which is said to be quite nutritious; and roasted acorns, as a dessert, are among the delicacies mentioned by some of the earliest writers on natural history. In Great Britain, the old Saxon kings were ever mindful of the value of the nut-crops; and we find that King Ina, near the close of the seventh century, issued an order regulating the fattening of swine with mast by his subjects; and a century later, Elphelmus reserved the "pawnage," or pasturage, of two hundred hogs, as a part of his lady's dowry.

Mast, or the wild nuts, which consisted principally of beechnuts and acorns, continued to be highly valued throughout Great Britain down to modern times; and Edward the Confessor, in 1050, gives a certain quantity as one of his donations. In the time of William the Conqueror, the woods of England were surveyed and valued in proportion to the number of swine that could be fattened on their acorns; the oak being then valued for its fruit, not, as in later times, for its timber. The severity of famines has often been increased in consequence of a failure of the nut crop. At the time of the great famine in England in 1116, it is recorded that among crops failing that year, mast was also very scarce; and there was nothing with which to fatten the hogs, and this brought great distress to the people.

The early settlers of America did not overlook the wild nut-trees, and the acorns were mentioned among the good things to be found here in great abundance; and the pioneers in all the wooded regions of the United States have not been unmindful of, or slow to utilize, the wild nuts, not only for their own individual use, but for their animals.

But with the increase of our population and extended cultivation of the land, the wild nuts of our forests have gradually become of less economic value to the husbandman, but none the less important for domestic use, although only a few of the best kinds are selected for this purpose.

Formerly, the children had a monopoly of the nut-cracking and nut-eating pastime, or at most it was confined to the farmer's household; but latterly the residents of our cities have added nuts to their list of after-dinner delicacies, and we may therefore confidently expect an increased demand for the best kinds, and that more attention will be paid to their cultivation in the future than in the past. The farmers, and landowners generally, may find that the planting of a few or many nut-bearing trees will prove to be as good an investment in this country as it has in various parts of the Old World.

Our indigenous species of nut-bearing trees are quite numerous, and, while only a comparatively small portion yield fruit worthy of any special attention, there is still quite enough to make up a respectable list.

The common beechnut is one of the most delicate, and, perhaps, best flavored, of all; but it is so small and difficult to obtain that it is seldom gathered in sufficient quantities for home use, and for this reason is rarely seen in our markets.

The black-walnut is the very opposite of the beechnut, it being one of the largest, most abundant, and at the same time rankest flavored; consequently it is not in demand for the table. Next to the black-walnut, and belonging to the same genus, we have the butternut, a large, oblong nut, with a very rough shell, containing a large rich kernel of excellent flavor, but rather too oily for delicate stomachs, or to be eaten very freely, even by persons blessed with a good digestion. The tree is a free and vigorous grower, and commences to bear when quite young, thriving best in moist, rich soils, especially along the borders of streams in the Northern States, and in rich woods in the Southern.

Next to the last, in a botanical order, come the hickories—trees not only of great value for their timber, but at least two of the species produce nuts of the highest order of excellence. The pecan-nut, so common throughout the Southern States, was formerly known as the "olive-shaped hickory-nut," as its botanical name (*Carya olivæformis*) indicates. The trees do not grow as large as some of the Northern hickories, but commence bearing when of small size. The most northern limit of the pecan is Illinois, where it is found along the rivers and in the low grounds of the southern part of the State. The nuts are so well known in our markets that no description is called for here; but it may not be generally known that there are some wild varieties quite distinct from the general form; one of these is shown in Fig. *B*. This variety is found in Louisiana, and is of an extra large size and irregular in shape, and quite distinct from those usually seen in our markets. All the fruit on the tree is similar in form and size, and, while it may not be any better than smaller ones from other trees, the occurrence of such natural varieties is interesting, as they show, or indicate, what may be the results of attempts to improve the pecan by cultivation. The kernel or meat of the pecan-nut is the sweetest and most delicious of all the hickories; it has an inner husk inclosing the kernel that is intensely bitter, but it is easily removed when the nuts are thoroughly dry.

The common thin-shelled hickory-nut, or white-walnut, is the only other species worthy of any special note. It is perhaps the best-known and most popular of all our native edible species. It is widely distributed, but more abundant in the Eastern and Middle States than to the South or West. The nuts of this species of hickory are quite variable, there being hundreds of really distinct wild sorts, some more than double the size of others, and the shape and thickness of the shell is also quite variable; still, they can all be readily recognized as belonging to one and the same species, and no person familiar with the white-walnut would ever be at a loss to distinguish the nuts from the mocker-nut, bitter-nut, or other closely allied but inferior species.

One of the most remarkable varieties of the white-walnut with which I am acquainted is the Hale hickory-nut, discovered a number of years ago in a field near Ridgewood, Bergen County, N. J. The tree is perhaps more than a half-century old, and although growing near several others

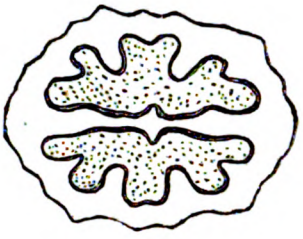


FIG. *D.*—KANSAS MOCKER-NUT.

FIG. *E.*—WALNUT BLOSSOMS. 1, MALE; 2, FEMALE.

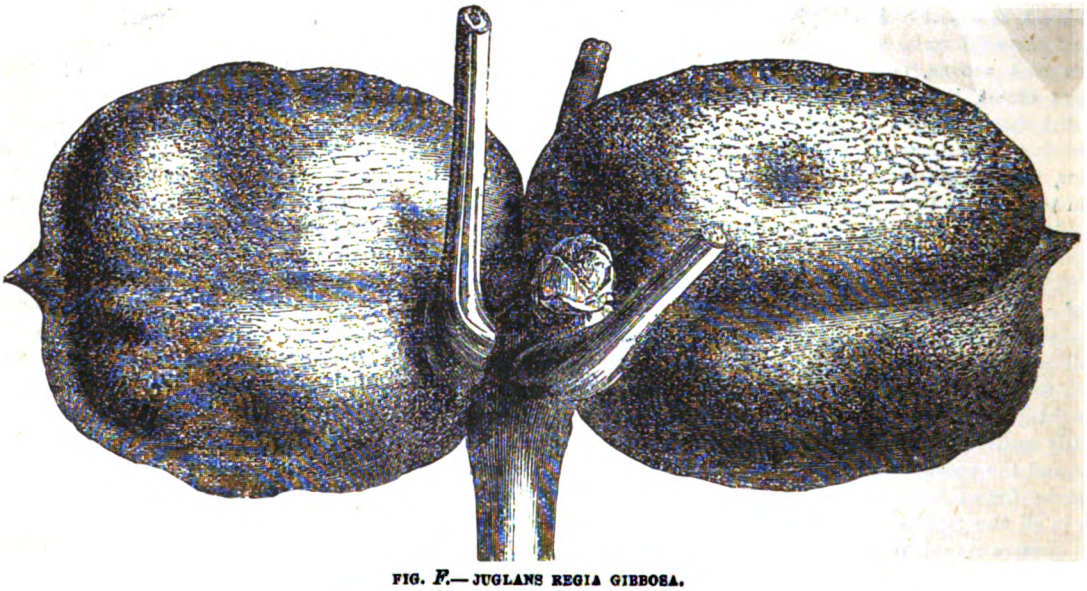


FIG. *F.*—JUGLANS REGIA GIBBOSA.

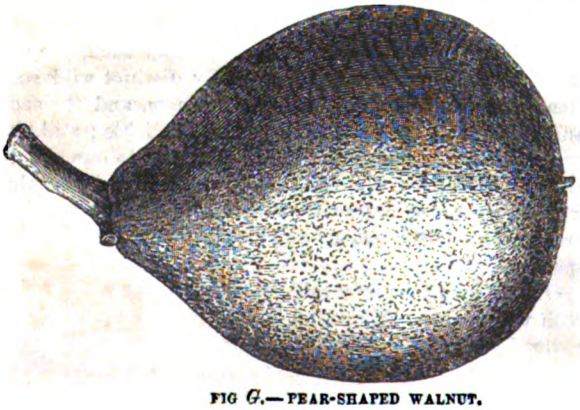


FIG *G.*—PEAR-SHAPED WALNUT.

FIG *I.*—ENGLISH WALNUT.

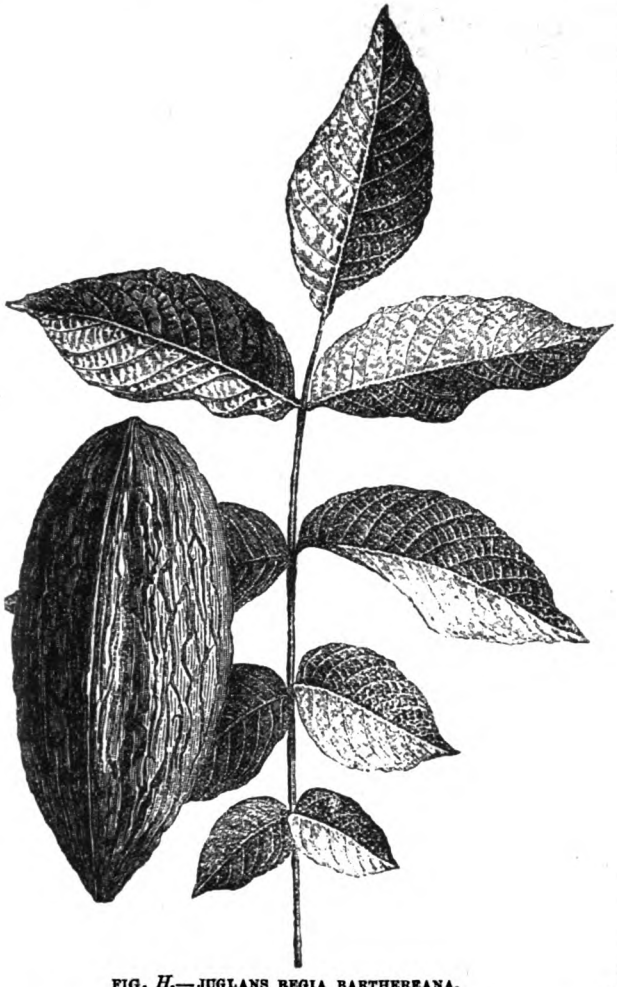


FIG. *H.*—JUGLANS REGIA BARTHEREANA.

of the shell-bark species, its nuts are quite distinct. The shell is very thin, and instead of the regular corrugations running from base to point, as is usual in varieties of this species, the entire surface appears to be broken up into small wavy depressions, very similar to the shell of the English walnut. One of these nuts, natural size, with cross section showing the relative thickness of the shell and kernel, is shown in Fig. *C.*

Occasionally we find in our markets very large hickory-nuts coming from the West, but they are usually very thick-shelled, and the kernel quite small in proportion to the size of the nut, as shown in Fig. *D.*, made from a specimen received from Kansas. The nuts do not belong to the same species as the white-walnut, but to the Western shellbark, or the mokernut, both of which produce large but inferior fruit. Unfortunately for those who might

FIG. *M.*—HAZEL-NUT AND WEEVIL.

wish to cultivate such varieties as the Hale, our gardeners have not as yet discovered any practical method of propagating the hickory by either budding or grafting, as is done with almost all other kinds of nut-bearing trees. Seedlings from these choice sorts are so liable to vary, that there can be no dependence upon them for producing fruit like the parent tree.

Of the chestnut we have three species native of the United States: the common chestnut of the Eastern States, the small chinquapin of the South, and the golden-leaved of California. The first is the most abundant and valuable, not only for its timber, but also for its fruit, which is gathered and sent to our city markets in immense quantities during the latter part of Summer and

FIG. *K.*—THE REGAL WALNUT-MOTH—THE CATERPILLAR.

FIG. *J.*—OLIVE-SHAPED WALNUT.

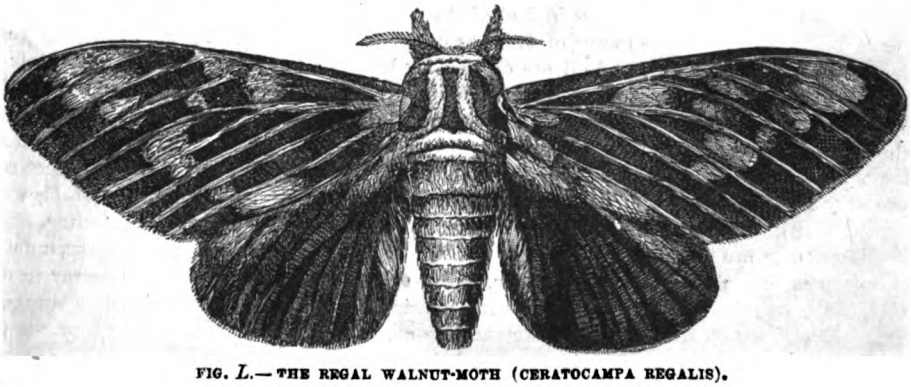


FIG. *L.*—THE REGAL WALNUT-MOTH (CERATOCAMPA REGALIS).

Autumn. The nuts, however, are so delicate and difficult to keep in good condition, that their stay in market is of rather short duration. In this respect our American chestnut is quite different from the larger and inferior Spanish or French chestnuts, as these may be kept sound for several months, as shown by the large quantities that are annually imported and sold in the streets of all our larger cities. The European chestnut and its varieties succeed moderately well in most of our Northern States, and almost everywhere in the Middle and Southern; still, very little attention has been given to their cultivation in this country, although there is no good reason why they should be neglected.

The habit of growth of the European chestnut is quite similar to that of the American under like conditions, but in Europe the trees are usually seen growing along the roadsides, or in the open fields, where they are not crowded, the branches having room to spread out regularly, while the stems are short and often gnarled, and of immense size, as shown in Fig. *A*, which represents the great Esau chestnut-tree.

The Southern chestnut, or chinquapin, as it is usually called, is a very small oval nut, only one in a burr, while our Northern species usually has two or three in each. The trees will thrive as far north as New York, but they are seldom planted, except to help to make up a variety in some park or pleasure-ground.

The common American chestnut is quite variable in its wild state, and almost any number of natural varieties could be obtained if desired. Our nurserymen have not as yet paid much attention to such things, but the time will probably soon come when some of the largest and best of our native chestnuts will be propagated, and the trees offered for sale, as has long been practiced in Europe with the foreign sorts.

It is not at all difficult to propagate the chestnut by the usual methods of budding and grafting, and the stocks cost really nothing beyond the digging and planting, or but a trifle when raised from the nuts in a nursery. All the foreign varieties grow readily when worked on our native species, and by some persons it is thought they are made more hardy through the influence of the native stocks.

There are probably very few persons who have only seen the common English walnut, or Madeira nut, that is imported and sold in our markets, who have any idea of the great number of varieties that are now known and cultivated in European countries. Only the older and more common sorts are ever imported, except when specially ordered and for particular purposes. But as the cultivation of this nut has of late attracted considerable attention in California, and will doubtless soon be taken up in some of the Eastern States, it may be well to look over the list of choice sorts, and see what we have to choose from.

The so-called European walnut is in fact of Asiatic origin, and belongs to the same genus of trees as our native butternut and black-walnut, and all are classed by botanists under the one generic name of *Juglans*, from Jovis-glans, the nut of Jupiter. The flowers are of two kinds, as shown in Fig. *E*; the male or staminate are produced in long, pendent catkins (1), and the female or pistillate (2) are very minute, terminated with a four-toothed calyx, four minute little green petals and two club-shaped stigmas. The latter are situated on the top of what eventually becomes the nut, while the former, or staminate flowers, drop off soon after fulfilling their mission in Spring. Every nut on a tree must commence its growth from one of the small pistillate flowers, and from this point go on to maturity, whatever be its form or size. There are some varieties, like the one known as the "small-fruited walnut," that are no larger than a good-sized marrowfat pea; while others, like the great gibbous walnut, are two inches in diameter, and fully three in length, as shown in Fig. *F*. This is, perhaps, the largest variety known, and more valuable on account of its great size than anything else, although the kernel is large and of excellent quality.

The pear-shaped walnut is another quite remarkable variety, on account of its rather unique form, as shown in Fig. *G*. The shell is quite thick and the kernel small, and while it will probably never become popular for the table, it will be sought by those who desire to make up a good collection of the different varieties of walnuts.

Leaving the larger and thick-shelled sorts that are cultivated more for curiosities than intrinsic value, we next come to the beautiful and excellent *Barthèreana*, so named after its originator, M. Barthère of Toulouse. One of these nuts, natural size, and a leaflet, is shown in Fig. *H*. This variety, as described by its originator, has a very thin shell, and a large kernel of most excellent flavor. The trees are also said to be very prolific, and commence bearing when quite young.

Another new variety, known as the Franquette (Fig. *I*), comes nearer the form of the imported walnuts usually seen in our markets, but it has a somewhat longer point and is rather larger.

A variety known in France as the Paris walnut is about the same size of the Franquette, but the sharp point is wanting. The Mayette, St. Jean and Chamberte are also common French varieties similar to the above, but a trifle smaller.

As we have our olive-shaped hickory-nut in the pecan, so the French have their olive-shaped walnut (Fig. *J*), which is known in the nurserymen's catalogues under the same specific name, *i.e.*, *olivæformis*.

The varieties named above and the accompanying illustrations will give the reader a very good idea of the influence of long cultivation and domestication of this wild Asiatic nut-bearing tree. But the end is not yet, for new and distinct sorts are continually being discovered among the thousands of seedlings that are annually raised, and this will probably continue as long as the walnut is cultivated.

It may seem strange that after so long acquaintance with this nut there should be any question in regard to its success in the United States; but from the frequent reference to it in our agricultural journals it is quite evident that a large majority of our farmers and landowners, who, of all others, should be interested in such matters, are entirely ignorant of the fact that English walnuts have ever been raised in this country. But there are not only single specimens scattered about in private gardens, but rows of English walnut-trees within a few miles of New York City, that have borne fruit almost uninterruptedly for the past twenty or thirty years. This fact alone settles all question in regard to their adaptation to our soil and climate, and while it is not claimed that all the European varieties will thrive equally well, or that the trees are as hardy as our native butternut and black-walnut, still they may be planted with perfect safety in almost any locality south of the latitude of New York City, and some varieties even north of this line.

There are many thousands of acres of land on Long Island and in New Jersey now lying waste that might be planted with English walnuts, with every assurance that the investment would prove to be a good one, because these nuts will probably always be in demand, and there is no good reason why our markets should not be fully

supplied with the home-grown article. Why not plant nut-bearing trees along our highways, and for shade in country villages, instead of common shade-trees, that produce nothing of use to any one—not even for the birds. If the streets of Garden City were bordered with some kind of useful, nut-bearing trees, they would not only afford as grateful shade as elms, maples, and similar kinds, but in a few years become a source of revenue to their owners, whoever they might happen to be at the time. There are hundreds of other towns and villages all over the country that might well take this subject of nut-growing into careful consideration.

The walnuts probably have less insect enemies than most other kinds of trees, but they have one that is so remarkable for its size and beauty in its perfect or winged form, and ferocious ugliness in the larvæ or caterpillar state, that it is well worth noting here. This insect, however, is never very abundant, consequently it seldom does any considerable injury to the tree upon which it feeds; but an occasional specimen can usually be found wherever there are either walnut or hickory-trees growing.

The caterpillar (Fig. *K*), when fully grown, measures from four to six inches in length, and three-fourths of an inch in diameter. It is of a green color, transversely banded across each ring with pale blue. The head and legs are orange-colored, and the ten long, horn-like spines on the fore part of the body are also orange-colored, but tipped with black. Notwithstanding the great size and formidable appearance of these caterpillars, they are perfectly harmless, and may be handled, by persons having the courage to take hold of them, with perfect impunity. They can neither sting nor bite, but their ferocious appearance will make most persons avoid them.

When these caterpillars have finished feeding, they descend to the ground, and crawl away under the fallen leaves or among the grass and weeds, and there descend a short distance into the ground, where they change into a chrysalis without spinning a cocoon. The chrysalis remains in the ground over Winter, and the next Spring comes forth as the regal walnut-moth (Fig. *L*); and a grand insect it is, in this stage, and one that few persons would "have the heart to kill," however much they might have feared or wished to see the caterpillar destroyed.

This rare and beautiful moth has wings of a delicate olive color, adorned with yellow spots, and veined with broad red lines; the upper sides of the body and legs are bright orange-red; and a most royal insect it is, in every respect, and one that every collector of butterflies and moths is pleased to obtain, and in as great a number as possible.

We have in the United States two very distinct wild species of the filbert, both of which give us a few natural varieties. No attempts, however, worthy of note have ever been made to improve these native nuts, and we are now no further advanced in the way of improved or cultivated filberts than when America was first discovered by Europeans. That our native filberts are susceptible of improvement there can be no doubt; and, while all admit the possibility, there seems to be no one to take hold of the work and carry it on to a successful termination. For a century or more our nurserymen and others have been importing the best European varieties and planting them more or less extensively in different parts of the country, but it is doubtful if there is at this time a really healthy bearing orchard of filberts in the United States east of the Rocky Mountains. The foreign sorts appear to grow thriftily and promise well until the plants reach a bearing age, then a kind of fungoid disease attacks the main stems and branches, the bark turns black, dries up, and the wood underneath dies, and after a year or two the whole top is dead. The roots in the meantime throw up strong and vigorous suckers, which soon come into bearing, only to perish by the same disease.

This has been the fate of all the filbert plantations that have come under my observation during the past twenty or thirty years. There may be localities where the European filbert will succeed perfectly in this country; if so, they are unknown to the writer.

There is no difficulty in making our wild hazelnuts succeed under cultivation, and they are comparatively free from insect enemies; but sometimes the nuts are infested by what is known as the nut-weevil, Fig. *M*. This little beetle has a long snout, on which is situated its two flail-shaped antennæ, or feelers, as shown. With this snout the female punctures the young green nuts, and into the hole made drops an egg. This egg soon hatches, and the young grub eats its way to the centre of the nut and there remains until the following Summer, then again emerging as a weevil. The grub, as it feeds on the kernel of the nut, grows until of the size shown in the lower left hand figure; it then eats outward, until near the outside of the shell, then retires to the centre of the nut and changes into a pupa, as shown in the lower right hand figure. It remains in this stage for a few weeks, or until the new crop of nuts is well advanced in Summer, then bursts its pupa-skin, breaks through the thin crust of the shell, leaving a round hole in the nut, as shown, and proceeds on its mission of propagating its species. All the foreign, as well as native, species of filberts are infested more or less by different kinds of nut-weevils.

In addition to the various kinds of nuts named in the foregoing list, there are many that come to our markets from the tropics and other parts of the world.

A group of these, and some that are not nuts at all, like the peanut, are shown in Fig. *N*.

SIMON KENTON, THE PIONEER.

A LITTLE less famous, perhaps, but equal in every respect to Daniel Boone, was the extraordinary man whose name heads this sketch. Entering Kentucky a few years before the Declaration of Independence, these two men became so identified with the history of the Great West that their fame is inseparable from it.

Kenton was a striking example of cool, deliberate bravery, united with a tender, sympathizing heart. In times of danger and conflict, his whole soul was enlisted in the struggle. He fought for victory, thoughtless of consequences, and when the contest was finished, and his feelings had resumed their normal condition, he could sit down and weep over the misery he had helped to produce. During a large portion of his life, solitude, danger and want were his attendants, and necessity had so familiarized him with privations that he could endure abstinence from food, and subsist on as small a quantity of it, without injury to health or strength, as the savages themselves.

The first trustworthy intelligence we have of him after emigrating to the West is, that he was engaged in the terrific battle fought at the mouth of the Big Kanawha, between the Indians and the troops of Lord Dunmore, while he was Governor of the Province of Virginia, in which

Kenton was particularly distinguished by his bravery. The next information is, that in 1775 he was in the district of Kentucky, commencing a station, near the site of the present town of Washington. It was scarcely finished when it was attacked and destroyed by Indians, and there seems to have been no effort to reoccupy until 1784, after the treaty of peace with Great Britain. In that year he rebuilt the blockhouse and cabins, and proceeded to raise a crop; and, though frequently disturbed by the Indians, he continued to occupy and improve it till he removed his family to Ohio, somewhere near the beginning of the present century.

Simon Kenton was always considered one of the boldest and most reliable defenders of the Western country, from its earliest settlement.

In all the battles and expeditions he bore a conspicuous part. He was taken prisoner several times, and carried away among the Indians, but in every case he managed to effect his escape and return again to his house.

On one of these occasions, a characteristic plan was adopted to destroy his life. He was lashed to a horse without saddle or bridle, which was turned loose to follow the party to the Miami villages. He was carried in this manner for several days, and when the destination was reached, it was found that some of his limbs were broken. He was taken in hand by the squaws, carefully nursed, when the ranger bid them good-by, and safely escaped to his family.

Some time after this, when on an expedition against the Wabash villages, he was again captured and taken to one

NUTS AND NUT-BEARING TREES.— FIG. *N*.— THE NUTS OF OUR MARKETS.— SEE PAGE 551.

of the remote Indian towns, where a council was held to decide on his fate. Instead of burning him at the stake, it was finally determined that he should run the gantlet. This, to almost any person, was equivalent to death. The Indians were placed in two rows about six feet apart, each of them armed with a whip or club. The prisoner was compelled to run the entire distance between the two lines, each savage striking him a blow the moment he came within reach. If he fell in the race, he was violently put to death, but if he succeeded in getting through without falling, and afterward recovered from his wounds, he was spared.

Kenton passed through this appalling ordeal without once falling, but was so beaten and exhausted that he dropped to the ground the moment he reached the goal.

As before, he was indebted to the sympathy of the squaws, who took charge of him, dressed his wounds, and nursed him until fully well. He was fairly recovered, when he once more made his escape to his friends.

During all the frontier wars, up to the celebrated Treaty of Greenville, in 1794, Simon Kenton was one of the most useful men in the service of the settlers. It really seems as if Providence had raised him up for this special work, and watched over him through all his perilous vicissitudes.

SIMON KENTON, THE PIONEER.—"GIRTY, THEREFORE, PEERED INTO HIS FACE, TO MAKE SURE THERE WAS NO MISTAKE."—SEE PAGE 555.

On one occasion, when a captive among the Indians, he fell into the possession of the notorious renegade, Simon Girty, whose heart was never known to be actuated by any sentiments of pity. At the council which was held, it was decided that Kenton should have no more opportunities of escape; he had already given them the slip so often, that they had come to believe that the only way to insure his punishment was to put him to death at once.

Little time was, therefore, lost. He was bound to the stake, and the fagots heaped around him. While the preparations were being completed, Girty came up, and, as was his custom with prisoners, began taunting him. His ferocity toward his race was truly fiendish, and he took special delight in tormenting this helpless captive.

Kenton did not return the railing, but was meek and resigned in the presence of death, he having relinquished all hopes of life. Finally Girty asked him where he was born; this being answered, he asked with considerable anxiety for his name. All this time, Kenton knew Girty, although the renegade failed to recognize him. Kenton gave the name by which he had been known a number of years before, when the two had been intimate friends. Girty, therefore, peered into his face, to make sure there was no mistake. There could be none; and, dashing the fagots aside, he instantly cut the bonds that bound the ranger, and set him free.

This proceeding created great excitement among the Indians, and they were by no means willing to give up the contemplated sport. Girty explained that the two had been bosom friends years before; that Kenton had always treated him with the greatest kindness; that he had never before asked for the life of any prisoner, and never expected to do so again. He, therefore, felt that he had a right to demand the deliverance of this person into his hands.

There was still some disposition to refuse to gratify the renegade; but he had great influence among the Indians, and he was resolved not to yield hispoint. He finally succeeded, and, taking charge of Kenton, he accompanied him to a point where he was safe from the Indians, and then bade him good-by.

Kenton, for many years, was a personal co-worker with Boone, and in many ways did these veteran pioneers serve each other. It is said that they once reached the opposite banks of the Ohio at the same moment. Their skill in woodcraft enabled each to detect the presence of a stranger at the point where he wished to cross. Whether a friend or an enemy, a white man or an Indian, neither knew. It was early in the morning, and they commenced reconnoitring and manœuvring to detect the identity of each other. This was continued until nightfall, before the two pioneers discovered that they were friends.

Upon another occasion, during an attack upon Boonesborough, Boone, who, with Kenton and several others,

was fighting outside the fort, became wounded and unable to help himself. There being imminent danger of his being captured or tomahawked, Kenton caught him up, threw him over his shoulder, and dashed into the blockhouse with him, carrying him unharmed through a storm of bullets.

At the commencement of the war of 1812, Kenton was residing with his family near Urbana, Ohio. He was covered from head to foot with scars, won in the defense of his country, and was an old man who was exempt from service. Hostilities, however, had scarcely begun, when he repaired to the American camp, and volunteered his services. His personal bravery was proverbial; his marvelous skill and tact in the mode of Indian warfare were known throughout the West; and as the frontier at that time abounded with Indians, most of whom had joined the British standard, the services of such an experienced Indian-fighter as Simon Kenton were fully appreciated by General Harrison and Governor Meigs, each of whom had known him personally for many years. His offer was most gladly accepted, and the command of a regiment conferred upon him.

While a portion of the western division of the army was stationed at Urbana, a mutinous plan was formed by some of the militia to attack an encampment of friendly Indians, who had been threatened by the hostile tribes, and were invited to remove, with their families, inside our frontier settlements as a place of safety, under an assurance that they would be protected.

Kenton, it is scarcely necessary to say, remonstrated against the movement, as being not only mutinous, but in the highest degree treacherous and cowardly. He vindicated the Indian character against the false charges which were alleged in justification of the outrage they were about to perpetrate, and warned them against the infamy they would receive by destroying a defenseless band of men women and children, who had been induced to place themselves in their power by a solemn promise of protection.

He appealed to their humanity, their honor, and their duty as soldiers. He contrasted his knowledge of the character of those unfortunate people with their ignorance of it. He told them he had endured suffering and torture at their hands again and again, but that it was in time of war, when they were defending their wives and children, and when he was seeking to destroy and exterminate them; and that, under those circumstances, he had no right to complain, and never did complain. "But," said he, "in time of peace they have always been kind, faithful friends, and generous, trustworthy men."

Having exhausted the means of persuasion without effect, and finding them still resolved on executing their purpose, he took a rifle, and called on them to proceed to the execution of their fiendish purpose, declaring, with great firmness, that he would accompany them to the encampment, and shoot down the first man who attempted to molest them. His life, he said, was drawing to a close, and what remained of it was not worth much; but, much or little, he had resolved that if they entered the camp, it should be done by passing over his corpse.

Knowing full well that the old veteran would fulfill his promise, their hearts failed them. Not one ventured to take the lead. Their purpose was abandoned, and the threatened Indians saved.

Kenton belonged to that class of men whose courage never falters in battle, and who, in the walks of private life, are always mild, amiable and unassuming—qualities which are the almost inseparable attendants of true bravery.

During Kenton's residence in the wilderness the land-warrants issued by the Commonwealth of Virginia were easily obtained. After the holders were permitted to locate them west of the mountains, he found no difficulty in possessing himself of as many of them as he desired; and, having traversed the forests in every direction, his topographical knowledge enabled him to select for location the best and most valuable tracts in the country. Some of these being illegally entered, he afterward lost them by process of law, but he retained enough to make him independent for life.

Unfortunately, Kenton was illiterate, and altogether too confiding. He judged others to be as honest as himself, and did not awaken from that delusion until he was defrauded and robbed of every foot of his estate. This was chiefly done by one of his relatives, whom he had long cherished and sustained, and to whom he had confided the management of his affairs. At an advanced age he was reduced from affluence to abject poverty, and left dependent on the charity of a son-in-law, who was himself poor, and depended on the labor of his hands for his daily bread. He was, nevertheless, cheerful and happy; and although he and his offspring were in poverty, and the children of his relative, who had deceived and plundered him, were living in affluence on the spoils of his fortune, he remarked to his friends that he would not exchange situations with them for the wealth of the world.

"I am," said he, "blessed with health; I have a quiet conscience; I can sleep calmly, and am contented."

Kenton had been converted a number of years before, and was a truly pious and devout man. He had a remarkably sweet voice, and in his old age there were few "sweeter singers in Israel" than he.

Governor Vance of Ohio was a warm personal friend of the unfortunate but highly meritorious pioneer, and had succeeded in getting a Bill through the House of Representatives, granting him a pension, at two successive sessions.

When Governor Vance and Judge Burnet met in Washington in 1828, they determined to make another effort in his behalf. Governor Vance undertook to renew the application in the House, and get a Bill passed at as early a period in the session as possible; and Judge Burnet agreed to give it a zealous support in the Senate.

Vance redeemed his pledge, and carried the Bill through the House. It came to the Senate late in the session, and was referred to the appropriate committee. Judge Burnet advocated it before the committee at their room, and was so fortunate as to satisfy them that it was just, and to induce them to report it back, with their opinion that it ought to pass.

When it came on the calendar, there was such a long list of orders standing before it and having preference, that there was no hope of getting it taken up during the session, unless those preceding it were postponed by the Senate.

Judge Burnet made a motion for that purpose, which succeeded. The Bill was taken up as in committee of the whole, and it was insisted that the case did not come within the provisions of any of the pension laws, as the statute-book and the strict constructionists opposed it on that ground. They contended that it would form a dangerous precedent if it should be passed. Their opposition, however, was overcome by a full exhibition of the services and sufferings of the applicant.

It was shown that his life had been a succession of exposure and privation in defending the frontier settlements, from the desperate battle of Point Pleasant, in 1774, to

the last victory of Harrison, on the Thames, forty years later.

The friends of the measure concluded that if Kenton's case should become a precedent, it could not be a dangerous one, because it was *sui generis* and without a parallel.

The Bill passed by a large majority, and as it referred back to the date of the first application, and directed the pension to be paid from that time, it gave him an ample support for the remainder of his life.

GUIANA LEGENDS AND MYTHS.

THE Rev. W. H. Brett, chaplain to the Bishop of Guiana, and a missionary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, has collected and edited a number of legends and myths of the aboriginal Indians of British Guiana, and published them in a small volume. Mr. Brett's object, he tells the reader, has been to preserve the more serious traditions—religious, mythological and historical—of the four aboriginal races who live nearest the shores of Guiana. A metrical form has been adopted, as agreeable to the native style in former days when their national traditions were recited with peculiar intonation—chanted rather than told. The head-men, it is stated, mostly sorcerers, who guarded and from time to time recited them, have, in the vicinity of the mission stations, nearly all passed away.

Many time-honored legends of the more serious sort have expired with them, as the old state of things has yielded to the spread of Christianity. The eleven wood-cut illustrations of the legends—real works of art—add greatly to the interest of the volume.

Like all such traditions of savage people, the stories have for their burden trouble and sorrow—war, jealousy and murder; and yet there is in not a few of them infinite pathos, showing, as Longfellow says:

> "That in even savage bosoms
> There are longings, yearnings, strivings,
> For the good they comprehend not;"

but also that "The dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty."

Of the more profound legends, it would be difficult to give any idea by quotation; but one of the "fanciful legends" will serve to indicate in part the nature of the book

THE SORCERER'S DAUGHTER.

The chief of our sorcerers stood by the water,
  No mightier wizard existed than he;
And he looked with compassion upon his fair daughter
  As love-sick and sad as a maiden can be.

"Oh, father!" she cried, "he has no one to cheer him,
  That lonely young hunter—so brave and so free!
Make me *like to his dog*, that I may venture near him;
  I die for his love—while he looks not on me."

"Take this skin," he said sadly, "and draw o'er thy shoulders,
  A dog in the eyes of thy loved one to be;
Its wonderful magic deceives all beholders.
  Be rid of thy madness—then come back to me!"

* * * * * * *

Then the young man, beloved of the sorcerer's daughter,
  Would start with *four* dogs through the forest to roam,
But would come back with *three*—for the struggle and slaughter
  One never would join in, but always ran home.

With the sweet eventide to his cottage returning,
  He found the place swept up as clean as could be;
Cassava bread baked, and the fire brightly burning;
  And said, "Some good neighbor has done it for me."

When they all had denied it, he said, "'Tis some spirit
  Who, seeing me lonely, thus strives to be kind."
Then he saw gazing at him that dog void of merit,
  Whose look was so strange that it puzzled his mind.

The next day, as he the swift game was pursuing,
  He counted his dogs, and he found there but three;
Then he said, "Till I find what your comrade is doing,
  I leave you here tied to the trunk of the tree!"

Then, silent and swift, to his cottage returning,
  He found a small crevice—peeped through the thatch wall,
And saw, baking bread on the fire brightly burning,
  The lovely young damsel, whose hand had done all.

With exercise flushed, all her features were glowing,
  Her form bending lithe in its fine symmetry,
As she listened to hear distant barking, not knowing
  That he whom she loved all her movements could see.

And there hung the charmed skin, the whole secret revealing;
  He sprang in and seized it, with heart light and free;
"No longer," said he, "this fair maiden concealing,
  This magical charm shall have power over me!"

And into the flames he then thrust it—and rather,
  That she strove to take it, her beauty to hide.
Then she wept. But he said, "Now return to thy father;
  I follow, to claim thee—my beautiful bride!"

THE Greek and Roman epicures of old are reported to have offered a large reward for the invention of a new dish. After centuries of gastronomy, especially after the torture of culinary ingenuity we have had in the civilized world for the last two hundred years, it would scarcely be thought that we should hit upon a novel delicacy in the capital of the New World. But we seem to have done so, the new thing being a familiar article in a new form—nothing less than a broiled lobster. The lobster has been eaten from time immemorial—it is believed to have been the *karabos* of the Greeks and the *locusta* of the Romans—and always, so far as known, to have been boiled. Only within a few months has it occurred to some of the French cooks of New York—half-a-dozen *chefs* of different clubs and restaurants claim to have been the originators of the dish—to broil the favorite shell-fish, which is now regularly placed upon a gridiron, and, served piping hot, is greatly relished by all gourmands. The process of preparation is very simple. The fish is cut through the body, divided into equal parts, while alive (this seems cruel, though it is not more cruel than boiling), the claws cracked on the edge, and put over the coals until the shell turns red. Then it is placed on the table, buttered, sprinkled with red pepper and eaten.

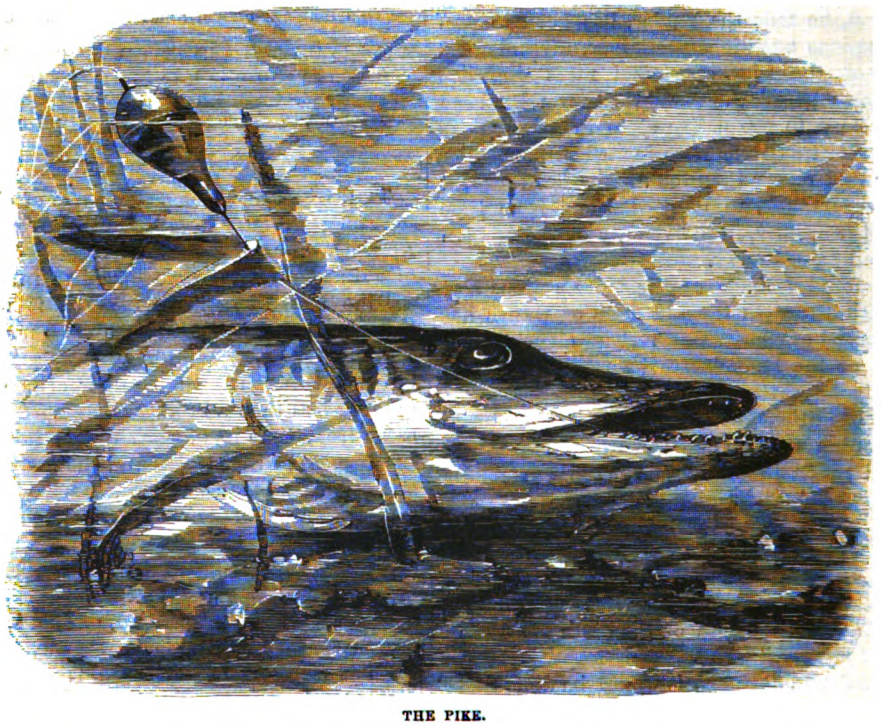
IT seems almost incredible that Europe is now paying to North Italy 10,000,000 of francs annually for its eggs. The firm of Francesco Cirio, in Turin, in one single year, has dispatched 1,388 wagon-loads of eggs across the frontier to Germany, Holland, Belgium, France and England. Each wagon is reputed to contain about 130,000 eggs. No less than 1,371 of these egg-wagons, during the past twelve months, have passed the transit station Peri for England and Belgium. Each egg is valued by the firm of Cirio at 5 1-10 cents; the total annual cost of their packing is reckoned at 400,000 lire or francs, and the expense of transit at 900,000 lire. Before the year 1875 the firm never employed, in the best seasons, more than 200 wagons, while they are now obliged to use nearly 1,400. The industrious hens of Northern Italy are at present laying an average of 500,000 eggs every day, solely to supply the international traffic carried on by Signor Cirio, while other firms are employing 918 egg-wagons in the same traffic.

THE PIKE.

THE fierce and voracious pike has well earned its titles of "fresh-water shark" and "river pirate," for, though perhaps not any more destructive to animal life than the roach, gudgeon and other harmless fish, the prey which it devours is of larger size, and its means of destruction are so conspicuous and powerful, that its name has long been a by-word for pitiless rapacity.

The pike is the master of the waters in which it resides, destroying without mercy every other fish that happens to come near its residence, none seeming able to escape, except the perch, whose array of sharp spines daunts even the voracious pike from attempting its capture. As if to show that the pike really desires to eat the perch, and is only withheld from doing so by a wholesome dread of its weapons, there is no better bait for a pike than a young perch from which the dorsal fin has been removed. It will even feed upon its own kind, and a young pike, or jack, as it is then called, of three or four inches in length, has little chance of life if it should come across one of its larger kindred.

At the beginning of Spring, the pike leaves the larger rivers, and ascends the creeks and narrow ditches in order to deposit its spawn. In England many fine fish are captured at that time of the year by penning them in with a couple of nets, which are gradually approached toward each other until the fish is inclosed between them.



THE PIKE.

After hatching, the growth of the young jack is extremely rapid, and, according to Bloch, it will attain a length of ten inches in the first year of its life. If well fed, the growth of this fish continues at a tolerably uniform rate of about four pounds per year, and this increase will be maintained for six or seven successive years.

The voracity of the pike is too well known to need much comment. A tiny jack of five inches in length has been known to capture and try to eat a gudgeon of its own size, and to swim about, quite unconcernedly, with the tail of its victim protruding from its mouth. Had it been suffered to live, it would probably have finished the gudgeon in course of time, as the head was found to have been partially digested.

Three water-rats have been found in the stomach of one pike, accompanied by the remains of a bird too far decomposed to be recognizable, but supposed to be the remnants of a duck.

An opinion was once prevalent, and still exists in some places, that the pike would not eat the goldfish, being scared by the burnished glitter of their scales. This idea, however, is incorrect, as the pike has been seen to devour goldfish in spite of their brilliant armor. So universal is the appetite of this fish, that it has even been known to seize the paste bait which had been used for other and less voracious inhabitants of the waters.

When the pike attains a tolerable size, it takes possession of some particular spot in the bank, usually a kind of hole or cave which is sheltered by overhanging soil or roots, and affords a lair where it can lurk in readiness to pounce upon its passing prey.

It is rather remarkable that these fish seem to be well acquainted with the most "eligible residences," and that if a large pike is taken from a hole, another is sure to take possession in a very short space of time.

The pike seems to have no limit to its size, for it is a very long-lived fish, and seems always to increase in dimensions, provided it be well supplied with food. A fish of ten or twelve pounds in weight is considered to be a fine specimen, though there have been examples where the pike has attained more than five times the latter weight. These huge fishes of sixty or seventy pounds are, however, of little value for the table.

The color of the pike is olive-brown on the back, taking a lighter hue on the sides, and being variegated with green and yellow. The abdomen is silvery white.

WHERE IVORY COMES FROM.—Ivory has been an important article of commerce for many centuries. It was imported by Solomon from Tarshish about 992 B.C. It is said that to furnish the ivory which is imported into England alone, 50,000 elephants have to be killed every year. The best ivory comes from Zanzibar, and is the product of the African elephant; it is opaque, soft, easy to work, and free from cracks and other defects. That from Ambriz, the Gaboon River and south of the Equator, is called "silver gray"; it remains white and never becomes yellow, as is the case with the Asiatic ivory, and is, therefore, the most valuable of any ivory in the market. The tusks from Siam are translucent, and, being soft-grained, are preferred for oramental work.

KNOWLEDGE, when in the possession of only a few, has always been turned to iniquitous purposes.

WHAT A BABY'S HAND UNLOCKED.

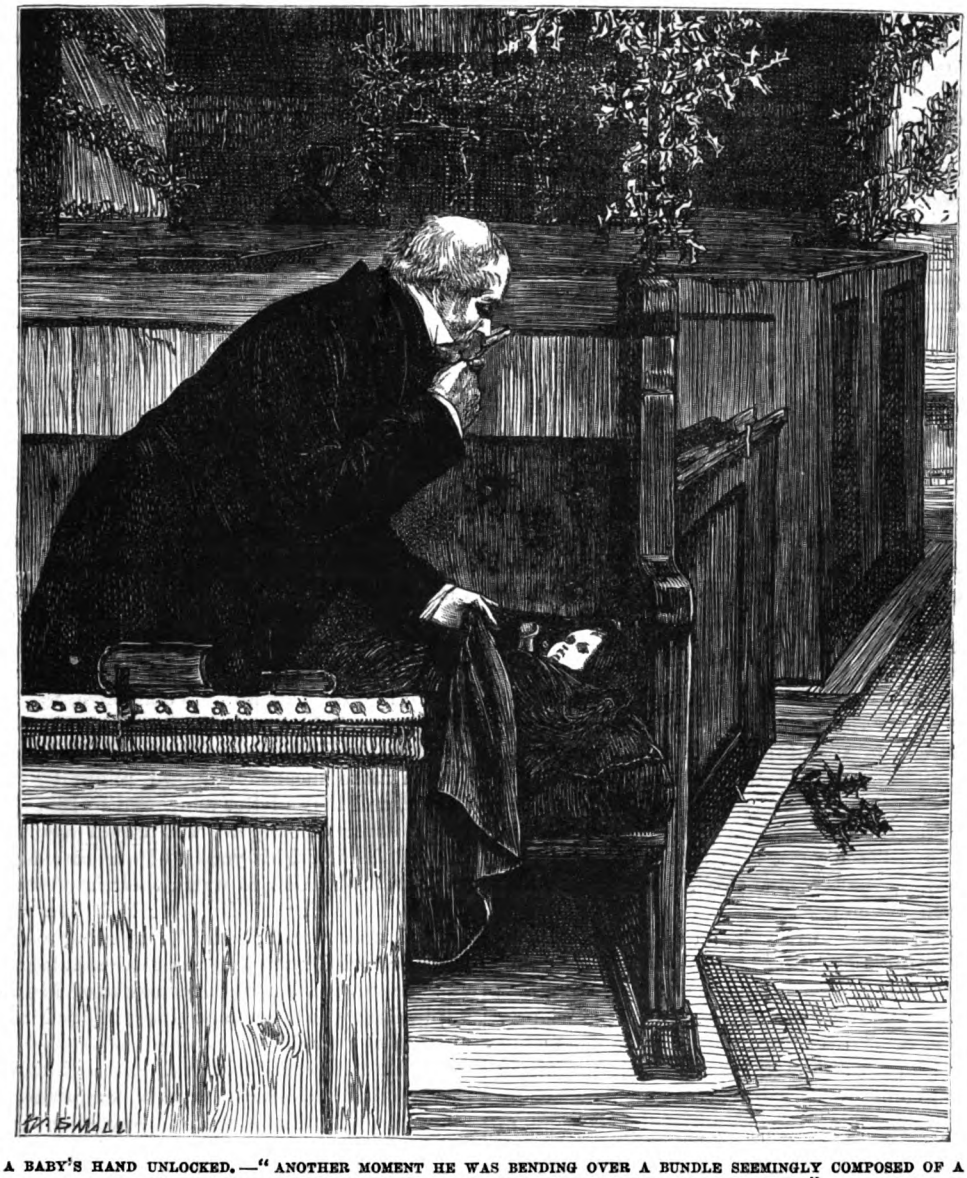
By Thomas Archer.

People who know London, and like to wander up and down the quaint old streets, soon learn to leave the broad and more modern thoroughfares, and to plunge into the silence and seclusion of the queer by-ways which lie away from the great roaring sea of traffic, like the caves and shallows that skirt some great ocean bay.

humming surges of the great sea as they boom in the thoroughfares beyond.

There is no alteration in this place from year to year, except such differences as are brought about by the change of seasons; no civic improvement troubles its sedate gloom—no adventurous speculator regards it as a promising site for building blocks of offices—no railway company casts an evil eye upon its seclusion.

To get away from the place, however, and come to our



WHAT A BABY'S HAND UNLOCKED.—"ANOTHER MOMENT HE WAS BENDING OVER A BUNDLE SEEMINGLY COMPOSED OF A COARSE BLUE CLOAK, BUT FROM WHICH THERE PRESENTLY CAME OUT A BABY HAND."

Amongst these retired spots, none are more suggestive than the old churchyards, all blurred and dim with London smoke, but yet in which a few trees yearly put forth green leaves of little promise, and a choir of sooty sparrows chirp around the queer old steeples, or perch impudently upon the leaden ornaments which adorn the sacred porch. Of the dozen or so of such places, none are more suggestive than the church and yard of St. Simon Swynherde, which, lying in the circumbendibus of a lane named after the same saint, form as it were a sort of outlying island, upon whose quiet shores the incautious wayfarer, being sometimes lost or cast away, can hear the

story (it shows what a queer, dreamy, out-of-the-way, lost, forlorn, silent, incompetent old neighborhood it is, when only to begin to talk about it involves utter forgetfulness of the business that took you there)—to get away from the place to the people—the dimmest, darkest and dirtiest of all the houses round the yard was that of Richard Dryce and Co., factors and general merchants. It was never known who was the Co., for Richard Dryce managed his own business, and lived in the house, in one of the back rooms of which, overlooking a square, paved courtyard, he had been born; for the business belonged to his father before him, and he himself had married into the business

of another factor and general merchant. His wife had died some twenty years before the period of this story —died in giving birth to a boy, who was sometimes mistaken for the Co., but who at present occupied no better position than that of a superior clerk, with the questionable advantage of living with his father in the dull old house, where he had to go through the warehouse, amidst innumerable bales and crates and packages, to reach the staircase which conducted him to the gloomy rooms, the old-fashioned furniture of which suited his father, but was sorely against his own taste.

How he should have come to have any opinion of his own is perhaps a mystery, for he resembled his mother, who was a simple creature, easily influenced, and with all her tastes apparently molded on the pattern set before her by her husband. Still, however it may have been, though he was born in the gloomy house, and was subject to the same influences, the younger Dryce—whose name was Robert—never took kindly to the dull routine to which his father's habits doomed him. He was too dutiful and too mild in disposition—in fact, too unlike his own father —to offer any direct opposition to it, or to complain very often of its exactions; but he felt that at twenty he was kept with too tight a hand, and that there were worlds beyond St. Simon Swynherde which might be harmlessly explored.

Richard Dryce was not a bad man; but he had been himself devoted from early life to one condition of things, which were in some strange way in accordance with his natural constitution, or with which he had become identified till they grew into a necessary part of his existence. He was a self-contained man—an undemonstrative man, whose mind was attuned to respectable solitude, and who, without being a misanthrope, regarded his fellow-creatures through a ground-glass medium, which made them seem shadowy and unapproachable.

A few business acquaintances he had, with whom he would sometimes take his chop and glass of old port at a city tavern of an evening; he would even, on rare occasions, go the length of smoking a cigar in company with one or two of his less distant companions; but his laugh was like the harsh echo of a disused violin, and he seldom or never invited anybody to see him at home. One of the people whom he disliked most said that he was "a button-up man," and Richard Dryce could never forgive him —the description was so true.

One of his most intimate friends, an alderman, of congenial temperament, who had greatly distinguished himself by quarreling and exchanging vituperative epithets with another alderman on the magisterial bench, seriously advised him to become a candidate for civic honors; but he strenuously refused, although he ultimately permitted his son Robert to achieve something like independence by becoming a liveryman of the Worshipful Company of Twidlers, whose hall stood within the precincts of St. Simon Swynherde.

It was only on the occasion of one of their dinners that Robert was allowed to be out after ten o'clock; but that restriction did not prevent his spending the larger number of his evenings between eight o'clock and ten at the Twidlers' Hall, which moldy old structure, with its great, cold, lonely banqueting-hall and awkward polygonal anterooms decorated with portraits of deceased dignitaries, held an attraction, not to be found elsewhere, in the person of pretty Agnes Raincliffe, the only daughter of the company's beadle.

For six months they had been under the sweet illusion that disinterested affection must eventually win for itself a way to union; but old Mr. Raincliffe had spoken seriously to them, and altogether forbade their further meeting until Robert had spoken to his father. He went home that very night, and, nerved to a sort of desperation, *did* speak to his father, ending with too usual declarations that his choice was unalterable. Perhaps it was; but, whether or not, Richard Dryce went the very way to make it so when he laughed that discordant laugh, and, with a taunt against his son's weakness of purpose and his dependent position, told him to dismiss such a scheming little hussy from his thoughts, for he was to marry when he had permission, which would never be granted to such a match as the beadle wanted to bring about.

Robert left his father's presence without a word; but in a week from that date he had followed Agnes down into the country, whither she had been sent out of the way. When he returned he wrote a letter to his father, to say that they were married.

It is easy to guess what followed. When he called for an answer to his communication, he received a brief note, saying that he was discarded from that hour, need never trouble himself to enter the doors of the old house again, and that henceforth he must look to his own exertions for the means of living.

This letter was sent by the hand of a sort of managing clerk, one Jaggers, who was at the same time commissioned to tell Robert that he could, if he chose, obtain a situation in a house at Liverpool, where his father's interest was sufficient to secure him a clerkship at a very moderate salary.

Now, it so happened that Jaggers had always appeared to be the best friend young Robert ever had: he had sympathized with him on the subject of his father's harshness; had applauded his noble sentiments when he had imparted the secret of his engagement to Agnes; had wished that *he* was master of the establishment in St. Simon's Yard, that justice might be done to disinterested virtue; and had generally assumed the part of guide, philosopher and friend, tempered by humble deference, to the young man. It was arranged between them, therefore, that after a time, during which Robert should accept the situation at Liverpool, a more successful appeal might be made to Dryce, Senior, and that a letter addressed to him should be sent, under cover of Jaggers, who would lay it on his table. Then Robert and his young wife went away, leaving this good-natured fellow to watch their interests.

A year passed, and the letter had been written, but remained unanswered; indeed, according to Jaggers's showing, Richard Dryce was more inveterate than ever, and was unapproachable on the subject of his undutiful son, in pleading whose cause he (Jaggers) had nearly obtained his own dismissal.

The house in which Robert was a clerk went to pieces in the commercial crisis, and he was thrown out of employment. Again he wrote to his father, saying that he had an appointment offered him in Australia, and only wanted the money to pay his passage. He received no reply, but some people who knew him in Liverpool made up the sum, and his wife came to London to live with her father (who was superannuated in favor of a new beadle), and to wait for his return, or for the remittance that was to come by the first mail, that she might join him there.

Their first child, a girl, had been a poor, sickly little creature, and was dead; but Agnes was likely again to become a mother, and waited anxiously for the money which would enable her to prepare for such an event. Anxiously as she waited, it never came, and Jaggers, to whom it was to have been directed, advanced her a sovereign, as he said, "out of his small means," and then lost

sight of her, for she and her father had moved into fresh lodgings, where the managing clerk could scarcely trouble himself to go, unless he had good news to take with him. Indeed, he had so much to occupy his attention, that some months had elapsed since he had seen Agnes; once only he had written a short reply to a note imploring him to say whether any remittance had arrived; but how could he spare time to attend to such matters, when Mr. Dryce was every week taking a less active part in the business, and the Christmas quarter was stealing on, with the balance-sheet not even thought of in the press of country orders?

Mr. Richard Dryce was still hale and active; but those who knew him best thought that he was breaking. His voice was less harsh, his hair had turned from iron-gray to white. Once or twice old acquaintances ventured to ask after his son, but he shook his head, and said he knew nothing of him; he had written to his last address, but had received no reply.

So Christmas came—Christmas Eve, that is; and the old man looked so solitary, that one or two tried to rally him, and even asked him to spend the next day with them, to which he responded by his old harsh laugh, and putting on his worsted gloves, trudged home through the snow.

On Christmas morning he awoke early—almost before the daylight had penetrated the dull rooms where he lived—and had a sudden fancy to walk into the church. It was already daylight in the streets, but the interior of St. Simon Swynherde was dim with mist and with the obscurity of the windows. Some attempt had been made at decoration even here, however, and branches of holly and evergreens were placed about the pillars and against the organ, where his own name had been painted in gilt letters since the time that he had been churchwarden and helped to restore it. Even as he looked up at it, the notes of the Christmas hymn came trembling into the chill morning air, for the organist had come there to play before the early service.

To most people there might have been nothing in the place or its associations to evoke much gentle feeling; but, as the tones of the organ swelled and the music grew louder, old Richard Dryce sat down in the corner of his own pew, and leaned his head upon the bookboard, with his hands clasped before his face. Not till the warm tears had trickled from between his fingers did he raise his head, and then it was to look round him to the cushion at the other end of the pew, for from some place near him he thought he had heard a sound that was out of all harmony with the organ, but not altogether apart from the associations of the Christmas hymn—the wailing of a child. Another moment he was bending over a bundle seemingly composed of a coarse blue cloak, but from which there presently came out a baby hand, and—the covering once pulled aside—a little, round, rosy face, in which a pair of large blue eyes were wide awake in utter astonishment.

Who can tell what had been the thoughts busy in old Dryce's mind? Was it prayer? Was it that yearning which finds no words of entreaty, but yet ardently and dumbly implores—all vaguely—that the crooked paths of former error may be made straight at last—that the rough places of a mistaken course may become divinely plain? He could not tell; and yet in some way he accepted this child as a visible answer to a petition that he had meant to frame.

When the organist and the sextoness came down presently, and with indignant virtue advised the removal of the child to the workhouse, he regarded their suggestion as little less than impious, and expressed his determination of taking the little one home with him.

His old housekeeper and the younger servants were not a little surprised, perhaps they were even scandalized, to see the merchant come home with such a Christmas offering; but Mr. Dryce was master in his own house, and the little guest was fed. Then Dr. Banks was sent for, and he declared that it would be necessary to provide a nurse; while, as luck would have it, he had that very morning (Christmas morning) been sent for to see a casual applicant for relief at the Union—a woman who had just lost a child. Temporarily she might do well enough, and Dr. Banks wanted to get home to dinner; so away went the housekeeper in a cab with a letter from the doctor, and in two hours came back, bringing with her a pale, pretty young woman, whose name was Jane Harris, and who—her husband having gone abroad and left her with a child which she had just lost—was reduced to apply at the workhouse. She was so timid, and had at first such a scared look, that Mr. Dryce had much trouble to induce her to stay; but it was quite wonderful the way in which the child took to her, and so a room was got ready for them both, and she was comfortably settled, almost, as the housekeeper said, "as if she was a lady, though for the matter of that, Dr. Banks knew more about her than he said, and things looked very queer." At any rate, Dr. Banks said the next day, after he had had a little conversation with the new nurse, that she was thoroughly trustworthy, and that he himself had known her father, who once held a very respectable position in the city, but was now dead.

So Mrs. Harris became an inmate at the dim old house, and her charge throve under her care.

When the boy at last grew able to crawl about, and even to walk from chair to chair, he seemed to have so grown to the old man's heart that Dryce became subject to a kind of transformation. His laugh grew more mellow, as though the violin had been laid near the fire and played upon gently; a dozen old and forgotten picture-books were disinterred from some box, and toys strewed the floor of the dingy sitting room.

At about this time Mrs. Harris was, for a week or more, strangely agitated by a letter which was brought to her one morning, and came, as she said, from her husband, who had been for some time in Australia. Upon her recovery, Mr. Dryce inquired a little into her husband's circumstances, and hearing that he was endeavoring to establish an agency in Sydney, wrote a letter requesting him to make some inquiries about a house to which Dryce & Co. had made large consignments, but whose promised remittance had not duly arrived.

He soon had enough to occupy him, however, for Christmas was coming round again; and, with something like a resumption of the old vigor in his business habits, he had called for the books, for he had had some serious losses lately, and began to think it necessary to give some personal attention to the current accounts. Still, every day he had his little pet in the room to play about his knees, and, indeed, refused to part with him even when nurse Harris came to put him to bed, often making her stay and take some wine, or consulting her as to some future provision for her little charge.

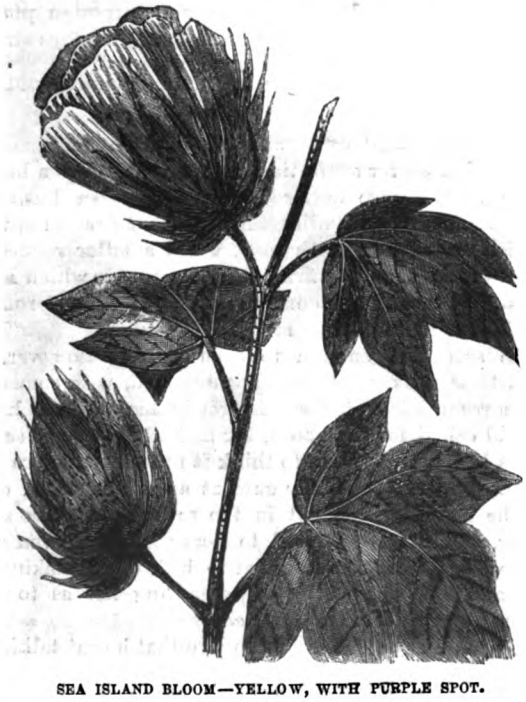
It was on another Christmas Eve that he sat talking to her in this way, but still with a rather absent manner, for his heavy ledgers and cash-books lay beside him on the table. She would have taken the child away, but Mr. Dryce told her to let him remain, and at the same time asked her to step down into the counting-house, and if Mr. Jaggers had not left for the night, to ask him to come

up. Now, Mr. Jaggers had so seldom been invited to come up-stairs, that, although he of course knew of the adoption of the little foundling, he had never seen the nurse; but that was scarcely any reason for her stopping on her way down-stairs, and pressing her hand to her side with a sudden spasm of fear.

COTTON, IN THE COAST AND UPLAND FIELDS OF SOUTH CAROLINA.—SOWING SEED. SEE PAGE 567.

She got down at last, however, and opening the two doors which led to the passage, at the end of which was the private counting-house, stood there in the shadow and looked in.

Mr. Jaggers was busy at his desk tearing up papers, some of which already blazed upon the hearth. The desk itself was open, and by the light of the shaded lamp she could see that it contained a heavily-bound box, in which hung a bunch of keys. As she delivered Mr. Dryce's message, still in the shadow of the door, he looked up



SEA ISLAND BLOOM—YELLOW, WITH PURPLE SPOT.

with a scared face, and, dropping the lid of the desk with a loud slam, peered into the darkness.

Mrs. Harris repeated her message, and returned swiftly up the stairs, nor stopped even to go in for the child, but shut herself in her own room. Somehow or other, Mr. Jaggers felt a cold perspiration break out all over him; and yet he need scarcely have been cold, for he already had his great-coat on, and there was a decent fire in the grate burning behind a guard. Still, he shivered, and after taking the lamp and once more looking into the entry, gave a deep sigh of relief, and in a half-absent manner locked both box and desk, and carefully placed the keys in a breast-pocket. Leaving the lamp still burning, he went up-stairs, and found Mr. Dryce alone, sitting at the table with the books open before him. He looked up.

"Take a seat, Jaggers," he said; "I shall want you for an hour or more, for there are several things here that require explanation."

Mr. Jaggers turned pale, but he took off his coat and laid it, along with his hat, on the great horse-hair sofa at the other end of the room. Then both he and his employer plunged into figures, till the chimes of a distant clock sounded nine.

"We must finish this the day after Christmas Day," said Mr. Dryce; "I won't keep you longer."

Mr. Jaggers put on his coat and his hat, and bade his employer good-night. He had no sooner left the room than Mrs. Harris came in to fetch the little one, for, as she said, "it was already past his bedtime." Richard Dryce fell into his chair, and was as near having a fit as ever he had been in his life.

"Good gracious! Mrs. Harris—you don't mean to say you haven't got the boy! He's not here; run and see whether he has gone into

SHORT STAPLE PLANT, WHITE BLOSSOMS.

Betsy's room; she runs away with him sometimes."

"Mamma!" said a sleepy little voice under the sofa, and Mr. Dryce and the nurse were both on their knees in a moment.

"The precious! Why, if he hasn't been asleep all the time," said Mr. Dryce, kissing the warm, rosy cheek. "Take him off to bed directly, and bring him down to breakfast in the morning."

Mrs. Harris only just escaped meeting Jaggers on the stairs, up which he was coming, followed by Betsy with a flaring tallow candle, and looking carefully on every stair.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said, with a scared look, as he opened the room door; "but have you seen my keys anywhere? I must have dropped them somewhere in the room, I think."

AFTER A DAY'S "PICKING."

GINNED COTTON.

UNGINNED COTTON.

"No," replied Mr Dryce, "I've seen nothing—most extraordinary!" he said to himself, thinking of the child and forgetting Jaggers.

"It is, sir, very extraordinary," said the clerk, groping on the floor. "I know I had them when I came up here, and I can't open my desk, where I keep my money."

"Oh, never mind, Jaggers," said Mr. Dryce, sleepily. "Here are a couple of sovereigns. If we find the keys you can have them on Boxing Day. Come, good-night! I'll come down and bolt the office door after you."

Jaggers entreated his employer not to take so much trouble, and delayed so long that the old gentleman began to grow a little impatient. At last he got rid of him by giving Jaggers permission to come early next morning, when if his employer's keys were not discovered, Jaggers might pick the lock.

Mr. Dryce was in a brown study, sitting looking at the fire, and sipping a glass of hot negus, when Mrs. Harris knocked at the door.

"Excuse me, sir, but have you missed your keys?"

"Hang the keys!" said Mr. Dryce, absently. "I beg your pardon, Mrs. Harris; sit down a moment. I was thinking what I could buy our little fellow for a Christmas present."

"But these keys, sir: I took them out of the bosom of baby's frock when I undressed him. How he got them I can't tell."

Mr. Dryce took the keys in his hand, and looked at them mechanically; then started, and singling out one

THE DAY'S "PICKING" WEIGHED.

particular key, held it nearer the light. at the same time comparing it with one of a bunch which he took from his own pocket. He had turned stern and pale.

"I want you to come down-stairs with me, Mrs. Harris," he said; "these are the keys Mr. Jaggers has lost, and I'm afraid I shall want a policeman."

First the door of the great iron safe let into the wall. Mr. Dryce knew that it was a cunningly made lock, and thought that no key but his would open it. It opened easily with Jaggers's key, however; and from the lower drawer was missing property, in those days often kept in such places—bills, gold and notes—to the value of £4,500.

With feverish haste the old man unlocked the desk and the brass-bound box within it. The latter contained all the missing property, evidently placed there for immediate removal. In the desk were found bills, letters and correspondence, a glance at which disclosed a long system of fraud and peculation. Above all, amongst the loose papers were the letters that Robert sent to his father, and those which had been written by himself in repentance of the harsh parting which he had brought about with his lost son.

While they were both looking with mute astonishment at these evidences of Jaggers's villainy, there came a low knocking at the door, and two men entered, one of them a broad, brown-bearded man, in a half-seafaring dress; the other a policeman.

"A clerk of yours, named Jaggers," said the latter; "I want to know whether he has robbed you, or if you have reason to suspect him? This party has given him in custody on another charge."

There was a loud scream, and Mrs. Harris fell into the arms of the stranger, who had taken her aside to whisper to her.

"She is my wife," said he to Mr. Dryce. "I am the person to whom you wrote, and I have brought the remittance with me from Australia."

They all went up-stairs together, except the policeman, whose question was answered by a recital of the events of the night, and the present of a sovereign.

"Bring down the boy, and let me look at his dear little face," said old Dryce, when they were sitting round the fire.

The child was brought down, still asleep.

"God bless him!" said the bearded stranger. "He's not like either of us, Aggy."

"Like either of you!" said Mr. Dryce. "How should he be like your husband, Mrs. Harris?"

"Don't you know me, sir?" said the stranger, taking Mr. Dryce's hand. "My name is Robert Dryce, and this is my child, whose mother left it to the mercy of heaven, and found that it had reached its natural home. Forgive us, sir, for our child's sake."

Old Dryce was a shrewd man, but it took an hour to make him understand it all; events had come about so strangely.

"Well," said Robert, at last, "I'm glad you were in time to save the money."

"Hang the money!" ejaculated the old man; "at least, too much of it," he added, correcting himself. "This baby's hand has unlocked more treasures for me than all the Bank of England could count on a Summer's day."

WHERE ENGLAND FOUND HER VEGETABLES.

When Queen Catherine on one occasion expressed a wish for a salad, it is said that there were no materials in England of which to make it. According to Northwick, this was in 1509. If so, it must have been within a few months of the royal marriage; and the young King, to gratify the wish of his bride, forthwith sent over to Holland for gardeners to come and cultivate what was requisite for the purpose.

The native stock, as in the case of fruits, appears to have been remarkably scanty, and, such as they were, have been for the most part altogether superseded by foreign importations. There is, for instance, a native species of cabbage still found here and there in England growing wild; but of the 187 distinct samples mentioned in the *Royal Horticultural Society's Journal* for last July, as having been under culture and examination at Chiswick, probably no one would own to any relationship with the scrubby little indigenous cabbage, or colewort.

There is a species of carrot, again, indigenous to England, and it would seem, indeed, to almost every other country where a light soil is found. In its wild state, however, it is scarcely edible, being strong and unpleasant in flavor, and dry and tough in substance. It has been said that the seed of the wild carrot, sown for two or three years in rich as well as light soil, will yield excellent roots. Those who have tried the experiment, however, emphatically deny the truth of this, and it is probable that all the present varieties came from abroad. Some have maintained that the cultivated carrot came originally from Flanders, and that it was first grown at Sandwich, in Kent, in the time of Elizabeth. Gerard calls the plant the Candia carrot, and seems to assume that the best sort came from Candia.

Very much the same history may be given of the parsnip. This also is indigenous, but in its wild state is worthless, and the present edible sorts are from "over the sea."

Nobody knows precisely where the potato came from originally. It has been found apparently indigenous in many parts of the world. Mr. Darwin, for instance, found it wild in the Chonos Archipelago. Sir W. J. Hooker says that it is common at Valparaiso, where it grows abundantly on the sandy hills near the sea. In Peru and other parts of South America it appears to be at home, and it is a noteworthy fact that Mr. Darwin should have noted it both in the humid forests of the Chonos Archipelago and among the central Chilian mountains, where sometimes rain does not fall for six months at a stretch. It is to the colonists whom Sir Walter Raleigh sent out, in Elizabeth's reign, that England is indebted for potatoes. Herriot, who went out with these colonists, and who wrote an account of his travels, makes what may, perhaps, be regarded as the earliest mention of this vegetable. Under the heading of "roots," he mentions what he calls the "openawk." "These roots," he says, "are round—some large as walnuts, others much larger; they grow on damp soils, many hanging together, as if fixed on ropes; they are good food either boiled or roasted."

At the beginning of the seventeenth century, Phillips says that this root was planted, as a curious exotic, in the gardens of the nobility, but it was long ere it came into general use. Many held them to be poisonous, and, it would seem, not altogether unreasonably so, either. The potato is closely related to the deadly nightshade and the mandrake, and from its stems and leaves may be extracted a very powerful narcotic.

In Burgundy the adoption of the potato as food was for a time forbidden by law, being deemed "a poisonous and mischievous root." In England prejudice against it was for a long time very strong, more especially among the poor. It's use was believed to occasion dysentery and leprosy.

COTTON,

In the Coast and Upland Fields of South Carolina.

By Jennie Haskell.

More than 1,300 years ago, it is recorded as a singular fact that an emperor, who rejoiced in the name of Ou-ti, wore, upon the occasion of his accession to the throne of China, a *cotton* robe! And after old Ou-ti and his rare and royal robe had moldered in the dust for many years, the cotton-plant still bloomed along the straight paths of quaint old Chinese gardens, and long-eyed lovers, in their amorous lays, linked with their praises of their mistresses fond celebrations of the cotton-flower.

In India, even now, about the temple walls are seen luxuriant dark-green leaves, sheltering purple blossoms, which no unconsecrated hand may gather; for when the sacred pods are ripe, the Brahmans spin their contents into that tripartite thread which is the emblem of their Trinity.

But it is not of the cotton Ou-ti wore, nor of those sacred purple blossoms, that we have a tale to tell; but of that cotton which, about a century ago, began to whiten the coasts and uplands of the sunny Southern States—of that cotton which is quoted in the daily papers—which is packed and marked and shipped here day by day. Possibly these operations may not suggest such mystical images to the mind as of old Ou-ti on his throne, or the great Brahmans spinning holy thread; still, ere the cotton has been crushed by black machinery, while it unfolds its pale and golden blossoms, and sets free its snowy burden under tender skies, one may imagine a glamour about it yet, though not so fanciful as that the Chinese poets wove.

The cotton of the Southern States is of two kinds—the Barbadensian, generally known as the "Sea Island," or long-staple, which whitens our coasts and the low-lying islands that skirt them; and the "hirsute," or short-staple, growing in the middle and upper country. The latter has a green seed, more or less covered with a distinct clothing of hairs, and bears large pods of white cotton, with short staple and coarse fibre.

The cotton-planter saves his seed with the utmost solicitude, selecting from the finest and most prolific plants in his field (often from a single plant only, of fine fibre and large pod), seeds which he sows in his garden, and on which he lavishes the tenderest care. The pods of these, when ripe, he opens, and compares the staple with well-known standard varieties, and weighs it before and after removing the seed.

The preparations for planting upland cotton begin in February. Land is laid off into rows from three to four feet apart (according to its quality), then ridged up by throwing two furrows of a turning-plow together. A trench is then made in the ridge thus formed by a small shovel-plow, and in this the seed is sown. The sowers are followed by a man and a mule, with a "board" which lightly covers the seed with earth.

It is now the month of April, and the planting continues till about the middle of May, according to the locality and convenience of the planter.

When the cotton is up and growing well, cultivation begins by throwing earth to it with a "cotton sweep"; and the space between the rows is plowed up and thoroughly pulverized, and the "sweeping" repeated. As soon as the plants have strengthened sufficiently, they are cut out "to a stand" by a small hoe, so that the space between them shall measure from eight to eighteen inches (according to the quality of the land, and opinions of planters). The hoe performs a double duty, for it cuts out also the fine grass which has sprung up about the young plants.

Plowing and hoeing now continue as rapidly as possible—considering that ten days, at least, must elapse between each operation—until the cotton shades the land sufficiently to protect itself against the growth of grass, and until the plow injures the plant by breaking branches.

The cotton is now said to be "laid by," and during the warm days of June unfolds its white or faintly primrose-tinted blossoms, which are soon followed by the bolls.

Thus it continues to bear and bloom till frost, unless injured by too much rain, or the ravages of insects. Now the hard and somewhat triangular pods begin to burst, and through the dark-green rind one sees small peeps of snow.

The fields are filled with busy laborers, who, with deft fingers, draw from the bolls their precious contents, and bear, at close of day, their gathered burdens to be weighed.

After weighing, the cotton is spread out to be dried and sunned, then it is "ginned," that is, the soft white lint is separated from the seeds, to which it closely adheres. This is done by means of a machine called the "saw gin," invented in 1792 by Eli Whitney, and used, with but slight modifications, ever since. This machine consists of a series of saws, turning between the interstices of an iron bed upon which the cotton is laid. As these saws revolve the lint becomes entangled in them, and is drawn through the interstices, and swept off by a revolving cylindrical brush, while the seeds, being prevented by their size from passing, fall out at the bottom of the receiver.

The "cleaned," or "ginned," cotton is now "packed" or "pressed," chiefly by hydraulic power, into bales, and is ready for market.

After the ginning process, there remains of the bulk, as gathered from the tree, one-third of clean cotton fit for manufacturing purposes, and two-thirds of seed.

This seed (at least, all not saved for sowing), goes to the cotton-seed-oil factories, to be pressed for oil, which is converted into cake for feeding stock, or into a material for making paper, and is also used by the sugar-planters as a fertilizer. Before being expressed the seed is linted and hulled, the lint being sold to the white-paper factories, and the hulls used for fuel and fertilizers. Nor does the utility of this wonderful plant cease here. Even the stalks are of value, being used for thatch and baskets, and containing a fibre which may be converted into gunny and other cloths, said to be equal to those manufactured from jute. This fibre is also used for the commoner sorts of paper.

The beautiful long-staple or black-seeded cotton, which has, on our islands and coasts, attained, of late, a wonderful degree of perfection, is an entirely different plant from that described above. It grows to a considerable height, and during the Summer days unclosos yellow blossoms, and bears pods of creamy cotton, whose fibre is long and silky and of great strength. The present varieties planted are the result of long years of patient care and selection on the part of the Sea Island planter, and even distant Egypt is indebted to our little State for seed, as the long staple of that country degenerates with great rapidity. It is essential that the planter should be ever on the watch to make new selections year by year, for the staple shows a constant tendency to produce a fibre less fine and long.

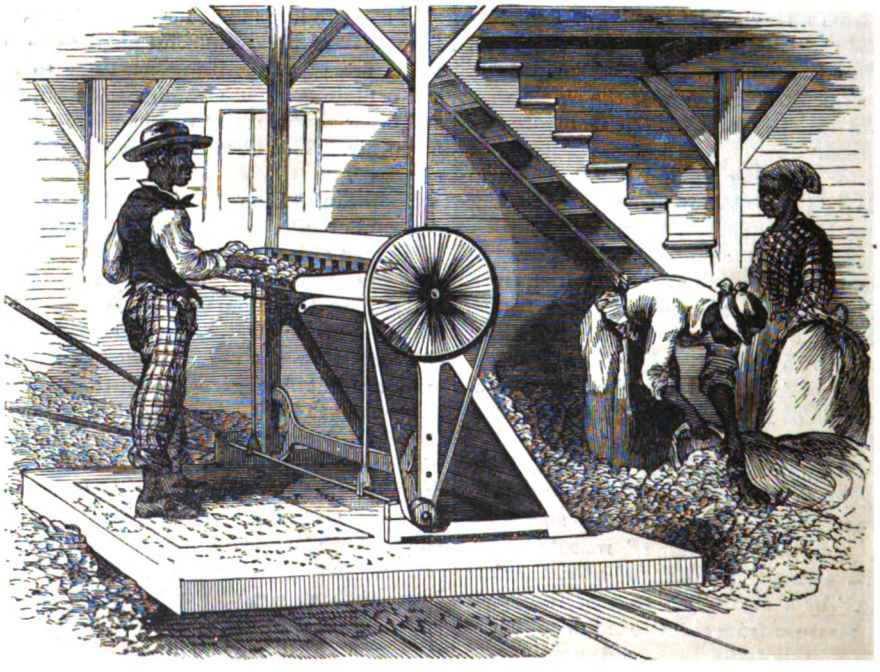
This "art" of selection has, in the last few years, been brought to an almost exact science, and the results are astonishing. No longer does the planter watch with a depressing feeling of fatality for the caterpillar and cotton-bearing years, of which superstition predicted the

PICKING COTTON IN THE COAST.

return, each seven or fourteen seasons. Master of the situation, he applies to the one the fatal "Paris green," and to the other the dearly-bought experience of many weary years, with a success he scarcely dares anticipate. For instance, the former average yield of 100 pounds of lint cotton per acre, has been, by persistent effort and clearer insight, raised to a certainty of 200, a probability of 300, and a possibility of 400 pounds and over. Indeed, an experiment lately tried on one of the islands on our coast has resulted in the astonishing yield of 2,140 pounds of seed-cotton, which ginned out 566 pounds of lint—nearly two bales—the largest quantity of Sea Island cotton ever raised upon one acre of land.

It is worth a journey across our fair little harbor to where, yonder, there lies along the horizon that line of soft dark-green, only to inspect a Sea Island cotton-field. That line is one of our islands; in fact — once a little kingdom in itself—having, as king, the kindly, chivalrous, but perhaps too luxurious, planter; and, as subjects, a host of ignorant, happy, faithful slaves—and now awaking from its long sleep of degradation and despair, to a brighter reign of peace and hope than it has ever known before. The king—no longer lapped in purple indolence—works shoulder to shoulder with those who once were slaves, forgiving and forgiven of past wrongs, a man among men, wise with the wisdom of experience, and glad with the exceeding joyfulness of hope!

The beach stretches, yellow in the moonlight, scattered with curious shells, with here and there a splotch of moist and tangled sea-weed; but beyond, and past the great live oaks, with their vails of tender gray, past the tall melancholy pines, and past some ruins tinged with deeper pathos, lie the cotton-fields.



WHITNEY'S SAW-GIN.

The tall plants, burdened at once with bud and blossom, ripe boll and empty hull,

SEPARATING WHITE COTTON FROM YELLOW (LONG STAPLE).

grow in rows about five feet apart, with a distance of about three feet between each plant. The ridges are high, and the land well drained, and enriched with various fertilizers, in which salt mud and marsh-grass enter largely, and phosphates and lime from the marl-beds and phosphate deposits of South Carolina.

Thus, close to the plant-

WHIPPING COTTON.

er's hand lies all that he may need, for God has richly blessed this little State. Can we not bear the ills that are of man's devising, when, for our comforting, great Nature pours forth at our feet her riches and most lovely treasures?

With a climate the temperance of which rivals that of any country in the world; with a soil whose resources,

though already marvelous, have not been yet half known, or half appreciated; with a vast and bitter experience (a possession none will deprive her of); with wisdom and prudence controlling her active brain, and peace and hope irradiating her tender heart—who shall dare say that South Carolina shall not be, ay, and already *is*, queen among queens, blessed by God and loved by man?

But, from Carolina, back to her great hope and pride—*Sea Island Cotton.*

The seed of these plants was sown in March, April or May, and treated in a method similar to that pursued in the culture of upland cotton. They bloomed in June, and continue, as we see them now, blooming and bearing through the long Summer months, and into the gentle Fall season; and, indeed, if let alone, they would continue to bud and bloom and ripen year by year—yielding, however, a fibre becoming constantly more coarse and short.

We can almost understand, standing here under blue and drooping skies, amid this widespread forest of tall, golden-blossomed plants, how, in those ancient days, the odd old Chinese poets could have been inspired by the cotton-flower. Yes, though it is this century of perfect common sense—this day of *work*, not *dreams*—something very like that long-banished, scorned and frightened Sprite of Poesy eyes us wistfully from yonder orange-grove, fans with its quivering wings the golden air, and cries to us with a very piteous, tender, thrilling cry from out that heap of blackened stones!

Talk as you will of these "uncivilized" and "barbarous" islands of ours, they are rich and fair and wonderful, for all that you may say—rich in past gorgeous memories, and fair with present beauty, and wonderful with the illimitable possibilities their future shadows forth.

The cotton gathered from these island fields has far more tender treatment than that bestowed upon its sister of the interior. Of finer and more silky fibre, and having a money value three, four and even five times as great, it is readily understood that such should be the case. As this fibre was found to be injured by the action of the saws, and to be more or less "cut" or "nepped," a more recent invention, the "McCarthy gin," has come into use for cleaning Sea Island, Egyptian and Brazilian cotton. In this machine, the fibre is drawn by a leather roller between a metal plate called the "doctor," fixed tangential to the roller, and a blade called the "beater," which moves up and down in a plane immediately behind, and parallel to, the fixed plate. As the cotton is drawn through by the roller, the seeds are forced out by the action of the movable blade, which, in some machines, is made to work horizontally instead of vertically. Of course, the great object is to obtain a machine which shall clean the largest amount of cotton in the shortest time—that is, unless the process injures the fibre, and thus diminishes the market value of the staple. This has sometimes been done to the extent of two to four cents per pound, or even more.

The "needle-saw gin" is a still more recent invention, intended to preserve the original beauty and strength of the fibre. It consists of steel wire set in block tin, with the bottom of the teeth rounded smoothly.

The rivals of this needle-saw gin are the double-action McCarthy gin, with two movable blades or beaters; the "knife-roller" gin; the "lockjaw" gin, and others. Indeed, great as have been the efforts toward perfection in cotton-cleaning machinery, and encouraging as has been the success, there yet remains a wide field for improvement.

Latest of all the inventions which, from time to time, have testified to the amount of thought and energy expended upon the great staple of our Southern country, is the "Clement attachment," which, it is claimed, is destined to turn back into its ancient channels, with added volume, the wealth cut off by the shock of civil war.

"The Clement attachment"—I quote from an interesting description lately published—"is a small cotton-gin used by the yarn manufacturer in connection with the top flat cotton-card for converting seed-cotton directly into sliver. It differs from the plantation gin in the following, viz.: The saws are smaller and are set closer together on the saw-shaft, the teeth of the saws are finer, the brush is smaller and more thickly set with bristles. The saws and brush both run much slower, and the brush runs but little faster than the saws. It also has a peculiar motor, or set of combining plates, which remove the motes and trash from the lint as it is taken from the seed. The seed-cotton is cleaned of all dust, grit, and much leaf-trash and motes, before it is passed to the attachment, by a small and inexpensive machine called the 'cotton-cleaner.' It occupies a space of only forty by forty by forty-eight inches. The size of the gin is regulated by the size of the card with which it is to be connected. The extreme dimensions of a gin for a thirty-six-inch card are eighteen by eighteen by fifty-six inches. It is framed to fit the frame of a card, in place of the licker-in and lap-roll, as used in the old method, which entitles it to the appellation 'attachment.' The Clement attachment, therefore, is simply the plantation, or Whitney, gin, so modified and improved by Clement and others that it works in direct connection with the manufacturer's card. It gently removes the lint from the seed without breaking or 'nepping' it, and transfers it to the card-cylinder by means of a slow brush, without tangling, in exact proportion to the capacity or requirements of the card—no condensing, no lapping. It at once dispenses with all opening or lapping machinery, and forms a new process of manufacturing, whereby seed-cotton is made directly into sliver. The sliver is then made into yarn by the usual method."

If this machine prove capable of all claimed for it, then, indeed, will it revolutionize the cotton trade, and the ten States constituting the "Cotton Belt" will be richly rewarded for their patient and long-continued efforts after recuperation. Should it come into general use, many of the machines hitherto deemed essential will be entirely dispensed with. Those used to render the cotton portable, such as the "press" and "compress," will be no longer needed, for the fibre will be spun fresh from the plant, and thus the preliminary operations of yarn-making, intended to loosen out the fibre from its tightly-packed condition, will be also unnecessary.

Besides the saving in expensive machinery (no unimportant item), the yarn produced by the new process is said to be stronger and better in every way than that formerly obtained. The reason of this is plain, for, being spun directly from the seed—not from the life-crushing bale—the oil, furnished by nature for that purpose, has kept it flexible and fresh and strong, till ready for use. But it is not only because of its local value that the Clement attachment is viewed with such expectation and hope. Great, indeed, will be the result, as regards our impoverished States, should it, as claimed, double the proceeds of his crop to the planter; but greater still will be its value when it is proved that it will add to the wealth of the world two cents on every pound of cotton sold, by saving waste, expenditure, and damages in various ways, besides preserving to the fibre its original purity and strength.

A glorious era seems about to dawn in this year of 1880 for our cotton-planters. Before us spread harvests of gold.

We see, in every field, the staple gathered, cleaned, spun, with a simplicity that means—perfection!

The pathetic ruins are still unforgotten—not "restored," for that means often but an added desolation—but by their side springs up a home of peace and plenty. Neat tenements replace the patched remnants of the former "negro quarter." Free laborers work with an energy born of intelligence, and reap a rich reward. The generous-hearted planter's hands are filled again with bounty to bestow. All the beauty and comfort, material and intellectual, that gold can procure, gather and grow about the island home. The bitterness of poverty, the agony of fruitless toil, have passed away for ever, and God is thanked and blessed, in the aspirations of filled hearts, who know what hunger means.

"And now for the packing!"

The words startle our dreams away. We draw a long breath and look about us.

Ah, not yet. Soon, but not yet! The gold is but the yellow blossoms tinged by the dying sun to deeper lustre, and perhaps the glint of that fruit-laden orange-grove that fronts us. The boughs droop to earth with their clustered burden, and among them lie, still lonely, those pathetic ruins.

"Packing?"

"Yes. Sea Island cotton is not packed by screw. 'Hand packing' is all that is allowable."

So we leave the cotton-field, and passing the building which shelters the fiery little engine, panting and laboring as it works the McCarthy gin, we enter on a busy scene.

There is a great clatter about us. Some women are seated to one side of the big bare room, flat on the floor, with their feet stretched out straight before them, and very wide apart. Their laps are filled with cotton. Cotton, too, is spread on the floor in a great layer, all about them. In this their hands are constantly diving.

"What are you doing?" we ask, with great curiosity, of one old soul, whose striped bandana stands awry. She looks up with a grin that seems to pervade her whole shining face, and nods.

"Wha-a-t—are—you—do-ing?" we scream through an impromptu trumpet, formed of our hands.

"Wha-a-a' dat?" in a tone utterly indescribable, a cross between a drawl and a jerk.

"What—are—you—doing?" once more, the last word rising in a despairing crescendo.

The old darkey points from one side to the other with an inimitable gesture of her quick black hands.

"De *yaller!*" she explains, in a great shout—"de *yaller* from de *w'ite!*"

Then we understand that she is separating the cotton that is slightly tinged from that more purely white, before packing.

Of the packing, as ordinarily performed, the cut gives a very good idea. Huge bags are suspended from holes in the floor, and into these the cotton is thrown, and trodden down until full. Sometimes, however, a simple contrivance is used, by which a weight is let down upon it by hand, which presses it with less labor than the other method, yet not sufficiently to injure the fibre, which screw-pressing would, undoubtedly.

From the packing-room the cotton is taken to the landing-place, and there shipped, with all the noise and bustle, the shouts, the songs, the uncouth jokes (the inimitable humor of which none but those perfectly familiar with the negro dialect and peculiarities can conceive or appreciate), to the nearest town.

And so we, too, must leave the island plantations, with the light of the afternoon sun still lying athwart the silver beach. The salt ocean murmurs, on the further shore, its majestic monotony; the pines strike, on a somewhat higher key, their accordant minor sounds. Light lies over all—the strange, fantastic Southern sunset. It makes the moss-vailed oaks seem like a crayon-sketch of ice-hung trees. It glows and quivers about the scented orange-groves, and lies like a benediction on the quiet fields.

Nor does it disdain to caress the quaint and uncouth group about the landing-place: great, strong-limbed, dark-faced men, with sinews of oak, clad in patched suits of every hue and cut, with woolly heads—as hard as "nether millstones"—some bare, and some adorned with coverings which make us wonder (as we do in seeing Jefferson's *Rip Van Winkle*) whether the *hat* or the *head* possesses the mysterious power of cohesion that keeps them from parting company; women with gay head-handkerchiefs and bunched-up skirts; women whose gleaming eyes and teeth and beads, whose free-hung draperies and rich, dark hues render them pictures, in spite of themselves; and little, perpetual-motioned imps, wise, witch-faced children, old before their time, yet gifted with that true light-heartedness which is as much a peculiarity of the race as is their woolly hair or dark-hued skin.

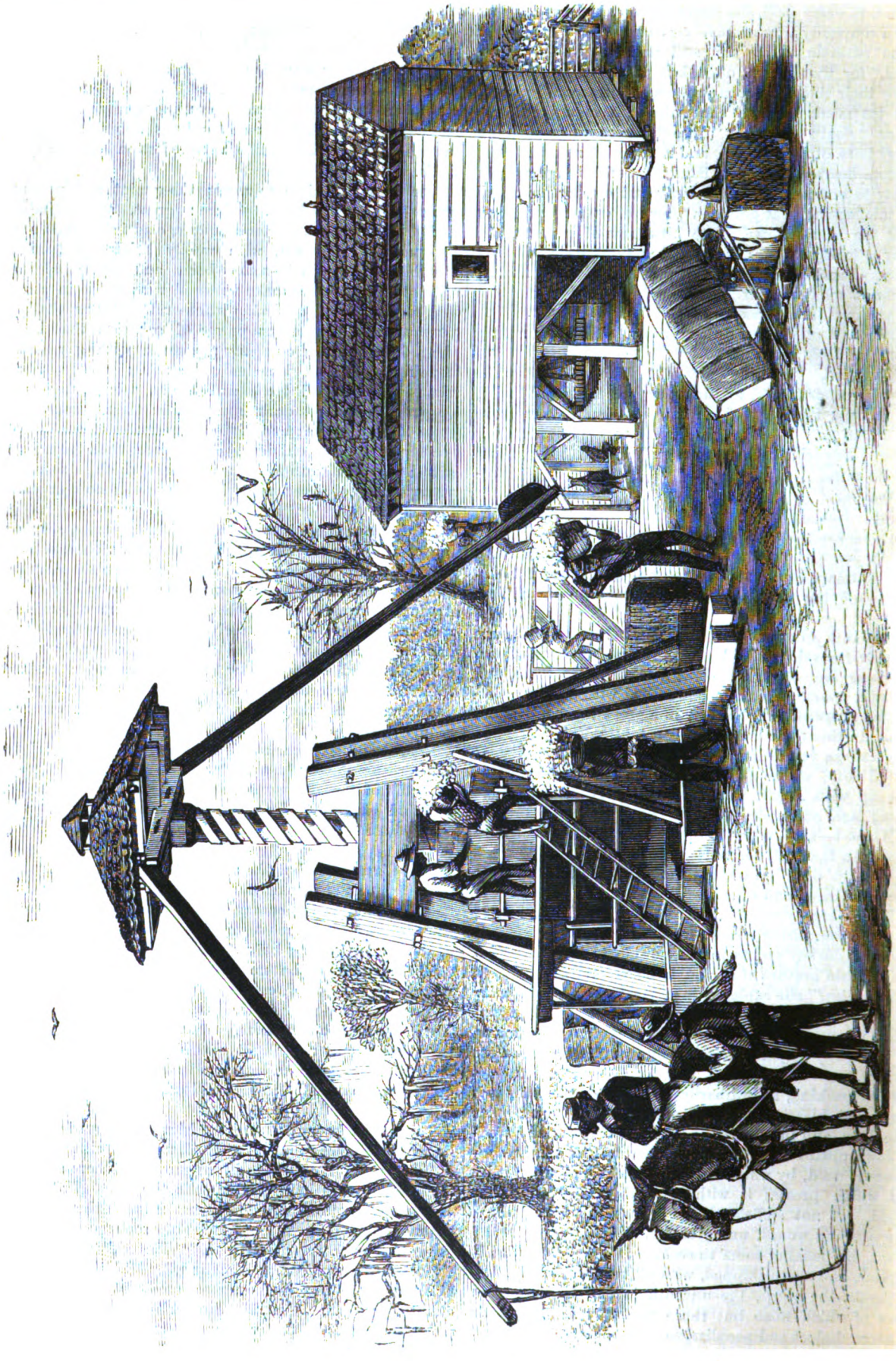
As the oars plash down into the shining water, a swinging chant breaks forth from our oarsmen, rich and loud and full as an organ's swell. Back from the shore an answering echo, note by note, comes sounding, wildly sweet. Against the pearly sky, with its border tints of gold and rose and faint sea-green, clearly defined, we see the figures on the beach, dancing and shouting: a madly merry crowd, swayed to and fro by the half-savage enthusiasm their own untutored melodies inspire. Happy they are, and happier may they grow, under a strong and wise and kindly government.

Deeper and stronger swells our oarsmen's chant, fainter and sweeter comes the echo from the shore. Pale grows the gold of the rich sunset sky. It fades into a tender, reflected glow, and almost before we know it has gone—why, there! behind us, it has come back in a lovely moon!

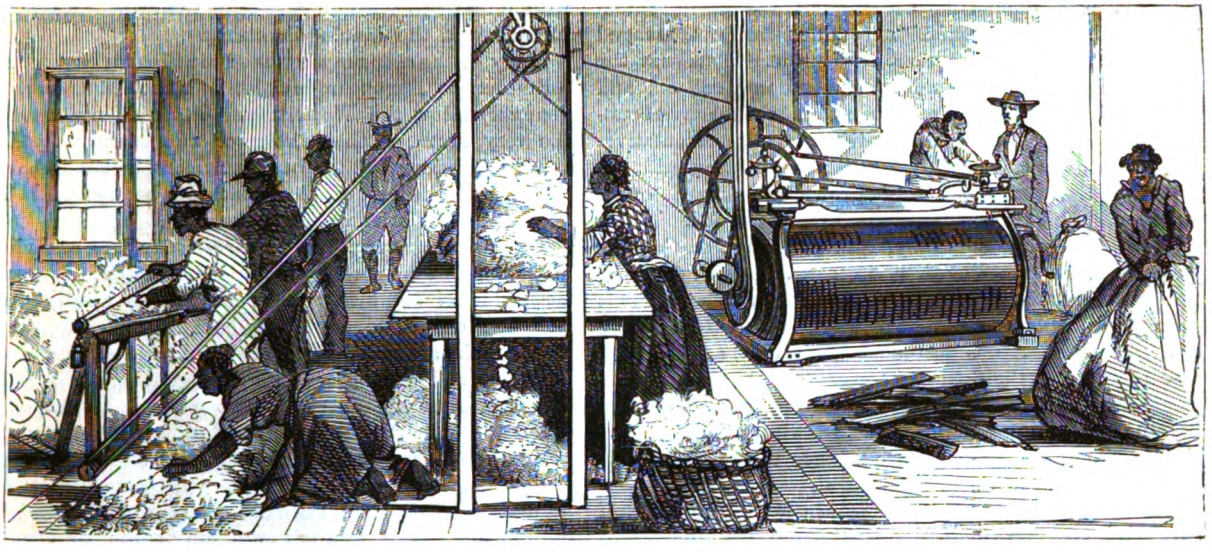
There is no dark, but the sunlight has melted softly into moonlight, and as we drift silently into the shadowy dock—for the song of the oarsmen has ceased with the beat of the oars—we may almost imagine that this is the Queen of the Adriatic rising before us!

The glamor of the moonlight transforms the dingy wharf to a wonderful, carven, air-hung pier; the distant spires are silver-tipped; the lights gleam out like stars. There are stars everywhere. Stars sparkle in the water; phosphorus and moonlight tip the oars with shimmering stars that come and go; and stars have leapt forth, quivering, to attend the Lady Moon in her soft wanderings.

The cotton brought from the islands is stored in warehouses on the wharves, and marked, usually, with the name of the plantation on which it was grown. There a sample is drawn, by which the factor sells the bale. *Upland*, or *Short Staple*, cotton is generally marked with the initials of the planter, and is of eight grades of excellence, known in the cotton market as: "Stained," "Tinged," "Ordinary," "Good Ordinary," "Low Middling," "Middling," "Good Middling," "Fancy"—the names somewhat indicating the quality. "Stained" and "Tinged" indicate cotton injured by frost, the first very much, and the latter more slightly damaged. The remaining grades range from those soiled by a commingling of dust, leaves, trash, etc.,



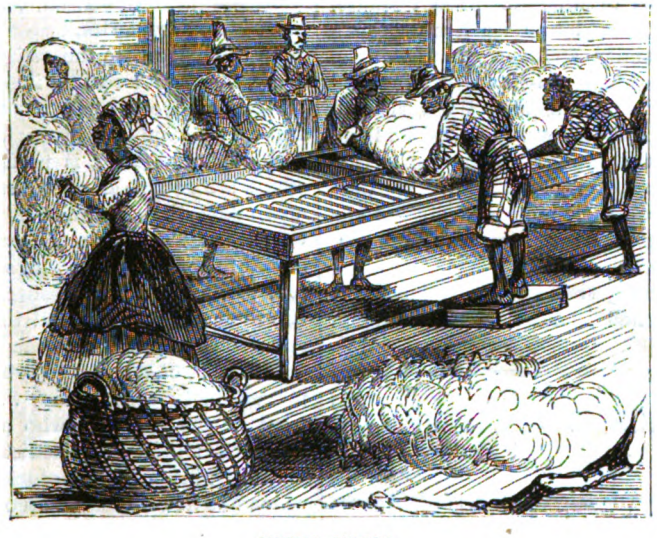
COTTON-PRESS (SHORT STAPLE).



GINNING COTTON BY STEAM.

to the "Fancy," which is the finest of all, and perfectly clean. From the wharves the cotton is shipped to its various destinations.

Toward the close of the eighteenth century the quantity of cotton shipped from the United States amounted to but 138,324 pounds, but by the year 1800 it had increased to 18,000,000 lbs. When the war of 1812—which interrupted for a time this increase of the cotton trade—closed in 1815, there was an increased demand, until about twenty-five per cent. of the raw material used by English manufacturers was derived from America alone. In 1860 the exportation, which had at first been so insignificant, had reached the enormous extent of 4,824,000 bales!



MOTING COTTON.

Then came the great convulsion, known as the war beween the States. The widespread cotton-fields and rice-fields were deserted. Fired with love of country, the planter left his home to gird on the accoutrements of war. Brother fought against brother, and lately sunny fields ran

SHIPPING THE BALES.

red with blood. The patriarchal system no longer held sway in rich plantation homes—but the slave, intoxicated with the triumph of his sudden freedom, ravaged the scenes so late his care and pride. Thus was the supply, apparently abundant and secure, cut off, and thousands deprived of employment and the means of subsistence. Then was a great meeting held of representatives of almost all the cotton-growing countries of the world. A great stimulus was given to the growth of cotton in every direction, and hitherto latent energies awakened. India, Egypt, Turkey, Greece, Italy, New South Wales, Queensland, Peru, Brazil—wherever, in fact, the staple could be produced—increased their activities, and in a short time it seemed probable that not only would the cotton supply of the Southern States be replaced, but that, should they ever again enter the field of competition, they would find themselves completely distanced. Black, indeed, seemed the future to those among us who ventured to look forward. There seemed no place left for the ruined South among the great nations of the world.

But the years sped by, and when, in 1872, an exhibition specially devoted to cotton was held, but few, indeed, of the thirty-five countries whose representatives had convened ten years before, appeared. Those who did send their samples were met with disappointment and failure. Why? The South had ventured to raise her drooping head, to put forth her maimed and weary hands—hope animated her heart again—America had entered the field of competition, in fact, and bid defiance to the world!

Long may the Southern fields grow white, and bud and blossom and bear under the sunlight of prosperity that lies, like a benediction, on them now! Still may they add their jewels to the crown their mother wears—as she sits among her sister queens—our own America: younger, stronger, and more beautiful than they!

And long may the joyous cry sound up from sunny inland heights and wave-washed island fields—"Cotton is king! Cotton is king!"

THE DANCING DERVISHES OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

By Mrs. A. B. Mellish.

Constantinople, just now, is stirred by as ardent a religious sentiment as was formed in Paris after Sedan. The Turk, in being a Turk, does not cease to be a man. Human nature obeys the same laws, whether a people find their scriptures in the Koran or the Bible. What with the Russians within the gates, and the English ships riding menacingly the transparent waters of the Golden Horn, the Turkish believer finds quite as great a need of spiritual comfort as the Parisian Catholic when the Prussians were passing under the Arc de Triomphe. Political disasters and national distress send the troubled heart of the people to the same source of religious relief—the sanctuary—whether that sanctuary be a Christian cathedral, a Jewish synagogue, or a Mussulman's mosque. On all sides are seen evidences of this universal need of a higher than earthly aid. The voice of the muezzin, echoing five times a day through the narrow bazar-lined streets, is answered by throngs of bowing, bending devotees. The mosques are crowded with kneeling worshipers. The religious observances are kept with strictest reverence, fasts being far more frequent, and almsgiving, one of the most rigidly enforced of the Mohammedan's creeds, is seen to be universally obeyed.

Just at present Constantinople, in all its phases of life, is a most interesting and entertaining spectacle. But of all the curious and interesting religious customs and observances of these Orientals, none is more deeply fraught with interest to Western eyes than the extraordinary performances of the dancing dervishes.

Many of the other mysteries of the Moslem customs are forbidden to European insight, but the dervishes very generally allow the Western unbeliever to penetrate to the very heart of their *tekkes* or monasteries, the sole condition being that the boots or shoes be left at the entrance, and the hall of the monastery be not defiled by the print of a Christian leather sole.

The dancing dervishes, or *mevelawites*, are a kind of Mohammedan monks who live in communities. The word *dervish* itself signifies "poor," which designation has, however, long since ceased to be applicable, since now these monks are rich and possessed of large estates, which have fattened on the legacies and gifts of the faithful. The interior of one of these monasteries is as strikingly different from the cold, frigid, and oftentimes sepulchral, aspect which the European monasteries exhibit, as could well be imagined. On the contrary, these are large, cheerful apartments, gay and brilliant with painted decorations, comfortable divans, fountains and long colonnades, where a view of the beautiful Bosphorus can be enjoyed at any moment. There is no ascetic character, or even hint of monasticism; but, instead, beautiful, comfortable, and even luxurious, accessories.

In the hall where the religious performance is to take place, one could readily imagine oneself in a ballroom, where a waltz of Strauss was to be danced. There is a gay festival air about the place; the walls are painted in blue and gold; the floor is perfectly polished marble, upon which are seated an orchestra of several musicians, who accompany the dervishes in their wild and extraordinary exercises. These soon appear, defiling slowly before the chief of the community, all saluting him in Eastern fashion, with profound obeisance. They then proceed to recite their prayers, with all the genuflexions, prostrations and grimaces peculiar to the Mussulman ritual.

This part of the service over, they then began a curious processional march. They walked two by two, passing in front of the superior, who appeared to give them some mysterious kind of benedictory gesture. They kept on repeating, in a nasal monotone, passages from the Koran, to which was now added an accompaniment from the orchestra. The strain played by the flutes and *tarbonkas* seemed to produce a wonderful effect upon the marching dervishes. Their faces, at first dull and drowsily depressed, began to brighten; then their bodies swayed to and fro; next their voices rose, and soon throughout the hall there resounded the tramping of more hurried and nervously excited feet.

The music was itself of a wonderful, curious, barbaric character. There was at once a fierce, intoxicating wildness in the strains, while there came notes of such sweetness as almost to draw tears by their expressive tenderness. There was the same distinctly marked cadence and accent that one hears in the negro songs; and involuntarily, one found the body swaying and the head keeping time to these Oriental measures.

Meanwhile, the march of the dervishes has changed to a whirl—for the swift rotary movement of these half-intoxicated fanatics can scarcely be termed a dance. They begin by whirling slowly about, their arms extended horizontally, the eyes partially closed, while upon the lips is a smile, as if some sweet delirium had touched them. And nothing short of a delirium it is. As the waltz increases in speed and rapidity, they seem to lose all control of their own actions, and abandon themselves to a sort of supernatural controlling power. The eye can scarcely follow these madly pirouetting figures, who revolve each

on his own centre with such rapidity that nothing short of a whirlwind of motion could compete with them. Their garments stand out like a bell, so constant and perfect is their perpetual motion. Every moment the whirl is swifter, the music in a quicker measure, the flood of ecstasy which seems to pervade the waltzers suffusing their faces with a bliss which is apparently ineffable.

The entire body of men—some young, some old—are all possessed by the same mad, fanatic, intoxicating impulse. There seems to be no apparent effort, no fatigue, no strain either upon their physical strength or emotional intensity. They keep on whirling, waltzing, pirouetting, the smile on the lips growing more radiant, their faces shedding a kind of supernatural radiance of joy, their tunics spreading about them like a circle—no one touching the other, each oblivious of his neighbor—until, finally, human endurance has reached its limitations, and, one after another, the exhausted dervishes drop prostrate on the floor, lying there an inert mass of heaving drapery.

And it is thus that some men seek their God!—that these Oriental monks believe they can possess a foretaste of Mohammed's paradise, and catch a nearer glimpse in their sensuous delirium of the dark-eyed, rosy-lipped houris who await them in the heaven Allah has promised them.

THE WONDER.

By W. C. Bennett.

I see a Venus touched by Titian's hand,
  Heaven's rarest beauty by his pencil wrought,
And straight my wonder cannot understand
  How, love, he so your unborn beauty caught.

I hear an air from sweetest Mozart's brain,
  And then I marvel how the master knew
The very sweetness that he could but gain
  From the dear tones that murmur, love, from you.

And when did Phidias win the charm, how fair!
  That laughs, O goddess, from thy marble face?
O wondrous Greek! my love herself is there,
  Witching my eyes with all her living grace.

O fool! why marvel that divinest art,
  Even when most perfect, does but rise to her?
She of all perfect forms must form a part,
  Or else they less than full perfection were.

THE GREAT WESTERN.

The man to whom England chiefly owes the establishment of her oceanic steam navigation was Isambard Kingdom Brunel. To his original genius, and to the honorable rivalry between him and the younger Stephenson, we are indebted for the broad-gauge railway, and in no small degree for the high speed of the locomotive.

In 1819, an American ship of 300 tons burden, with engines of small power and paddles made to ship and unship, actually made two voyages across the Atlantic. But no serious steps thus to link together the two hemispheres were made until October, 1835, when, at a meeting of the directors of the Great Western Railway, one of the party spoke of the enormous length of the proposed railway from London to Bristol. Mr. Brunel exclaimed, "Why not make it longer, and have a steamboat go from Bristol to New York, and call it the *Great Western?*"

The suggestion, treated at first as a joke, soon engaged the serious attention of three of the leading members of the board. A tour of the great ship-building ports of the kingdom was made, in order to collect information. In the report of the result of the inquiry, Mr. Brunel inserted a paragraph which laid down the principles on which the success of oceanic steam navigation wholly depends. It was simply this: that the resistance to the passage of vessels through the water increases at a lower rate of progression than their tonnage. At equal speeds, a vessel twice the size of another will encounter four times the resistence. But its capacity of tonnage will be eightfold that of the smaller vessel. By a well-proportioned increase of size, therefore, it is possible to carry enough coal for the consumption of a long voyage, and at the same time to have ample accommodation for passengers and goods.

So true is this principle, that it is now admitted that the economical limit to the size of vessels is imposed rather by the dimensions of ports and harbors than by the exigencies of the shipwright. Speed, also, may be considerably increased by the employment of more powerful engines; the limit to ocean speed being imposed by another physical law, to the effect that the resistance increases as the cubes of the velocity.

The logical soundness of Mr. Brunel's position was impugned by those scientific men of the day who were not engineers. At a crowded meeting of the mechanical section of the British Association at Bristol, in August, 1836, Dr. Lardner declared that a vessel of 1,600 tons, provided with 400 horse-power engines, for a voyage to New York, must carry 1,348 tons of coal, besides the weight of the engines, which he puts at 400 tons. He thought it would be a waste of time, under these circumstances, to say much more to convince them of the inexpediency of attempting a direct voyage to New York.

THE TRAP-DOOR SPIDER.

One of the most singular specimens of insect life is the trap-door spider of Jamaica. His burrow is lined with silk, and closed by a trap-door with a hinge. The door exactly fits the entrance to the burrow, and, when closed, so precisely corresponds with the surrounding earth that it can scarcely be distinguished, even when its position is known. It is a strange sight to see the earth open, a little lid raised, some hairy legs protrude, and gradually the whole form of the spider show itself.

These spiders generally hunt for food by night, and in the daytime they are very chary of opening the door of their domicile, and if the trap be raised from the outside, they run to the spot, hitch the claws of their fore-feet in the lining of the burrow, and so resist with all their might. The strength of the spider is wonderfully great in proportion to its size.

NEW YORK RATS.

It seems that the rodent which infests New York is unusually obnoxious and vicious. He is almost as fierce as a wolf, and acts in combination like wolves. They are cannibals, and eat their own wounded companions; a rat caught in a trap by the leg is often assailed and killed by his associates; and the foot remaining is supposed to indicate that the animal chewed off his own leg. The male rats outnumber the female. There are really eight or nine male rats to three or four female. It is supposed that the delicate flesh of the female rat tempts her gallants, and by keeping down the number of females they keep down their species, much to the pleasure of mankind. The female rat, which is an affectionate mother, has to fight off the male when he wants to eat his children, which is generally the case.

COTTON-PACKING (LONG STAPLE).—SEE PAGE 567.

"NOT GUILTY!"—"THE NEXT THAT SHE KNEW HE HAD FLUNG HIMSELF AT HER FEET. 'SEE, I AM HUMBLED IN THE VERY DUST. I CANNOT LIVE WITHOUT YOU. FORGIVE ME, MEG; TAKE ME BACK INTO YOUR HEART, OR I DIE!'"

"NOT GUILTY!"

By ETTA W. PIERCE.

Chapter XIV.—At the Ball.

They went up the broad stair, and entered the boudoir together. Lilian had just opened her sleepy eyes to ask for Meg, when that young person walked gravely into the room, with Gerald Fortescue. He led her to his daughter's sofa. His haughty face was full of triumph and joy.

"Lilian," he said, "here is my promised wife. Miss Grey has consented to make me the happiest of men. I am confident that *you*, at least, will be glad."

It was like the bursting of a bomb. Aunt Maitland grew rigid with dismay at this speedy realization of her worst fears. Verily, the conquest of the judge had been accomplished with indecent haste. Lilian was the first to speak. She sprang up from the sofa, looked once in Meg's pale, pleading face, then threw two warm arms impulsively about her.

"I *am* glad!" she said. "Papa, I congratulate you. I have always loved her dearly, as you know—I cannot love her less *now*."

We must all bow to the inevitable. Mrs. Maitland was a woman of policy. She had fattened in the judge's household for many a year; this catastrophe was not altogether unexpected, and she had wit to see that her best plan was to face it with composure. Miss Grey she had always feared and detested; but courage! Betrothal is not marriage. There's many a slip 'twixt cup and lip.

"You quite take my breath, Gerald," she said, dryly. "I scarcely expected anything so sudden. Miss Grey has been with us little more than a month—certainly you have improved your time." She rustled forward, and gave Meg two chilly fingers. "I hope," she added, spitefully, "that you will be as happy as was the judge's first wife—my poor, dear, unfortunate sister."

Gerald Fortescue's face grew dark, his hawk eyes flashed; he seemed about to speak, but on second thought checked himself, and turned his back deliberately on his sister-in-law.

Meg felt vastly uncomfortable, but she bowed coldly to Mrs. Maitland, and kissed Lilian, smiling as the latter whispered:

"I hope from my heart that you will be a thousand times happier than my poor mamma ever was."

This girl felt no jealousy, no resentment against the handsome creature who had stolen her father's heart, and was now elected to reign over the house and every one in it. No, her love for Miss Grey was most generous and sincere.

Well, it was done! Meg had made her choice—had solemnly promised to marry Judge Fortescue, but her lips still refused to frame the dark story which she knew she must now reveal.

"By-and-by," she said to herself; "yes, in a few days, at furthest, I will gather courage, and tell him all."

Delay is always the coward's refuge, and for once Meg *was* a coward. That night, when the hour of parting came, her stern, dark lover drew her into his library for a last word.

"My darling, *when* will you marry me?" he said, with passionate tenderness.

She looked up, met his eager eyes, and a wild desire seized her to speak then and there—to say:

"I am the daughter of a convict—I dare not call myself by my father's name—I am an impostor. You, with your wealth and importance and pride—will you stoop to take *me* for a wife? I am sure you will not!"

But a great fear checked the impulse—slew it at its birth. What she actually said was this:

"It is very sudden—give me time."

"I will give you two months," he answered, in a voice at once persuasive and authoritative. "Eight weary weeks."

He would have taken her in his arms, but she drew back, pale as death.

"So little time? Spare me! Not yet—not yet!" she half sobbed, stretching out her hands, as if to hold him off. She breathed heavily.

"Very well. I will not annoy you with caresses. I had forgotten that you do not love me yet—you will, however—it is your fate. Love begets love. I will be patient and forbearing, knowing that a passion like mine must ultimately find a return. As surely as you live, you will yet love me, even as I love you."

Perhaps. He had a will like iron, and he charmed her in spite of herself.

"Two months—it is frightfully soon," she murmured, feeling like a fly caught in a glittering web.

"Not at all," he answered, calmly; "it is an eternity. You will remain here in the care of Mrs. Maitland. I do not ask you to tell me anything about your past life. I would not force your confidence; but I am sure that you have known poverty and struggle. These are now over for ever. In two months you will be my wife—mine to have and to hold till death. I shall claim you then—will you be ready?"

He was her master. She was fairly snared. Under his lightning eyes, she tried to utter a faint protest, but failed.

"I will be ready," she assented, almost involuntarily, then turned and fled from him up the stair to her own chamber.

Scarcely had she reached that shelter when Aunt Maitland opened the door and entered. She had removed her false puffs, and flung a light shawl about her shoulders. She looked disordered and irritated.

"Miss Grey," she began, stiffly, "I have come to say a few words to you. For seventeen years I have been at the head of my brother-in-law's household. I have entertained his guests, ruled his servants, and tried to be a mother to poor Lilian."

Meg bowed silently.

"I'll admit," continued Mrs. Maitland, standing, fat and frowning, by the silk-draped toilet-table, "that it is scarcely pleasant for me to give up my position to a person like you. You are young enough to be Gerald's daughter. He will lose prestige by such a marriage, and the haste with which he means to conduct it is simply disgraceful. Anybody with eyes can see *your* motive in the matter. You have accepted him solely for his money and position, and under these circumstances, I am convinced that your chances of future happiness are even less than were my poor sister's."

"This is extraordinary language, Mrs. Maitland," said Meg, loftily. "I fear I do not quite understand you."

"My sister—your predecessor—was a most wretched woman," explained Mrs. Maitland, spitefully surveying the presumptuous creature who had taken the judge by storm. "She had the misfortune to love her husband, and he cared not the fillip of his finger for her. Why he married her, I could never understand. My niece does not know half the cruel things her poor young mother suffered. He broke her heart with his neglect—she was of a frail constitution—and at Lilian's birth she died. It was quite as well, perhaps, for she had enjoyed little comfort as Gerald Fortescue's wife."

An unpleasant chill ran over Meg.

"The fortunes of my predecessor are nothing to me," she said, haughtily.

"Are they not?" sneered Mrs. Maitland. "You think because the judge loves you, that your fate is likely to be happier than his first wife's? Well, that is uncertain. An attachment so sudden and violent is not likely to last long. To me it seems very mysterious; for since my sister's death, he has never appeared to notice women. Believe me, Gerald Fortescue is not the man with whom a girl of your years is likely to find peace or pleasure—especially when the passion is all on one side. There is—there has always been—something terrific about him. I will own that I hold him in mortal fear. He rules everybody—he will rule *you!* and with a rod of iron, too. I do not envy you, Miss Grey; you are paying dear for what you win. These things I have said for your good—you can profit by them or not, as you please."

She turned to go, with the air of one who had performed a duty.

"You are very kind—very disinterested," said Meg, dryly. "I ought to be grateful to you."

"Some day you may wish that you had been warned by me!" said Mrs. Maitland, with asperity. And she went out, closing the door smartly behind her.

Among the *crême de la crême* of purse-proud Boston society, the announcement of Judge Fortescue's engagement naturally created a profound sensation. A man of learning, power and money was about to sacrifice himself to a penniless, unknown sewing-girl whom his daughter, for charity's sake, had taken into the house! Could such a person be received in the drawing-rooms of culture, and by the descendants of the *Mayflower* voyagers?

It was an event well calculated to set Mrs. Grundy by the ears—a nine days' wonder, that filled everybody with dismay. But the person on whom the news fell with what might be called the most staggering effect, was Miss Fortescue's betrothed husband—Danton Moultrie.

It was the morning after the announcement of Meg's engagement, and the Southerner was in the drawing-room, waiting to see Lilian.

Candidly speaking, Mr. Moultrie was not a business success. He did not love labor, and to the excellent situation secured him by the judge he devoted as little time as possible.

Presently Lilian glided in, frailer than ever from her recent illness, and flung herself into her lover's arms.

"Oh, Danton!" she cried, gayly, "I have such news for you!"

He embraced her languidly. He was glad that she had recovered. Her death would have been a severe blow to him, for in her were centred all his hopes of future ease and plenty.

"News?" His indolent eyes opened. "Is it possible that your father has consented to shorten our time of waiting? Have you coaxed him into yielding to my wishes, at last? When will he permit me to make you my wife?"

She shook her head.

"In two years—not a day sooner. No; *that* is not my news, Danton. I have given papa no peace, as I promised you, but he is inexorable, and"—with a little yawn—"I am tired of vain coaxing. You and I must make a virtue of necessity, and be patient."

"Lilian, if your love equaled mine," he answered, with tender reproach, "you would not talk of patience."

She hid her face on his shoulder.

"My love *does* equal yours, Danton—test it and see. But papa thinks it will be better for me to remain with him a little longer, and so he will not yield. After all, two years will pass quickly. Now for my news. Papa is soon to be married."

Moultrie started violently.

"Married! the deuce!—I mean, how very odd! Of course, you are jesting?"

"Surely not," she laughed. "We may look for the event in about two months."

"And pray, who is the bride-elect?"

"Guess."

"Excuse me, I cannot attempt such a hopeless task."

"Well, then, her name is Margaret Grey; and oh! I am glad—sincerely glad, Danton, for I love her dearly!"

His arms fell away from her. He turned ghastly white.

"Great God!"

"Why, how strangely you look!" cried Lilian, in a shocked voice. "Do you, like Aunt Maitland, think it a *mésalliance?* *I* do not! Margaret deserves a crown for her beauty. Yes; she will really be my mamma, and I am but three years her junior. I assure you, papa is violently in love with her."

"And she reciprocates his passion?" queried Mr. Moultrie, with a wild laugh.

"Of course. Otherwise she would not marry him."

"My dear child, you are a novice—you have much to learn yet," he sneered. Then his whole face grew thunderous—all its *insouciant* charm vanished. "Yes, yes; he loves her—that question admits of no doubt! How could he see her before him, day after day, and escape her wiles? In two months, did you say? By Jove! the judge is an ardent suitor. He does not believe in delays for himself, though he forces others to accept them. Bah! Let me sit down."

He fell into the nearest chair, looking greatly shaken. Lilian stared in amazement and alarm.

"Shall I ring for a glass of wine?" she cried.

"No. It is only a sudden pain—I shall be better directly. I fancy that Miss Grey is no friend of mine. Tell me, Lilian, has she ever sought in any way to turn your heart from me?"

"Margaret? Never! Why should she be unfriendly to you? I am sure you do her wrong."

He looked relieved.

"Maybe; but women sometimes conceive odd prejudices. My darling, I have a presentiment that this marriage will be rather a bad thing for you and me. I have not your blind confidence in Miss Grey." He gazed fixedly into her little pale face. "Lilian, promise me that you will never let any living thing part us—not even your father."

Utter devotion shone in her big eyes.

"Not even my father," she answered, solemnly; "though that does not sound very dutiful, Danton. Be at ease—papa will never try to separate us; he is too fond of you for that. You can rely upon me always."

"Nothing can shake your love for me, Lilian?"

"Nothing!"

He knew that she spoke truly. Her whole foolish heart was his own. Whatever troubles might arise from this unexpected complication of affairs, *she* would not fail him.

Sunday. Judge Fortescue had been called from town. Aunt Maitland was shut in her own room with the last new novel. Being very lazy, and not in the least devout, it was her habit to pass the Sabbaths in this edifying manner. Meg and Lilian went to Trinity alone.

Alone they sat down in the Fortescue pew, and joined in the Litany, and listened to the exquisite music, and to the sonorous voice of him who exhorts and comforts and strengthens sinful and troubled and tired humanity in that most beautiful and solemn place. Lilian followed the service with great earnestness.

"I ought to be religious," she had said to Meg in the carriage, "for I have an impression—yes, I am sure, that I shall die young."

And, with a sigh, Meg had answered:

"My dear child, we need religion quite as much to live by as to die by."

She sat beside Lilian with an indefinable weight pressing upon her spirits. Trinity is a poem in stone. The arches overhead, the massive pillars, the superb coloring, the rich medieval look, the deep voice of the preacher, all impressed her strangely. Through the stained glass of the memorial windows the wintry sunshine fell in a hundred rainbow gleams. The organ sobbed and sighed and exulted, as if a human soul was shut up therein. Meg caught more than one pair of eyes fixed curiously upon her—*le beau monde* was deeply interested just at present in this girl, the choice of Gerald Fortescue.

At last it was over. The crowd of worshipers, most of them arrayed like Solomon in all his glory, began to pour out into the cold noon. Lilian and Meg were among the last to leave. The former had fairly settled herself in the carriage, when she made a sudden discovery.

"My muff and handkerchief!—how very tiresome! Margaret, I have left them in the pew."

Miss Grey was standing on the sidewalk.

"I will fetch them," she said, and promptly turned and went back for the missing articles.

A few strangers still remained in the church, studying its architecture and adornments. Meg made her way to the Fortescue pew, found the sealskin muff, with the point-lace handkerchief thrust inside it, and was about to retrace her steps, when a voice in the aisle called her name.

"Miss Grey!"

She turned, and met the grave gray eyes of Robin Leith.

"I wish to offer you my congratulations," he said, and there was something very disagreeable in his tone. He came close up to her, as she stood irresolute, with one gloved hand resting on the carved woodwork of the pew. "So you are going to marry Judge Fortescue?" he said.

She flung back her head in the old haughty way.

"Yes."

"I heard of your engagement yesterday," he went on, in a low, stern voice. "I have no right to question you, no right to criticize your conduct; yet this I *will* ask—do you love him?" She colored angrily.

"I respect and esteem him—I reverence and admire him; that is enough."

"Is it?" His accusing eyes seemed piercing her through and through. "That you had faults, I always knew; that you would stoop to sell yourself to any man for money, for social position, I did *not* know. It is a new phase of your character. I beg you to consider what you are doing."

A hot, shamed thrill ran through her veins. Plain talk was not always agreeable to Meg. Her eyes flashed.

"Faults!" she answered, mockingly. "Yes, I have legions—indeed, I might say that I am made up of those unpleasant things. Knowing me as well as you do, Robin, you should have been prepared for any depravity that might develop in my nature."

"Meg!" sterner and sterner his tone grew, "you have no right to marry that man. You do not love him, consequently it is sin and shame and misery for you to be his wife."

"You forget yourself," she said, defiantly. "My promise is given, my mind is made up—nothing can change it. I shall surely marry Judge Fortescue—that is, if he, when he knows my story, will stoop to take my hand."

Leith's lips tightened into a closer line under his brown mustache.

"Then you have not told him?"

"No. I am a coward—a miserable, weak-hearted coward. To-morrow, perhaps, or the next day, or the day after, I may speak."

Motionless, he stood and looked at her—at the graceful figure and the maddening face that smiled back at him with a sort of weary scorn. No one was now left in the body of the church. An impressive silence had fallen around them. The light from the rainbow windows fell over both in long shafts of changing color.

"He will marry you," said Robin Leith, slowly. "No crime which another has done will weigh for a moment in his mind. Do not disturb yourself with doubts of that kind."

"I am not sure," she answered, carelessly; "he is a proud man."

"He will marry you, I say! The stigma of a hundred unpardonable sins would not keep him from that! One look in your face is enough to kill his pride, however selfish it may be."

"You flatter me," said Meg, mockingly.

He turned as if to go.

"Your decision is irrevocable?"

"As the law of the Medes and Persians."

"Then, heaven help you!" he cried, almost roughly. "You are selling your body and soul, like a piece of merchandise; you are doing the foulest of wrongs to your better nature. Is this sacrifice made to avenge yourself upon that idiot, Moultrie? Is *he* the spur that is goading you on in this matter?"

"I decline to answer the question," said Meg, with great hauteur. "Miss Fortescue is waiting outside. I have no time, and, pardon me, no wish to continue the conversation. Think of me as badly as you like; I dare say I deserve your censure. I have never been much in love with myself; I admit that I often make unwise moves—this may be one of them; all the same, I shall not turn back. What right have you to meddle with me?—what are my decisions, good or bad, to you?"

There was a cruel insolence in her tone, a flash of angry fire in her eyes. His dark face grew frigid.

"Your decisions are nothing to me. I have not the smallest right to meddle with you in any way. I now see that it would have been better had I remained silent. You are not the person to take unwelcome advice, even from a friend. You have no love for Gerald Fortescue; you will marry him solely for his wealth, and by so doing you will forfeit all your chances of future happiness, and the respect of——"

"Mr. Robin Leith?" she scoffed.

"No—of Margaret Grey," he answered, sternly, "which is a matter of far more importance."

She winced. It was his last word. He drew back with a cold bow, and not deigning him so much as a glance, she swept by up the long stately aisle, out of the church and into the street.

"Whatever has kept you so long?" cried Lilian from the carriage. "I really thought you were never coming."

There was a suspicious moisture upon Meg's lashes, and a tremulous look about her proud lips.

"I was a long time finding the pew," she faltered, and took her seat in the carriage just as Robin Leith came out of the church, and walked rapidly away down the street.

With a humiliated and depressed feeling, Meg fell back, shivering, among the cushions, and the judge's fiery horses pranced off toward home.

For the next few days the course of events in the Fortescue household ran smoothly enough. In the presence of Mrs. Maitland's morning callers and the guests that filled the judge's dinner-table, no princess could have borne herself with more grace and dignity than did Miss Grey. She managed to wrest golden opinions from these reluctant fine people who had made up their minds to condemn her at once.

Danton Moultrie came and went, but no word passed betwixt himself and the judge's promised wife. Each avoided the other studiously. Gerald Fortescue still preserved his calm, patient demeanor; he did not torment Meg with caresses or fond words; he claimed none of a lover's privileges; but his hawk eyes followed her everywhere with passionate pride and delight. He seemed, in spite of his studied coldness, to live only in her presence.

As for Aunt Maitland, she suddenly assumed a new character toward Meg.

"Your position is now changed," she said, coldly, "and, as a matter of course, you have new needs. Allow me to act as your banker for the present."

And directly Meg found herself overwhelmed with costly gifts from this fat, dull, fairy god-mother, who was careful not to mention the person from whom she had received her instructions—Judge Fortescue himself. She carried Meg off to Madame Modiste, to order a trousseau fit for a duchess.

"Oh, my child!" cried madame, clasping her hands in ecstasy over the good fortune of her former sewing-girl; "you have done well with your beauty! *Mon Dieu!* I never heard of anything finer! It is like a romance. As a bride, in brocaded satin, point-lace and diamonds, you will be heavenly. I will see that nothing is wanted to make you one grand success."

And still Meg delayed the revelation which she meant to make, which she knew she *must* make, to Judge Fortescue—still her story remained untold.

One night Mrs. Belle Ryder gave a German at her magnificent house, situated on a fashionable South End avenue. Lilian wore white tulle and cream-colored brocade; Meg appeared in a dress of Arctic-blue satin, with no ornaments save a bunch of violets in her square corsage, and another fastened in her rich hair.

The house was lighted from roof to basement. The hall was a conservatory; the staircase looked like a ladder of roses; costly favors filled the favor-basket.

As the German would not begin till after supper, the first of the night was devoted to general dancing. Over the waxed floor of the ballroom, under the clustered splendor of gas-jets wreathed in hothouse exotics, dazzling, bejeweled women in Worth costumes, and stately men, with that air of profound wisdom peculiar to the true Bostonian, gyrated to the music of the best band in the city.

Meg went through a sober quadrille with Judge Fortescue, after which he led her to a seat, and, leaning over her, whispered:

"Do you care for German cotillions?"

"Not seriously."

"Will you think me selfish if I ask you not to dance again to-night? I confess that I am too old for the amusement, and it is intolerable for me to see you in the grasp of other men."

Already she had felt his authority more than once, but she smiled serenely.

"Very well; I am quite content to play the wallflower. I will sit here and watch the others. Dancing is a pastime for the young and giddy only."

A shadow passed over his haughty face.

"I cannot wish you older, but I would to heaven that I was ten—twenty years younger! How you dazzle one in this dress, Margaret! My future son-in-law seems incapable of taking his eyes off you. I commend his good taste, but such undisguised admiration in a place like this is rather offensive."

Meg looked up, and met the basilisk eyes of Danton Moultrie, who was staring darkly at her from an opposite doorway. Admiring they might be, but other and stronger emotions were also expressed in them. They told Meg, more plainly than words could have done, that a crisis in his life and her own was near at hand. She turned, unmoved, to Gerald Fortescue.

"I have granted your request," she said, in a low voice; "now let me ask a favor of you. The world has much to say about the wisdom of your judgments. I am thinking of an odd case just at this moment. Will you give it your candid opinion?"

Her half-frightened, half-desperate look startled him.

"Surely. I am all attention. Are you about to propound some knotty point of law in Mrs. Ryder's ballroom?"

"No, only to ask a few questions. Suppose—only suppose, of course—that a man had committed a hideous crime, and was receiving his just punishment for the same. Suppose he had a child—a—a—son, whose sole fault was his paternity. How would you regard the unlucky person—where fix his place in society?"

He lifted his dark brows.

"My darling, you are attacking a grave subject. Society is governed by stubborn laws—by prejudices that wall it about as with a hedge of thorns. The innocent must often suffer for the guilty. It is sad, but inevitable."

A burst of passionate waltz-music rang through the room. The dancers whirled by like dervishes. Ugly black masculine legs were mixed with gorgeous feminine draperies; diamonds blazed.

"Soft eyes looked love to eyes that spake again."

Meg laid her hand on Judge Fortescue's arm.

"What would *you* do? Lift such a one from the slough of disgrace—receive him as your equal, if he were worthy, or brand him as an outcast?—allow him to sit at your table, or drive him from your doors, like a dog?"

The color had receded from her face—she was quite breathless. The judge looked displeased, impatient, ill at ease.

"One would think that you knew the person," he said, almost sharply. "I beg you not to speak so earnestly. I have little sympathy with crime—no man has less—and at the risk of appearing hard-hearted, I must declare that I would *not* receive him into my house. I should decline to consider him my equal. If the stem is cankered, the fruit must partake of the blight. To sin certain penalties are attached from which none can escape. A tainted stock must always be regarded with suspicion."

"You are severe. Would you, then, condemn the child for the parent's sin?"

"I think I would—at least, till I could see good reasons why I should not."

She was looking straight out before her into the brilliant crowd. He had pronounced her fate. Plainly, she had nothing to hope from this man. She must either conceal her story for ever, or release him from his engagement. He was an aristocrat of the hard, stern stamp. He would never stoop to marry the daughter of a felon.

"Will you not dance?"

It was the voice of Danton Moultrie—he had pressed forward to her side.

"No," answered the judge, tartly. "Miss Grey will not dance to-night. Go and find Lilian."

"She is resting after a fatiguing waltz," said Moultrie, with a baffled, angry look.

"Perhaps we had better join her, Margaret;" and the judge offered his arm to his betrothed.

As she arose, her bouquet of violets fell to the waxed floor. Moultrie picked it up, and, swift as lightning, thrust into its odorous heart a little slip of paper. Fifteen minutes later, when a lucky accident had separated her from Gerald Fortescue—when Mrs. Maitland and Lilian were absorbed in ices and claret cup, Meg found an opportunity to draw the slip from its azure ambush, and read these penciled words:

"If you ever loved me, give me a chance to speak to you once more. I will be in Mrs. Ryder's conservatory at twelve, sharp. Come to me there. I have something which I must and will say to you!"

Her hour of vengeance was at hand! A fierce thrill of joy rushed through her heart. Then she looked at Lilian and hesitated. How frail the child was! Had she strength to sustain a severe shock? Bah! Men and women die, saith the king of writers, and worms eat them—but not for love.

Meg bent over the unsuspecting girl.

"Lilian, dear," she whispered, "in just ten minutes by the clock, come alone to the conservatory. I shall be waiting for you there. I wish to speak to you on a matter of great importance—do not fail me."

She avoided the wondering eyes that Lilian lifted to her face, and slipped away through the crowd. In a recess, Robin Leith, grave-eyed, indifferent to all the splendor around him, was talking with the judge—he bowed coldly as Meg flashed by. Belle Ryder, in peach-colored brocade

and diamonds, was dancing with a foreign consul. Unperceived, Meg made her way through the hall and safely reached the conservatory. Joy! the place was deserted.

A cluster of colored lights hung from the roof, and poured their soft splendor down into a fountain that murmured over beds of fern and violets below. Broad-leaved tropic plants were ranged, tier upon tier, around the walls. A great vine, with thick, waxy leaves, and scarlet, bell-shaped flowers, freckled with white, hung to the gilded ceiling. Baskets of daphnes and orchids, thickets of myrtle and lilies and heliotrope shed their incense on the air. It was a delicious change from the noise and heat of the ballroom.

Meg paused beside the fountain to wait for Lilian. Five—ten minutes passed; then she heard a tap of light heels, a rustle of brocade, and the little heiress fluttered in.

"How mysterious!" she laughed, as she looked around and saw only Meg. "A rendezvous with you in the conservatory! *Ma belle*, are there no lovers in the house that this spot is left to you and I?"

"Hush!" The elder girl snatched her hand, and pushed her gently toward a rustic seat behind a screen of palms. "Sit here for a few moments, Lilian, and do not move or speak——"

She had no time to finish the sentence, for at that moment the door of the conservatory opened again, and Danton Moultrie entered. In a state of high excitement, and with a face like ashes, he advanced hurriedly toward Meg, who retreated slowly back toward the fountain.

"You are here before me!" he cried; "thank heaven! I feared you would not come at all."

She stood up, straight and shining, under the colored lights.

"For what purpose have you sought this interview?" she demanded, with cold scorn. "Be brief, for I have no time to waste."

"I desire to wish you joy of your new conquest. It was very shrewd of you to steal a march upon me, and capture the father, while I wooed the daughter. Tell me, Meg, was this done to cheat me of my booty, or simply to wring, torture, tear my heart?"

"Cheat you of your booty!" she echoed, with curling lip. "You choose strange words, Mr. Moultrie. That is scarcely the way in which to speak of Miss Fortescue."

"Curse Miss Fortescue!" he cried, his blue eyes flashing fire, his self-control vanishing at once. "For the last few days I have felt as if I was going mad. As heaven hears me, you shall never marry the judge! I would kill you first. There are things that a man cannot bear—this is one of them. I dare say you have long thirsted for revenge upon me—well, take it! Look, Meg! to this place you have brought me at last!"

The next that she knew, he had flung himself at her feet, and buried his face in the lustrous folds of her dress.

"As I loved you at Gull Beach more than three years ago, I love you still—no, I err; *not* as I loved you then, but a thousand times more! Meg! Meg! Forgive my heartless desertion of you at Sagamore; forgive the miserable pride and cowardice which led me to cast away the greatest happiness of my life. I have suffered enough in the last few weeks to wipe out even that sin. See, I am humbled in the very dust. I cannot live without you. Forgive me, Meg, take me back into your heart, or I die!"

It *was* her hour of vengeance, indeed! His words poured out in a burning torrent, his reckless kisses fell upon her dress, upon her gloved hands, and she stood above him like a statue, no color in her cheek, no smile on her lip, a beautiful, pitiless woman, bent on his ruin.

"And Lilian—what of Lilian?" she murmured, in a low voice.

"Do not speak of her," he cried, impatiently; "poor, pining, miserable little creature! You know that I do not and never can love her."

"But she is your betrothed wife—she believes you—her heart is all yours."

"Hush! talk of yourself, not of her. At this moment I think I hold the child in utter detestation."

"Poor Lilian!" she sighed; "then it was for her fortune only that you asked her to marry you?"

"Why should I deny it?" he cried, his prudence gone, his revived passion goading him into abject confession. "Before I met you under Judge Fortescue's roof I coveted wealth; but now—now—the fortune may go, everything may go—I crave only you. Lilian is too childish, too shallow to break her heart for any man. I will not sell myself to the daughter, neither shall you be sacrificed to the father. Meg, oh, my darling, look at me here at your feet! God knows I no longer care what you are. Were you the child of a king I could not love you more, and no shame, no disgrace of another can make me love you less. I have been well punished. Speak one word—say that some spark of the old passion still lives, say that you will never marry Judge Fortescue, and that, being a woman, you can forgive a lover who pleads humbly for your mercy, and who, in spite of all his cursed pride, has never, never ceased to love you!"

She stepped back, and drew her shining dress from his hold. As he had been false to Constance North and to Meg Dysart, so he was now false to Lilian Fortescue.

"You ask too much, Danton Moultrie," she answered, with withering contempt, "and your repentance comes too late."

He stared blankly up at her.

"Don't say that. Pity me, Meg—love me once more!"

She made a gesture full of scorn and aversion.

"I can love no man whom I have ceased to respect. The passion which I once felt for you is dead and buried beyond resurrection. Never dare to approach or to speak to me again. We are strangers from this moment. Your heartless treatment of Lilian will, I trust, bring you a just reward. Heaven forbid that the poor child or her fortune should ever fall into your traitorous hands——"

A noise behind the barricade of palms. A small figure in tulle and brocade tottered out from that green ambush and stood before the pair.

Her little face looked withered and bloodless. The large eyes were fixed in a horrified stare. One tiny hand was pressed convulsively upon her heart.

Moultrie leaped to his feet. A smothered oath fell from his lips. All was lost! He stared at the pitiful apparition, then turned upon Meg.

"You have ruined me!" he cried, and rushed from the conservatory.

Meg ran toward Lilian.

"My poor child," she said, holding out her arms, "long ago he wrung my heart, as he now wrings yours. He is utterly faithless and shallow and unworthy. I could not bear to see you sacrifice yourself to such a man. It was your fortune which he sought, not you—not you, as you now know——"

She paused, for with a heart-breaking cry Lilian flung up her slim arms, and fell senseless to the floor of the conservatory.

At the same moment the door opened again, and Judge Fortescue appeared. He looked anxiously around the place, as if in search of some one. At sight of Meg, he advanced hurriedly.

"I have been seeking you everywhere," he began. "The supper-room will be opened in a few moments. Great heaven! My darling, what has happened here?"

Meg pointed to Lilian.

"I have shown her Danton Moultrie's worthlessness," she cried, with a reckless disregard of self, "and at the same time I fear that I have killed her!"

CHAPTER XV.

MOULTRIE'S TRIUMPH.

MARGARET!" Gerald Fortescue's face was thunderous; the truth flashed upon him instantly. "Has Danton Moultrie dared to speak of love to *you?*"

It was no time for equivocation.

"Yes," answered Meg, firmly; "and Lilian was here, she heard it all, and this is the result."

The judge snatched up the senseless girl, carried her to the fountain and dashed water upon her. She opened her eyes, and at sight of her father and Meg, uttered a shrill cry.

"Let me die—let me die!"

"Not for that false scoundrel!" replied the judge, in an exasperated tone, and he placed her in Meg's arms. "Take care of her for a moment, Margaret; I wish to see if Moultrie is still in the house." And he rushed quickly away.

As soon as they were alone, Lilian disengaged herself from Meg, and began to wring her tiny hands.

"How cruel of you!" she sobbed. "You have broken my heart. I was so happy with Danton, and now you have spoiled it all. I shall never know a moment of peace again—everything is changed. Why did you bring me here to listen? One does not want to know the faults of one's lover."

Meg stared aghast at this outbreak.

"Surely, Lilian," she cried, "you could not wish Danton Moultrie to marry you for your fortune!"

Lilian's sobs grew violent.

"I love him—I love him, and my happiness is over! Oh, Margaret, how could you take him from me? Why did you not tell me before that he had once cared for you?"

Meg had not thought this girl so weak. She was angry and disgusted.

"I had good reasons for my silence, Lilian, and if he had shown a disinterested attachment for you, I would have remained mute for ever; but he is false and worthless, he cares only for your money. You heard the confession which he made just now. Where is your pride, your self-respect, that you can give a regret to such a man?"

Lilian continued to weep, like a child for a lost toy.

"I have no pride—I can think of nothing but him. Let us go home; I do not want those people in the ballroom to see me. Without doubt, you thought you were doing right, but it was cruel, cruel! I am not sure that I can ever forgive you. I loved him as he was; it would have taken me a long time to discover that he did not care for me. I might have been happy—I might *never* have known the truth!"

What was to be done with a girl like this? Meg was in despair. Directly the judge returned, irritated and frowning.

"Moultrie has left the house," he said, grimly; "it is fortunate, perhaps, that we shall not meet to-night."

"Oh, papa, take me home—take me home!" moaned Lilian, throwing herself upon his shoulder. "I will not stay here a moment longer."

"Very well; we will go at once."

He signed for Meg to lead her away to the dressing-room, then went to tell Mrs. Maitland that her niece was ill, and fifteen minutes later Judge Fortescue and the three ladies were rolling homeward through the wintry midnight.

On arriving at the Beacon Street house, Lilian turned to Meg, half remorsefully.

"You think me cross and unreasonable," she murmured, "and perhaps I am; but, oh, you have made me utter unspeakable things to-night."

Then she fled to her own room, followed by Aunt Maitland, who dimly comprehended that something extraordinary had occurred at Mrs. Ryder's ball. She was sure to obtain the facts from her niece before either slept.

Left alone with Meg, the judge approached her hurriedly. She had fallen into a crimson-velvet chair. Her rich white cloak trailed down her perfect shoulders; her fair young face wore a dejected look.

"Tell me about it," he said.

She lowered her eyes, a faint color crept into her cheek.

"She heard him confess that he did not, and never could, love her—that he sought her solely for her fortune. She is angry with me because I betrayed to her his faithlessness."

A jealous gleam flashed into his sharp eyes.

"Margaret, do you care in the least for Danton Moultrie? Examine your heart narrowly, and if you value your peace or my own, do not deceive me."

She faced him with a sort of brave disdain.

"The only feeling which I now entertain for Mr. Moultrie is profound contempt. But once, when I was living in another place, and with a friend who is now lost to me, he was, for a little space, my accepted lover. I was young and foolish, and I loved him. He deserted me. Since that hour I have held him in utter scorn. We met in this house as strangers. It was my desire that we should remain strangers henceforth and always."

Fortescue's dark face grew darker yet. She saw that he was greatly displeased.

"He was once your lover? You knew him before coming to this house? You surprise me, Miss Grey."

"Yes," she answered, desperately; "it is a long story. Would you like to hear it?"

She lifted her eyes to his own—those wonderful eyes that made his heart throb with mingled rapture and agony. He loved her—he could not risk a quarrel with her now—much as this matter annoyed him, he could not, he dared not! To lose her—but that was a catastrophe of which he could not bring himself to think. He checked his sudden resentment at once.

"My darling, I believe in you utterly. I wish to hear no explanations—I ask but one question: Are you, as you once assured me, entirely heart-whole?"

"Entirely. But listen, Judge Fortescue; there are some things that I *must* tell you——"

He interrupted her with a gesture. He was anxious to show his recovered confidence.

"Hush! not to-night; the hour is late, and you look pale and tired. Some other time."

Then, moved by an irresistible impulse, he snatched her shining figure to his breast, and bending, kissed her with fervor. It was his first caress. Surprise and consternation struck her dumb. Before she could recover her voice he had led her to the door.

"I am but human," he said, in a low voice. "Forgive

me for breaking my promise and claiming a lover's right. Moultrie's engagement with my daughter will end to-morrow. I thank you sincerely for saving her—she will thank you when she finds time for sober reflection. Sleep well." And so he dismissed her.

There was little sound, care-free slumber in the Fortescue mansion that night. At ten o'clock next morning the judge knocked at his daughter's dressing-room. Lilian was lounging before the fire in expectation of this visitor. Her French maid had arranged her dark hair with skill, and attired her meagre figure in a gown of soft pink, which gave a false glow to her wan skin. She had not slept.

This was her first sorrow, and the frail, petted heiress seemed crushed, overwhelmed. It was pitiful to note the ravages which a few hours of grief had made in that small face. The eyes were sunken, the cheeks hollow; the nervous mouth wore an expression of sulky misery.

"I know what you have come for, papa," she began, with a listless glance at the judge's shocked and darkening countenance. She drew Moultrie's engagement-ring from her hand, and held it out to him.

"You must send a note of dismissal with it," said the judge.

"Very well, papa," she answered, mechanically. "I will write whatever you may dictate."

"That man can never see you more, Lilian; he can never cross my threshold again."

Her slim fingers worked convulsively.

"I know, papa."

"Forget him as quickly as possible—it is my positive command."

"I will try to obey you, papa."

"He is simply a contemptible fortune-hunter. I have been greatly deceived in his character."

"No doubt, papa."

He brought pen, ink and paper, and she wrote, as he bade her, to Danton Moultrie, inclosing the ring. This letter, with one, cutting and pitiless, from the judge himself, was sent immediately to the Southerner's hotel.

Mr. Moultrie's game was up. His matrimonial plans had come to swift grief. His hopes were blighted; his future was laid waste. Truly, Meg had avenged herself upon her false lover—meted out to him the same mercy that he had once shown to her.

After the judge had departed, Meg knocked at Miss Fortescue's door, and was admitted.

"My dear child," she said, gathering the girl into her arms, and caressing her tenderly, "how worn and miserable you look! I beg you, do not shut yourself up here, lamenting that man, who is not worthy to touch the tip of your fingers. It breaks my heart to see you like this. Cannot you think of him according to his merits?"

"Give me time," groaned Lilian, with her head on the other's breast. "Oh, Margaret, I shall never, never see his face again!"

"That ought to be a matter for rejoicing. It is not possible, Lilian, that you can desire another meeting with Moultrie?"

"I do not know. I have no spirit, I suppose—I am not like you. Ask me no questions, but leave me to myself, please—I am better alone; and keep Aunt Maitland from me—I cannot bear *her* sympathy. Margaret, I love him—I love him, and I wish I was dead!"

Meg's nature was entirely different from Lilian's, but the memory of the pangs which she herself had once suffered because of this same Moultrie made her tender and gentle with the weak little heiress.

After her first paroxysm of grief, Lilian fell into a state of listless apathy. The only person that she would consent to see was Meg, and she had little to say even to her. Late and early she remained shut up in her own chamber, sulking, weeping, moping—resisting all Meg's gentle entreaties, all her patient efforts to divert her mind from its dark despondency. Yet, voluntarily, she never mentioned Moultrie's name, and her avoidance of it was so studied and determined that Meg began to feel a vague uneasiness. She was far from satisfied with Lilian.

"I fear," she said to herself, "that this spoiled, willful, foolish girl is capable of forgiving Moultrie—that she has neither pride nor resentment, and that the end is not yet."

Regarding Meg's former acquaintance with her lover, and the allusions made to it in Mrs. Ryder's conservatory, Lilian, strange to say, asked not a question. Meg, who had prepared herself to frankly answer any query upon the subject, knew not how to interpret such indifference.

And so a week passed, and no word had been received from Moultrie—neither had he sought in any way to acquaint the judge with Meg's secret. There was something odd in this forbearance on the part of a man whose future prospects our heroine had just destroyed. Why did he not seek to break her engagement with the judge?

Meg, living in hourly expectation of such an event, simply avoided her lover as much as possible; and, with the cowardice which characterized her in all matters pertaining to her convict father, waited for Moultrie to tell her dark story for her.

It was an opera night, and at the largest theatre in the city a famous *prima donna* was to delight the music-loving Bostonians.

Meg made her own toilet unassisted, and hastened to Lilian's room. On the threshold she met the French maid, Celeste. The woman colored under Meg's sharp eyes.

"Is Miss Fortescue ready?"

"She will not go out to-night, mademoiselle," answered Celeste, and departed down the passage.

Meg stepped into the chamber, and saw Lilian standing before her toilet-table, with a letter in her hand. She started violently at sound of the opening door, dropped the paper into a drawer, and turned a key upon it.

"Surely you are going to the opera, Lilian?" said Meg, seeing with surprise that the other had made no preparations. "The judge and Mrs. Maitland are waiting."

"You must excuse me to papa," answered Lilian, sulkily—"my head aches, I am ill, and I hate operas."

She looked pinched, tired and miserable. Her color, too, came and went in a feverish way.

"Beg papa to go without me, Margaret," she entreated, stretching out her jeweled hands in her earnestness—"he will do anything *you* ask. Tell him I shall die if he insists. You are a woman—you *must* know that I cannot appear in such a place, to be gaped at by every one who has heard of my broken engagement!"

The force of this argument was not lost upon Meg. She hesitated.

"Then I will remain with you, Lilian. You must not be left to mope alone all the evening."

"Oh, no, no!" expostulated Lilian, with something like terror; "I cannot allow that. Papa could enjoy nothing without you. Go, Margaret, dear, and take Aunt Maitland to play propriety. I shall lie down and rest my poor head, and Celeste will bathe it for me. I wish for perfect quiet—that is all. My nerves, I fear, are in a sad condition. What a pity it is that one cannot be born without nerves."

"My dear child——"

"If you love me, Margaret," interrupted Lilian, in a

A WATERING-PLACE IN FRANCE.—FROM A PAINTING BY LIONEL SMYTHE, R. A.

tone of passionate pain, "do not torment me now; but go—go!"

Vaguely troubled, Meg went down to the drawing-room, where the judge and Mrs. Maitland waited.

"Lilian is ill," she announced, "and begs to be excused from the opera to-night."

"Unhappy child!" said Mrs. Maitland; "I am afraid she will never recover from this disappointment. I will remain with her, Gerald. I have no heart to amuse myself when my niece is suffering. Miss Grey, to whom we owe this family affliction, is made, I see, of sterner stuff."

"You are singularly unfortunate in your choice of words," answered the judge, sharply. "The rescue of your niece from a common fortune-hunter can scarcely be called a family affliction. Lilian has a fit of sulks, probably. I forbid you to stay with her, I command you to come with me."

With an air that imposed silence upon his companions, he drew Meg's rich opera-cloak about her shoulders, and descended to the carriage. Mute as carps, the trio rode away to the theatre.

> "Of all the operas Verdi wrote,
> The best, to my taste, is the 'Trovatore.'"

They entered a private box on the right of the footlights. The house was densely crowded; the great chandelier blazed merrily, fans fluttered, plumes nodded, bright eyes shone. It was late, and a score of glasses were leveled at the Fortescue party as they took their places under the silken curtain. Aunt Maitland, fat and ugly, made a fine foil to Meg's queenly loveliness. The girl was looking her best, and she knew it.

"Do not let the thought of Lilian spoil your evening's pleasure," whispered Gerald Fortescue, his sombre eyes softening as they dwelt on the delicate contours and flower-like coloring of her perfect face.

"Have you seen Danton Moultrie?" she asked, anxiously. "Do you know how Lilian's dismissal affected him?"

"No, to both questions. You may be sure that he will avoid us all for the present. You like operas, do you not? Then be happy; think of nothing but pleasant things to-night."

She would obey him, for this hour might be the last of ease and pleasure and luxury for her. Dangers threatened, exposure might overtake her at any moment. It was wonderful that Danton Moultrie had remained mute so long. The morrow was uncertain; she did not know what a day would bring forth.

"How weak, how contemptible I feel myself to be!" she thought. "Will Moultrie speak, or keep silent? If the latter, do I mean to keep silent also, and allow Judge Fortescue to marry me?"

She could not answer her own question; hastily she put it from her—she had grown very irresolute of late—and turned her attention to the stage.

> "The moon on the tower slept soft as snow;
> And who was not thrill'd in the strangest way,
> As we heard him sing, while the gas burned low,
> '*Non ti scordar di me*'?"

But in the midst of the ravishing music a singular thrill ran over Meg, an indefinable alarm, a feeling that some important presence was near, watchful yet unseen. So strong was the impression, that she turned involuntarily, to behold Mrs. Maitland, with half-shut eyes, swaying her Spanish fan, and the judge leaning back in the shadow of the curtain, his moody gaze fixed, not on the stage, not on the crowd, but on her own startled face.

"What is it?" he whispered, sensitive to every change in her manner, and bending over her with a devoted air.

She did not answer; her eyes wandered to the orchestra, or, rather, they were drawn thither irresistibly, as if by some will stronger than her own. Was she awake, or dreaming? Could she believe her own senses? Her heart gave a great leap, the blood rushed wildly through her veins. There, in the second row of seats behind the railing which separates the musicians from the audience, she saw, uplifted to the Fortescue box, uplifted to her own pale face, the astonished, horrified eyes of Colonel Dysart.

For a moment she sat as if stunned. At last!—he had come at last! She did not dream it—it was her old friend and benefactor; it was "nunky," living and breathing; and who was that haughty blonde woman, in magnificent attire, at his side? Constance herself, and quite unchanged.

Judge Fortescue's eyes had followed her own: they fell upon Dysart. He started violently. The same agitation which blanched Meg's cheek, and sent a tremor through her figure, seemed to infect him. Colorless, aghast, he leaned for a moment on her chair. He, too, had recognized an old acquaintance; not only that, but he was recognized in turn. Colonel Dysart stared first at Meg, in her beauty and splendor, then at the dark man bending over her, like Apollyon, the destroyer; and in his wrath and dismay he sprang involuntarily to his feet. The look which he flashed upon Fortescue said, plainly: "Have I found you, oh, my enemy?" But the blonde woman touched him, recalled him to himself; he seemed to remember the time and place, and fell back into his seat.

"Let us go," said Judge Fortescue, hoarsely.

For the first time Meg saw that he was deadly pale, and that great drops of sweat had started out on his forehead. He drew forth his handkerchief and wiped them away.

"Go? Whither?" she answered, wild with excitement.

"Home. I have seen and heard enough. I am stifling here."

She arose. So did Mrs. Maitland. While the latter was arranging her wraps, Meg, unseen by either of her companions, leaned forward on the velvet edge of the box, and bowed to the stern gray man who was watching her breathlessly from the orchestra seats. Then, leaving the donjon tower and the silver-voiced tenor, the crowd and Colonel Dysart, she followed the judge and his sister-in-law out of the theatre.

Her heart was beating wildly. He had returned from his long wandering; he had recognized her; and in spite of his black looks, in spite of that woman by his side, she would go in search of him on the morrow; she would have one interview, at least, with her old friend. He should not escape her again. Oh, to touch his hand once more—to hear his voice! For years she had prayed most fervently to see him, and that prayer, at last, was answered. Now she would know all of Constance's perfidy, and the true story of Philip Harmon, her convict father.

The carriage stopped at its destination, the trio entered the house.

"I was just feeling some interest in 'Trovatore,'" said Mrs. Maitland, peevishly, "when you ordered us away, Gerald. You are the most abrupt person I ever saw in my life! Whatever was the matter with you at the opera?"

"I decline to enter into explanations," he answered, coldly. "Be so good as to go up to Lilian's room, and see if she is really ill."

This was a pretext to rid himself of her presence. She

threw an angry look at Meg, and swept off up the stair. Then he advanced hastily to his pale, *distrait* betrothed.

"Doubtless I *am* abrupt," he said, with a forced laugh, "and very unreasonable. That opera affected me badly; moreover, there was a man in the orchestra seats as mad as a March hare. Did you see him glaring at you?" He wound his arms suddenly around her. "My darling—my darling!" he cried, with a burst of passionate fear, "it is too late for you to escape me now! I love you, and no earthly power shall take you from me! Ah, if you returned my passion in even the smallest measure, I could have no dread of separation. Have you yet repented your choice?—have you once wished yourself free, Margaret?"

"No."

"Thank God!"

His kisses rained on her face, her hair. She could not endure them. She writhed in his embrace, struggled to be free.

"You hurt me!"

That brought him to his senses. He released her reluctantly.

"Pardon; I am half beside myself to-night. I feel a presentiment of coming evil. You will find that I am subject to dark moods. It seems as if some power was approaching to tear you from me. Forgive my foolish persistency, Margaret, but are you *sure* that you will be my wife, even as you have promised?"

She had recoiled a step or two. The blood flew into her face.

"Quite sure," she answered, with a hysterical laugh, "provided you wish it, Judge Fortescue. It is *you* who will ask to be released from our engagement, not I——"

The door flew open before she could finish her sentence. On the threshold stood Mrs. Maitland, disordered, wild-eyed, the stamp of some sudden disaster on her heavy face.

"Gerald!" she cried, shrilly, as the judge turned angrily at the interruption—"Gerald, your daughter is not in her room, nor in the house. She has gone!"

"Gone!" echoed the judge and Meg, in a breath.

"Yes; and that French baggage, Celeste, with her! Here is a note which I found in the frame of her mirror—read it. It would have been better had you allowed her to marry Moultrie without all this scandal. By this time, no doubt, they are beyond your reach."

She held out a sheet of note-paper, covered with penciled lines. The judge looked at it a moment, then passed it to Meg. With a sinking heart she read these words in Lilian's own handwriting:

"DEAR PAPA: I am going away to marry Danton Moultrie. He has explained everything. It was a temporary madness which overcame him that night in Mrs. Ryder's conservatory. He assures me that he was not responsible for anything he said there. So I forgive him, and, lest our happiness should again be threatened, I think it best to yield to his urgent entreaties, and become his wife at once. Another week like the last would kill me. I cannot live without him. I am sure you will forgive your Lilian. I take with me Celeste and my jewels. Danton assures me that he never seriously cared for Margaret, and I am sure he tells the truth. LILIAN."

And so he had outwitted her, after all—stolen the rich prize, in spite of her efforts to thwart him! His lying tongue and handsome face had won the game. Meg was baffled—hopelessly defeated. Even as she stood there under the drawing-room chandelier, and read that little note, the word had been spoken which sealed Lilian's fate. Danton Moultrie was already the lawful husband of Judge Fortescue's heiress.

CHAPTER XVI.

A REVELATION.

N imperative ring at the bell. The colored footman went forward to answer. As he opened the door he found himself confronting a thin, gray, aristocratic gentleman, very stern and sombre of aspect.

"I wish to see Judge Fortescue," he said, shortly.

It was the morning succeeding Lilian's flight. The hour was too early for fashionable callers, and plainly this person did not belong to that order.

"The judge is not in," answered the footman. "He left town an hour ago."

Composed, but determined, the visitor stepped straight into the hall.

"You cannot deceive me," he said. "I am resolved to see your master—tell him that he cannot evade an interview. I will wait in the drawing-room—I know the house, for I have been here before to-day. Give him this."

He held out a card.

"Judge Fortescue has left town, I say," repeated the footman; "he has gone to bring home his daughter. But if you insist, sir, I will take your name to the ladies."

"*What* ladies?"

"Mrs. Maitland, the judge's sister, is one."

"Ask her to favor me with a few moments' conversation."

With that, Colonel Dysart walked into the drawing-room. Yes, he *was* familiar with this grand house. He had come thither this morning for a purpose, and he would never leave it till that purpose was accomplished. One swift glance he cast around the room, then paused by a buhl table in the centre of the velvet-covered floor, and waited.

The colonel had changed greatly since his marriage. He looked twenty years older than when we last saw him at Gull Beach. Countless lines marked his high-bred, melancholy face. His figure was less erect than of old. Surely he had known sorrow and disappointment and bitterness in his wedded life.

Softly the door opened, and a slender figure in a black-and-white morning-dress glided in. A step lighter and swifter than Mrs. Maitland's crossed the carpet toward the visitor.

"I beg your pardon," said a fresh, girlish voice; "Mrs. Maitland is too indisposed to see any one. Can *I* be of service to you?"

He started, and turned. She was standing at his side, tears in her sweet, eager eyes, a faint smile on her parted lips. In blank astonishment he stared at her for a moment, then uttered a sharp, irrepressible cry.

"Meg!—you *here!*"

She flew to him, like a bird, everything forgotten save the old tender love, which, in spite of separation and estrangement and wrong, she bore to him still. He strained her to his breast, then held her suddenly off.

"You in this house! I came to hear of you—not to see you. You under Gerald Fortescue's roof! My God!"

The horror in his face, in his voice, gave her a strange thrill. He fell involuntarily into the nearest seat. She sank on her knees by his side.

"Yes, I am living here," she sobbed. "I have been the companion of Gerald Fortescue's daughter for weeks

and months—I am—— But *that* I will tell you by-and-by. Oh, nunky! thank heaven you have come at last! I have waited so long for you! Tell me, do you love me still?"

"I do—I do!"

"I have so much to say to you—where shall I begin? Why were you so hard with me, nunky? why did you let Constance shut your heart against your poor Meg? And the little letter which I wrote you——"

He took her fair face in his two hands, turned it upward to his own.

"I was deceived—wickedly, cruelly deceived. You wrote me a letter—yes, but I never saw it. It was destroyed, and I was told that you had married Danton Moultrie, and gone with him to the South; and that you had not a thought for me, or the pain you had made me suffer."

"Constance told you that! And so my poor letter fell into her hands, not yours? Ah, what a genius that woman has for lying! You did not know that I was repentant, nunky, or that Danton Moultrie deserted me?"

He shook his head. His fine, thin face was gray with pain.

"Do I not tell you that I was deceived? Constance hated you—God forgive her! She deliberately planned to part us, and she succeeded only too well. Heaven knows how my heart has yearned for you all these years, in which I thought you Moultrie's happy wife! Heaven knows the void your loss made in my life! Last night, after the opera—not till then—Constance confessed to me the whole miserable truth. How blind I have been, Meg—how weak!"

She gazed at him attentively. There was a look of age and weariness in his face, both new and alarming.

"I am sure that Constance has led you a life of it," she cried; "I knew it would be so. Did she tell you of our last interview at Beach Hall—of what she said to me there?"

She was kneeling at his side, radiant with the joy of this meeting, her fervent eyes uplifted, her soft arms wound around him.

"Yes," he answered, trying to avert his face—"Yes."

"About Philip Harmon, the murderer of my mother?"

"Hush!" cried the colonel, sternly; "never call him that! On *your* lips, such an accusation is horrible!"

"Oh, nunky, *you* will not deceive me—was my father guilty, or innocent?"

"Innocent!"

"Thank God!" she sobbed, fervently.

"Meg, I have a long story to tell you," said the colonel, in an agitated voice. "Two days ago I arrived from Europe. I will not mention the falsehoods by which I had been duped; enough to say that I believed you to be living in the far South, the wife of Danton Moultrie. Judge, then, of my amazement, my horror, when I looked up to that box at the theatre last night, and saw you there with the man whom I abhor above all earthly things—the man who is my deadly foe, and—yours! Does he know that you are Philip Harmon's daughter?"

"No; I have called myself Miss Grey ever since Constance drove me from Gull Beach. As yet, he knows nothing of my history; but he is not my foe. No, Colonel Dysart, he is noble, good and generous. I have been in his house for weeks, and he has treated me with great kindness and consideration, and—and—I may as well tell you the truth at once—it is no time to talk in riddles—I have promised to be his wife!"

She spoke hurriedly, defiantly. Her ardent face challenged him to say his worst—to explain, if he could, why she should not accept this rare good fortune.

"I have concealed my story from him," she said, "because I am weak; I have not courage to bear the shame, the disgrace of it. Sometimes I think I will keep silent altogether, and tell him nothing."

Under ordinary circumstances, Colonel Dysart was a man of great self-control; but now he started up, a smothered cry escaped his lips. White as chalk, his thin, high-bred face convulsed by some terrible emotion, he held her off, stared at her blankly.

"Gerald Fortescue's promised wife! *You!* Great God!"

She was appalled by his look and tone.

"Nunky, what do you mean? You frighten me! Speak out plainly. I have been in doubt and darkness long enough. If there is any reason why I should not marry Judge Fortescue, disclose it at once."

His face grew set and awful.

"What led you to this door?" he cried—"into the household of this man? Tell me everything that has happened to you here." She saw that he was in a high state of excitement. "Everything!" he urged; "hold nothing back!"

She began with her flight to Sagamore, and faithfully narrated her story from that time.

He listened in great agitation.

"And to me," he cried—"to *me* you owe this frightful complication of affairs! I never can, I never ought, to forgive myself! The vow which I made long years ago to watch over and protect you always, I have broken. How can I answer to your father for that? How tell him of the weak credulity, the blind infatuati n, which led me to incline my ears to your enemies, believe their lies, and leave you, homeless and friendless, to fall into the clutches of Gerald Fortescue?"

An unspeakable remorse darkened his face.

"Do not reproach yourself," said Meg, gently. "You loved Constance, and she deceived you. I forgive you freely. But you tell me nothing. Pray explain this enmity which you bear toward Fortescue—a man who seems to be honored and admired by all the rest of the world."

"Are we safe from interruption here?" he demanded.

"Yes."

With hands nervously clutching his arm, she looked up into his face, expecting she knew not what.

"Meg," he said, solemnly, "in this house you were born. Do not start—it was a part of your father's inheritance. You see that recess yonder, by the window? There a portrait of your mother used to hang. Philip Harmon painted it—he was an artist of no mean merit. When he was destroyed and his possessions gobbled up, that picture, without doubt, fell into Fortescue's hands."

A light broke upon Meg.

"Am I like my mother?" she cried.

"You are her image, and if Fortescue has not noticed the fact he is a duller man than I supposed him to be."

"My mother's portrait hangs in his bedchamber, nunky. It has hung there for many years; his daughter told me that."

"In his bedchamber! Good heaven, what mockery! Can he sleep with that face so near him? What sort of dreams haunt his pillow, I wonder. Does her ghost come to him in the night watches? Meg, you ought to have known your father's story long ago—I admit that—but I shrank from telling you—you were very dear to me, and I thought only of your happiness."

Then, holding her slim hands in his own, he commenced the following recital:

"My acquaintance with Philip Harmon be[illegible] in my

early youth. We were a modern David and Jonathan—a sort of Damon and Pythias. I loved him as if he were a part of myself. He was a splendid, brilliant, dazzling fellow, the idol of his friends, the last of a proud, rich and honored family, a courted darling of society, a man whom all women admired—rich, handsome, talented. Heavens! when I think of Philip Harmon, as he was in those early days, I can scarcely believe my own memory. This house was his birthplace. Here he lived in princely style. He could use the brush and pencil with excellent effect. Had he been born poor, he might have made himself famous as an artist. But art to him was a pastime only. He painted simply for his own amusement. One day I found on his easel the very cleverly executed portrait of a man. It was a powerful but repulsive face, and I asked, curiously, 'Who is that?'

"'Nobody worth speaking of,' he answered, in his own careless way; 'nobody but Gerald Fortescue.'

"'And who is Gerald Fortescue?' I inquired—it was the first time I had ever heard the name.

"'A protégé of the family,' he answered, lightly. 'He's not half bad—indeed, one might call him a goodish sort of a fellow. My father picked him up years ago, when he was a mere boy, educated him like a lord, and set him to the study of law; but he forgot to mention him in his will—an omission which Gerald, I fear, resents. For that cause, or some other, I fancy at times that he detests me. Of course, it's only a fancy, for he follows me about like a dog, and manifests what might be called a most tender interest in all my affairs, both public and private.'

"Now, there was nothing in these words to alarm one, and yet they gave me a strange uneasiness.

"'Keep clear of the beggar; I don't like his face—he looks treacherous,' I answered, and then forgot the insignificant matter.

"A few weeks after this conversation Harmon went abroad. At the end of a year I followed him. We met upon the Continent, in the Cursaal at Weisbaden. He had been from one end of Europe to the other, he told me.

"'Alone?' I asked.

"'No,' he answered, 'Fortescue is with me. The fellow is like a leech. I cannot shake him off.'

"That night I met Gerald Fortescue for the first time at the Englischen hop—a dark, wary, smooth-tongued man. I distrusted him at once, and the antipathy was mutual. He hated all Harmon's friends, and me, perhaps, more than any other. A French count, and two or three Englishmen, whose acquaintance your father had made at the spa, were present. Cards were played, and in a game betwixt Harmon and Fortescue some trifling dispute arose. The former was as hot-tempered as a Spaniard. An insulting word dropped from Fortescue's lips. My friend leaped up from the table, his blue eyes blazing, his yellow hair waving about his handsome flushed brows, seized a glass of wine and flung it in Fortescue's face.

"You can guess the result. A meeting was arranged for the next morning in a forest on the road to Sonneburg. I was to act as Harmon's second. Pistols were the weapons to be used. I learned from Philip's English friends that Fortescue was a splendid shot, sure to wing his game every time.

"'You had better go and practice in the duke's shooting-gallery,' I said to my friend, but he laughed.

"'I fancy I am quite as proficient in the use of the pistol as that ungrateful beggar,' said he. 'It would be an odd thing, would it not, if Fortescue, after fattening for years upon my father's bounty, should end the matter by shooting my father's son?'

"I passed a miserable night. To me, dueling was an obsolete barbarism. I was greatly troubled about Harmon. Even at this early date, I felt that Fortescue was his deadly enemy.

"It was approaching dawn when I went out to walk away my unrest under the willows and acacias that border the little pond in the rear of the Cursaal. Could I allow my friend to sacrifice his life at three-and-twenty? Could I prevent the meeting? No, that was impossible! I had turned toward the smoking, fuming Koch-Crunnen, where visitors were already drinking the waters, when I heard my name called, and, lo! there was Harmon advancing along the parade, his face grave and pale, his brows knitted in gloomy thought.

"'Dysart,' he said, laying his hand on my shoulder, 'there will be no meeting! I have just learned something in regard to Fortescue which makes it impossible for me to fight with him. Do not ask me to explain; it is not my secret. I shall leave Weisbaden at once for Paris.'

"His manner forbade me to question him. All that I could discover, then or subsequently, was that Fortescue had sought a private interview with his antagonist after all the arrangements for the duel had been made, and that both had decided to abandon all thought of a meeting. I was puzzled and amazed. Harmon went away to Paris that very day, and Gerald Fortescue with him, leaving the mystery unexplained.

"I saw him no more for several months. My course lay among the Swiss mountains and Italian lakes. Finally I also set my face toward Paris, and the first acquaintance that I met in that gay city was Harmon. He looked as handsome as a Greek god, and his gayety was something wonderful. I suspected, even before he told me, that some new joy had entered into his life.

"'What has become of that fellow Fortescue?' I asked, after our first greetings.

"A shadow passed over his splendid face.

"'He is here in Paris.'

"'Here—with you?'

"'Yes,' he answered, with a forced laugh; 'he haunts me like a shadow. Well, my father was fond of him, and for his sake I tolerate Gerald.'

"'I thought he was a poor devil of a lawyer, with nothing to bless himself with,' said I. 'What supports him in Paris?'

"'My purse is always at his disposal,' replied Harmon, carelessly; 'and he is never backward in helping himself to its contents. But let us not talk of Fortescue. I have something important to tell you.' He laid his hands on my shoulders, his fine eyes shone with a feverish light. 'I am about to enter into the state matrimonial. Wish me joy, Dysart.'

"Somehow, this young Adonis—this curled darling of fortune, had hitherto shown little *penchant* for women.

"'Nonsense!' I answered; 'you are jesting?'

"'My doom is sealed!' he answered; 'in a month, at furthest, I shall be a sober Benedict. No words of mine can tell you how I love her. Whom the gods design to kill they first make mad, you know. I confess that I am as mad as a Bedlamite.'

"'And pray, who is the being that has brought you to this pass?" I cried, in amazement.

"He changed color like some bashful schoolgirl.

"'Her name is Agnes Ferrol—God bless her! She is an American—a Bostonian, living here in Paris with her father, who is her only relative. Fortescue, by-the-way, admires her immensely—yes, a trifle more than is good for him.'

"The next night there was a ball at the American Minister's, and there I first met the woman who was destined to be your father's ruin. Look in your mirror, Meg, and you will see Agnes Ferrol as she was at eighteen, when her beauty was the talk of the American colony in Paris. In character she was weak, ease-loving, timid, irresolute, shallow. Her father, a genteel adventurer, lived principally by his wits, and his skill in cards. He had wandered about Europe for years, and finally settled in Paris, to drink absinthe, play *écarté*, loo and lansquenet, and look about for a rich husband for his handsome daughter. He had met Harmon at a card-table, and on him, unluckily, his choice fell. He invited the rich young aristocrat to dinner, and the rest—well, Philip looked into Agnes Ferrol's eyes, and the rest was very easy.

"I watched her closely at the ball that night. Before it was over I had made some discoveries. One was that Harmon adored his fair *fiancée*—another, that his undisguised passion bored her. Alas! it was the old story of one side fire and the other ice.

"Among the guests, I soon discovered Gerald Fortescue. His attentions seemed fixed upon Miss Ferrol—his greedy gaze pursued her everywhere. It took me just a half-hour by the clock to decide that he was madly in love with Philip Harmon's betrothed.

"By-and-by I stepped out upon a glass-inclosed balcony, crowded with hothouse exotics. Harmon was dancing with a French countess. I leaned back among the roses and azaleas, with a screen of flowering vines and broad-leaved palms all about me, and listened to the gay waltz-music, and watched the distant lights, mirrored, like floating fires, in the waters of the Seine.

"Presently a door communicating with the ballroom swung back, and two persons entered my retreat—Gerald Fortescue and Miss Ferrol. The palms hid me from their view. I gave a warning cough, but neither heard it.

"'And so you will marry that young idiot for his money, Agnes?' I heard Gerald Fortescue say. 'You will give your hand to him, when, by your own confession, your heart is all mine?'

"'It is my father's positive command,' she faltered. 'I must obey him. He looks to me to mend his ruined fortunes—to provide for his old age. He would never, never consent to my marriage with a poor man!'

"'Shame! Then you will sell yourself?'

"'I will do my duty. My word is passed. I have promised to marry Philip Harmon, and I must—I must, even though my heart should break!'

"He burst into violent reproaches, then began to plead passionately.

"'In heaven's name, Agnes, what is to become of me?'

"'Ah!' she sobbed, 'you will not suffer alone. We must forget each other immediately.'

"A few colored lamps burned here and there through the rich bloom of the balcony. In their light Fortescue's face looked like some demon's.

"'Forget each other? Never!' He snatched her to his breast, covered her face with kisses. 'Of all the wrongs that I have suffered, this is the most cruel! Had Harmon's wealth, or even a portion of it, been mine, your father would not have rejected my suit—the thought is like death to me, Agnes! Philip robs me of you, because he has all and I have nothing. Should the opportunity ever come, I will crush him as I would a viper. Remember, whether you are his wife or not, I shall always love you—love you as utterly as I hate him!'

"'Hush!' she implored, breaking from his embrace; 'you will be overheard. I cannot listen to you longer. Take me back to the ballroom.'

"A moment after, both left the balcony.

"I went straight to Harmon, and forcing him into a quiet corner, spoke to him as follows:

"'Beware of that fellow Fortescue. He is a snake in the grass. I know—absolutely *know*, Phil, that he hates you, and will do you an injury whenever he can. Moreover, he thinks altogether too much of Miss Ferrol. He has been a suitor for her hand, has he not?'

"Harmon stared at me scornfully.

"'No doubt. So have many others. Miss Ferrol counts her conquests by dozens. But, my dear Dysart, it is impossible for me to look upon Fortescue as an enemy or a rival—he is too insignificant. I pity him, you know, but I cannot fear him.'

"'Phil, with my own ears I have heard him curse you.'

"He laughed, carelessly.

"'Bah! Gerald has a temper. He feels that he has been wronged.'

"'How?'

"He looked embarrassed.

"'Well, in that matter of my father's will. As I am morally certain that he has just grounds for complaint, I make it a point to be generous, and bear with his impudence and ingratitude.'

"'Good heaven, Phil! I fail to see why you should suffer him to follow you everywhere, prey on your bounty, deceive you shamelessly——'

"'Dysart, you are going too far! There are some things that I cannot reveal, even to you, whom I love as a brother.'

"After this rebuff, I ceased to speak to him of Fortescue.

"A few weeks later, Harmon married Miss Ferrol, and carried her home to America. The bride's father survived his daughter's brilliant match but a month. To this very house Harmon brought his bride, and a great stir her beauty and accomplishments made in fashionable Boston society. Business detained me abroad, and more than two years elapsed before I saw Harmon again; but from various sources I learned that matters were not going well with my friend—that he was far from happy in his married life. Never shall I forget my first interview with him after my return to this city.

"I found him alone, in a room which he had fitted up as a studio. On his easel was that portrait of his wife which I have already mentioned—the fair shadow of a fair substance. As the servant ushered me in, he was standing before it, lost in painful thought. He embraced me like a Frenchman, but I was struck with his haggard look. He had lost flesh, and there was a weary misery in his fine eyes that made my heart ache for him.

"'Good heaven, Phil! what is the matter with you?' I cried. 'How changed you are!—how ill you look!'

"'Ill?' he answered. 'No; I am tired of my life—that is all.'

"'Where is your wife?'

"'At this particular moment, she is dancing at Mrs. Heliotrope's fancy ball,' he answered, with an unpleasant laugh. 'She is uncommonly fond of balls—fonder of them, by far, than of her liege lord! Dysart, sometimes it seems as if I was going mad!' He laid his hand heavily on my shoulder. 'She never loved me, old fellow. She married me for my fortune. I suspected the fact two years ago—I *know* it now. Fancy, if you can, how the knowledge hurts me. Well, she has had what she coveted—my money. I have spent it upon her without stint. I have denied her nothing. Thousands and tens of thousands have gone for idle whims alone. What do I care? Let us be merry to-day, for to-morrow we die. I have

never counted the cost of her caprices, her love of luxury and display—I never will! My friends shake their heads, and hint at my immediate ruin, but while a dollar of my fortune remains, it shall be hers.'

"He sprang up and stood before the easel. With a sort of bitter passion he surveyed the perfect face which his own hand had limned.

"'Dysart,' he said, hoarsely, 'you do not know what it is to love a woman better than your own soul, and see her shrink from your touch, shudder under your caresses. You do not know what it is to hold her fair body in your arms, and feel that that fine, impalpable, tantalizing thing, her soul, has altogether escaped you—to watch her plunging into every fashionable dissipation for the purpose of drowning her misery—to see a look of hopeless melancholy growing and growing in her eyes—my God! it is a look that *kills!* I have reproduced it tolerably well upon this bit of canvas, eh? There is a child, Dysart—did you know that? But she has no more love for it than for its wretched father. Come and see.'

"He led the way to a luxurious nursery, where you were lying, fast asleep, under a cloud of silk and lace—a dimpled baby, marked even then with Agnes Ferrol's fatal beauty. He bent and kissed you passionately.

"'It may be,' he muttered, more to himself than to me, 'that some day she will avenge me.'"

Colonel Dysart paused a moment, and heard a deep sigh. Meg, who had listened breathlessly to his story, leaned nearer to him.

"Did he say that—my father?"

"Yes, he said it as if you were his sole hope and comfort. He seemed very fond of you. He had named you Margaret Grey for his own dead mother.

"'Poor little thing,' he sighed, 'she is left entirely to the care of servants. I must be to her as both parents in one.'

"I sat with him into the wee small hours. Still his wife did not appear. I asked if she was alone at the ball.

"'I do not know,' he answered, wearily. 'Fortescue will probably ride home with her—he often does.'

"I started.

"'That infernal fellow *again!*'

"'Softly, Dysart! He has become a very good friend of mine. I know your opinion of him, but believe me, you are prejudiced—he is worthy of my entire confidence, and—he has it. I really feel something like affection for him. In many ways he makes himself necessary to me.'

"'Philip, I hope you have not taken leave of your senses?'

"'Not at all. Gerald is able and faithful. As a lawyer, you know, he is fast rising in public favor. He manages my business matters with great skill. It is my duty to—— Hark! I hear her carriage. She is coming at last!'

"Five minutes after, Agnes Harmon, fresh from the fancy ball, glided into the room where we sat, and Fortescue followed her. She was in the costume of Marie Stuart. Her velvet mantle, bordered with ermine, trailed over the deep carpet; her superb dress of satin and velvet, gold brocade and diamonds, added a new splendor to her beauty. Surely Scotland's ill-fated queen had never been fairer, and yet one had only to look in her face to see that she was not a happy woman. Her large eyes were full of settled melancholy. She wore the cold pallor of a statue, the smile on her lip seemed frozen there.

"She gave me the tips of her exquisite fingers. Fortescue simply nodded. Dark, wary, subtle as ever, he reminded me of a Mephistopheles. All my old aversion for the man sprang again into vigorous life. How could Philip be so blind as to trust him in anything?

"'Have you had a pleasant evening?' sneered Harmon, as, with lowering brows, he surveyed his handsome wife. She did not answer. She was nervously plucking at the jeweled clasp which held her ermined cloak. He seized the garment, and literally tore it from her shoulders.

"'Speak! Have you made many conquests, Mrs. Harmon?'

"Still she was mute. Fortescue answered for her.

"'My dear Harmon,' he said, coolly, 'it may gratify you to know that your wife has been the bright particular star of the night—the observed, as she always is, of all observers.'

"Harmon's face grew dark with jealous pain. He grasped his wife by her jeweled wrist.

"'You have been happy, Agnes, whirling about in the arms of other men, listening to their cursed flatteries—their tacit love-making?'

"'Not happy,' she answered, 'for there is no such thing in the world. Happiness is a fable. One must kill time in some way—as well dance as moan and weep.'

"He almost flung her from him.

"'You will drive me mad some day!' he cried; 'it is a wonder that I do not *murder* you!'

"'I wish you would,' said Agnes Harmon, in a low voice, and looking him straight in the eyes—'from my heart, I wish you would!'

(To be continued.)

WHEN A WOMAN SAYS SHE WILL, SHE WILL.

Charles Dickens, as every one knows, went to real life for nearly all, if not quite all, his characters. Even the most unlikely of his creations—Miss Havisham, in "Great Expectations"—had, says *Truth*, a prototype in the flesh, who is still alive, and whose name, though not in that capacity, was brought before the public the other day in connection with a squabble which has agitated "society" in Ventnor. This is a certain Miss Dick, who lives at Madeira Vale, a tract of land covered with gardens and villas, lying between Ventnor and Bonchurch. It is many years since she was young, and then she had a romance which did not meet with the approval of her mother. The love affair was broken off, but the young lady accompanied the act of filial duty by a declaration that she would go to bed and never get up again. And she kept her word. The years have come and gone, and the house has never been swept or garnished, the garden is an overgrown tangle, and the eccentric lady has spent twenty years between the sheets. Charles Dickens used to stay at Ventnor a good deal in those days, and so unique an episode was not lost upon him.

How the Price of Bread was Regulated in Days Gone By.—From the end of the reign of King Henry III. to the commencement of the present century, a simple plan was followed in England to avoid the great fluctuations in the price of bread, and obviate the extortion of the baker and miller. The Assize of Bread was set every week by the authorities in every borough and manor. The price of bread was regulated by the then price of wheat, a sufficient margin of reasonable profit being left to the baker and miller. Offenders who sold too dear were punished by fine and the pillory. On the 17th of June, 1824, bread was first ordered to be sold by weight in London; and an Act which was passed in the reign of William IV., and came into operation on October 1st, 1836, extended the same practice to the provinces.

"WE LAY FULL-LENGTH ON THE HEATHER,
AS THE DAY WAS BEGINNING TO DIE."

TEMPORA ET NOS.

By Gordon Gun.

We were three boys together,
Harry and Jack and I;
We lay full-length on the heather,
As the day was beginning to die;
And our 'bacco-smoke and our "blether"
Went up to the Summer sky.

We prated of dogs and of horses,
Of things human and things divine;
We talked of the stars in their courses,
We prattled of women and wine,
Of political power and its sources,
And eke of the art to dine.

Jack was a bold Freethinker,
And all for the Rights of Man;
Would pledge a Republican tinker,
Till Harry to chafe began—
Of "fads" plebeian a sinker
On a Tory and High-Church plan.

Hal babbled of "Charles the Martyr"
A Strafford or Laud writ small—
Jack vowed he would give no quarter
To bigot or bigot's thrall:
Each in his way was a Tartar,
And I was—nothing at all.

* * * * *

We are three men asunder,
Each wending his separate way;
And often I pause to wonder
If your memories ever stray,
Old friends, to that hillside yonder,
And our talk in the dying day.

For Hal is a power in the City,
Cunning in "rise" and "fall";
And Jack, the audacious and witty,
Sits demure in a canon's stall;
While I—well, more's the pity,
Still I am nothing at all.

A CURIOUS BIBLE.

An old Bible is now in a bookstore in Albany that was picked up by a Union soldier in the streets of Fredericksburg, on Dec. 14th, 1862. The soldier gave it to his chaplain, who forwarded it to Albany, and there it has been ever since. It is a Latin Bible that was printed in the year 1500. The first person of the Godhead is represented in it in the semblance of an old man with the Papal crown on his head. The Flood is pictured—Noah and his wife with their heads out of the window, looking at the flight of four birds. Manna is represented about the size of a bread cracker. Moses is invariably pictured as having horns, from an expression in the Vulgate.

THE AMBASSADOR'S DAUGHTER.—"'VILLAINS, UNHAND ME! KNOW YE WHO I AM?' CRIED THE ASTONISHED MONARCH."
SEE NEXT PAGE.

THE AMBASSADOR'S DAUGHTER.

FRANCIS of Naples was one of the most crafty of Italian despots. His handsome person was graced with a polished demeanor eminently Machiavelian. His chief adviser and prime minister was Cardinal Gonzales, a man of great astuteness and an almost boundless ambition. His lofty mind and noble sentiments had, however, been moderated by his ecclesiastical education. The great object of his life was the pontificate, a dignity to which he had for many years aspired. This had been the glittering bait held out to him by King Francis, who had promised him his influence on the death of the Pope, an event daily expected.

Among the most influential nobles of the Neapolitan Court was the Count of Syracuse, the commander of the army, whose only son, Andrian, was betrothed to Joanna, daughter of the Duke de Vendome, the French ambassador to the Court of Naples.

Joanna was a woman who inherited from her father all the French vivacity, while from her Italian mother she had a depth and earnestness seldom found in the Gallic race. Her beauty also partook of the Italian style. She was, indeed, a rare specimen of perfect womanhood, being as gentle in her manners as she was virtuous and devout in her conduct.

The King, who had been a widower for some years, had lately conceived a passion for her, which only awaited a favorable opportunity to reveal itself. In this passion he was encouraged by Chatelet, one of those infamous minions who are ever ready to pander to a tyrant's pleasures. The admiration of the King had not been unsuspected by Joanna, but she had pretended not to notice it, fearful of causing a rupture between the King and Andrian, whose safety she prized above life itself.

But however violent the King's passion might be for the beautiful Joanna, his prudence dictated caution, lest he should incur the hostility of France, a country with which he was very anxious to remain on good terms. He, therefore, studiously avoided doing anything to outrage the feelings of the daughter of the French ambassador.

This was the position of affairs when the cardinal received a dispatch from the Eternal City announcing the death of the Pope. The succeeding day brought the news that the election had fallen upon Cardinal Ruspina, in whose favor the influence of Francis had been employed.

When Cardinal Gonzales was satisfied the King had played him false in the matter, his rage was unbounded; but to carry out his vengeance the more effectually, he resolved to conceal his disappointment. And he, therefore, when condoled with by the King on the unforeseen result of the election, assured the monarch that he would rather remain as his trusted friend and adviser than wear the triple crown of Rome.

The elevation of Ruspina to the Chair of St. Peter greatly pleased the tyrant of Naples, as he felt assured of having a powerful friend in one whom he had contributed to raise to the throne, and who was consequently bound to him by ties of gratitude.

In a conversation a few days afterward, the cardinal dwelt with great eloquence upon the beauty of Joanna, and so inflamed the King's fancy, that the royal voluptuary resolved to venture upon the bold step of sending Chatelet to the proud Frenchwoman with a costly gift and to avow his love. He had been restrained from this extreme step, hitherto, by his fear of the cardinal, whom he well knew to be a friend of Vendome's; but the cardinal had so lightly spoken of the King's passion for Joanna, that his last scruple had vanished.

As the cardinal left the King, that sagacious churchman saw the pit the royal traitor was blindly digging for himself.

"Thus commences my vengeance," said the cardinal to himself; "a rupture with France, and the alienation of the Count of Syracuse and his powerful party."

On the way to the Duke de Vendome's palace, the wily prelate called upon the Count of Syracuse, and requested Andrian would meet him at the duke's palace in an hour. As he had surmised, he arrived just in time to see the effect of the King's proposal and the scorn of Joanna, whose indignation was excessive.

When he entered the room, his experienced eye saw at a glance the situation. The costly bracelet was on the floor, crushed by her foot, while Chatelet stood angry and humiliated. The next moment or so, Vendome and Andrian entered the apartment.

Stung by the insult, Andrian denounced the King as a tyrant, and swore vengeance upon him. Upon Chatelet resenting the remarks, Andrian drew his sword, and but for the cardinal, would have killed the villainous courtier on the spot.

"You had better retire, Chatelet," said the cardinal, "and report to the King the failure of your mission. I will endeavor to repair the evil."

Bursting with rage and mortification, the courtier withdrew.

"The King is mad," said the cardinal; "the insult is too gross to admit of any other excuse. But do nothing rashly."

"The majesty of France has been insulted in my person," was De Vendome's proud remark, "and the national honor must be avenged!"

"Leave all to me till to-morrow," said the churchman. "I will at once to the King, and learn the reason of this insult. Perhaps that miserable tool, Chatelet, has misunderstood his master."

So saying, he took his departure for the palace. He found the King and Chatelet in the royal cabinet. It was evident the discomfited courtier had laid the entire failure of his mission upon Andrian, against whom the King's wrath was intense.

Telling Chatelet to retire, the cardinal reproached the King with having sent so notorious a profligate on such a delicate mission, and told the King to leave the management in his hands. At the same time he advised the King to arrest the young noble Andrian for treason, and if he resisted, to execute summary vengeance.

This counsel was so agreeable to the King's inflamed vanity, that he immediately sent Chatelet with a guard to put the warrant against Andrian in force.

"Her lover out of the way," suggested the cardinal, "Joanna will listen, doubtless, to reason!"

With a grim smile, the cardinal went to the Duke de Vendome's palace. He found that Chatelet had dragged Andrian from the very presence of the ambassador, despite the duke's threats of the vengeance of the King of France.

When the duke and Joanna had related to the cardinal what had passed during his absence, he said:

"The tyrant is not mad, but he is lost to all sense of honor. He reckons on the friendship of the new Pope, whom he has helped to make. My lord duke, I will aid

you in this terrible emergency, but you must follow my advice."

* * * * * * *

The more the cardinal reflected upon the King's conduct, the deadlier grew his indignation:

"Traitor!" said he, to himself, "death is too small a punishment for your crime! But I will have full vengeance. Better that you had never been born than to have made me your dupe!"

Touching an alarum on the table, he sat back in his chair, his composed features betraying no signs of the mental storm that raged within him. Almost on the instant a monk stood before him.

"Father Anselmo," said the cardinal, "fetch Languenon, the bravo, to me."

The monk inclined his head, and withdrew.

"If ever man had cause to hate another, Languenon hates the King. My voice alone saved him from the bravo's steel when he so outraged Ursula, the bravo's daughter. Now I can bring his hate to wreak my will. Of all the merciless men alive, Languenon excels them all, save one. Yes, by this emblem before me," exclaimed the cardinal, gazing upon a crucifix, "I swear to let this miserable despot know what 'tis to dupe Gonzales. A wretched idiot, to wage war with me—to put his miserable brain 'gainst mine!"

Rising from his seat, the cardinal paced the spacious apartment with a measured tread characteristic of his stately nature. Then, resuming his seat, he sat, with his hands folded and his head bent, awaiting the coming of Languenon.

In about an hour Father Anselmo entered the room, and announced the arrival of the expected visitor.

"Usher him in," said the cardinal, "and then retire."

The next minute Languenon stood before him. The conference between the cardinal and the bravo was short. That it was satisfactory to both was evident, for as Languenon walked away, his features glared with a savage satisfaction perfectly fiendish. But it would require a very acute observer to discover any change in the aspect of Gonzales. The only sign of satisfaction his classic features revealed was a composure so stern as to be almost grim.

After writing several short letters, which he gave to Father Anselmo to dispatch, the cardinal crossed the garden which separated his palace from that of the King, and was immediately ushered into the royal presence.

"My dear and trusty friend, what news?" exclaimed the King.

"When did a royal lover sue in vain?" was the cardinal's reply.

"You give me hopes; but, my dear cardinal, pardon a lover's fond impatience."

"I have prevailed," said the other.

"Thanks—thanks—a thousand thanks! You shall be Pope; his Holiness is already failing in health."

If the King had had the power of reading what passed in the cardinal's breast as the royal hypocrite again used the same bait, he would have shuddered; but the ecclesiastic was too skilled in the art of dissembling his feelings to allow any emotion to be visible. In a tone of assumed self-reproach, he said:

"Nothing except the affection I cherish for you can justify my acts to my own conscience; but I have pledged my sacred office to the fair Joanna that, at a convenient time, you will make her your queen."

"I will redeem your word; but when am I to see her?"

"To-night."

The royal voluptuary's eyes fairly glittered with joy.

"When and where—and the conditions?"

"Are these," answered the cardinal. "'Twas partly vengeance that made her yield."

"Vengeance! What mean you?"

"I have promised that Chatelet shall be disgraced and banished for his insult to her."

"He shall, without delay. Nay, to please her, the ax shall drink his blood!"

A peculiar smile flitted over the cardinal's face.

"You smile," said the King. "At what?"

"At royal gratitude," was the churchman's response. "That man Chatelet, although a profligate, has often sold his soul for your Majesty."

"Tush!" said the King, impatiently. "Tell me about Joanna."

"In order to prevent the duke from seeking her in the palace here, I have arranged that, in the disguise of a nun, she will meet you in the Monastery of St. Jude an hour before midnight. You must be disguised as a monk. I have brought the habit with me. Let none know your movements. Dismiss your chamberlain, and tell him you are ill, and you will retire early. Then leave the dress you now wear in your apartment, putting on your disguise. Then go through the secret door into the garden. A horse will be there, tied to the tree nearest to the marble faun."

The King was profuse in his professions of regard for his friend the cardinal.

Immediately proceeding to the Duke de Vendome's, he instructed Joanna in the part she had to perform in her drama of vengeance.

Like most men who are isolated from the domestic humanities of life, Gonzales had either crushed the common sentiments of our nature, or else they had withered away for want of that sustenance which the family relations afford. Not that he was naturally cruel or bloodthirsty, but he had reasoned himself into the faith that whatever was necessary to himself was justifiable. Hence he resolved to win Joanna over to his plot for taking vengeance on the faithless tyrant who had destroyed his hopes of obtaining the crowning object of his life.

Well acquainted with the impulsive and shifting character of woman, he feared the indignation she felt at the insult offered to her by the King—nay, even the fact of her lover, Andrian's, arrest—would be insufficient to persuade her to join in a plot to dethrone, much less to put his royal betrayer to death. He, therefore, resolved to intensify her hatred against Francis by sacrificing her lover.

Accordingly, in his next interview with the King, he artfully persuaded him that the only obstacle to his success with the fair Joanna was Andrian, and, in addition to this, that young noble was now dangerous, since he would be anxious to avenge the affront Joanna conceived she had received through Chatelet. In a word, the wily churchman so artfully inflamed the King's jealousy, envy and fears, that he dispatched Chatelet with an order for Andrian's immediate execution. This would also answer the double purpose of forcing the Count of Syracuse into the plot against the murderer of his son.

Having succeeded in his purpose, he proceeded to the prison where Andrian was confined, and left directions with a trusty dependent there to come on to him at the Duke de Vendome's the instant the ax should have severed the head from Andrian's body.

Having arranged these matters, he went to Vendome's, calling on the Count of Syracuse, whom he took with him to the duke's palace. On his arrival there, he found the duke and Joanna inflamed against the King in the highest

degree. The duke was engaged in dictating to his secretary a dispatch to his court, recounting the outrage on the majesty of France, and urging the immediate dispatch of a fleet to Naples to enforce ample apology and reparation. Joanna was in the same apartment, her face rigid as marble, and with lips compressed.

Upon their entrance, the duke discontinued dictating his letter, and joined in their deliberations. While thus engaged, the cardinal's messenger arrived, and in a few brief, hurried words, announced the execution of Andrian.

Horror sat upon all. The cardinal, taking Joanna by the hand, led her to an embrasure, and there held a long conference, carried on in a low tone. It is needless to relate what was arranged.

As the cardinal left the room, he said, in a low and emphatic tone:

"The tyrant has ceased to reign."

Joanna's eyes glittered as she uttered:

"The tyrant dies!"

* * * * * * *

An hour before the appointed time, Joanna, disguised as a Sister of Charity, arrived at the old Monastery of St. Jude. Pausing beneath the cloister, the desolate but vindictive woman gazed on the scene before her. The moonlight was soft and bright. All was silent, save the dashing of the multitudinous waves, beating time, as it were, on the shores of eternity. Around her stood in gloomy repose the forest, with its breezy voices sighing among the myriad boughs.

"Vengeance," murmured Joanna, "outruns old Time. I've felt the minutes drag when waiting for my Andrian, but never did I feel them crawl so slowly as now, when I am waiting for his murderer."

The sound of measured footsteps was heard; the next moment she saw it was the cardinal.

Approaching her, he said: "My gentle daughter, you are before your time—a grievous fault, almost as great as being after it."

Joanna replied:

"I could not rest. I have a mighty thirst upon my soul, which I must slake with blood!"

"You have a cause which justifies your hate; bereft of all that renders life delicious, your soul demands a vengeance equal to your wrongs."

"Remind me not of what I have lost," replied Joanna, in a deep voice.

As she uttered the last word, the cardinal laid his hand gently on her arm, and, in a whisper, said:

"I hear a step. I know it is the King. He also is before his time. Delay him in soft parlance till Languenon arrives. I will retire, but say not that you have seen me."

Saying this, he glided behind a heavy pillar of the monastery, where he could hear all that passed between Joanna and the tyrant without being seen himself.

"Your Majesty is late; looks this like love?"

"Pardon me," replied the King, "that I have kept you waiting; but, loveliest, see a king pleading at your feet, and, for the beardless youth you have lost, accept a powerful monarch, whose sole wish will be to please you." A slight noise made the King pause in his protestations. "What noise is that, Joanna?"

"Your fancy, sire."

Ashamed of his weakness, he said:

"My peerless Joanna—for such I mean to make you—dost think that you can love me?"

In a soft voice, she answered:

"I must rather ask whether you love me?"

"Upon these knees I swear," exclaimed the King, throwing himself upon one knee—"I swear to love you and devote myself to your service!"

He was here suddenly stopped in his asseverations, for ere he could rise, Languenon and his bravoes pinioned his arms and proceeded to bind him.

"Villains, unhand me! Know ye who I am?" cried the astonished monarch.

"You *were* King, but now you are my prisoner," replied a voice which filled the wretched man's soul with terror, for he knew instinctively that it was the voice of an enemy, but whose it was he could not define. At the same instant a cloak was thrown over the captive monarch's head.

The cardinal now glided from behind the pillar, and taking Joanna's hand, whispered:

"Daughter, are you not avenged?"

"Not yet!" was her reply.

The cardinal then drew Languenon

CALIFORNIAN QUAIL.— SEE PAGE 602.

LUMBERING ON THE SUSQUEHANNA.— SHOOTING LOGS.— SEE PAGE 602.

aside, and gave him some directions, in a voice audible to him alone. The bravoes then hurried their prisoner to the rear of the old monastery. When the sound of their footsteps had ceased, the churchman took Joanna's hand, and said:

"Come, my fair daughter, you shall lecture him in his dungeon on his misdeeds. 'Twill wound him deeper than the bravo's steel."

They then slowly passed into the cloister.

* * * * * * *

For a passing moment it flashed across the King's mind that the plot had been so admirably formed and carried out, that it was the work of the cardinal; but the reflection that Gonzales derived his authority from him led him to dismiss the suspicion as soon as formed, for the King did not know that the cardinal was perfectly aware of his royal friend's treachery in the recent election. He therefore concluded that the cardinal had been made the dupe of Vendome and Joanna and the Count of Syracuse. The only grain of consolation in his present wretchedness was that the cardinal's sagacity would soon discover where he was concealed, and hasten to release him. He saw at a glance that Joanna had only consented to meet him to get him in her power.

His meditations were suddenly brought to a close by the same mysterious voice commanding them to halt. Then loud blows were struck upon a door, evidently lined with iron, and after a few seconds the signal was returned. The grating of rusty bolts was then heard, and the swing of heavy gates.

The King was led down some twenty steps, and the chill that struck through his frame convinced him they were in the subterranean dungeons of the monastery. Then came the confused whispering of several voices, as though in discussion. This lent him a momentary courage, and he cried:

"Know ye that I am the King!"

"Peace!" said the ominous voice.

The habit of command overcame his prudence, and he exclaimed:

"Villains and traitors, the ax shall punish this outrage!"

"Gag the tyrant if he speaks another word," calmly retorted the leader of the band.

The next minute the captive despot was led into the vault selected for his dungeon. The cloak was then removed, and the baffled sensualist beheld himself in a stone vault, about twelve feet square.

The glare of the torch showed that there was no window to give a chance of escape. A miserable pallet and a chair constituted the entire furniture. Nor could he ascertain who were his captors, for every one of them was masked. As he turned his head around he was suddenly thrown down on the floor, manacles were placed on his hands and chains on his feet.

Suddenly the light was extinguished, the door was banged to, and the wretched monarch was left alone in utter darkness. The only vent for his sufferings was contemplating the vengeance he would wreak when he was released.

The most disturbing circumstance about his imprisonment, awful and unexpected as it might be, was in that ominous, half-familiar but still unknown voice, the very slightest of whose tones sent the blood curdling through his veins.

That he had heard it, he well knew; that he had deeply wronged the possessor of it, he was equally convinced; and that an undefined horror at its sound came over him, he was as equally persuaded.

No death-knell struck such horror into the superstitious heart of guilt as did the solemn sound into the heart of the unfortunate King.

The only chance he felt of escape was the vigilance of the cardinal, and on this he built his hopes with the most unwavering certainty. Indeed, if the cardinal did not soon rescue him, he should be compelled, absurd as it might appear, to consider him as one of the conspirators.

The opening of the dungeon door made him look up. The person who entered was the man whose voice had so mysteriously reminded the King of some forgotten passage in his life. But although he now wore no mask, and the torchlight fell full on his face, he could not recall where he had heard the voice or seen the face.

"Here, tyrant, is some bread and wine; though, as you are so soon to die, I do not see the good of wasting it on you."

"So soon! What mean you, friend?"

"Don't call me friend; I hate you, and am your deadly enemy."

"I never wronged you. Why, then, should you hate me?"

"You never wronged me? fool!—know you who I am?"

"No."

"I am the father of the nun Ursula, whom your villainy killed."

"Ha!" shrieked the King; "the bravo Languenon!"

"You now may know your chance of mercy. In two hours, by this hand you die! Were you to bid the universe as a bribe, it were in vain; I thirst to slay you!"

"You will not slay my soul?"

"I will send a priest, but make quick shrift."

So saying, he departed, leaving the wretched King once more in utter darkness.

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The King saw now that the only chance for his life was to bribe the friar who came to shrive him to inform the cardinal of his position. It was, consequently, with an impatient anguish, beyond the power of words, that he listened for the slightest sound announcing the friar's approach. After a suspense of some half an hour, which to the wretched man seemed centuries, the door turned on its harsh hinges, and a Franciscan friar stood before him. His face was entirely concealed by his cowl. While the King was revolving in his mind the best method of breaking his proposition to the friar, the latter said, in a deep, sepulchral voice:

"Peace be with you, my son. I have come to receive your confession."

"Holy father, do you know who I am?" was the King's eager and anxious question.

"I do. You were the King, but now deposed for most unkingly crimes."

"Can you, then, see your sovereign butchered?"

"I do not come to argue, but to shrive you," replied the friar, in the same dull, passionless, sepulchral tone.

"Good father, take this ring to my dear friend, Cardinal Gonzales; take it without delay, and on my kingly soul I swear I will heap wealth and rank upon you. You shall share with me my royal power."

"Son, forget this world and all its sinful vanities. The minutes waste which bear you to the grave!"

"Do you refuse to bear this to the cardinal?"

"Banish these futile hopes; think of the grave and your soul. But if you want me not, I will retire."

"I cannot die—I will not die—I dare not die. Think of the height from which I have fallen! Go to Languenon—plead for me—I will endow a chapel in memory of his daughter Ursula!"

"In vain! Farewell!" said the friar, moving toward the door.

"Stay, holy father, stay! Have pity on me! Give me some hope of life!"

"That word again," the monk replied, "and I depart without according you the consolations of the Church."

The King, seeing all his efforts vain, reluctantly discarded all hopes of mercy. Then he retired to the further part of the dungeon, and in a low, tremulous tone, confessed to the friar.

When the King had finished unburdening his guilt-laden conscience, his companion said, in a horror-stricken voice:

"Never, my son, till now, have I heard of such crimes as those which stain your soul. I dare not give you absolution. I should bring anathemas upon myself for such an act. To give you hope of mercy would be to bring damnation on my own soul! And then, to crown your sins, you perjure your soul to thwart the cardinal's hope of the Papal Chair. Oh, heinous crime! Surely no man ever had a truer friend than he has been to you! It also shows how little chance of gratitude there was for me had I listened to your promises of preferment. Farewell! There is no hope of pardon for you from either man or God!"

The wretched King now descended to the most pitiful entreaties.

"Since I must die," he cried, in his agony, "absolve me, father—kill not my immortal soul!"

"I dare no longer stay," rejoined the friar. "Farewell!"

As he said this, he quitted the dungeon. Again it was locked upon the miserable tyrant, who threw himself upon the damp stone floor, a prey to the most tormenting reflections.

"Oh!" exclaimed he, "despair has seized my body, soul and mind. Oh, death! thou art more terrible than all I ever dreamed thou wert. Thou art the king of horror, and thy face is more than flesh can gaze upon unappalled!"

At this moment the Franciscan friar re-entered the dungeon, and said:

"The cardinal is here; he comes to see you. By what means he hath gained knowledge of your prison, none can tell."

The King now, assured of his safety, gave loose to his vindictive passions, and, with an eye flashing with malice, exclaimed:

"Now, shaven dog!"—then suddenly recollecting himself, he stopped, and after a minute, said: "Your pardon, holy father—I was mad! Not a word of my deceit to the cardinal. I will promote you. Send his eminence to me."

When the friar departed, he exclaimed, in the ferocious joy of his heart:

"Now, villains, it will be your turn to howl; to-morrow, and the torture-rack shall tear you! I knew the cardinal would search me out!"

He then waited with eager impatience the arrival of his friend. His dungeon door again opened, and the friar appeared, leading a lady, closely vailed.

"This lady craves speech with you before you die."

"Die, shaven fool?" exclaimed the King, with an ironical air. "Where is the cardinal?"

The friar threw back his cowl, and revealed to the astonished King the countenance of the cardinal.

"Here, royal hypocrite—the cardinal is here! Behold your dupe!"

Clasping his hands together, the King cried:

"Now, I am past all praying for!"

"Thou art!" fiercely retorted the prelate; "thy life's not worth a dog's; but see, I keep the promises I make. I vowed to bring, ere midnight tolled, this lovely dame to you; doubtless you'd like to whisper love to her. I leave you with her, as a source of comfort for the last half-hour of life."

Having said this, the cardinal left the dungeon, leaving Joanna with the King. Although the latter felt more keenly than ever that his chance of escape was hopeless, since the cardinal was the prime mover in the plot, he yet resolved to make one last appeal to the woman's tenderness of Joanna. He, therefore, broke the silence by saying:

"Fair lady, a woman's heart has ever been the chosen shrine of pity! Men, even fathers, brothers, sons, or friends, fly from us; but a mother or a wife clings all the closer to the wretch who owns no friend to favor him on earth."

The lady scornfully replied:

"What words are those, and for whose ears designed?"

The King answered in his most insinuating tone:

"Lady, for thine. Surely the spectacle of a monarch plunged to this low depth of misery must be potent in your eyes, and draw the pitying tear?"

In a subdued, but implacable voice, she said:

"I shed the last when Andrian died. I am not woman now, but his fierce soul, walking the earth for vengeance!"

"Listen, Joanna," rejoined the wily monarch, in his most plausible voice; "will you not forgive a deed I did, urged by my love for you? Your brow would grace a crown—then deign to wear it. What's done can never be recalled—the dead no prayers can bring to life. Then turn your eyes from a dead lover's grave unto a throne which wooes you to ascend it. On these knees I swear I long have loved you—none but you; and now I swear by all the saints in heaven to wed you if you aid me to escape!"

Recoiling from him as far as the walls of the dungeon would permit, and looking at him with ineffable contempt, she exclaimed:

"Groveling reptile! thinkest thou that I, who boasted Andrian as my plighted husband, could stoop to you? Inhuman villain! I came to sting you with my fierce reproach, and then to kill you! Andrian watches to behold me faithful to my oath. His blood cries out for vengeance!"

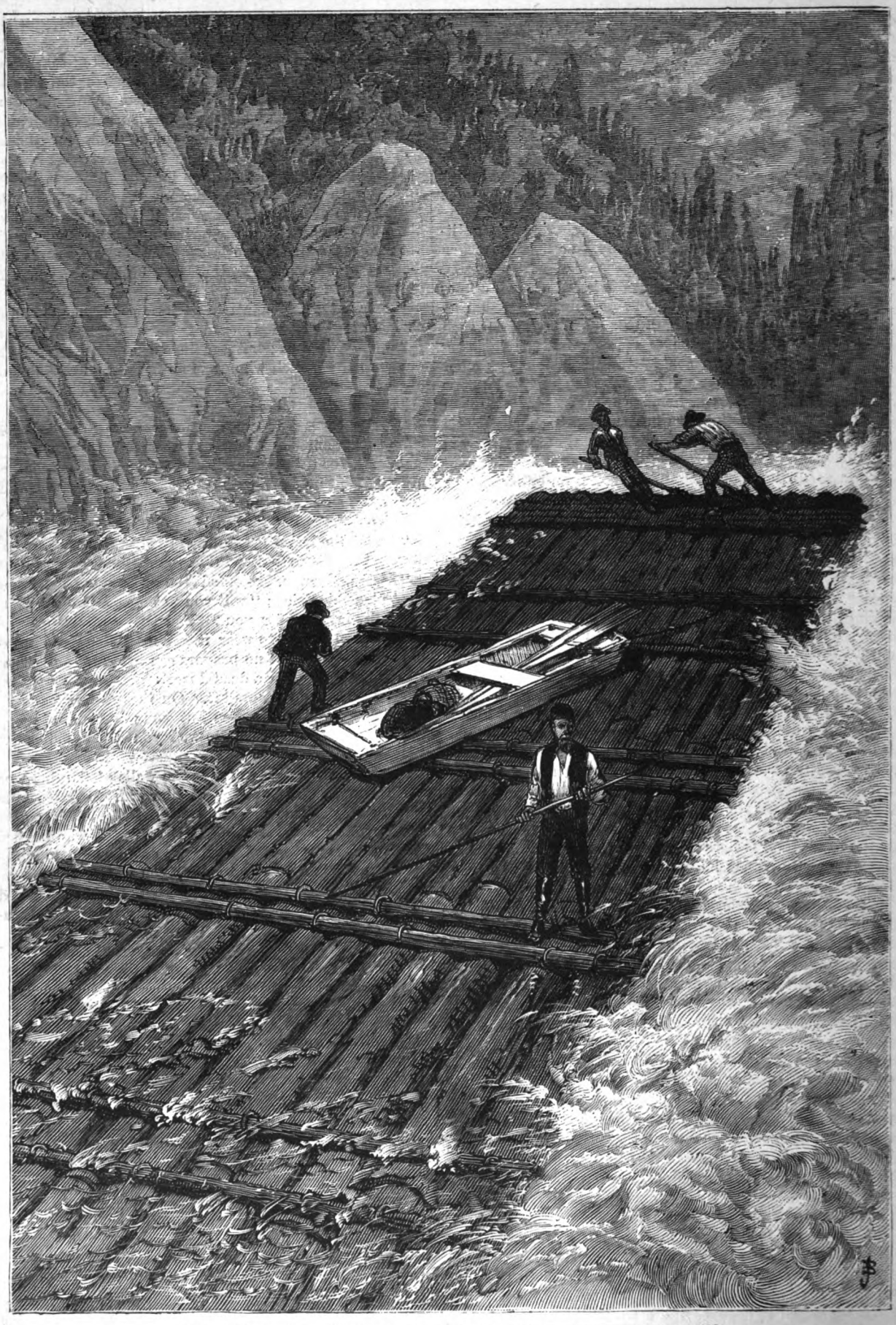
Roused by the recollection of her wrongs, her mind had evidently become disturbed, for, drawing a dagger which she had hitherto worn beneath her cloak, and holding it up, she gazed upon the King with the ferocity of a tigress about to spring upon her prey.

There was something so terrible in her look, that the King's apprehensions were aroused that she might, in her present excited condition, take his life. Seeing her brandishing the dagger, the monarch advanced, and said, in a deprecating tone of voice:

"Surely, if you scorn my love, you will not take my life!" and, sinking on his knees, the abject tyrant begged for mercy.

The infuriated woman paused, and looking down on him contemptuously, murmured:

"To think that such a craven as thou shouldst rob the world of such as Andrian! Thou art too abject for even a woman's hand! How many kneeled to thee for his life—my Andrian's life!" she continued, wildly, and raising her voice to a pitch of frenzy. "I hear him now rebuke me for delay. It rings around through all these walls. Gaze, cruel murderer, on his bloody shroud! behold his



LUMBERING ON THE SUSQUEHANNA.—A RAFT DESCENDING THE RIVER.—SEE PAGE 602.

eyes, on which I have gazed till mine own grew dim with their sweet brightness; see that comely head, whose flowing locks I've played with—see! it falls from the scaffold! Tyrant, thou wast his murderer! Andrian calls for vengeance!"

Perfectly overmastered now by her madness, she rushed at the King, and stabbing him to the heart, she cried:

"'Tis Andrian's hand that strikes! I slay thee now, an offering to his ghost!"

The blow was so sudden that the King, unable to ward it, sank at her feet, and murmuring feebly, "Inhuman fiend, to kill a fettered man!" breathed his last.

Gazing on the motionless body before her, the now avenged woman cried, triumphantly:

"Rest, gentle Andrian, rest! I come to share thy grave!" and, sinking down beside the corpse, she took the head in her lap, and looking at it steadfastly, said, musingly, "I thought my Andrian had a fairer face; but he is dead, and so is Andrian dead!"

She then relapsed into silence; and when the cardinal entered, he found to his unbounded astonishment that the cares of both were over—the King had lost his life, and the fair Joanna her reason. Vengeance had done its worst, and the conspirators, bearing each his dark secret, went their way.

SIGNOR GALASSI, AS "AMONASTRO," IN THE OPERA OF "AIDA."—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MORA.

ANTONIO FAENTINI GALASSI.

THE subject of this sketch was born in 1845, in the City of Lovetto, the cradle of distinguished singers such as Salvatori, Capponi, Boccolini and the celebrated dramatic *prima donna* Marziali. In his early youth he showed a great disposition to become a singer, and under the able tuition of the renowned basso, Benedetto Paddei, made such progress in his musical studies that, at the age of twelve, on the occasion of the visit to Lovetto of Pius the Ninth, he sang at a sacred concert in honor of the event with such marked success that his Holiness complimented him with a gold medal and patted him on the shoulders, calling him a "Contraltuccio di primas fera." He continued his musical studies uninterruptedly, when an incident occurred which seriously threatened to mar his career.

The war for Italian independence broke out, and, although he was then a mere youth, patriotic zeal led him to join a volunteer corps in order to fight the battles of his country.

After his term of enlistment he returned to his family, then residing in Faenza, and his means being scanty, he endeavored to commence afresh his interrupted studies under Maestro Ferroni, of Faenza, who, out of sympathy, offered his services for a mere trifle.

His musical progress under this *maestro* was very marked, and, at a public concert given by the *maestro* with his pupils, he sang "La Stella Confidente," from Robaudi, and the air, "Oh, di verdi anni miei," from Verdi; his success was so decided that the following day a gentleman named Francesco Nessoli generously offered him his influence and support by getting up a public subscription for the purpose of sending him to Bologna to complete his musical education there, under the able training of Angelo Bianchi, Professor of the Musical Lyceum.

After one year's study, he made his *début* at the Municipal Theatre of Lodi, in "La Straniera," from Bellini, and the result was a *fiasco*. His second theatrical venture was an engagement to play first and second-class *rôles* at the Imperial Theatres at Bahia and Pernambuco, Brazil.

At Bahia, in the first half of the season, he played second-class *rôles*, and at the beginning of the second half he was given the *rôle* of *Carlo Quinto* in "Ernani." His success in the *rôle* was beyond all expectation, and his artistical and brilliant theatrical career can be said to date from that occasion.

At the end of the season the company went to Pernambuco, where the theatre was burned down. Such an unexpected catastrophe threw the whole company out of employment. Those members who had means returned to Italy, but the subject of this sketch was entirely penniless, and found himself at the tender mercies of the wide, wide world. In such emergency the president of a social club of Pernambuco got up a benefit concert for the purpose of providing the necessary funds to pay his passage and that of the basso to Bordeaux. On board the homeward-bound steamer Galassi narrated to the captain his misadventures while in Brazil, and the captain, taking great interest in his behalf, suggested a concert on board the ship. Many Catholic bishops from South America who were proceeding to attend the famous Ecumenical Council at Rome, together with the remainder of the passengers, contributed the amount necessary to pay the traveling expenses from Bordeaux to Italy. As soon as Galassi arrived in Milan he called on Giuseppe Lamperti, the theatrical agent, son of the great *maestro*, and the latter, having heard him, induced the son to engage his services for five years, and he was immediately sent to sing in Ancona during the carnival season of 1869-70, where he achieved great success in "Gemma di Vergy," "Puritani" and "Isabella d'Aragona." He sang in various cities of Italy and Spain, until, in the Spring of 1874, he was engaged by Colonel Mapleson for the term of five seasons to sing at Her Majesty's Theatre, London. In the carnival season of 1877-78 he sang at La Scala, and in the Spring of 1878 he sang at Her Majesty's, and in the following Fall he sang at Pisa. His engagement with Mapleson was going to expire December 31st, 1879, but it was renewed for three years longer. In the season of 1878-79 he sang at the Academy of Music in New York, in the Spring of 1879 he sang at Her Majesty's. His varied *repertoire* consists of over forty operas. He is at home in the heroic as well as in the lyric art, and his matchless impersonations of great *rôles* stamp him at once a superb singer and a great actor.

CALIFORNIAN QUAIL.

We have not only received gold from California, but the Pacific State has enriched our natural history with many rare birds, prominent among which is the Californian quail. While it resembles our own familiar bird so as to be unmistakably the quail, still it is more splendid in plumage, and has the additional ornamentation of a crest, which it erects at pleasure, and which gracefully curves over its head, exactly as is represented in our engraving. Its neck and tail are of darkish slate-color, and a white semicircular mark encompasses its throat. The breast is speckled with black and white, forming a series of crescent-like, thin lines linked together in the most beautiful and regular manner imaginable. It is a very rare and very prolific bird. Its call-note is very singular, closely resembling the barking of a small dog, but sufficiently shrill to be heard at a considerable distance.

While no effort has been made to introduce this beautiful bird into the Atlantic States, the people of England are making strenuous efforts, and with great prospects of success. Lord Stamford, of Enville Hall, has had a pair sent to his estates, to be added to his already magnificent and choice collection; and should its acclimation be successful, no doubt the estates of other noblemen of England, admirers of the bird creation, will be opened to the Californian quail.

LUMBERING ON THE SUSQUEHANNA.

Lumbering on the Susquehanna and other streams that flow through mountainous regions is far more perilous than driving logs to market on a sluggish Western river. Many of the raftsmen of the streams tributary to the Mississippi and Ohio rivers construct their rafts of logs, build cabins on them, and steer them to the mills with little more trouble than if they were running flatboats. We give an illustration of scenes on the upper Susquehanna, where the water runs very rapidly in places, making it uncertain for rafts not managed by the most experienced navigators. The sketches were taken at a point on the river near Basket Station, on the Erie Railway, 150 miles from New York, between Port Jervis and Binghamton. In one place the men are riding the rapids, and near by the logs are shooting down a precipitous slide preparatory to being made into rafts. The time ordinarily required for them to reach Easton, Pa., is from three to four days.

QUININE LAND.

By N. Robinson.

Before I proceed to narrate my experiences in the land of quinine, a passing word anent this humble benefactor to the human race "craves speedy utterance." *Cinchona*, Peruvian or Jesuits' bark, is named in honor of the Countess Cinchon, the wife of the Viceroy of Peru; who, having found it extremely efficacious during a long and severe illness with which she was attacked, carried the bark to Europe, where she used it with marvelous success in the cure of intermittent fever, about the year 1640. Soon after its introduction into Spain, the Jesuits began to receive it from their brethren in Peru, and through them it was spread over Europe, in consequence of which it was called "Jesuits' bark." It is the dried bark of many species of the genus *cinchona*, a tree belonging to the order *rubiaceæ* and sub-order *cinchonaceæ*.

Until very recently it has been impossible to determine with accuracy from which species of cinchona the different varieties of bark were obtained; but late investigations, with the aid of chemistry, have thrown much light upon this subject, though there is yet something to be learned. Although each species, or even variety, of cinchona may be supposed to produce a separate kind of bark, and although these varieties run into each other in such a way that scarcely any two botanists agree as to the proper lines of separation, yet the commercial products may be divided into three classes—yellow, red and gray barks. To these may be added the Cartagena barks, brought from the northern Atlantic ports of South America. The yellow bark grows in Peru and Bolivia, and the red upon the western slopes of Chimborazo.

The cinchonas appear to thrive best in regions subject neither to extreme heat nor extreme cold, where a somewhat even temperature prevails throughout the year, and where they are partially protected by their neighbors from the rays of the sun. These conditions are fulfilled upon the slopes of the Andes, whither it is my purpose to induce the reader to follow me.

For more than a century after Peruvian bark came into use, it was supposed to exist only in Loxa, in the ancient

kingdom of Quito, and in a few neighboring localities; but in the year 1753 it was discovered in various other places of a corresponding elevation with Loxa above the sea. Little advantage, however, resulted from this; but some twenty years later, under the patronage of the Spanish Government, researches were made in New Granada which resulted in the discovery of several species of cinchona. At a subsequent period supplies of the bark were obtained from other sources, which are now shipped from many of the South American ports, including some ports in the Caribbean Sea. Considerable care and experience are necessary in collecting the barks to select those most valuable, and to know the proper age at which a branch should be decorticated.

The Dutch and British Governments have made successful attempts to introduce the cinchona into their East Indian possessions, in Java, and various parts of Hindostan, where the mountain regions furnish the necessary temperature and moisture for their growth, and bark from the English plantations is now an item of commerce. More or less successful attempts at cinchona-culture have been made in Jamaica, the Isle of Réunion, Guadaloupe, Brazil, the Azores and Algeria. The medicinal value of Peruvian bark depends upon the alkaloids which it contains. These are quinia, cinchonia, quinidia, cinchonidia, quinicia and cinchonicia. In addition to these the bark contains, in varying proportions, gum, starch, lignine oil, yellow coloring matter, insoluble red coloring matter, soluble red coloring matter, or inichino tannic acid, kinnic and kinovic acids. Quinia, the most important of the alkaloids, is crystallizable, slightly soluble in hot and cold water, and very soluble in alcohol, ether and chloroform. Sulphate of quinia, or more properly the disulphate, is the medicine commonly known as quinine.

The manufacture of quinine is extensively carried on in Paris, in Stratford, England, and in Frankfort, from which place Russia, Prussia and Austria are chiefly supplied. The different varieties of bark contain the alkaloids in varying proportions, the yellow yielding chiefly quinia; the pale, a larger proportion of cinchona, with but little quinia; and the red a considerable proportion of each.

The cinchona alkaloids, and especially the sulphate or disulphate of quinia, are largely used in medicine. Their most striking and earliest discovered property is that of preventing an expected attack of intermittent fever. For this purpose quinia should be administered in large doses. Two to fifteen grains may be given at a time, some hours before an expected chill, but not more than thirty or forty grains should be given during the twelve hours preceding one. If administered sub-cutaneously, a smaller quantity will suffice. It is also extensively used in other forms of malaria and diseases dependent thereon.

For these uses, and also as a prophylactic (against malaria), quinia has been found almost as important to the traveler in malarial regions as a good supply of food. It has been said that the British Rule in India is founded upon cinchona-bark.

And now for my journey into the quinine country.

I started from Cuzco, a city in Peru, containing 50,000 inhabitants, 11,000 feet above the level of the sea. Cuzco, according to the national tradition, was the most ancient city of Peru, having been founded in the eleventh century by Manco Capac, the first Inca, who established there the seat of his empire. It was called the Holy City, and contained a magnificent temple of the sun, richly adorned with gold and silver, to which pilgrims resorted from all parts of the empire. Pilgrimage to this Peruvian Mecca was as binding upon the Indian noble as that in the East upon the Moslem. Toward the north it was defended by a spur of the great Cordillera, on which rose a strong fortress, a stupendous specimen of Cyclopean architecture, the ruins of which are still visible. Twenty thousand men are said to have been employed on this structure, and fifty years consumed in building it. When Pizarro entered Cuzco, in 1533, its population was 200,000.

The neighborhood of Cuzco frequently became the theatre of chivalrous contests between the Spaniards and the Incas, which, according to Prescott, "wanted only the song of the minstrel to throw around it a glory like that which rested on the last days of the Moslems of Spain."

The rapacity of the Spanish conquerors soon stripped Cuzco of its ancient splendor; but the appearance of the city, and the structure of the houses, many of which still retain the walls of the ancient buildings, recall the glories of the era of the Incas. The remarkable highway which led over mountains from Cuzco to the northern part of Peru is still in existence, and is called the Incas' Road.

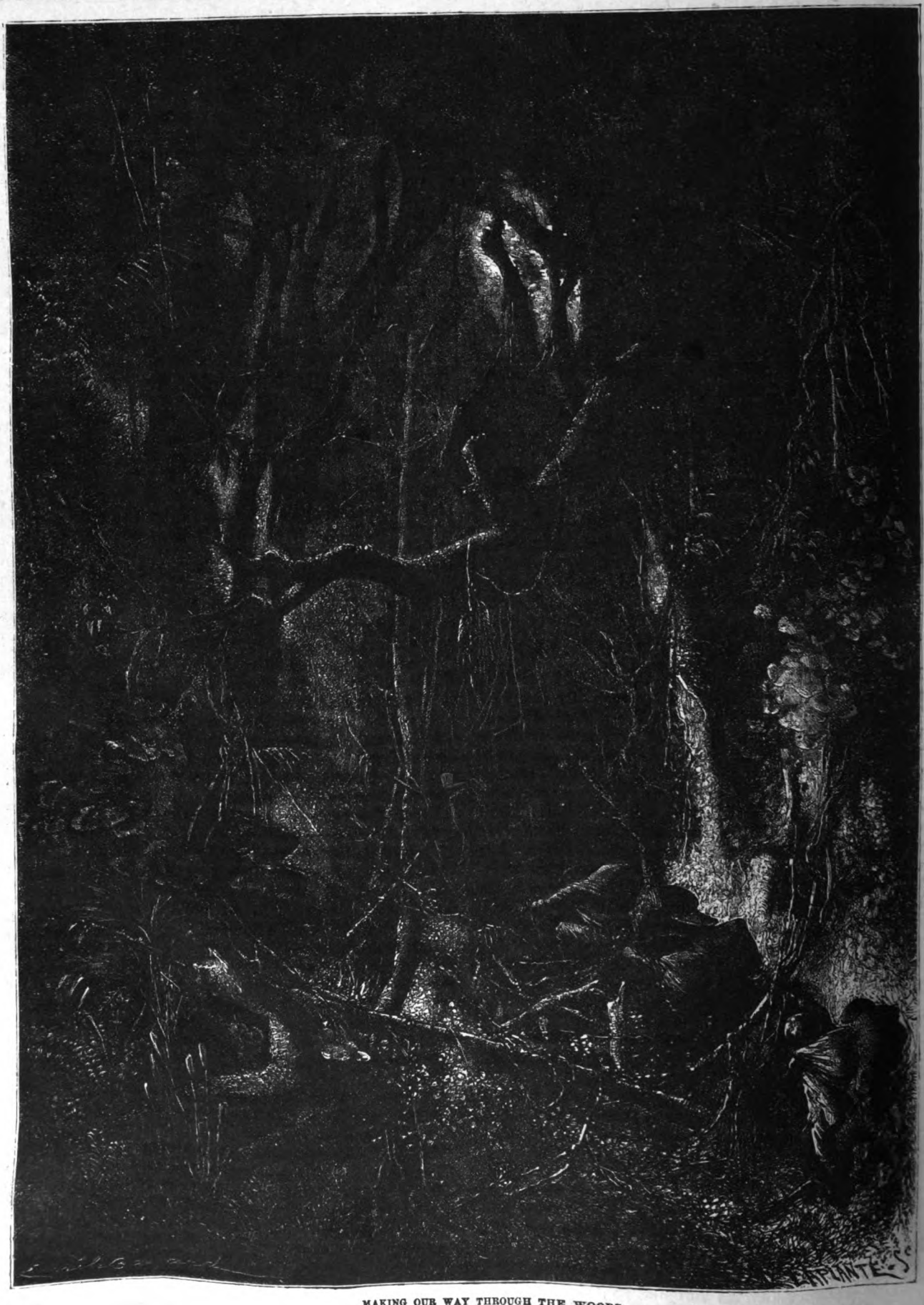
The city of to-day is regularly laid out, and has a large square in the centre, from which wide and straight streets diverge. The dwelling-houses are mostly of stone, and roofed with red tiles. There are many fine public buildings, among them a cathedral, several convents, a university, a mint, hospitals, and the buildings of the provincial government.

The day of the departure from Cuzco of my little party at length arrived; and, mounted on "reliable bits of horseflesh," we traversed the Plaza, as the cathedral clock was sounding the *Angelus*, and by the Calle Triompha, in order to gain the Recoleta and the gate leading from the town. The plain which we speedily entered, and which leads directly into the heart of the Sierra Nevada, was called, in the time of the Incas, *C. Cozco Cuntisuyn*, or the region west of Cuzco.

Our first halt was at the *Hacienda de Sucre*, now the village of San Jeronimo; and here the *haciendado* provided us with a superb collation, in which the sparkling vintage of Champagne was in nowise forgotten. Six o'clock found us at dinner at Heraro, and ten o'clock at Urcos, whose inhabitants we found it utterly impossible to wake up; and it was past midnight when we regained Heraro, where we slept in an enormous apartment in a circle, our feet toward a common centre, and until we resembled the spokes of a wheel.

Upon the following morning we bade adieu to our host, Don Reducindo, and crossing the Huilcamayo, we ascended the rugged and precipitous blue-gray mountains which loomed upon us while in the village of Heraro. The descent upon the other side was singularly tedious and painful, both to man and horse, as both were compelled to stop every six or seven paces to accustom the lungs to the subtle air of these exalted regions. During this passage, which took us over three hours, both the *caballeros* and the horses went through all the phases of the *soroche* —this twin-sister to sea-sickness—the terrible malady continuing until we debouched upon a plateau of the Andes.

Before us stretched a plain without limit, which apparently lost itself in the horizon, and in a blue mist. Here we started to cross this veritable ocean of land. The muleteers cast a glance all around, not to seek a road which did not exist, but to assure themselves of the direction which it would be advisable to travel. It did not take long to decide, and in a few minutes we struck out east by southeast. The snow came upon us, succeeded by a terrible tempest of rain and lightning, and to make our situation more perilous, the muleteers suddenly discovered that they had taken the wrong direction—I cannot use the word "road."



MAKING OUR WAY THROUGH THE WOODS.

CROSSING OVER THE PIQUIMACHAY.

FIRST CROSSING OF THE CCOÑI.

Thanks to heaven, the storm began to abate in violence, and after a time the sun reappeared. Our desire was to reach Lauramarca, but as the guides were disputing as to the possibility of so doing, one of the Indians asked why, instead of continuing our march to the left, we should not take a turn to the right and strike Maynapata, where we could pass the night, and arrive at Lauramarca upon the morrow. The suggestion of the Indian was adopted *nem. con.*, he was voted a glass of brandy, and starting at a lively trot we reached Maynapata at eight o'clock in the evening.

Our disappointment upon arriving was intense. In place of the village, or even the *hacienda*, which we expected to see, we perceived nothing but a *rancheria*, a group of four or five miserable huts, constructed of stones glued together by mud. The roofs, which supported a couple of feet of snow, were so low that we had to double up in order to enter the doorway, which consisted of a cowhide hung up by the tail. In response to the outcry we made on touching this place, a man partly pushed aside the cowhide and timidly demanded what we required. We asked for a light, and some place to sleep. The interior of the hut was even more lugubrious than the exterior. Fancy, if you can, a barn twelve feet by six, literally piled up with sacks of potatoes, jars of *chica*, and the wool of the lama. The floor was of earth. Suspended in mid-air were two cockatoos, who kept up a hideous chattering, intermingled with despairing shrieks. There were other objects lying around, such as soiled linen, etc., too disagreeable to mention; while an indefinable odor of the most nauseous character pervaded the entire place.

As there was no room for a fire, we gave up the idea of lighting one, and replacing the cowskin at the door, we lay down in every conceivable position upon the potato-sacks. Presently the heat from our bodies, as well as from the cigars we had been smoking, commenced to thaw the snow on the roof, and drip, drip came the water, a few drops at first, but letting in such pertinacious driblets as to compel us to shift our quarters every five or ten minutes. As the water at an early hour had extinguished our lamp, enormous rats, whom we had hunted from their domain, returned under cover of the darkness, and they passed and repassed over our bodies, occasionally halting in such a manner as to cause us considerable disquietude. It is quite probable that they were inquiring who we were, what we wanted, and why we came there.

At five o'clock a dim light that showed beneath the cowhide announced to us that the crisis of our trouble was over. But we reckoned without our host, for when we endeavored to rise, we could not move a muscle; the cold of the night had frozen all the sinovetic fluid in our joints. After a council of war with the Indians, we were obliged to have recourse to alcohol, and it took two bottles of rum to put us on our feet again; thanks to which, and the rays of the sun, our limbs recovered their wonted elasticity.

Restored to our normal state, we bethought us of breakfast. A cold leg of roast mutton and some dried fruits were produced from our magazine, while a copy of *El Comercio de Lima*, spread upon the ground, served as a tablecloth. As fingers were invented before knives and forks, we fell back upon "the good old times," and tugged at the leg of mutton after a singularly unconventional and wolfish fashion. I may mention that a bottle of sherry fell a victim to this *al fresco* repast.

Once more we took to the road, and toward eleven o'clock the snow had disappeared from the plains, a few mountains only keeping up their white coquettish apparel. The air was pure and bracing. After some hours' riding, the plain began to lose something of its sameness, and immense blocks of stone commenced to break it up here and there. These erratic monoliths are known as *piedras casandas*, or "fatigued rocks."

Leaving to our left the immense perspective of snow, we continued to follow that portion of the plateau which led to the south. Suddenly one of the muleteers, who rode a little in advance, came back, spurring in hot haste, and pointing directly in front to where, at a distance of a few hundred yards, appeared the outlines of an edifice partly concealed by a rise in the ground, and joyously shouted at the uttermost strength of his lungs the single word, "Lauramarca!" Then he put spurs to his mule and galloped onward—an example followed by every one of the party. The white walls and red-tiled roofs promised well, and as we approached, our ears were saluted by sounds of music, shouting, and other noises indicative of the ceremonies of a *fête*, or some occasion of merry-making.

Upon our entry into the principal court—a vast parallelogram, wherein an entire battalion could manœuvre at ease—we were received with a warm embrace by the host, to whom we had letters of introduction—a fine, hale, hearty old gentleman of some seventy-five Summers. Preceded by our host, we rushed pell-mell into the dining-room; but we suddenly halted, removed our hats, and bowed all round, as our eyes encountered the following scene:

Before a table literally groaning with good things, the meats already pretty well hacked, were seated some members of the other and fairer sex, whose surprise at seeing us for an instant completely closed their mouths. The clear complexions of these ladies, their robes flowing in the Indian fashion, their strangely shaped hats bound by a red or a blue ribbon, and ornamented by an enormous "cabbage" of the same ribbon, and coquettishly posed over the ear—indicated that they belonged to the better class of *chacareras*, or farmers.

After a little blushing and giggling, the ladies allotted us seats beside them, and in a few seconds were doing the honors of the house with considerable good humor, grace and vivacity. Of course we were cross-examined as to our respective ages, our countries, the state of our hearts, and our social positions; and, as there is never sunshine without shadow, we in our turn traced a certain sadness on the part of these fair Peruvians to the fact that, having been invited by name by the proprietor of the *hacienda* to embellish by their presence the *fête* of "Our Lady of the Snows," the patroness of Lauramarca; and as they resided at Ocongate and Sunchupata, distant twenty-one miles, and as they were unaccompanied by their husbands, brothers, lovers or kinsmen, it would be necessary to leave almost immediately, and to miss the fun that our unexpected arrival had so exceptionally created.

We pleaded so hard, and backing our entreaties by half-a-dozen bottles of wine and the tinkling of a guitar, that they consented to remain, and no very lengthened period of time elapsed ere we were swinging round in the giddy mazes of the waltz. At length the waltz was voted too slow, and we changed it for the mad gayety of the *Maicita*, the *Pajarito*, the *Moza Mala* and the *Zambacueca*.

At Lauramarca they cultivate three varieties of potatoes, called *Tunta*, *Moraya* and *Mosco*. In addition they manufacture linen and work two mines, one of gold in the region of Colquepunco, and one of silver near Sombreroni. One of the features of this place is the *rodeo*, or capturing by lasso the wild horses that inhabit the plains. When caught they are marked, and the mark is renewed every three years. We witnessed a *rodeo*, and were amply

repaid for the trouble of a stiff ride, as the horsemanship exhibited by the captors was something marvelous.

I visited the little chapel of Our Lady of the Snows, which is ornamented by a life-size statue of the Virgin, called the *Concebida*, sculptured in Verenguela stone, transparent as alabaster, and as white. A number of wax tapers were burning at the time of my visit, and the walls were lined with jars containing exquisite white lilies.

It was bitterly cold when we started next morning, and the change from lamb-skin couches, the woolly side out, to the saddle, was anything but agreeable. After a ride of some hours, and a continual descent of three, we touched the first escarpments of the Andes of Avisca, the summits of which, since our departure from Maynapata, kept constantly in view, just as the shades of night began to fall. The muleteers, who had again lost their way, urgently advised a return to Lauramarca, but being outvoted, led us to a sort of cave composed of the junction of "fatigued stones," in which we passed a most miserable night.

At the break of day we were awakened by an Indian, who, naked to the knee, and equipped in a sort of Phrygian cap, played a joyous air upon a musical instrument resembling a syrinx. This air was to inform us that he had been made the happy father of a boy upon the previous evening, and that mother and child were doing well.

Having complimented him, and presented him with a ribbon for his wife and a glass of *tapa* for himself, he offered to sell us a *novillo*, or bull calf, aged eight months. We gladly bought him, for the sake of eating him, and the *novillo* was instantly sacrificed, uttering with his dying breath anathemas upon the human race. I may mention that we roasted him *en barbacue*, and that the meat tasted n'yum-n'yum.

Once more *en route*, a march of two hours brought us to the foot of the Andes of Avisca. We entered the mountain by what the Quechuas call a *punca*, or door, and found ourselves on the border-land of a most magnificent and imposing snow-clad region.

We rode until sunset, and with the setting of the sun came a fog, so dense, so thick, so impenetrable, that we were as if muffled in thick vails. After wandering helplessly about, the mist cleared away a little, and presently the welcome cry of, "I espy the roofs of houses!" came from a muleteer. We were at Marcapata. We entered the village to the music of the barking of dogs and the shouting of our party. A door opened, and an individual whom we recognized as the governor appeared, candle in hand. This functionary saluted us gravely, and asked if we required to be put up for the night. On responding in the affirmative, we were conducted to a barn with a clay floor, and open at all sides to the caresses of the cutting wind. We thought of our terrible night at Lauramarca; but there was nothing for it but to make the best of a bad bargain, and to seek rest upon the sheepskins that lay loosely around.

I was up at sunrise, and the view of the Valley of Marcapata would have repaid the awakening of any of the Seven Sleepers. The valley was bordered on both sides by a double line of high conical hills, clad to their summits with the richest verdure. In the distance, vertical mountains, seemingly touching the sky, and also clothed in velvety green, shut in the valley, while a delicious odor from a myriad flowers perfumed the morning air, till to inhale it caused a keen sensation of subtle ecstasy. From my standpoint, I could perceive the Araza meandering through the valley like a silver thread, and at one point on its banks, a number of Indians gathering firewood resembled so many busy and thriving ants.

We had taken eight Indians with us from Cuzco, and it now became necessary to double that number. I spoke to the governor and curé upon the subject, and as it happened to be Sunday, and as I knew the Indians would all attend mass, I suggested the advisability of making our selection in close proximity to the chapel.

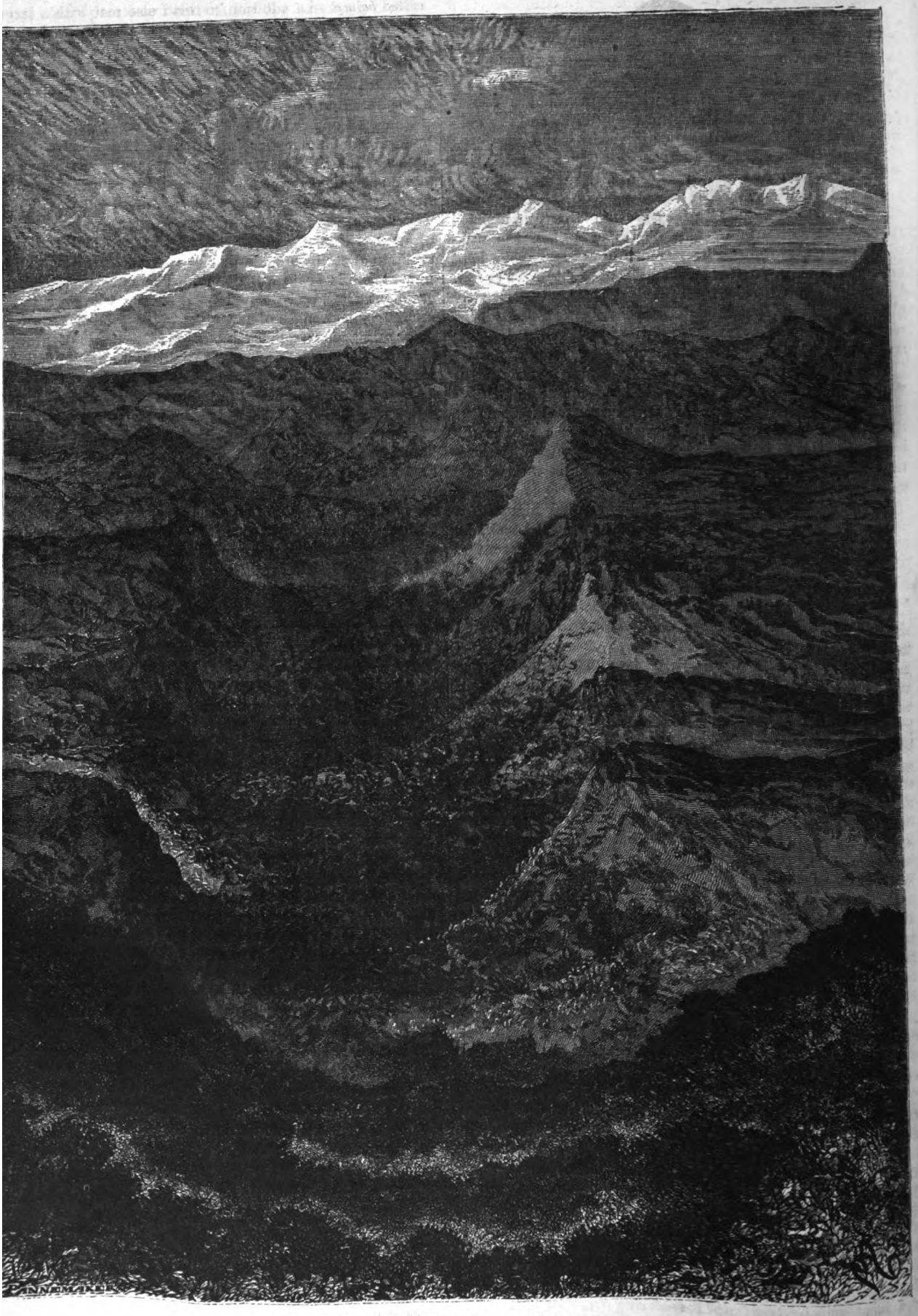
The curé entered into my views at once, and said that he would announce our intention of taking extra hands from the altar. His reverence was as good as his word, and during the service he addressed his congregation, informing the men—who, by-the-way, occupied one side of the church, the females the other—that we were desirous of exploring the interior of the valley, and ordering them to await us outside the church instead of going to play at bowls or to get drunk. The curé's words bore excellent fruit, and we had no difficulty whatever in increasing the strength of our ranks to the number required. After a last *viva* from such of the inhabitants of Marcapata as we left behind us, to which we responded by waving our handkerchiefs and hats, we took the road leading to the heights at a brisk trot. Our first check was at the River Ccoñi, which, in some places, is deep, swollen and treacherous, but as our chief guide suddenly bethought him of a ford about three miles from where we first attempted the passage, and as his information proved in this instance to be based upon reliable data, we got safely across, and almost dry-shod.

Our porters would have made studies for Teniers or Ostade. Never was there a more debauched-looking lot; never did Sir John Falstaff march to Coventry with more ragged recruits. They were Quechuas, and I only wish I could do them justice with my pen or pencil. In addition to these unsavory gentry, we were compelled to secure the services of an interpreter, the nephew of the Governor of Marcapata, a villainous-looking personage, armed to the very teeth, who, with his family, forced himself upon us, backed up by his worthy uncle.

Out across the plain, after several hours' hard walking and riding, we struck the *rancheria* of Thyo, and having refreshed horse and man, pushed on to Iscaybanta. Here we were entertained on bear-steaks, as small black bears are numerous enough in the eastern Andes. We halted for the night at the foot of the Morayaca. A great fire was prepared by the villagers beneath the shade of gigantic trees, around which our porters, guides and muleteers made merry with the inhabitants, singing and dancing and romping the whole of the livelong night. It is scarcely necessary to say that our porters got drunk, and that they were utterly unfit to travel upon the following day; nevertheless, by *strong* persuasives, we urged them forward, and until we reached Chaupichaca, situated in an open space in the very heart of a forest, the bare trunks of the trees showing in perspective like the pillars of a temple.

About three miles from Chaupichaca, we came upon a torrent in the woods, called Piquimachay, in some places deep set in overhanging and precipitous banks. This we crossed by means of the trunk of a prostrate tree. Toward evening we arrived before an enormous rock of gray schist leaning into the river that washed it with a rippling murmur. These porches gave upon as many grottoes, festooned with the rarest and most luxuriant vegetation, and the contrast of the cool interior, with its delicate green, to the heat and brassy light outside, was as remarkable as it was grateful. Whilst traversing the wood, Pepe Garcia, our chief guide, shot a monkey, a feat that earned for him the frantic applause of his unsavory fellow-companions.

The forest now became so thick that we were literally compelled to cut our way through the interlaced foliage,



GENERAL VIEW OF THE VALLEY OF MARCAPATA.

OUR GUIDE AND INTERPRETER.

and I could not help thinking that we resembled a small fragment of a defeated army getting away from its pursuers at any cost. A cry from our chief guide, and lo! we came upon San Pedro. In a small open space in the forest stood a roof of twigs seated upon eight upright poles. This was San Pedro. We instantly took possession of it, and hanging our baggage on the cross-beams, lighted a fire, which at first nearly stifled us with its smoke, but which ultimately afforded us grateful warmth by its blaze. Here we roasted and ate the monkey, the "trimmings" being potatoes.

I have dined at the Trois Frères in Paris, at Delmonico's in New York, at Blanchard's in London—but I do not think I ever tasted anything half as savory as this *singe à la pommes de terre!*

The next day was ushered in by the songs of birds. Before starting I pushed a little into the forest in order to force some of the secrets of its botanical world. I was rewarded by the discovery of a blood-red flower five fingers long, and the shape of a tulip, which the natives called *bejuco*. In addition to this I also met with a large, pale-yellow bell-shaped flower, striped with the keenest blue, while the leaves presented all the delicate green and dainty outlines of the common fern. The juice of the *bejuco* is considered as an infallible remedy in case of snake or scorpion bites. The vegetation, as we proceeded onward, became as varied as it was rich. We remained at Corregidor for breakfast, and visited the cocoa plantation Miraflores. The temperature around Chile-Chile and Thyo does not suit the cultivation of cocoa, and it is necessary to descend into the valleys, the temperature increasing one degree in warmth for every three miles of descent, in order to succeed with this plant. In spite of their apprehension of the fierce and warlike Chunchos, with whom they sometimes come in contact, the people of Chile-Chile and Thyo are compelled to make excursions into the valleys, and the valley between Hiapchana and Jimio is dotted with *ajoupas*, or thatched open barns, where the operation of cutting the cocoa-leaves is carried on.

When quitting San Pedro, our intention was to sleep at Sausipata, distant twenty-one miles, but the road was in such a bad condition, and this coupled with our halt at Miraflores, that we were compelled to alter the programme, and to put up at Huaynapata, where we duly arrived at six o'clock.

EUSEBIO, A BOLIVIAN CHIEF.

Huaynapata is one of those isolated coniform hills so frequently to be met with in Peru, and the difficulty we experienced in climbing it, owing to the loose shingle, was something indescribable, since for every step we took in advance we descended two. Upon the plateau on the summit we found a good-sized hut, surrounded on three sides by banana trees. After we had taken possession, we proceeded to sup upon some *pécari* captured the day before.

Having slept like dormice, we awoke thoroughly refreshed, and never did a more splendid sight meet mortal eye than that Valley of Marcapata, as viewed from the summit of Huaynapata, with the River Ccoñi flashing like a steel blade beneath the rays of the sun!

Our chief guide, who had been out in the forest reconnoitering, returned with the "glad tidings of great joy" that we had struck the cinchona country, and that the presence of the *quinquinas* which he had discovered denoted the very best quality; while fear of causing us to wait breakfast alone prevented his pursuing his researches still further.

Having breakfasted on a species of snail, which the Peruvians regard as a delicacy, we descended Huaynapata, the porters sliding down on their backs, and a couple of miles from the hill we struck a shady gorge from which the River Escopal flowed from the neighboring heights into the Ccoñi. The River Cahuasiri, a tributary of the Ccoñi, barred our passage, but we proved equal to the emergency, and, save for a good sousing for which the porters were all the better, we struck the opposite bank in safety. The Rio Cadena we were also compelled to ford by breasting it. From here to Circhua the forest through which we threaded our way was dense, and almost impassable. Here we found *quinquinas*, tracing cinchona to its very home.

After a day's sojourn in the forest, we "made tracks" for Sausipata; and here my narrative ends.

THE PROFESSOR'S ADVENTURE.

BETWEEN eight and ten years ago I engaged in a long vacation campaign among the Alps of Savoy. I was alone. My object was not amusement, but study. I occupy a professor's chair, and I was engaged in the collection of materials for a work on the flora of the higher Alps; and, to this end, traveled chiefly on foot. My route lay far from the beaten paths and passes. I often journeyed for days through regions where there were neither inns nor villages. I often wandered from dawn till dusk among sterile steeps unknown even to the herdsmen of the upper pasturages, and untrodden save by the chamois and the hunter. I thought myself fortunate, at those times, if, toward evening, I succeeded in steering my way down to the nearest chalet, where, in company with a half-savage mountaineer and a herd of milch goats, I might find the shelter of a raftered roof, and a supper of black bread and whey.

On one particular evening I had gone further than usual, in the pursuit of the *Senecio unifloris*, a rare plant which I had hitherto believed indigenous to the southern valleys of Monte Rosa, but of which I here succeeded in finding one or two indifferent specimens. It was a wild and barren district, difficult to distinguish with any degree of precision on the map; but lying among the upper defiles of the Val de Bagnes, between the Mont Pleureur and the Grand Combin. On the waste of rock-strewn moss to which I had climbed there was no sign of human habitation. Above me lay the great ice-fields of Corbassière, surmounted by the silver summits of the Graffenière and Combin. To my left, the sun was going down rapidly behind a forest of smaller peaks, the highest of which, as well as I could judge from Osterwald's map, was the Mont Blanc de Cheilon. In ten minutes more those peaks would be crimson; in one short half-hour it would be night.

To be benighted on an Alpine plateau toward the latter end of September is not a desirable position. I knew it by recent experience, and had no wish to repeat the experiment. I therefore began retracing my route as rapidly as I could, descending in a northwesterly direction, and keeping a sharp lookout for any chalet that might offer a shelter for the night. Pushing forward thus, I found myself presently at the head of a little verdant ravine, channeled, as it were, in the face of the plateau. I hesitated. It seemed, through the gathering darkness, as if I could discern vague traces of a path trampled here and there in the deep grass. It also seemed as if the ravine trended down toward the upper pastures, which were my destination. By following it I could scarcely go wrong. Where there is grass, there are generally cattle and chalet; and I might possibly find a nearer resting-place than I had anticipated. At all events, I resolved to try it.

The ravine proved shorter than I had expected, and, instead of leading immediately downward, opened upon a second plateau, through which a well-worn footway struck off abruptly to the left. Pursuing this footway with what speed I might, I came, in the course of a few more minutes, to a sudden slope, at the bottom of which, in a basin almost surrounded by gigantic limestone cliffs, lay a small dark lake, a few fields, and a chalet. The rose tints had by this time come and gone, and the snow had put on that ghostly gray which precedes the dark. Before I could descend the slope, skirt the lake, and mount the little eminence on which the house stood, sheltered by its background of rocks, it was already night, and the stars were in the sky.

I went up to the door and knocked; no one answered. I opened the door; all was dark. I paused—held my breath—listened—fancied I could distinguish a low sound, as of some one breathing. I knocked again. My second knock was followed by a quick noise, like the pushing back of a chair, and a man's voice said, hoarsely:

"Who is there?"

"A traveler," I replied, "seeking shelter for the night."

A heavy footstep crossed the floor, a sharp flash shot through the darkness, and I saw, by the flickering of tinder, a man's face bending over a lantern. Having lighted it, he said, with scarce a glance toward the door, "Enter, traveler," and went back to his stool beside the empty hearth.

I entered. The chalet was of a better sort than those usually found at so great an altitude, consisting of a dairy and house place, with a loft overhead. A table and three or four wooden stools occupied the centre of the room. The rafters were hung with bunches of dried herbs, and long strings of Indian corn. A clock ticked in a corner; a kind of rude pallet upon trestles stood in a recess beside the fireplace; and through a lattice, at the further end, I could hear the cows feeding in the outhouse beyond.

Somewhat perplexed by the manner of my reception, I unstrapped my knapsack and specimen-box, took possession of the nearest stool, and asked if I could have supper.

My host looked up, with the air of a man intent on other things. I repeated the inquiry.

"Yes," he said, wearily; "you can eat, traveler."

With this he crossed to the other side of the hearth, stooped over a dark object which until now I had not observed, crouched in the corner. and muttered a word or two of unintelligible patois. The object moaned; lifted up a white, bewildered woman's face; and rose slowly from the floor. The herdsman pointed to the table, and went back to his stool and his former attitude. The woman, after pausing helplessly, as if in the effort to remember something went out into the dairy, came back with a brown loaf and a pan of milk, and set them before me on the table.

As long as I live I shall never forget the expression of that woman's face. She was young, and very pretty; but her beauty seemed turned to stone. Every feature bore the seal of an unspeakable terror. Every gesture was mechanical. In the lines that furrowed her brow there was a haggardness more terrible than the haggardness of age. In the locking of her lips there was an anguish beyond the utterance of words. Though she served me, I do not think she saw me. There was no recognition in her eyes; no apparent consciousness of any object or circumstance external to the secret of her own despair. All this I noticed during the few brief moments in which she brought me my supper. That done, she crept away, abjectly, into the same dark corner, and sank down again, a mere huddled heap of clothing.

As for her husband, there was something unnatural in the singular immobility of his attitude. There he sat, his body bent forward, his chin resting on his palms, his eyes staring fixedly at the blackened hearth, and not even the involuntary quiver of a nerve to show that he lived and breathed. I could not determine his age, analyze and observe his features as I might. He looked old enough to be fifty, and young enough to be forty; and was a fine muscular mountaineer, with that grave cast of countenance which is peculiar to the Valaisan peasant.

I could not eat. The keenness of my mountain appetite was gone. I sat, as if fascinated, in the presence of this strange pair; observing both, and, apparently, by both as much forgotten as if I had never crossed their threshold. We remained thus, by the dim light of the lantern and the monotonous ticking of the clock, for some forty minutes or more; all profoundly silent. Sometimes the woman stirred, as if in pain; sometimes the cows struck their horns against the manger in the outhouse. The herdsman alone sat motionless, like a man cast in bronze.

At length the clock struck nine. I had by this time become so nervous that I almost dreaded to hear my own voice interrupt the silence. However, I pushed my plate noisily aside, and said, with as much show of ease as I could muster:

"Have you any place, friend, in which I can sleep tonight?"

He shifted his position uneasily, and without looking round, replied, in the same form of words as before:

"Yes; you can sleep, traveler."

"Where? In the loft above?"

He nodded affirmatively, took the lantern from the table, and turned toward the dairy. As we passed, the light streamed for a moment over the crouching figure in the corner.

"Is your wife ill?" I asked, pausing and looking back. His eyes met mine for the first time, and a shudder passed over his body.

"Yes," he said, with an effort. "She is ill."

I was about to ask what ailed her, but something in his face arrested the question on my lips. I know not, to this hour, what that something was. I could not define it then; I cannot describe it now; but I hope I may never see it in a living face again.

I followed him to the foot of the ladder at the further end of the dairy.

"Up there," he said; placed the lantern in my hand, and strode heavily back into the darkness.

I went up, and found myself in a long, low granary, stored with cornsacks, hay, onions, rock-salt, cheeses and farming implements. In one corner were the unusual luxuries of a mattress, a rug and a three-legged stool. My first care was to make a systematic inspection of the loft and all that it contained; my next, to open a little unglazed lattice with a sliding shutter, just opposite my bed. The night was brilliant, and a stream of fresh air and moonlight poured in. Oppressed by a strange, undefined sense of trouble, I extinguished the lantern and stood looking out upon the solemn peaks and glaciers.

Their solitude seemed to me more than usually awful; their silence more than usually profound. I could not help associating them, in some vague way, with the mystery in the house. I perplexed myself with all kinds of wild conjectures as to what the nature of that mystery might be. The woman's face haunted me like an evil dream. Again and again I went from the lattice to the ladder, and from the ladder back to the lattice, vainly listening for any sound in the rooms below. A long time went by thus, until at length, overpowered by the fatigues of the day, I stretched myself on the mattress, took my knapsack for a pillow, and fell fast asleep.

I can guess neither how long my sleep lasted nor from what cause I awoke. I only know that my sleep was dreamless and profound, and that I started from it suddenly, unaccountably, trembling in every nerve and possessed by an overwhelming sense of danger.

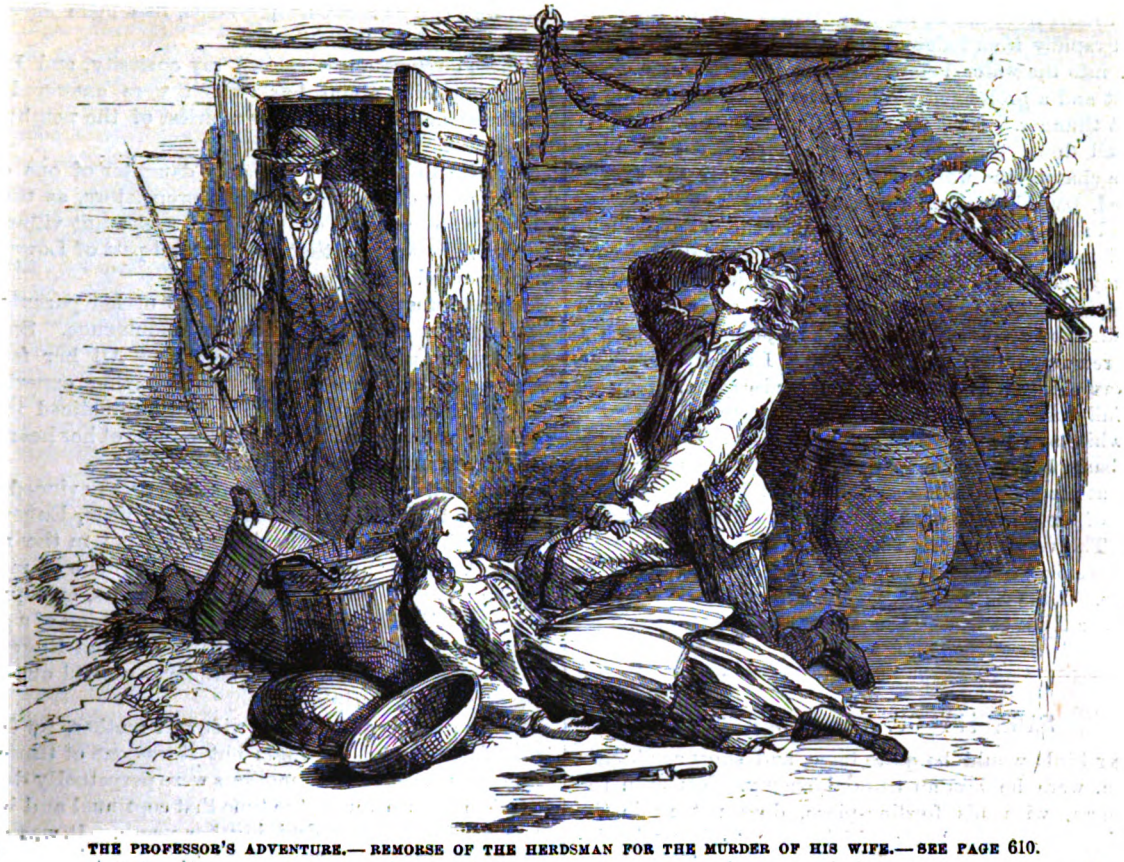
Danger! Danger of what kind? From whom? From whence? I looked round—I was alone, and the quiet moon was shining in as serenely as when I fell asleep. I listened—all was as still as when I fell asleep. I got up, walked to and fro, reasoned with myself; all in vain. I could not stay the beatings of my heart. I could not master the horror that oppressed my brain. I felt that I dared not lie down again; that I must get out of the house somehow, and at once; that to stay would be death; that the instinct by which I was governed must at all costs be obeyed.

I could not bear it. Resolved to escape, or, at all events, to sell life dearly, I strapped on my knapsack, armed myself with my ironheaded alpenstock, took my large claspknife between my teeth, and began, cautiously and noiselessly, to descend the ladder. When I was about half-way down, the alpenstock, which I had been keeping studiously clear of the ladder, encountered some dairy vessel, and sent it clattering to the ground. Caution, after this, was useless. I sprang forward, reached the outer room at a bound, and found it, to my amazement, deserted, with the door wide open and the moonlight streaming in. Suspecting a trap, my first impulse was to stand still, with my back against the wall, prepared for a desperate defense.

All was silent. I could only hear the ticking of the clock and the heavy beating of my own heart. The pallet was empty. The bread and milk were still standing where I had left them on the table. The herdsman's stool occupied the same spot by the desolate hearth. But he and his wife were gone—gone in the dead of night—leaving me, a stranger, in the sole occupation of their home.

While I was yet irresolute whether to go or stay, and

CLIMBING THE ANDES.



THE PROFESSOR'S ADVENTURE.— REMORSE OF THE HERDSMAN FOR THE MURDER OF HIS WIFE.— SEE PAGE 610.

while I was yet wondering at the strangeness of my position, I heard, or fancied I heard, something—something that might have been the wind, save that there was no air stirring—something that might have been the wailing of a human voice. I held my breath—heard it again—followed it as it died away. I had not far to go. A line of light gleaming under the door of a shed at the back of the chalet, and a cry bitterer and more piercing than any I had yet heard, guided me direct to the spot.

I looked in—recoiled, giddy with horror—went back, as if fascinated; and so stood for some moments, unable to move, to think, to do anything but stare helplessly upon the scene before me. To this day I cannot recall it without something of the same sickening sensation.

Inside that hut, by the light of a pine torch thrust into an iron sconce against the wall, I saw the herdsman kneeling by the body of his wife; grieving over her, like another Othello; kissing her white lips, wiping bloodstains from her yellow hair, raving out inarticulate cries of passionate remorse, and calling down all the curses of heaven upon his own head and that of some other man who had brought this crime upon him! I understood it all now—all the mystery, all the terror, all the despair. She had sinned against him, and he had slain her. She was quite dead. The very knife, with its hideous testimony fresh upon the blade, lay near the door.

I turned and fled—blindly, wildly, like a man with bloodhounds on his track; now stumbling over stones; now torn by briars; now pausing a moment to take breath; now rushing forward faster than before; now battling up hill with straining lungs and trembling limbs; now staggering across a level space; now making for the higher ground again, and casting never a glance behind.

At length I reached a bare plateau above the line of vegetation, where I dropped exhausted. Here I lay for a long time, beaten and stupefied, until the intense cold of approaching dawn forced upon me the necessity of action. I rose and looked around on a scene no feature of which was familiar to me. The very snow-peaks, though I knew they must be the same, looked unlike the peaks of yesterday. The very glaciers, seen from a different point of view, assumed new forms, as if on purpose to baffle me. Thus perplexed, I had no resource but to climb the nearest height from which it was probable that a general view might be obtained. I did so just as the last belt of purple mist turned golden in the east and the sun rose.

A superb panorama lay stretched before me—peak beyond peak, glacier beyond glacier, valley and pine forest and pasture slope, all flushed and palpitating in the crimson vapors of the dawn. Here and there I could trace the foam of a waterfall or the silver thread of a torrent; here and there the canopy of faint blue smoke that wavered upward from some hamlet among the hills. Suddenly my eyes fell upon a little lake—a sullen pool—lying in the shade of an amphitheatre of rocks some eight hundred feet below. Until that moment the night and its terrors appeared to have passed away like a wicked vision; but now the very sky seemed darkened above me. Yes; there it all lay at my feet. Yonder was the path by which I had descended from the plateau, and lower still the accursed chalet, with its background of rugged cliff and overhanging precipice. Well might they lie in shadow! Well might the sunlight refuse to touch the ripples of that lake with gold, and to light up the windows of that house with an illumination direct from heaven!

Thus standing, thus looking down, I became aware of a strange sound—a sound singularly distinct, but far away—a sound sharper and hollower than the fall of an avalanche, and unlike anything that I remembered to have heard. While I was yet asking myself what it could be,

or whence it came, I saw a considerable fragment of rock detach itself from one of the heights overhanging the lake, bound rapidly from ledge to ledge, and fall, with a heavy plash, into the water below. It was followed by a cloud of dust and a prolonged reverberation, like the rolling of distant thunder. Next moment a dark fissure sprang into sight all down the face of the precipice—the fissure became a chasm—the whole cliff wavered before my eyes—wavered, parted, sent up a cataract of earth and stones—and slid slowly down, down, down into the valley.

Deafened by the crash and blinded by the dust, I covered my face with my hands, and anticipated instant destruction. The echoes, however, died away, and were succeeded by a solemn silence. The plateau on which I stood remained firm and unshaken. I looked up. The sun was shining as serenely, the landscape sleeping as peacefully as before. Nothing was changed, save that a wide white soar now defaced all one side of the great limestone basin below, and a ghastly mound of ruin filled the valley at its foot. Beneath that mound lay buried all record of the crime to which I had been an unwilling witness. The very mountains had come down and covered it—nature had obliterated it from the face of the Alpine solitude. Lake and chalet, victim and executioner, had disappeared for ever, and the place thereof knew them no more.

SAGACITY OF A FIELDFARE.

Many birds would be quite tame, and show confidence in man, were he less an avowed enemy. Yet even the sportsman, with his fowling-piece, does not ruffle the equanimity of some birds, which seem to know by instinctive experience that they are not game. There have been instances where birds seemed to know that, while they had nothing to fear from man, a state of war existed between man and certain enemies of theirs.

The following incident will tend to show this proper appreciation of the relative positions:

As the gamekeeper of Lord Lowther, in Ravenstonedale, was ranging the fields with his gun, he observed a hawk hovering near him; and whilst preparing to give it a shot, a fieldfare flew in terror against his breast, and then perched upon his shoulder. He fired at the hawk with the first barrel (while the fieldfare sat still), but missed. The hawk, intent upon his prey, disregarded the shot; with the second barrel he brought the bird down. The fieldfare left his shoulder, and fluttered for a short time round its dead enemy, uttering a chirp of joy, and then flew off with confidence.

ANNETTE DELARBRE.

A Tale of Normandy.

In the course of a tour that I once made in Lower Normandy, I remained for a day or two at the old town of Honfleur, which stands at the mouth of the Seine. It was the time of a *fête*, and all the world was thronging in the evening to dance at the fair, held before the chapel of Our Lady of Grace.

Whilst I was regarding the animated picture, I was struck with the appearance of a beautiful girl, who passed through the crowd without seeming to take any interest in their amusements. She was accompanied by a venerable-looking man, whom I presumed to be her father. She approached the edge of the hill, where there is a little platform, from whence the people of Honfleur look out for the approach of vessels. Here she stood for some time, waving her handkerchief, though there was nothing to be seen but two or three fishing-boats, like mere specks on the bosom of the distant ocean.

These circumstances excited my curiosity, and I made some inquiries about her, which were answered with readiness and intelligence by a priest of the neighboring chapel.

Annette Delarbre was the only daughter of one of the higher order of farmers, or small proprietors, as they are called, who lived at Pont l'Evêque, a pleasant village not far from Honfleur, in that rich pastoral part of Lower Normandy called the Pays d'Auge.

Annette was the pride and delight of her parents, and was brought up with the fondest indulgence. She was gay, tender, petulant and susceptible. All her feelings were quick and ardent; and never having experienced contradiction or restraint, she was little practiced in self-control; nothing but the native goodness of her heart kept her from running continually into error.

Even while a child, her susceptibility was evinced in an attachment which she formed to a playmate, Eugene La Forgue, the only son of a widow who lived in the neighborhood. Their childish love was an epitome of maturer passion; it had its caprices and jealousies, and quarrels and reconciliations. It was assuming something of a graver character as Annette entered her fifteenth and Eugene his nineteenth year, when he was suddenly carried off to the army by the conscription.

It was a heavy blow to his widowed mother, for he was her only pride and comfort; but it was one of those sudden bereavements which mothers were perpetually doomed to feel in France during the time that continual and bloody wars were incessantly draining her youth. It was a temporary affliction also to Annette to lose her lover. With tender embraces, half childish, half womanish, she parted from him.

Weeks, months, years flew by. Annette increased in beauty as she increased in years, and was the reigning belle of the neighborhood. Her time passed innocently and happily. Her father was a man of some consequence in the rural community, and his house was the resort of the gayest of the village. Annette held a kind of rural court; she was always surrounded by companions of her own age, among whom she shone unrivaled.

As she was a rural heiress, she did not want for suitors; many advantageous offers were made her, but she refused them all. She laughed at the pretended pangs of her admirers, and triumphed over them with the caprice of buoyant youth and conscious beauty. With all her apparent levity, however, could any one have read the story of her heart, they might have traced in it some fond remembrance of her early playmate, not so deeply graven as to be painful, but too deep to be easily obliterated; and they might have noticed, amidst all her gayety, the tenderness that marked her manner toward the mother of Eugene. She would often steal away from her youthful companions and their amusements, to pass whole days with the good widow; listening to her fond talk about her boy, and blushing with secret pleasure when his letters were read, at finding herself a constant theme of recollection and inquiry.

At length the sudden return of peace, which sent many a warrior to his native cottage, brought back Eugene, a young, sunburnt soldier, to the village. I need not say how rapturously his return was greeted by his mother, who saw in him the pride and staff of her old age. He had risen in the service by his merit; but brought away little from the wars, excepting a soldier-like air, a gallant name and a scar across the forehead.

He had left Annette almost a child; he found her a blooming woman. If he had loved her before, he now adored her. Annette was equally struck with the improvement which time had made in her lover. But Annette was a rural belle. She had tasted the sweets of dominion, and had been rendered willful and capricious by constant indulgence at home and admiration abroad. She was conscious of her power over Eugene, and delighted in exercising it. Eugene, however, was of too serious and ardent a nature to be trifled with. He loved too fervently not to be filled with doubt. A slight misunderstanding took place; a quarrel ensued. Annette, unaccustomed to be thwarted and contradicted, and full of the insolence of youthful beauty, assumed an air of disdain. She refused all explanations to her lover, and they parted in anger. That very evening Eugene saw her, full of gayety, dancing with one of his rivals; and as her eye caught his fixed on her with unfeigned distress, it sparkled with more than usual vivacity. It was a finishing blow to his hopes, already so much impaired by secret distrust. He retired from her presence with the hasty determination never to see her again.

A woman is more considerate in affairs of love than a man, because love is more the study and business of her life. Annette soon repented of her indiscretion; she felt that she had used her lover unkindly; she felt that she had trifled with his sincere and generous nature—and then he looked so handsome when he parted after their quarrel—his fine features lighted up by indignation. She had intended making up with him at the evening dance, but his sudden departure prevented her.

Day after day passed, but Eugene did not make his appearance. Sunday evening came, the usual time when all the gayety of the village assembled; but Eugene was not there. She inquired after him; he had left the village.

While his feelings were yet smarting with her affected disdain, and his heart was a prey to alternate indignation and despair, he had suddenly embraced an invitation which had repeatedly been made him by a relation, who was fitting out a ship from the port of Honfleur, and who wished him to be the companion of his voyage. He hastened to Honfleur just in time to make the needful preparations for the voyage; and the first news that Annette received of this sudden determination was a letter delivered by his mother, returning her pledges of affection, particularly a long-treasured braid of her hair, and bidding her a last farewell, in terms more full of sorrow and tenderness than upbraiding.

This was the first stroke of real anguish that Annette had ever received, and it overcame her. The thought occurred to her that the ship might not yet have sailed; she seized on the hope with eagerness, and hastened with her father to Honfleur. The ship had sailed that very morning.

When she returned home, the cheerfulness of her spirits was at an end. With humiliation and diffidence she sought the widowed mother of Eugene, but was received by her with an overflowing heart; for she only beheld in Annette one who could sympathize in her doting fondness for her son. It seemed some alleviation of her remorse to sit by the mother all day, to study her wants, to beguile her heavy hours, to hang about her with the caressing endearments of a daughter, and to seek by every means, if possible, to supply the place of the son whom she reproached herself with having driven away.

In the meantime the ship made a prosperous voyage to her destined port. Eugene's mother received a letter from him, in which he lamented the precipitancy of his departure. The voyage had given him time for sober reflection. If Annette had been unkind to him, he ought not to have forgotten what was due to his mother, who was now advanced in years. He accused himself of selfishness in only listening to the suggestions of his own inconsiderate passions. He promised to return with the ship, to make his mind up to his disappointment, and to think of nothing but making his mother happy.

"And when he does return," said Annette, clasping her hands with transport, "it shall not be my fault if he ever leaves us again."

The time approached for the ship's return. She was daily expected, when the weather became dreadfully tempestuous. Day after day brought news of vessels foundered or driven on shore, and the seacoast was strewed with wrecks. Intelligence was received of the looked-for ship having been dismasted in a violent storm, and the greatest fears were entertained for her safety.

Annette never left the side of Eugene's mother. She watched every change of her countenance with painful solicitude, and endeavored to cheer her with hopes, while her own mind was racked by anxiety She made a daily pilgrimage to the chapel of Our Lady of Grace; hung votive garlands on the wall, and passed hours either kneeling before the altar or looking out from the brow of the hill upon the angry sea.

At length word was brought that the long-wished-for vessel was in sight. She was seen standing into the mouth of the Seine, shattered and crippled, bearing marks of having been sadly tempest-tossed. There was a general joy diffused by her return; and there was not a brighter eye nor a lighter heart than Annette's in the little port of Honfleur, as the ship came to anchor in the river; and shortly after a boat put off for the shore. The populace crowded down to the pierhead to welcome it. Annette stood blushing and smiling and trembling and weeping; for a thousand painfully pleasing emotions agitated her breast at the thoughts of the meeting and reconciliation.

Her agitation increased as the boat drew near, until it became distressing; and it was almost a relief to her when she perceived that her lover was not there. She presumed that some accident had detained him on board of the ship; and she felt that the delay would enable her to gather more self-possession for the meeting.

At length Annette heard some inquiries after her lover. Her heart palpitated; there was a moment's pause; the reply was brief, but awful. He had been washed from the deck, with two of the crew, in the midst of a stormy night, when it was impossible to render any assistance. A piercing shriek broke from among the crowd, and Annette had nearly fallen into the waves.

The sudden revulsion of feelings after such a transient gleam of happiness was too much for her harassed frame. She was carried home senseless.

"The subject," continued my informer, "is never mentioned in her hearing; but she sometimes speaks of it herself, and it seems as though there were some vague train of impressions in her mind, in which hope and fear are strangely mingled; some imperfect idea of her lover's shipwreck, and yet some expectation of his return.

"Her parents have tried every means to cheer her, and to banish these gloomy images from her thoughts. It makes every one's heart ache to see her in this way, for she used to be the happiest creature in the village.

"She passes the greater part of the time with Eugene's mother, whose only consolation is her society, and who dotes on her with a mother's tenderness. She is the only one that has perfect influence over Annette in every mood.

SAGACITY OF A FIELDFARE.—SEE PAGE 614.

Upward of a year, he informed me, had now elapsed without effacing from her mind this singular taint of insanity; still her friends hoped it might gradually wear away. They had at one time removed her to a distant part of the country, in hopes that absence from the scenes connected with her story might have a salutary effect; but when her periodical melancholy returned, she became more restless and wretched than usual, and, secretly escaping from her friends, set out on foot, without knowing the road, on one of her pilgrimages to the chapel.

About a year afterward I reached Honfleur on a fine afternoon, intending to cross to Havre the next morning and embark for England. As I had no better way of passing the evening, I strolled up the hill to enjoy the fine prospect from the chapel of Notre Dame de Grace; and while there, I thought of inquiring after the fate of poor Annette Delarbre. The priest who had told me her story was officiating at vespers; after which, I accosted him and learnt from him the remaining circumstances.

He told me that, from the time I had seen her at the chapel, her disorder took a sudden turn for the worse, and her health rapidly declined. She became impatient of all sounds of gayety, and was never so contented as when Eugene's mother was near her. The good woman watched over her with patient, yearning solicitude; and in seeking to beguile her sorrows, would half forget her own.

Just at this time, to the astonishment of every one, news was received of Eugene, who, it appeared, was still living. When almost drowned, he had fortunately seized upon a spar which had been washed from the ship's deck. Finding himself nearly exhausted, he had fastened himself to it, and floated for a day and night, until all sense had left him. On recovering, he had found himself on board a vessel bound to India, but so ill as not to move without assistance. His health had continued precarious throughout the voyage; on arriving in India he had experienced many vicissitudes, and had been transferred from ship to ship, and hospital to hospital. His constitution had enabled him to struggle through every hardship; and he was now in a distant port, waiting only for the sailing of a ship to return home.

Great caution was necessary in imparting these tidings to the mother, and even then she was nearly overcome by the transports of her joy. But how to impart them to Annette was a matter of still greater perplexity. Her state of mind had been so morbid; she had been subject to such violent changes; and the cause of her derangement had been of such an inconsolable and hopeless kind, that her friends had always forborne to tamper with her feelings. Her mind admitted but one leading idea at a time, which nothing could divert or efface; or, if ever they succeeded in interrupting the current of her fancy, it only became the more incoherent, and increased the feverishness which preyed upon both mind and body. Her friends felt more alarm for her than ever, for they feared that her senses were irrecoverably gone, and her constitution completely undermined.

In the meantime, Eugene returned to the village. He was violently affected when the story of Annette was told him. They did not dare as yet to bring him into Annette's sight, but he was permitted to see her when she was sleeping. The tears streamed down his sunburnt cheeks as he contemplated the ravages which grief and malady had made.

At length the physician that attended her determined to venture upon an experiment—to take advantage of one of those cheerful moods when her mind was visited by hope, and to endeavor to engraft, as it were, the reality upon the delusions of her fancy. Several of her most favorite companions were kept continually about her; they chatted gayly, they laughed and sang and danced; but Annette reclined with languid frame and hollow eye, and took no part in their gayety.

At length the Winter was gone; the trees put forth their leaves; the swallows began to build in the eaves of the house. Annette's spirits gradually revived. She began to deck her person with unusual care; and, bringing forth a basket of artificial flowers, she went to work to wreathe a bridal chaplet of white roses. Her companions asked her why she prepared the chaplet.

"What!" said she, with a smile, "have you not noticed the trees putting on their wedding-dresses of blossoms? Has not the swallow flown back over the sea? Do you not know that the time is come for Eugene to return? that he will be home to-morrow, and that on Sunday we are to be married?"

Her words were repeated to the physician, and he seized on them at once. He directed that her idea should be

encouraged and acted upon. Her words were echoed through the house. Every one talked of the return of Eugene as a matter of course; they congratulated her upon her approaching happiness, and assisted her in her preparations. The next morning the same theme was resumed. She was dressed out to receive her lover. Every bosom fluttered with anxiety. A cabriolet drove into the village. "Eugene is coming!" was the cry. She saw him alight at the door, and rushed with a shriek into his arms.

Her friends trembled for the result of this critical experiment; but she did not sink under it, for her fancy had prepared her for his return. She was as one in a dream, to whom a tide of unlooked-for prosperity, that would have overwhelmed his waking reason, seems but the natural current of circumstances. Her conversation, however, showed that her senses were wandering. There was an absolute forgetfulness of all past sorrow; a wild and feverish gayety that at times was incoherent.

The next morning she awoke languid and exhausted. All the occurrences of the preceding day had passed away from her mind, as though they had been mere illusions of her fancy. She rose melancholy and abstracted, and as she dressed herself, was heard to sing one of her plaintive ballads. When she entered the parlor her eyes were swollen with weeping. She heard Eugene's voice without and started. She passed her hand across her forehead, and stood musing, like one endeavoring to recall a dream. Eugene entered the room, and advanced toward her; she looked at him with an eager, searching look, murmured some indistinct words, and sank on the floor.

She relapsed into a wild and unsettled state of mind; but now that the first shock was over, the physician ordered that Eugene should keep continually in her sight. Sometimes she did not know him; at other times she would talk to him as if he were going to sea, and would implore him not to part from her in anger; and when he was not present she would speak of him as if buried in the ocean, and would sit, with her clasped hands, looking upon the ground, the picture of despair.

One day, when Eugene was present, one of her companions endeavored to rouse her, singing, in a low voice, a tender little air, which was a particular favorite of Annette's.

As she sang, the agitation of Annette subsided, and when the song was ended she opened her eyes and looked about her, as one awaking in a strange place.

"Oh, Eugene! Eugene!" said she, "it seems as if I have had a long and dismal dream; what has happened, what has been the matter with me?"

He endeavored to put her off with some evasive answer.

"No, no!" cried she, "I know I have been ill, and I have been dreaming strangely. I thought Eugene had left us—and that he had gone to sea—and that—and that he was drowned! But he *has* been to sea," she added, earnestly, as recollection kept flashing upon her, "and he has been wrecked—and we were all so wretched—and came home again one bright morning—and—— Oh!" said she, pressing her hand against her forehead, with a sickly smile, "I see how it is; all has not been right here. I begin to recollect—but it is all past now—Eugene is here! and his mother is happy—and we shall never, never part again—shall we, Eugene?"

She sank back in her chair, exhausted; the tears streamed down her cheeks. Her companions hovered

ANNETTE DELARBRE.—"SHE SAW HIM ALIGHT AT THE DOOR, AND RUSHED WITH A SHRIEK INTO HIS ARMS."—SEE PAGE 614.

round her, not knowing what to make of this sudden dawn of reason. Her lover sobbed aloud. She opened her eyes again, and looked upon them with an air of the sweetest acknowledgment.

"You are all so good to me!" she said, faintly.

The physician drew the father aside.

"Your daughter's mind is restored," said he; "she is sensible that she has been deranged; she is growing conscious of the past, and conscious of the present. All that now remains is to keep her calm and quiet until her health is re-established, and then let her be married."

"The wedding took place," continued the good priest, "but a short time since; they were here at the last *fête* during their honeymoon, and a handsomer and happier couple was not to be seen, as they danced under yonder trees."

A CURIOUS DOCUMENT.

THE following is a correct copy of a bill of indictment, preferred *in this city*, against Ralph Hall and Mary his wife, for *witchcraft*, over two centuries ago. Later Bills of this character may be found in Connecticut, but this, we believe, was among the last in this State. It is curious to read this remnant of barbarous ages; and, while we do so, let us not forget the lights of learning and civilization which have introduced a better order of things.

At a court of Assizes, held in *New-York*, the 2d day of Oct. 1655, &c., the tryel of Ralph Hall and Mary his wife, upon suspicion of witchcraft. The names of the persons who served upon the Grand Jury, are Thomas Baker, foreman of the Jury, of Easthampton; Capt. John Symonds, of Hempstead; Mr. Helcett, of Jamaica; Anthony Waters; Thomas Wandell, of Marsh Path Hill; Mr. Nichols, of Stanford; Belthazar D'Haart, John Garland, Jacob Luster, Anthonio De Mill, Alex. Munro, Thomas Searle, of New-York.

The prisoner being brought to the barr by Allard Anthony, Shff. of N. Y. this following indictment was read, first agst. Ralph Hall, and then agst. Mary, his wife, viz.:

The constable and overseers of the towne of Setalcott, in the east riding of Yorkshire, upon Long Island, do present, for our soveraigne Lord the King, that Ralph Hall, of Setalcott, aforesaid, upon the 25th day of Dec. being Christmas day last was twelve months, in the 15th year of the raigne of our soveraigne Lord Chas. the 2d, by the grace of God, King of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c. and several other days and times since that day, by some detestable and wicked arts, commonly called witchcraft and sorcery, did (as is suspected) maliciously and feloniously practise and exercise, at the said town of Setalcott, in the east riding of Yorkshire, on Long Island aforesaid, on the person of George Wood, late of the same place, by which wicked and detestable arts the said Geo. Wood (as is suspected) most dangerously and mortally sickened and languished, and not long after, by the aforesaid wicked and detestable arts, the said George Wood (as is likewise suspected) died.

Moreover the constable and overseers of the said town do further present, for our soveraigne Lord the King, that some while after the death of the said Geo. Wood, the said Ralph Hall did, as is suspected, divers times by the like wicked and detestable arts, commonly called witchcraft and sorcery, maliciously and feloniously practise and exercise at the said town of Setalcott, on the person of an infant child of Ann Rogers, widow of the aforesaid George Wood, deceased, by which wicked and detestable arts, the said infant child, as is suspected, most dangerously and mortally sickened and languished, and not long after, by the said wicked and detestable arts (as is suspected) died: And so the said constable and overseers do present, that the said George Wood, and the said infant childe, by the ways and means aforesaid, most wickedly, and maliciously, and feloniously were (as is suspected) *murdered by the said Ralph Hall*, at the times and places aforesaid, and against the laws of this govt. in such cases provided.—The like indictment was read against Mary, the wife of Ralph Hall: Thereupon several depositions accusing the prisoners of the fact for which they were indicted were read, *but no witness appeared* to give testimony in court *vive voce;* then the Clk. calling up Ralph Hall, bade him hold up his hand, and read as follows: "Ralph Hall, thou standest here indicted for, that having not the fear of God before thine eyes, thou didst, upon the 25th day of Dec. being Christmas last was 12 months, and at several other times since, (as is suspected) by some wicked and detestable arts, commonly called witchcraft and sorcery, maliciously and feloniously practise and exercise upon the bodies of George Wood, and an infant child of Ann Rogers, by which said arts the said George Wood and the infant child (as is suspected) most dangerously and mortally fell sick and languished unto death. Ralph Hall! what dost thou say for thyself—art thou guilty or not guilty? Mary, the wife of Ralph Hall, was called in the like manner. They both pleaded not guilty, and threw themselves to be tried by God and the country. Whereupon the cause was referred to the Jury, who brought into Court this following verdict, viz.:—We having severally considered the case committed to our charge against the prisoners at the bar, and having well weighed the evidence, we find that there are *some suspicions* by the evidence of what the *woman* is charged with, but nothing considerable of value *to take away her life!* but in reference to the man, we find nothing considerable to charge him with. The Court thereupon gave this sentence—"That the man should be bound, body and goods, for his wife's appearance *at the next sessions, and so on from sessions to sessions as long as they stay within this gort.* In the meantime to be of good behaviour. So they were returned to the Shff's. custody, and upon entering into a recognizance, according to the sentence of the Court, they were released.

They were released from the indictment and suretyship for good behaviour, and wholly discharged therefrom on the 21st day of August, 1663!

HILDUR, THE QUEEN OF THE ELVES.

A FAIRY STORY.

ONCE, in a mountainous district, there lived a certain farmer. He was unmarried, and had a housekeeper named Hildur, who had all the indoor affairs of the farm under her charge, and managed them wondrous well. All the inmates of the house, the farmer himself to boot, were fond of her, as she was clean and thrifty in her habits, and kind and gentle in speech.

Everything about the place flourished exceedingly, but the farmer always found the greatest difficulty in hiring a herdsman. This difficulty did not arise from any fault of the farmer's own, nor from neglect on the part of the housekeeper to the comforts of the servants, but from the fact that no herdsman who entered his service lived more than a year, each one being without fail found dead in his bed on the morning of Christmas Day. No wonder, therefore, the farmer found herdsmen scarce.

In those times it was the custom of the country to spend the night of Christmas Eve at church.

But so far was this farm from the church, that the herdsmen, who did not return from their flocks till late in the evening, were unable to go to it on that night until long after the usual time; and as for Hildur, she always remained behind to take care of the house, and always had so much to do in the way of cleaning the rooms and dealing out the rations for the servants, that the family used to come home from church and go to bed long before she had finished her work and was able to go to bed herself.

The more the reports of the death of herdsman after herdsman, on the night of Christmas Eve, were spread abroad, the greater became the difficulty the farmer found in hiring one, although it was never supposed for an instant that violence was used toward the men, as no mark had ever been found on their bodies; and as, moreover, there was no one to suspect.

At length the farmer declared that his conscience would no longer let him thus hire men only in order that they might die, so he determined in future to let luck take

care of his sheep, or the sheep take care of themselves. Not long after he had made this determination, a bold and hardy-looking man came and made him an offer of his services. The farmer said:

"My good friend, I am not in so great need of your services as to hire you."

Then the man asked him:

"Have you a herdsman?"

"No; I suppose you know what has hitherto befallen every one I have hired?"

"I have heard it," replied the other; "but fear shall neither trouble me nor prevent my keeping your sheep this Winter for you, if you will but make up your mind to take me."

But the farmer would not hear of it, at first.

"For," said he, "it is a pity, indeed, that so fine a fellow as you should lose your chance of life. Begone, if you are wise, and get work elsewhere."

Yet still the man insisted. At length the farmer consented to take him, and very well they agreed together. On Christmas Eve all went to church, except Hildur and the herdsman. Late in the evening, the latter returned, and, having eaten his supper, went to bed.

As soon as he was well between the sheets, he thought it would be best to lie awake, and thus be ready for any accident, though he was mighty little troubled with fear.

Quite late at night, he heard the farmer and his family returning from church, enter the house, and, having taken supper, go to bed. Still, nothing happened, except that whenever he closed his eyes for a moment, a deadly faintness stole over him, which only made him do his best to keep awake. Shortly after, some one crept stealthily up to the side of his bed, and he recognized Hildur.

So he feigned to be asleep, and felt her place in his mouth the bit of a magic bridle, but yet allowed her to fix it on him without moving. When she had fastened the bridle, she dragged him from his bed with it, and out of the farmhouse, without his being able to resist.

Then mounting on his back, she made him rise from the ground as if on wings, and rode him through the air, till they arrived at a precipice, which yawned down into the earth.

She dismounted at a large stone, and fastening the reins to it, leaped into the precipice. But the herdsman, thinking it would be no bad thing to know what became of the woman, tried to escape from the stone; but, failing in this, managed, after a short struggle, to get the bridle off his head, and having so done, leapt into the precipice, down which he had seen Hildur disappear.

After sinking for a long, long time, he caught a glimpse of Hildur beneath him, and at last they came to some beautiful green meadows.

From all this, the man guessed that Hildur was no common mortal, and feared if he were to follow her along these green fields, and she turn round and catch sight of him, he might, not unlikely, pay for his curiosity with his life. So he took a magic stone which he always carried, the nature of which made him invisible when he held it in his palm, and, placing it in the hollow of his hand, ran after her.

When they had gone some way along the meadows, a splendid palace rose, with which Hildur seemed well acquainted. At her approach a great crowd of people came forth and saluted Hildur with respect and joy.

Foremost of these walked a man of kindly and noble aspect, whose salutation seemed to be that of a husband; all the rest bowed to her as if she were their queen. This man was accompanied by two children, who ran up to Hildur, calling her mother, and embraced her.

After the people had welcomed their queen, they all returned to the palace, where they dressed her in royal robes, and loaded her hands with costly robes and bracelets.

The herdsman followed the crowd, and posted himself where he would be least in the way of the company, but where he could catch sight easily of all that passed, and lose nothing.

So gorgeous and dazzling were the hangings of the hall, and the silver and golden vessels on the table, that he thought he had never, in all his life before, seen the like; not to mention the wonderful dishes and wines.

After a little time, all the guests were begged to take their seats, while Hildur sat on the throne beside the king, and the feast commenced.

When it was concluded, the guests amused themselves by dancing, singing, drinking and revel; but the king and queen talked together, and seemed very sad.

While they were thus conversing, three children, younger than those the man had seen before, ran in, and clung round the neck of their mother. Hildur received them with all a mother's love, and as the youngest was restless, put it on the ground, and gave it one of her rings to play with. After the little one had played awhile with the ring, he lost it, and it rolled along the floor toward the herdsman, who, being invisible, picked it up and put it into his pocket. Of course, all search for it by the guests was in vain.

When the night was far advanced, Hildur made preparations for departure, at which all the people assembled, showed great sorrow, and begged her to remain.

The herdsman had observed in one corner of the hall an old woman, who neither received the queen with joy nor pressed her to stay.

As soon as the king perceived that neither his entreaties nor those of the assembly could induce Hildur to stay, he went up to the old woman, and said:

"Mother, rid us now of thy curse; no longer compel my queen to live far from me. Her short visits are more pain to me than joy."

The old woman answered angrily:

"Never will I depart from what I have said. My words shall hold true in all their force, and on no condition will I abolish my curse!"

On this the king, going up to his wife, entreated her in the fondest and most loving terms not to depart.

The queen answered:

"The infernal power of thy mother's curse forces me to go, and perchance this may be the last time that I shall see thee. For lying, as I do, under this horrible ban, it is not possible that my constant murders can remain much longer secret, and then I must suffer the full penalty of crimes which I have committed against my will."

While she was thus speaking, the herdsman sped from the palace and across the fields to the precipice, up which he mounted as rapidly as he had come down, thanks to the magic stone.

When he arrived at the rock, he put the stone into his pocket, and the bridle over his head again. Very soon after Hildur came up, mounted on his back, and off they flew again to the farmhouse, where Hildur, taking the bridle from his head, placed him again in his bed, and retired.

The herdsman, who by this time was well tired out, now considered it safe to go to sleep, which he did so soundly as not to wake till quite late on Christmas morning.

The farmer rose early, filled with the fear that, instead of passing Christmas in joy, he should assuredly, as he so

often had before, find his herdsman dead, and pass it in sorrow and mourning. So he and all the rest of the family went to the bedside of the herdsman.

When the farmer had looked at him and found him breathing, he praised God aloud for His mercy in preserving the man from death.

Not long afterward the man got up.

Wondering at his preservation, the farmer asked him how he had passed the night, and whether he had seen anything. The man replied:

"No; but I have had a very curious dream."

"What was it?" asked the farmer.

The man related everything that had passed in the night, as well as he could remember.

When he had finished his story, every one was silent for wonder, except Hildur, who went up to him and said:

"I declare you to be a liar in all that you have said, unless you can prove it by sure evidence."

The herdsman took from his pocket the ring which he had picked up on the floor of the hall in Elfland, and, showing it to her, said:

HILDUR, THE QUEEN OF THE ELVES.—"SO HE MANAGED TO GET THE BRIDLE OFF HIS HEAD, AND LEAPED OVER THE PRECIPICE."—SEE PAGE 618.

"Though my dream needs no proof, yet here is one you will not, doubtless, deem other than a sure one; for is not this your gold ring, Queen Hildur?"

Hildur answered:

"It is, no doubt, my ring. Happy man! may you prosper in all you undertake, for you have released me from the awful yoke which my mother-in-law laid, in her wrath, upon me, and from the curse of a yearly murder."

And then Hildur told them the story of her life, as follows:

"I was born of an obscure family among the elves. Our king fell in love with me and married me, in spite of the strong disapproval of his mother. She swore eternal hatred to me in her anger against her son, and said to him: 'Short shall be your joy with this fair wife of yours, for you shall see her but once a year, and that only at the expense of a murder. This is my curse upon her, and it shall be carried out to the letter. She shall go and serve in the upper world, this queen, and every Christmas Eve shall ride a man, one of her fellow-servants, with this magic bridle, to the confines of Elfland, where she shall pass a few hours with you, and then ride him back again till his very heart breaks with toil, and his very life leaves him. Let her thus enjoy her queenship.'

"And this horrible fate was to cling to me until I should either have these murders brought home to me, and be condemned to death, or should meet with a gallant man like this herdsman, who should have nerve and courage to follow me down into Elfland, and be able to prove afterward that he had been there with me, and seen the curious customs of my people.

"And now I must confess that all the former herdsmen were slain by me, but no penalty shall touch me for their murders, as I committed them against my will. And as for you, O courageous man, who have dared, the first of human beings, to explore the realms of Elfland, and have freed me from the yoke of this awful curse, I will reward you in times to come, but not now.

"A deep longing for my home and my loved ones impels me hence. Farewell!"

With these words, Hildur vanished, and was never seen again.

AN AFFRAY WITH WOLVES.—"HE THEN TURNED, AND BRANDISHING HIS KEEN-EDGED HATCHET, SHOUTED TO THE BRUTES."

But our friend the herdsman, leaving the service of the farmer, took a farm for himself, and prospered, and became one of the chief men of the country, and always ascribed his prosperity to "Hildur, Queen of the Elves."

AN AFFRAY WITH WOLVES.

One of the most muscular, powerful-limbed settlers on the old New York frontier, a century since, was Henreich Kaupman. His arms were like piston-rods, and he could drive his huge mallet-fists with such tremendous momentum as to fell an ox as if stricken by a thunderbolt.

It is said that he was once caught by two iron-muscled Mohawks, armed with knives, while Henreich had none; yet at the first onset he fractured the skull of the foremost Indian, and bore the second one to the earth as if he were nothing but an infant. That Indian never resumed the perpendicular again.

All this is by way of introduction to an adventure that Kaupman once had with a pack of wolves, and which came fearfully nigh having a fatal result for him.

The Winter of 17— was an unusually severe one throughout the Northern States, and many deaths from exposure and starvation occurred before the opening of Spring. The wolves, bears and wild animals became nearly famished from hunger, and, as a consequence, were unusually fierce and courageous. They came down from the mountains, and woe to the sheepfold that was left unprotected during the night. It was sure to be invaded by the starving animals, and not a sheep would live to "tell the tale."

There were tracks around the barns, where the wolves had trotted all night in their search for some means of entrance; their howls could be heard through the still, cold hours, and more than one housewife had been chased to her very door for imprudently venturing forth after nightfall.

Many of the settlers sat in the upper stories of their houses and amused themselves by shooting the wolves, for whose scalps the Government had a standing bounty of several shillings.

Henreich Kaupman remained at home, only venturing forth to attend to his dumb animals, and to see that they were properly protected during the night. But after a while his stock of groceries became low, and finally gave out altogether. True, he and his family could live upon the poultry, sheep and animals they owned, but it was rather unpleasant to be without tea, coffee, sugar, salt, and many other articles that were more necessities than they were luxuries.

By this time, too, the roads had been traversed so much that they were thoroughly broken, and Henreich concluded to harness up his mare to his sled and go to the village, about four miles distant, and procure the articles which he so much needed.

With a want of foresight which he could never explain, he started out upon his journey without any weapon except a keen-edged hatchet, which was carried in case the sled should give out. In the house hung his trusty rifle, but neither he nor his wife seemed to imagine that there would be any call for it, and he drove cheerily away, bidding his wife a merry good-by as his mare went at a spanking gait down the road toward the village.

The latter place—which more properly might be termed a settlement—was reached in due time, the groceries all bought, and everything was in readiness to start homeward.

Henreich had been storm-bound so long in his house that he found the companionship of his friends at the village tavern extremely agreeable. There was so much to talk about, so much news to listen to, such a quantity of gossip regarding the affairs of the neighborhood, that the time slipped unconsciously by, until, when he arose to go, he found it was almost dark.

Still he had no fears, as his wife would understand that he had remained at the village, and there was no necessity of his immediate return.

As he turned homeward and left the village behind him, and noticed that the dim light by which he was traveling belonged to the moon, it flashed upon him that perhaps he would encounter danger before reaching home, and he regretted, for the twentieth time, that he had left his rifle behind.

The road, deep between the drifts of snow, was of just sufficient width for the little mare and sled, and the spirited little animal went forward at a swift gait, while Henreich, somewhat stupefied and weary, was beguiled into drowsiness by the easy, gliding motion of the sled.

He was half asleep and half conscious, when he became sensible of a rapid increase in the motion of the sled. He felt it jerk several times beneath him, and all at once a fiercer jerk than usual, accompanied by a neigh of terror, effectually aroused him.

He looked in front; all wore its wonted appearance. A wild, straggling piece of wood, standing two feet deep in snow; the narrow track twisting through it; the heavens cold and clear; the earth white; but close behind the sled were three gaunt animals, cantering heavily, while a fourth was fast gaining behind.

The jaws of the leading wolf, owing to the lowness of the sled, were within reach of Henreich's shoulder. But the latter cared little for this. The brutes were after the mare, and upon her courage and fortitude depended the escape of herself and master.

If the alarmed creature could have the nerve to keep steadily onward in the track, she had a good chance of eluding her pursuers; for the moment the wolves sprang outside the road to pass the sleigh, the depth of the snow so diminished their speed that they fell behind.

But should the mare, in her terror, spring aside and plunge into the snow, Kaupman knew it was all up with both of them. Such a proceeding would disentangle her from the sled; and before she could flounder a dozen yards through the snow the wolves would be tearing her to shreds.

Henreich leaned forward and spoke kindly to his animal, who raised her ears, that were flat with terror, and fell into a more even pace. He then turned, and brandishing his keen-edged hatchet, shouted to the brutes, but it did not discomfit them in the least.

Reaching forward, he patted his mare with the hand that held the reins, while he held the hatchet in the other, and kept his eye upon the ferocious brutes. However, he did not use the weapon, for the closer the wolves kept to the sled the less were they seen by his horse, and, as a consequence, there was the less probability of her terror becoming uncontrollable, and her breaking aside from the path.

So long as matters retained their relative position, Henreich felt that all was going well.

It was not long before the wolves discovered that there was little prospect of success so long as they remained in the track, and they now began springing aside, and attempting to get abreast of the horse. In every instance they fell behind; but each effort revealed them to the terrified mare, who had no blinkers, and the furious plunges she made filled Henreich with the greatest anxiety.

One of the wolves was very large, straight-limbed, and showed a speed superior to the rest. More than once, when he sprang out into the snow, he advanced nearer abreast the horse than did the others. Upon this gaunt creature Henreich fixed his eye, and caught the green light that played from beneath his eyelids.

By-and-by the snow became flatter, and the huge wolf again sprang aside. The speed of these animals is extraordinary, and he gained rapidly. Henreich waited until he got just abreast, when, rising in his seat, he circled the hatchet over his head, and brought it down with the quickness of lightning. The head of the wolf was cleft in twain, and with a dying yelp he doubled over in the snow, and was quickly left behind.

One of the dreaded animals was dispatched; there were three left, as furious for blood as him; and these never abated their speed in the least. Had they got a taste of the blood of their companion, they would have gorged themselves on him before seeking the horse; but he whisked off the stage of life so suddenly that they scarcely noticed his absence.

The distance from home was rapidly diminishing beneath the quick steps of the mare, which continued to carry the sled at full speed, until the fear of overturning became again a source of anxiety. Henreich, too, had learned by this time that these were no ordinary animals with which he had to deal, but sharp-set, fiercely courageous and determined brutes, to which man or beast would be alike welcome; their preference, however, as manifested by their actions, being for horseflesh.

These were not the animals to be frightened away by the sight of a man's house, and there was a bad open space between the outskirts of the forest and Henreich's home, to which he looked with no little apprehension.

They had now approached the very edge of the wood, and the wolves began gaining on each side. The terror-stricken horse became uncontrollable, and bounding terrifically forward, caught the sled against the stump of a tree, overturned it, and galloped away at a full run, leaving Henreich alone in the snow.

Before he could rise he felt the brutes clawing at his throat, but his garments were so thick that he was saved from injury; and rising to his feet, he threw them off. His hatchet had been jerked out of his hand as he fell, and he looked desperately around for it, but it was not to be found.

By this time the mare was almost out of sight, and two of the wolves were upon the defenseless man, and the other, deserting the animal, bounded back. Henreich faced the foremost, and the next moment was surrounded.

The powerful man now called into play all the strength for which he was so renowned. He struck furiously at the leaping, snarling brutes, and flung them off when they attempted to cling to him. Had he possessed a weapon, it is not impossible that he would have escaped without injury. One blow with a club in his hands would have cracked the skull of the largest brute, and with a knife he could have ripped them open.

But there was no hope fighting with his naked hands. His blood had already dyed the snow, and the smell and taste of it made the brutes furious. Their lithe, heavy bodies were hurled against him, as if impelled by some power not their own, and finally they pulled him down.

The sweets of this earth, the mystery of heaven, swept through poor Henreich's mind; nay, in those brief, terrible moments, the particulars found time to intrude. It is often, very often thus in the moment of death.

He thought how his devoted Mary would watch through the vigil—how his mangled remains would tell his fate in

the morning—a life's despair for the mother of the helpless little ones. All these things rushed through his brain, and he knew that he himself was in the jaws of the wolves.

Then those foul, lurid eyes glared over him; the tightening of the throat followed, and thinking was finished. Still he struggled to release his arms—the grasp on his throat was choking him; his senses reeled; when, like the whizzing of a meteor, another hard-breathing animal shot in among the assailants and fastened itself on the chief.

The wolves for an instant relaxed their fury; Henreich reeled giddily to his feet, and recognized his brave dog. For a moment he stood bewildered, when he saw one wolf retreating and the other two attacking his dauntless dog. He turned to help him, and a bright object caught his eye; it was his hatchet lying on the snow, within an arm's length of the last terrible struggle. Henreich snatched it up, and was himself again.

His arms were bleeding, but their giant strength remained. The next instant he had split the skull of one of the wolves, and he now turned, like a madman that he was, upon the fierce animal that had borne his faithful dog to the ground.

The first blow laid bare the gaunt backbone, the next gave his throat a terrible gash, and the third loosened his fearful grip upon the dog. Still he struggled fiercely, when Henreich sprang upon the animal, and cut and hacked and slashed until the wolf was mincemeat.

As he arose a hand was on his shoulder, and turning, a head was on his bosom.

"Henreich!"

"Mary!"

Long did the young couple stand in speechless embrace; but the weaker supported the stronger, for Henreich's manly nerves were gone, and he leaned upon Mary like a helpless child.

The arrival of the frightened horse had aroused the wife, and the moment she opened the door the dog rushed forth, led by his kindly instinct. Mary fled wildly after him, not pausing to bring the rifle. But this, it has been shown, was not needed.

"WITH A WILL, JOE!"

Twenty years ago there lived in a little street near Vincent Square, Westminster, England, a widow woman, named Robins, who maintained herself and her two boys by taking in mangling. A friend of mine used to visit her weekly with tracts, and I sometimes went round with my friend, the tract-distributor.

There was not in the whole district a more decent family than this. On an average, Mrs. Robins earned ten shillings a week by her mangle. She let a furnished room for five shillings and sixpence a week, and that nearly paid her rent; and her eldest boy was at a shop, where he earned half-a-crown a week. So that the most this woman could reckon on to keep her children and herself, after her rent was paid, was eleven or twelve shillings a week. Yet I have seldom seen a more comfortable, and never a cleaner, home than this widow's.

Her youngest boy, Joe, a little fellow of ten, used to help her of an evening, when he was at home from school, and with his little wheelbarrow, holding a basket of linen, I have often met him going home with work to her customers. He was a sturdy little fellow, with a bustling, important look, as if proud of being trusted, and of being able to help his mother. His clean face, white collar and holland pinafore made him look quite respectable.

I have no story to tell of this family, beyond the fact that they lived in comfort on their honest toil; that the mother and sons might be seen on the Lord's Day going to the house of God, and that about four years after the time I first knew them, some relative in Canada sent to Mrs. Robins to go out there, and she and her boys emigrated, few persons being more fit than they were, by their industry, economy, cleanliness and piety, to make their way in any country. I felt sorry they left, for such families are the strength and glory of old England.

My reason for describing them is, that I learned a lesson I never forgot from that little boy, Joe. It was a Summer afternoon; the barrow stood before Mrs. Robins's door; the street was empty of all traffic, for the heat was intense. I sauntered languidly along on the shady side opposite the widow's house, and noticed her boy bringing out some linen in baskets to put on the barrow. I was surprised at the size of the baskets he was lugging along the passage and lifting on to the barrow, and paused to look at him. He pulled and dragged, and then, resting a moment, began again, and in the silence of the street I heard him saying something to himself. I half crossed the road. He was too busy to notice me, and then, in a pause of his toil, I heard him gasp out, "With a will, Joe!" He was encouraging himself to further effort with these words. At last, bringing the large basket to the curbstone, he ran in and got a piece of smooth wood as a lever; resting one end of the basket on the barrow, he heaved up the other end, and saying, a little louder than before, "With a will, Joe!" the basket was mounted on to the barrow.

As he rested and looked proudly at his successful efforts, he saw me, and his round, red face, covered with perspiration, became scarlet for a moment, as I said:

"That's a brave boy!"

The mother's voice sounded in the passage, "I'm coming, Joe"; and out she came, as the child, pointing to the basket, said: "I've managed it, mother."

It was a pretty sight, the looks of the widow and her willing boy. Though no further word was spoken, the sense of satisfaction on each face was very plain, and I have no doubt in each heart there was a throb of pleasure that words have no language for.

I went on my way, but the saying, "With a will, Joe!" went with me. How much there was in that simple phrase, "With a will!" How different is our work, according as we do it with or against our will! This little fellow might have cried or murmured, or left his mother to do the work, and been dissatisfied with himself, and a source of discontent to his mother; but he had spurred himself on to toil and duty with his words, powerful in their simplicity—"With a will, Joe!"

Often since have I recalled the scene and the saying. When some young lady complains to me, "I have no time to give to doing good; I've visits to make, and shopping to do, and embroidery to finish—how can I help the poor when I'm so pressed for time?" I am apt to say, mentally, "How different would it be with her if she had ever said to herself, 'With a will!'"

When some house-mother spends her morning at the door, gossiping or wrangling with her neighbors, and just before her husband's return home, puts a bit of tough steak in the frying-pan, or a rasher of hard, salt bacon before the fire, that when he returns is not cooked fit for a dog to eat; and then when he is angry, begins to complain, "There's no pleasing you," I think how different it would be if she had cleaned up her house, gone early for the meat, cooked it properly, and as she bustled about to make all tidy against his return, had strengthened herself by saying, "With a will!"

When I see some unhappy man who has yielded to the love of strong drink, and hankers after the public-house, and who tells me, "I cannot leave it off," I am ready to say, in the words of my little teacher of old, "With a will, Joe!"

PAUL ARNOLD; Or, A DREAM REALIZED.

"So you like my friend Arnold?" said Creswell, as we lounged over our wine and cigars, in his private apartment at the St. Nicholas, an hour or so after my second sitting to the artist in question.

"Yes, very much," I replied. "A generous, large-souled man. Somewhat enthusiastic and visionary, it strikes me—though this may be excusable in one of his profession."

Creswell smiled quietly as he thoughtfully cleared the ashes from his cigar

"He *is* somewhat of a dreamer," he admitted. "Did you see his wife?"

"Yes—one of th most lovely women I have ever beheld; not only in perfection of feature, but as regards the greater charm of expression. As she stood in the window, with that beautiful little boy of hers in her arms, she struck me as being the very ideal of a Madonna," I said, enthusiastically.

"WITH A WILL, JOE!"—"THE CHILD, POINTING TO THE BASKET, SAID, 'I'VE MANAGED IT, MOTHER,'"— SEE PAGE 623.

"And yet she is French," said Creswell, with a smile. "And, what will more surprise you, considering what most people would call her *air distingué*, she is simply the daughter of a small Provençal farmer, with, at the time of her marriage, little or no advantage of cultivation."

"Indeed! But I can see that there must have been much native refinement as well as beauty. Your friend Arnold was fortunate."

"The acquaintance was formed under very singular circumstances," observed Creswell, in the same meditative tone—"circumstances which could have occurred, probably, only in a country such as France. I was there at the time, and acquainted with the whole affair. Will you have the story?"

"By all means."

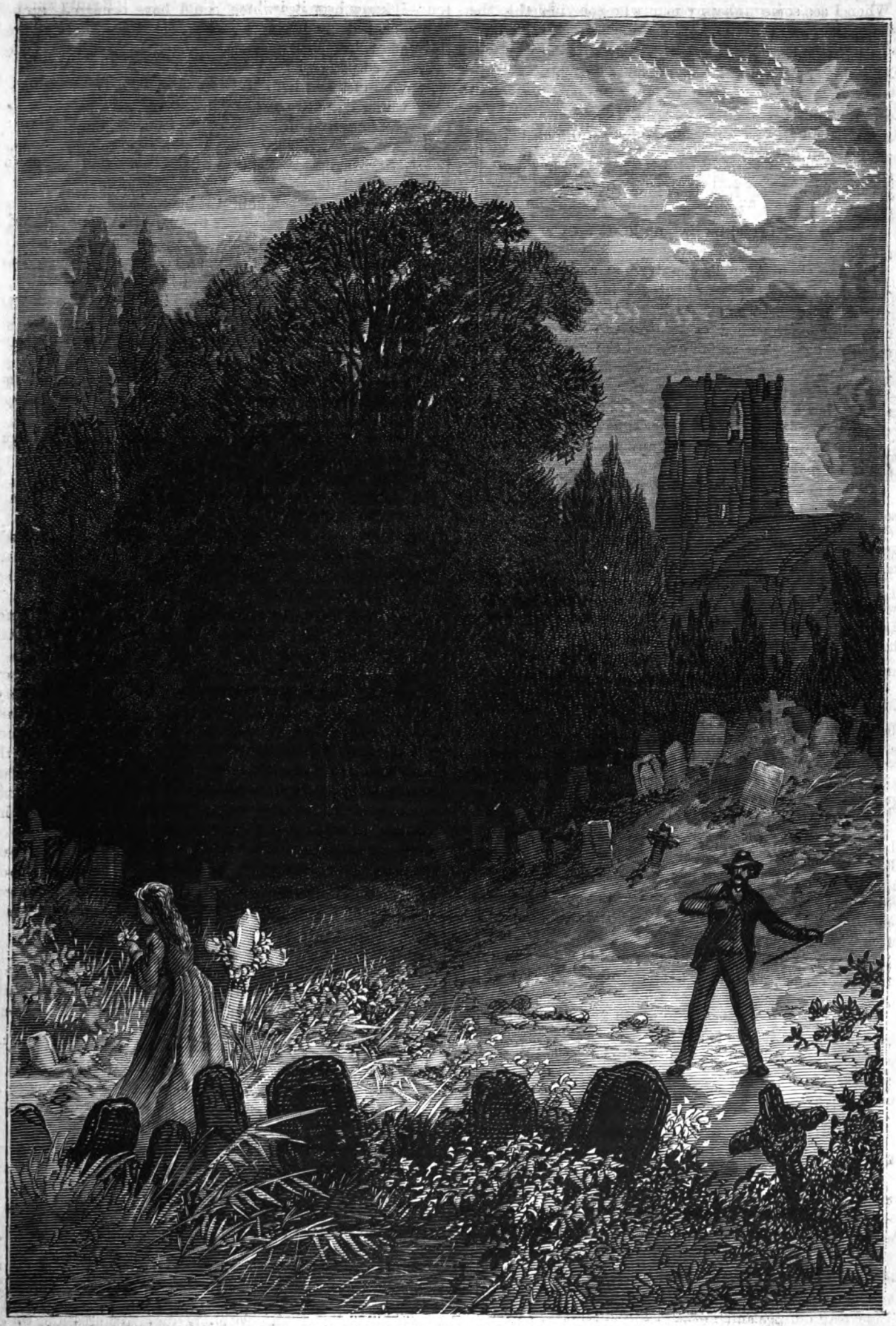
He threw away the end of his cigar, slowly refilled our glasses, and commenced.

But I must tell the story in my own way, adhering only to facts, not alone as I learned them then, but afterward from Arnold himself.

Paul Arnold was a young American artist, a native of the Southern States, who, at the age of three-and-twenty, was sojourning in Paris, devoting himself heart and soul to the study of his art. Handsome, amiable and talented, he possessed also much of that dreamy and imaginative turn—that ideal love of beauty, which constitutes the poet. In such natures the affections are strong—their world is a world of love; and yet, Paul Arnold had lived till now without having experienced that passion.

"It was very strange!" said his fellow-artists, who invited him to their suppers and reunions, and introduced to him the most beautiful women of their acquaintance. "It was very strange!" said, also, the girls themselves, finding their charms powerless upon this handsome and attractive young man. And the conclusion at which they all finally arrived was, that he had no heart.

In this they were mistaken. Paul had a heart, and a warm and true one. But the truth of the case was, that this heart had been, from his boyhood, occupied by an ideal love—a creation of his own poetic imagination—young, innocent and lovely; and until he could find a living reality corresponding with his visionary creation, he felt that he could never love.



PAUL ARNOLD; OR, A DREAM REALIZED.—"THE MOON SHONE FULL UPON THE GRAVE AND THE WHITE CROSS AS PAUL ARNOLD APPROACHED IT. AND BY THAT LIGHT HE BEHELD A FORM STANDING THERE—A WHITE, PHANTOM-LIKE FIGURE."

Arnold was a believer in fate—in destiny—in the beautiful theory of kindred souls predestined for each other. To him the lovely vision which had so strangely taken possession of his mind was no mere fancy, no poet's or artist's dream, but an inspiration, a prophecy, an assurance of a blissful reality somewhere awaiting him in the future. And in this faith he lived and waited, his heart turning each day more yearningly toward his yet unknown love, longing to look upon the sweet face, and to clasp in his arms the graceful form that for ever haunted his inward sight. And hence it was that, true to his unseen love, his predestined bride, he had no heart for the charms of another.

One day, Paul Arnold's countryman and most intimate friend in Paris—Creswell—entered his studio during its owner's absence. To amuse himself till the artist's return, the visitor commenced examining the various pictures, studies and sketches which adorned the walls, and finally turned to the light a vailed frame which he had sometimes observed standing in a remote corner. He started as there met his view a lovely face—the face of a young girl, whose pure pale complexion, golden-brown hair and dove-like violet eyes, tender and earnest, appeared a fitting realization of an angel.

He was gazing on this picture when Arnold entered.

The young artist flushed when he saw what his friend had done, and, without a word, gravely turned the canvas again to the wall, carefully and almost reverentially drawing over it the linen curtain.

"I did not design to take a liberty, *mon ami*," said Creswell, apologetically. "But you were fortunate in securing La Belle Madelaine for a study. Le Roy offered her one hundred francs a sitting, and she refused."

"Who ?—what ?" exclaimed Arnold, staring.

"It is the portrait of the street-singer known as La Belle Madelaine."

"It is no portrait. It is an ideal."

"Impossible ! The likeness is too perfect. Why, those are her features—that her hair, her form, her very expression ; except, perhaps, not quite so sad-looking as La Belle. Otherwise, it is she herself."

Paul Arnold turned to his friend, his face quite pale.

"Creswell," he said, "are you in earnest, or only joking ?"

"Why should I be joking ? I can only say that if this be not the portrait of the street-singer, Mademoiselle Madelaine, then the resemblance is little less than miraculous."

The artist's breath came quick, and his voice was tremulous and eager, as he laid his hand upon the arm of his companion.

"My friend, you must help me to find this young girl you speak of. Where is she ?"

"Indeed, I do not know. I have heard her on the boulevards and in the cafés, of evenings, singing divinely; but of late I have missed her."

'She must be found !" exclaimed Arnold, in strange excitement. "Come with me, Creswell. Help me to find her !"

So impatient was he, that his friend could but accompany him without delay to the boulevards, and thence to the cafés, where he had seen the young girl in question, making, as they went, close and particular inquiries. Yet nothing could they learn of the fair singer, save that she had once or twice visited those places, never speaking to any one, never delaying when her song was ended, but disappearing quietly and silently, leaving no clew by which she could be traced. No one, it appeared, remembered to have seen her within the past week.

"I know how it is," said Creswell. "Beauty such as hers cannot go unappreciated. La Belle has found a protector."

A sharp pang pierced Arnold's heart at these words.

"We must find her !" he repeated, firmly, though with something like a tremor in his voice.

But, though his friend pressed him, he would give no explanation of his words or conduct, except to say :

"I have a reason—the best of reasons. Some time you shall know."

For days the search continued, but in vain.

Then Paul Arnold resorted to the police, and Legarde, a famous Paris detective, was engaged to assist him. The charge was high, but the young man would not have grudged a fortune, had such been in his possession.

His long-dreamed-of love lived ! and, until she were found, life had for him no other interest. Also, the fear of losing her, of being one moment too late, urged him on.

She was beautiful, and if not, indeed, as Creswell had suggested, already won, all men who beheld would covet, and many seek her. He had not a moment to lose.

On the third day of the search, Monsieur Legarde came to him.

"Monsieur, I have found her."

Arnold rose, pale and agitated.

"Where is she ?"

The officer produced a card, from which he read, aloud :

"Madelaine—other name unknown ; age, twenty; calling, street and café singer ; residence, 95 Rue José, Place des Roches, room nine."

Paul Arnold's heart beat loud and fast. He could not utter a word ; but, taking his hat, silently motioned the officer to lead the way.

Through wide and handsome streets, they went toward the Seine, and entered a different quarter of the city, where the houses were old and quaint and shabby. They stopped, at length, before one which had evidently seen better days. It was numbered 95, and a bill beside the door bore the inscription, "Lodgings." An old woman, in gold necklace and earrings, sat in the doorway, knitting. A word exchanged with her, and the police officer and his companion entered.

Up a broad, rickety pair of stairs they went, and through a spacious hall, whose broken moldings and tarnished gildings rendered the surrounding squalor more striking, and stopped, at length, at a door numbered nine.

"This is the room, monsieur."

"Have you seen her ?" questioned Arnold, hesitating, now that he found himself so near the desired object, and also for the first time realizing, with some embarrassment, the strangeness of his position.

"No, monsieur ; but I traced the singer, Mademoiselle Madelaine, from the Rue St. Helene hither, and learn that, in age and person, as also in a certain peculiarity of dress, *à la Provençale*, she answers to the minute description given by monsieur, your friend."

At this moment the door slightly opened, and some one peeped out. Arnold's heart rose to his throat—but it was only a neat, middle-aged woman.

"Is this the apartment of Mademoiselle Madelaine ?" inquired the officer.

"Yes, monsieur."

"Is she within ?"

The woman stared.

The man repeated the question, adding :

"We wish to see her. We have business here. This gentleman is a friend."

"Ah, I understand," she answered, gravely. "*Entrez*, monsieur."

The room was large and dark. The woman softly opened a shutter, and they could see that the apartment was very bare, and bore evident signs of poverty. A small chest of drawers, a deal table and a bed made up the furniture.

"Where is mademoiselle ?" inquired Legarde.

"She is there, monsieur," answered the woman, pointing to the bed.

There lay the form of a young girl, dressed in a long white robe, which covered it from the throat to the feet. Two small hands, grasping a white lily, lay loosely crossed upon the breast; and the face, gently inclined to one side, was visible to the visitors. Such a face! pure and perfect as marble, but also as colorless. Long dark lashes drooped over the closed eyes, and a profusion of golden-brown hair was smoothly gathered back from the fair temples.

Paul Arnold's breath stopped as he gazed. It was the face he had dreamed of and loved for years—the face he had pictured on canvas! and here it lay before him, in all its perfect beauty, cold and dead!

With a low exclamation he sank on his knees beside the lifeless form.

Was this the end of his long-cherished dream—blighted at the moment it seemed about to be realized? Had he, indeed, met with the actual earthly embodiment of what he had so often pictured to his own soul, yet only when the spirit had fled away for ever?

Oh, it was bitter, bitter! And Paul, gazing upon the perfect mouth, the closed eyes, the white, passive hands, thought almost with anguish of the happiness that *might have been* his, had he but come in time.

A rival had, indeed, stepped in between them, and won his idol—but the rival was Death!

When, recovering some degree of composure, the young man rose from his knees, he questioned the woman—a lodger in the house.

It was but little that she could tell.

Mademoiselle Madelaine had come to the house some ten days previous. No one knew her other name, nor whence she had come; neither had any person been seen to visit her. She appeared unhappy, and was very silent, though gentle, and grateful for any little attention. A day or two before she had sickened, and the woman in question—Madame Rouel—had kindly attended her. She had apprehended no danger, and was, therefore, greatly shocked when, only a few hours before monsieur's arrival, the young girl, in attempting to rise from her pillow, had suddenly fallen back and expired.

"Poor child!" said the woman, wiping her eyes on her apron; "it was heart disease, the doctor said. And she never mentioned her friends—if, indeed, she had any—and now she must be buried at public expense, and by strangers. Is it not sad, monsieur, and she so young and so beautiful! Ah, poor child! And she doubtless came from the country, for she spoke of the fields and the vineyards, and once—ah, yes, I remember it now—once she said, as she looked out upon the cemetery there, that she should not wish to be buried in a city, but in some pretty village churchyard, with white lilies upon her grave. See you, monsieur—I knew she loved the flowers, and I purchased this now in her hand, poor thing, little thinking for what it was destined."

"She shall have her wish," said Paul Arnold. "Let no one touch her—let no one interfere with her. She belongs to me."

And so Madelaine was buried in the pretty churchyard of the little village of Ardes, not far distant from Paris, and Paul Arnold caused to be placed at the head of her grave a simple white marble cross, bearing on its pedestal a sculptured lily, and the single word:

"MADELAINE."

And thither, in the sweet Spring days, joyless to him, he would sometimes repair to sit beside the mound, and think, with passionate regret, of the fair sleeper beneath, and of the mysterious and cruel destiny which had brought them together for an instant, only to separate them for ever.

"Yet not for ever," he whispered to his own heart. "Life is short; and in another world, surely, surely, the boon denied here should be granted, and Madelaine will be mine."

To persons of ordinary nature it may appear strange that Paul Arnold, a strong, healthy young man of three-and-twenty, with, in other, respects, abundance of what is called good sense, should have yielded himself to influences of so entirely visionary a character. But in those finely-cast, poetic natures, the spiritual often holds as strong sway as does the actual and tangible in minds of coarser mold.

Arnold had *believed* in the mysterious influence which had pictured to him a predestined bride—his dream had appeared realized when he found himself, as he thought, on the point of finding her, and his disappointment was consequently bitter. Still, his faith was unshaken.

It had been no mere dream or fancy. He still looked forward to something—he knew not what—and a strange, indefinable influence led him often to the grave in the village churchyard, where lay the form of her whom he had never seen in life, and yet so much lamented.

He himself wondered at the feeling—a sense of waiting and expectancy, as though all were not yet ended. Could it be—he even questioned within himself—could it be that the spirit of the dead girl drew him thus irresistibly to the place where her body lay? But to this extent his belief led him not, and so he yielded to the impulse without understanding it.

One evening, about twilight, he was wandering slowly through the shaded alleys of the graveyard, his spirit weighed down by the sense of loneliness and desolation which had, ever since the finding and loss of his imagined love, oppressed him. He was thinking of her now—not as he had seen her, lying dead, but as she had appeared to him in his dreams, and as he had pictured her on canvas. As he recalled the image a great yearning, an inexpressible tenderness, arose in his heart, and, forgetting the place, he uttered, in a low and passionate tone:

"Oh, Madelaine, my lost love!—could you but be permitted to come to me, even in spirit——"

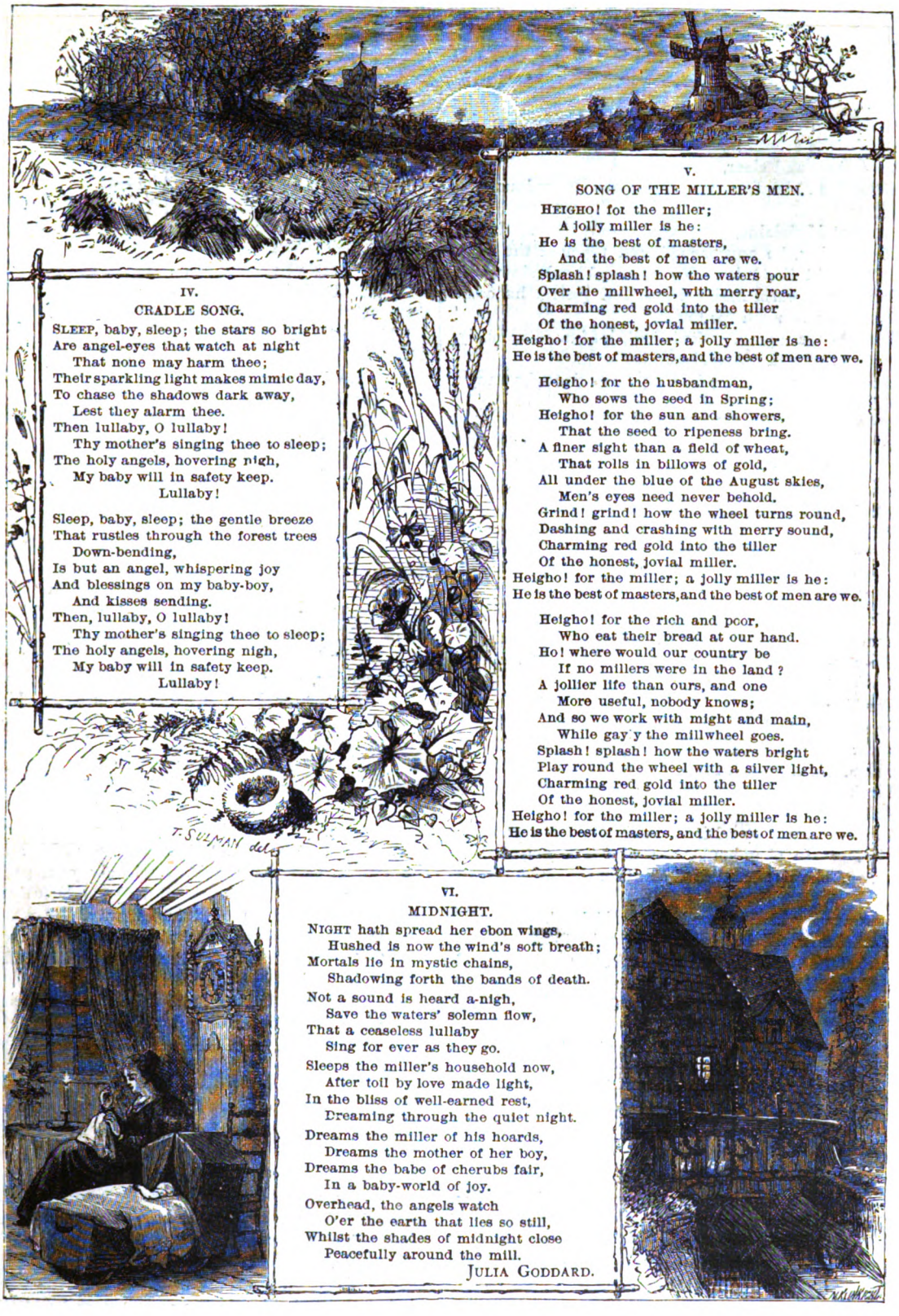
Was it a dream, the fancy of an excited brain, that, as he spoke, there slowly emerged from behind a clump of acacias the form of a young girl—the living embodiment of his cherished vision?—the lips parted, the dark blue eyes fixed upon him in wondering, wistful earnestness!

His head grew dizzy, his eyes blinded, and when the mist cleared away he could see only something like a shadow vanishing in the remote twilight.

Paul Arnold did not return to Paris that night, as he had intended. He was in no mood for it. That he had really beheld, with his bodily eyes, the disembodied spirit of Madelaine, he could not doubt. This had been no fancy, no mental hallucination; and the question with him now was, would she again appear to him—would she speak to him? Was it, indeed, true, what with all his spirituality he had hitherto disbelieved, that the departed could appear visibly, in their old earthly forms, to the eyes of the living?

It was with an almost trembling eagerness and excitement that Paul Arnold, on the following evening, sought the old churchyard. The white cross gleamed duskily in the twilight, and the willow above the grave swayed its long branches softly to and fro, with a low, soft murmur. He started at every breath and motion, and the white tombstones seemed continually, to his fancy, assuming the appearance of the form which he half believed and half doubted would appear.

But twilight passed, and it came not. Heavy shadows of funereal trees and sepulchral marbles gathered about the quiet burial-place, and the breeze sighed in low, fitful



IV.

CRADLE SONG.

SLEEP, baby, sleep; the stars so bright
Are angel-eyes that watch at night
That none may harm thee;
Their sparkling light makes mimic day,
To chase the shadows dark away,
Lest they alarm thee.
Then lullaby, O lullaby!
Thy mother's singing thee to sleep;
The holy angels, hovering nigh,
My baby will in safety keep.
Lullaby!

Sleep, baby, sleep; the gentle breeze
That rustles through the forest trees
Down-bending,
Is but an angel, whispering joy
And blessings on my baby-boy,
And kisses sending.
Then, lullaby, O lullaby!
Thy mother's singing thee to sleep;
The holy angels, hovering nigh,
My baby will in safety keep.
Lullaby!

V.

SONG OF THE MILLER'S MEN.

HEIGHO! for the miller;
A jolly miller is he:
He is the best of masters,
And the best of men are we.
Splash! splash! how the waters pour
Over the millwheel, with merry roar,
Charming red gold into the tiller
Of the honest, jovial miller.
Heigho! for the miller; a jolly miller is he:
He is the best of masters, and the best of men are we.

Heigho! for the husbandman,
Who sows the seed in Spring;
Heigho! for the sun and showers,
That the seed to ripeness bring.
A finer sight than a field of wheat,
That rolls in billows of gold,
All under the blue of the August skies,
Men's eyes need never behold.
Grind! grind! how the wheel turns round,
Dashing and crashing with merry sound,
Charming red gold into the tiller
Of the honest, jovial miller.
Heigho! for the miller; a jolly miller is he:
He is the best of masters, and the best of men are we.

Heigho! for the rich and poor,
Who eat their bread at our hand.
Ho! where would our country be
If no millers were in the land?
A jollier life than ours, and one
More useful, nobody knows;
And so we work with might and main,
While gay y the millwheel goes.
Splash! splash! how the waters bright
Play round the wheel with a silver light,
Charming red gold into the tiller
Of the honest, jovial miller.
Heigho! for the miller; a jolly miller is he:
He is the best of masters, and the best of men are we.

VI.

MIDNIGHT.

NIGHT hath spread her ebon wings,
Hushed is now the wind's soft breath;
Mortals lie in mystic chains,
Shadowing forth the bands of death.

Not a sound is heard a-nigh,
Save the waters' solemn flow,
That a ceaseless lullaby
Sing for ever as they go.

Sleeps the miller's household now,
After toil by love made light,
In the bliss of well-earned rest,
Dreaming through the quiet night.

Dreams the miller of his hoards,
Dreams the mother of her boy,
Dreams the babe of cherubs fair,
In a baby-world of joy.

Overhead, the angels watch
O'er the earth that lies so still,
Whilst the shades of midnight close
Peacefully around the mill.

JULIA GODDARD.

whispers through the shivering foliage. Paul grew restless, the painful tension upon his mind became tightened almost to agony. What was he expecting? How long should he have to wait?

"I shall go mad," he said to himself, with a sudden apprehension; and he arose from beside the white cross and walked away to a distant part of the ground. But something seemed instinctively to draw him back, and he soon retraced his footsteps.

The clear rays of the now rising moon shone full upon the grave and the white cross as Paul Arnold approached it. And by that light he beheld a form standing there—a

white, phantom-like figure, with golden hair rippling down her shoulders, and a wreath of white lilies in her hand. Her back was toward him, but he knew those bright tresses, and the graceful, girlish figure, and with his hands extended, he uttered, breathlessly:

"Madelaine!"

She turned then, displaying the same lovely face that he had seen the evening before—the same gentle and tender expression, and clear, earnest eyes.

"Madelaine!" he repeated, his voice tremulous with emotion.

"I am not Madelaine," answered a low, sweet voice.

Half doubting, he approached, and touched the white hand that held the lilies. No impalpable shadow, this, but flesh—soft, warm flesh—whose full pulses he could feel throbbing beneath his touch.

"Who, then, are you?" asked Paul, half unconsciously, in his tumult of wonder and bewilderment.

"I am Magdalen, monsieur—Magdalen Reamé, younger sister of Madelaine."

He gazed at her, bewildered; and she, standing before him with a gentle, girlish dignity, met the gaze with the sweet blue eyes, clear and tender, that he had seen a thousand times in his imagination—the living embodiment of that cherished picture in his studio.

"And you, monsieur," she said, gently—"you are Monsieur Paul Arnold, they tell me. It is to you that we owe so much for our lost Madelaine!" and her eyes filled with tears.

Paul's heart was in a strange tumult. Had he, after all, been mistaken, and was this, and not the dead girl, she who was predestined for him? Subduing his emotion, he spoke, quietly:

"You live, then, here in Ardes?"

"No, monsieur; I live in Provence, amid the Chartres vineyards. You knew my sister, monsieur. Did you know, also, her husband, Hugo?"

"Her husband!" Paul started, yet he answered in the negative.

"He was not worthy of her," said the girl, in a faltering voice. "He abandoned her, who had given up all for him, and she lived and died alone in the great, strange city."

"She was very kindly cared for," said Paul.

"Yes, I know. I have seen the good Madame Rouel, who nursed her. It was she who told me of your kindness, and directed me hither to my sister's grave."

"Did you come from Chartres to Paris alone?" asked Paul.

"No, monsieur. I came with a good old neighbor of ours to Paris, but am alone here in Ardes. The good Madame Rouel directed me to a friend of hers here, in whose house I am staying. To-morrow," she added, looking sadly upon the mound at her feet—"to-morrow I return to Paris."

"You came, then, to visit your sister's grave?"

"Yes, monsieur; or, rather, I know not why I came. Something seemed urging me hither. I felt that I could not rest until I had knelt upon the spot where she lay buried, and placed upon it a garland of her favorite flowers. Oh, monsieur! I felt as though she called me hither!"

It was with difficulty that the young man restrained his emotion. A great joy, almost too great to be borne, filled his heart. She was not lost to him—the love of so many years. He had found her; she was here in his presence; he was speaking to her, looking into her eyes; and it was only by a great effort that he could refrain from telling her all.

Magdalen hung the garland of lilies on the cross, and then she glanced timidly and hesitatingly at the stranger.

He understood the silent appeal, and turned reverently away, in order that she might alone take farewell of and offer up a prayer at her sister's grave.

Yet he waited at the graveyard-gate; and, as she presently appeared, tearful, and bearing in her hand a cluster of blue violets plucked from the dewy turf of the grave, he stepped forth, and walked by her side.

"Let me see you safe home," he said.

And they passed almost in silence through the quiet, old-fashioned streets, parting only at the door of the house where Magdalen was staying.

"May I see you to-morrow?" asked Paul. "We both return to Paris in the morning. May I not protect you thither?"

"If you think right, monsieur. You were my sister's friend."

And the innocent confidence and graceful delicacy of the reply strangely touched him.

"Yes," he answered, "I was her friend, though I saw her only in death. She was wondrously like you."

"So like that we could scarcely be recognized apart, but for Madelaine's eyes being brown, while mine are blue."

Paul Arnold had no longer a doubt. He had not seen the eyes of the dead girl, closed as they had been in death; but those of his ideal had been blue—the very eyes into which he now gazed. Yes, it was Magdalen, and not her sister, who had been marked out for him by destiny. And how strangely, how wonderfully, even, had that destiny been thus far fulfilled! A deep awe, as well as a great joy, was upon his spirit that evening.

On the morrow, Paul Arnold accompanied Magdalen Reamé to Paris, and thence, a few days after, to her home near Chartres, in company with the old neighbor to whom her father had intrusted her.

Monsieur Reamé, a worthy farmer in good circumstances, did not refuse the young American the hand of his only remaining child; and when, a year or two after, he died, Arnold, who had then completed his studies in the French capital, brought his lovely young wife with him to America. In that time she had wonderfully profited by the opportunities placed in her way, and was an elegant and cultivated woman, but whose chief attraction, at least to her husband, lay in the native purity and loveliness which had at first charmed him.

And thus, though Paul Arnold had been a dreamer, his dream was in the end realized.

A SOCIABLE ROOK.

We picked up the young bird at the foot of a tree, and he was at once put into a large open basket with some hay, and fed regularly till such time as he could walk and fly, and he has never quite deserted us since. He has left us sometimes for a fortnight together, and joined, I presume, the other rooks, but he always comes back as tame as when he went away.

We have, I should tell you, rookeries all around the house. I generally put my head out of my dressing-room window the first thing in the morning and whistle, when the rook, if in the neighborhood, will come down, often from a lofty tree, and settle on the window-sill. Here he sits till my toilet is finished, when I take him down-stairs on my hand. He sits on the back of my wife's chair at breakfast, with a newspaper carefully spread out under him, and drinks tea out of her cup. When he is particularly ravenous, owing to not having previously visited the

servants' hall, it becomes necessary to put him outside with a piece of meat; but he generally pecks at the door till we let him in again.

During the hard weather, he often comes in again to lunch, and sometimes sits the whole morning with my wife in her room, where he likes to hear the piano played, cawing for more at the end of a tune. He is also very fond of two dogs that we have got, being especially given to riding on their backs. I have known him to ride into the breakfast-room, when full of strangers, on the back of one of these dogs—a powerful bull-dog—then settle quietly in his usual place for a time, and, watching his opportunity, suddenly pounce on a piece of butter in somebody's plate. When we have turned him out, I have watched him fly, first to the top of a lofty lime-tree, and then away over the neighboring village. Next morning he would be waiting for me on my dressing-room window-sill again. This rook breakfasted with us no later than this morning, and you will admit that he is a very sociable rook indeed.

CORALS AND THEIR POLYPES.

By Prof. P. Martin Duncan, F. R. S.

Some years ago a very beautiful exhibition took place, during one of the annual gatherings of scientific and representative men. A tank of sea-water had a glass side in it, and a beam of light was thrown on to the surface of the water, and it passed down below and came out through the transparent plate. There was an apparatus which forced air into the water, and the myriads of minute bubbles and the clear water were intensely illuminated, the air-globules looking like points of silver, and the fluid like luminous opal.

Placed on the back of the tank was a mass of dark-colored rock, the surface of which came within six inches of the glass plate; and on the stone were living things of surpassing beauty. They were of a brilliant light orange color, some being of a darker shade; they were sufficiently transparent to let the light come through their tender tissues, and they were in the shape of short cylindrical stems surmounted by a star; or, rather, the stems were sloping downward, their star-like ends drooping gracefully. About half the size and length of a lady's little finger, they moved slightly, expanding their stars and growing longer when a stream of air-bubbles came close to them, and they contracted and became smaller when the light faded. The stars had rays on them like those of a daisy in position, and there was a round place in the midst. The light shone through the fleshy body of the stem, which had radiating structures in it, and a long central mark.

The numerous stems and stars, crowded as they were, did not come in contact. Each one seemed to be independent of its fellows in its slight movements. Yet this was not the case; for on the cessation of the bright light and the occurrence of a shake, the whole of the orange-tinted colony became dull in tint, and smaller, and finally seemed to retire.

After this simultaneous and general movement had persisted for awhile, a honeycombed look came over the face of the rock, and only a faint tinge of yellow could be seen on a white surface. By-and-by the stems and stars began to be visible again, to increase in size, and in half an hour hundreds of them were stretched out to their utmost and reveling in the highly aërated sea-water.

It was a spectacle never to be forgotten; and some of the visitors had a similar, but grander, sight brought before their remembrance. Stimulated by the unexpected appearance of the pretty drooping stars, memory led their thoughts far away, and to the remote torrid Pacific. A broad ocean, a surf breaking on a circular rock with a few cocoanut-trees on it, and some underwood; a placid lake within, and a sea beyond, constituted the scene; and the mind saw, in its pleasant memories, a perfect flower-garden of stems and many-colored stars flourishing on the rock beneath the rushing waves. As the remembrance became vivid, the splendor of the distant scene recalled itself. The shallow rocky floor, on the verge of stupendous depths, was tenanted by beds of starry forms, some small, others large—the daisies and dahlias of the place—some white, gray, green, blue, red, purple or orange in tint, or variegated or splashed with other colors, and gold and silver and black. Here and there a branching mass stood in the "mind's eye," reaching to the very surface of the water, and its tints were orange, yellow, red and pale-blue, and on it were myriads of stems and stars. Just out of the water, and occasionally covered, were rounded blocks, whose stems, brilliant green centrally, had their rays all close together.

The remembrance of the dark-colored blocks of stone and the white sand of the beach recalled the common name of all these living things and their stony groundwork—for they were corals, and it was a coral island. On a previous evening, and shortly after H. M. S. *Porcupine* had returned from her cruise in the North Atlantic Ocean, a collection of very elegantly shaped and beautifully chased, embossed and fragile, but hard stony-looking things was exhibited. They were white, and had no living structures on them, but they were covered by, or they consisted of, cup-shaped bodies with stalks, and the cups had within them radiating plates. Some of these came from 1,200 fathoms, or 7,200 feet, and from off the oozy sea-floor; others had been brought up from 90 to 600 fathoms from off a rocky sea-bed, and many had been plunged up to their necks in mud. They were alive when they were first brought up on board, for they were then covered with a delicate membrane, which resembled, more or less, that of the yellow and orange stems and stars already noticed.

The thermometers which were let down when these stony things came up denoted that deep down the temperature was that of freezing water, and there are proofs that the pressure of the sea was great at the depths. These pretty relics of the ocean-floor were the hard parts of corals belonging to the same great natural history group as those forming coral reefs and islands, but differing from them in many interesting particulars. They were deep-sea corals. Many of the naturalists who examined them could not but remark that some of the dwellers in the great depths were not unlike small stony things covered with a delicate tissue, and presenting the appearance of a very flat little sea-anemone, which is found in caves and natural grottoes in limestone at the seaside, and which the tide rarely uncovers.

These stars have stony cups beneath them, and they are known to people who sell things for the aquarium as "madrepores." They are corals of the shore, and they do not form vast collections as in the tropics, but are solitary.

Thus there are reef-building corals, deep-sea corals, and shore corals; and all have many similar points of construction, whether they are small or large, single or made up of a vast number, or branching like small trees. When in life and in full vigor, there is no doubt that they all resemble flowers somewhat, and, indeed, the ancients and many of the modern naturalists, down to the time of Peyssonnel, considered them to be of a vegetable nature, or

that the hard parts were petrifactions out of sea-water. Peyssonnel sent a communication to the Royal Society of London in 1751, and demonstrated the animal nature of coral.

Everybody is aware that there is another dweller in the moderately deep parts of the Mediterranean and of some other seas, which is very precious for its beautiful red color, and which is popularly called "coral." Necklaces, earrings, brooches and many kinds of ornaments are made up occasionally of this beautiful, hard and more or less branching coral. Its purity and color gave the title of "coral lips" to what a realistic, mechanical-minded savant has called "the kissing apparatus of the maiden"; and its hardness has recommended it for the "coral and bells" of teething infants.

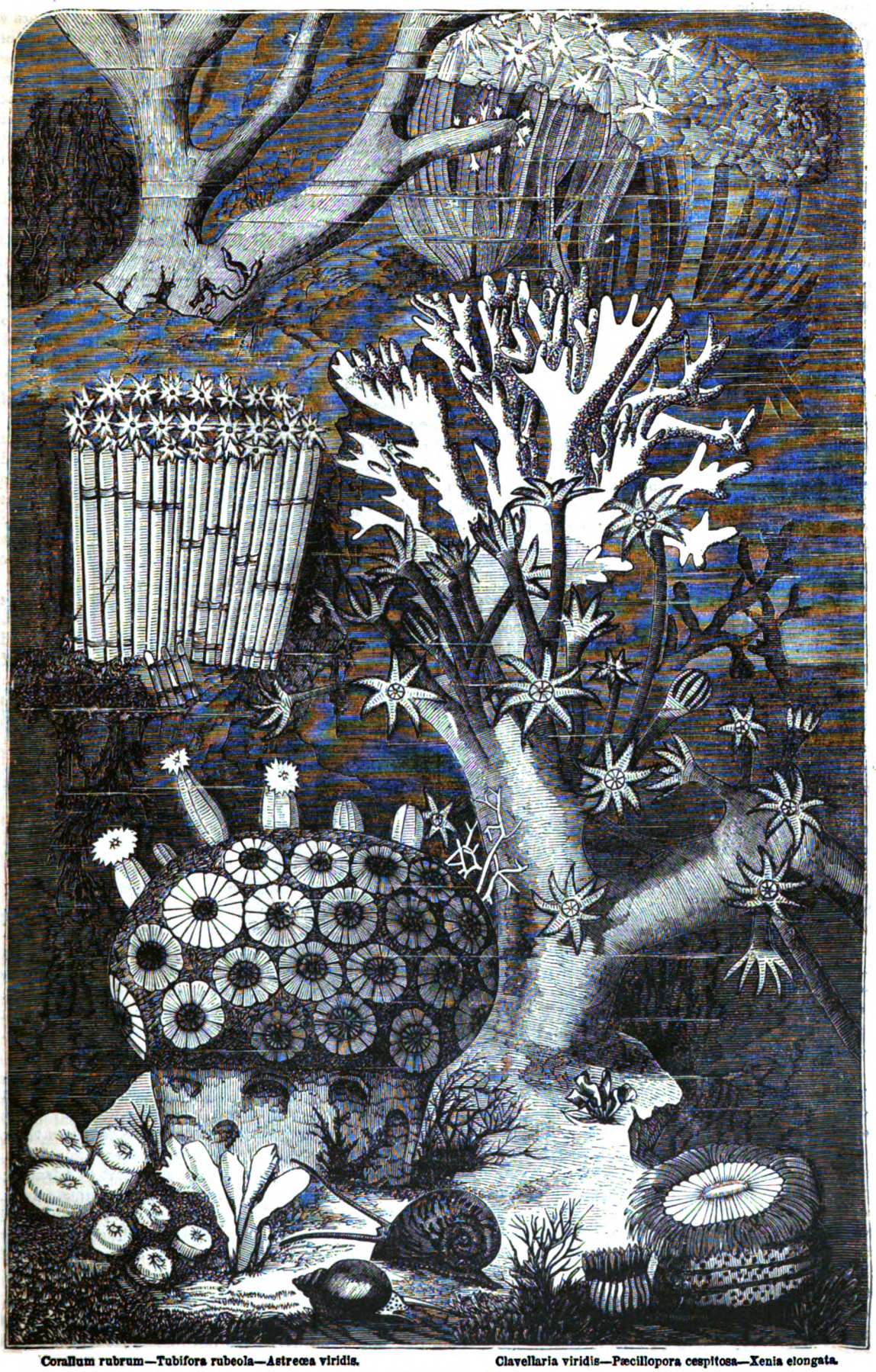
But this coral—the *corallium* of Theophrastes—is unlike the other dwellers on the reef, shore and in the deep-sea mud, in its construction and method of growth. It belongs to the same great part of the animal kingdom, but it is placed, especially from its method of growth, and from its having a different numerical relation of the rays of its stars, in a different section from the true stony corals.

A SOCIABLE ROOK.— SEE PAGE 630.

The red coral, when freshly brought up from depths of from 100 to 600 feet, is in the shape of a stunted tree, which has a broad base attached to something, a short, thickish stem, and short stunted branches, becoming thinner at their ends. This arborescent stem, which may be intensely red or pale, is covered with a film of living matter, and when it is examined under exceptional and very rare circumstances, star-shaped bodies, with eight rays extending from a centre, where there is a mouth, are seen on it. The slightest rough washing will remove this living structure and its stars, and barely a trace of their former existence is left on the hard red coral beneath. The red coral, in fact, forms a kind of base or foundation-support to the living tissues. The stars of the polypes are not let into it, and the red substance is not formed in the midst of the star tissue. On the red coral are wavy lines and slight grooves, but none of it goes into the tissues of the soft cups, which are terminated by the stars, and which contain the organs by which food is digested and the eggs are formed. Now, suppose a stem of the red coral is cut across, and a thin slice is cut and polished and examined under a moderately high power of the microscope. The appearance presented is very beautiful, and it is evident that the coral was once a slender rod, which became thick by the growing of layer after layer around it.

Again, travelers to India by the Red Sea, should they have the opportunity of coming near or landing on some of the islands, will notice that much of the beach sand and stone is red; and that just under the water great rounded masses of red stone, covered with minute stars, are seen. The red sand consists of the fragments of the masses, and these are of a dull red tint, and consist of innumerable small pipe-stem-like tubes, placed side by side, and each set arises from and is covered by a kind of confusion of red substances and tubes. The tubes are open at the top, but there are no plates in them converging from the edge to the centre, and they may be compared with cut straws. The polype lives in them, and when fully displayed emerges its upper part in the form of a tube, terminated by a star with eight serrated rays and a central mouth. The soft tissues of the minute animal extend from polype to polype, and the hard supporting tube structure, or skeleton, is formed by and within them. This is the Organ Coral, or Tubipora, and its intensely red skeleton is furnished with polypes of lighter tints, and which are often blue, green, white or reddish.

These three kinds of coral are separated by the naturalist in the scheme of natural history classification, because their anatomy differs; but the titles Stony Coral, Red



Corallum rubrum—Tubifora rubeola—Astreœa viridis. Clavellaria viridis—Pæcillopora cespitosa—Xenia elongata.

CORALS AND MADREPORES.

Coral and Organ Coral will probably always be given to them popularly. They really belong to different groups of an important order of the animal kingdom; but in order to comprehend this, it is necessary to consider minutely the nature of the structure of the true stony corals.

If one of the corals with the yellow polypes already mentioned be examined, or if some small Devonshire corals be kept in an aquarium and studied from time to time, it becomes evident that the soft and colored flower-like portions, and the hard white substance they cover, are most intimately connected. Moreover, the resemblance of the simple or solitary coral from Devonshire to a common sea anemone is very striking, but there are no hard parts within this last common seaside object. Microscopically, there is much in common, however, between the anemone and the soft part of the coral, and both are exceedingly irritable, and can swell out or diminish very remarkably in size.

The first thing which strikes any one who is desirous of studying the stony corals during their lifetime, is that (taking a simple form as the example) they are more or less cup or goblet-shaped, and that a fleshy disk, with a hole in the middle, and surrounded by one or more rows of rays or feelers (tentacles), covers the top. This is the *tentacular disk*, and the hole, which is usually longer than broad, is the mouth. The disk is a flattish membrane, and when seen from above, is usually colored in rings, and has a set of markings which go from the mouth to the margin where the tentacles are.

These are in one or more rows, and are of various sizes, but all are more or less cylindrical, hollow, and have rounded tips. They are, with few exceptions, peculiar in their number. In very young corals there would be six, in larger ones twelve, and in adults twenty-four, forty-eight, ninety-six and more in number. The number can be perfectly divided by six; or, in other words, the tentacles are in multiples of six. The tentacles, whatever may be their size, are not fringed or marked with minor ones on their sides, but are plain. When flourishing, the polype projects or hangs down a short distance from the hard part, and a kind of tube is produced. This is continuous at its top with the edges of the disk outside the tentacles, and below it is attached to the cup or tube-shaped hard part, being continued over its outside. All that the eye can see, distinctly, on the surface of the tube and tentacular disk, is the outside skin, or *ectoderm*.

The mouth opens somewhat widely occasionally, and shows an irregular, bag-like space, at the bottom of which is a whitish structure, hard to the touch, and covered with a fine layer of soft substance. Dissection shows that there is a round edge or lip to the mouth, which is capable of distention or contraction, and that beneath it there is a shallow rounded cavity or stomach, with folds on the sides, leading to a larger one, or perigastric or visceral cavity, whose lower membrane covers the white substance. These cavities, one beneath the other, are very central, and *spaces* open into the lower one all around it, and lead up to just beneath where the bases of the tentacles are attached to the disk. The tentacles are hollow, and communicate with the *spaces*, and these open into the cavity, so that any water or substances coming in by the mouth may be dispersed in and around these central spaces and over the membranes which form them. All the tissue of the inside of the lips, of the stomach and general cavity, and of the inside of the tentacles, belongs to the inner skin, or *endoderm*. So that the soft parts are made up of an outer and an inner skin, and there is some intermediate substance uniting them, and having to do with the hard parts.

Now, if the coral be removed from the water the swollen-out tentacles gradually diminish in size, and after a few minutes only a glaze of animal matter, consisting of the two skins and intermediate tissue, which have parted with much of the water usually contained in their constituent parts, is seen covering the white, hard, stony coral. If the soft parts be scrubbed off it can be easily examined.

The hard parts of the animal consist of a cup, or tube-shaped main portion, which is closed below and open above; it contained the stomach and other membranes, and supported the tentacular disk; and it has been explained that the outer membrane once covered it outside. On looking down into the top of the cup a central portion is seen, like the axle end of a wheel in position, and radiating from it on all sides, to the edge of the cup, like so many spokes, are solid plates of carbonate of lime. These are slender, but although only their tops can be seen, they really extend down the cup. Above, they are curved, and on their sides, within the cup, there is much pretty ornamentation.

These plates are called *septa*, and there is a small space on either side of each one which also goes to the bottom of the cup. These spaces are called *interseptal spaces*. The central body, or *columella*, is made up of a number of pieces of carbonate of lime in the shape of twisted ribbons, and between it and the septa are some arched bodies like small septa, and which are called *pali*. The septa are in contact with the cup at its sides, which are thick, ornamented and solid, and constitute the *theca*. Outside the *theca* there are projections running down the coral corresponding in position with the *septa* within, and which are called ribs or *costæ*.

Now, the sides of the septa, the inside of the *theca*, the top of the *columella*—that is to say, all the inside of the hard parts of the cup—are covered with an extension of the inner skin, or *endoderm*; and the outer part is, of course, covered by ectoderm; so that the only space on the coral where there is any room is between the septa, or in the *interseptal* spaces, and also above the *columella*. In life there is a fold of skin in each interseptal space, in which the eggs are developed, and each of those spaces opens into the visceral cavity, as already explained. Again, every tentacle and the under part of the disk are in relation to the septa and interseptal spaces.

But how is the soft polype connected with the hard carbonate of lime of the pretty radiate-looking cup, so as to produce this bulky and heavy skeleton? Take a living specimen and place it in a very weak mixture of hydrochloric acid and water, and great bubbling will go on for awhile during the evolution of carbonic acid gas from the carbonate of lime, and the production of a soluble chloride of lime. After awhile all the solid coral will be found to have gone, but there remains besides the skins and intermediate substance a film, bulky and yet very fragile, and which is a soft tissue which once pervaded every part of the hard coral, and which may be shown to be a continuation of the structure intermediate between the outer and inner skins, and of these tissues also.

By making a thin slice of the hard part of a fresh coral, and after polishing it until it becomes transparent, the microscopic nature of the substance can be shown. First of all, in the septa, a thin film of soft tissue evidently separated each one into two lateral halves, and crystals of carbonate of lime commenced in the tissues and radiated outward. The crystals are long prisms placed close, and side by side. Similar groups of crystals may be seen all over the coral, their arrangement producing the outside and inside ornamentation also.

The coral is not formed like structureless mineral, nor

is it made up of hard grains, but of regularly placed crystals of a mineral called arragonite—a form of carbonate of lime. It must be understood, however, that an organic soft tissue has played its part in depositing these crystals. In fact, the carbonate of lime of the coral is deposited according to the same philosophy by which the phosphate of lime of our own bones is put in its proper place, out of a fluid which represents so much bread and meat digested. It is a product of life, and not of simple deposition from sea-water. Hence, as the soft coral polype flourishes, more arragonite is deposited, and the soft and hard parts grow in due relation to one another.

In the simple corals, like the Devonshire *Caryophyllia*, the growth does not proceed above that of the size of a small half-thimble, but in some of the compound forms the size is considerable, and thousands of simple corals may be said to be collected together, as carbonate of lime collectors and depositors. It is therefore necessary to proceed to consider how a compound coral is formed, and then to study the minute anatomy and physiology of some kinds.

The branching coral (*Dendrophyllia nigrescens*) lives in tolerably deep water, and its dark, black-green body is covered, here and there, with cups, each carrying a tentaculiferous disk. The little white tentacles have a yellow hue within them, the disk is green, and the mouth is dark in tint, and, as a matter of fact, during life the whole outside has a delicate ectoderm or outer skin on it.

Every cup, or *corallite*, as it is called—the whole mass being the *corallum*—has its star of tentacles hiding the septa of the inside, and although separated by much space, they are all alike. The *corallum* is tall, and contains a considerable quantity of carbonate of lime, and it increases by a process called budding.

This branching coral is brittle, and when a long piece of it is held in the hand and shaken sharply, it will snap off; but it lives in deep water, out of the range of violent currents and waves, and catches, by means of its tentacles, the minute shelled creatures which jostle against them.

Very different are the compound or reef-building corals, which dwell near the surface, and flourish amongst the surf of the grandest waves in the world, or in the quiet lagoon beyond, where, however, the sea may be troubled. They require strength, lightness and the power of rapid growth; for the rush of a wave would snap off a solid and heavy piece, and there is always some wear and tear going on. The strength and lightness are produced in a manner which modern engineers have striven to imitate in buildings exposed to similar conditions. The original cup or tube grows upward, and has the anatomy of the simple coral; but after growth has proceeded for awhile, a new hard structure is formed inside the animal. A slender floor is formed across the interseptal spaces, and all the space below it is shut off, and the soft parts which were once down there cease to grow, and others cover the top of the floor. A set of cellular compartments is thus formed, the animal growing up, and leaving so much dead coral behind.

Time after time this growth of floor (or *dissepiment*) proceeds, and in an individual coral (a *corallite*) of two inches in height, a score or more of them will be found. The polype, in each instance, withdraws into the higher chamber, lives on the top of its new floor, and leaves the rest below, all shut up like a cell, untenanted and dead. Hence, in very large masses of coral, a foot or more in height, it is only the top quarter of an inch, or even less, that is tenanted by the soft parts; all the rest is partitioned off, and is, to all intents and purposes, a mass of very strong carbonate of lime, built up of uprights and cross-pieces, all very strong and light.

But long before the original coral grows many of these cross-floors, it produces from its outside, by budding, other corallites like unto itself, and they grow up with the parent in height and strength. On the outside of each one, there are the ribs (*costæ*), and the outside skin reaches from one corallites to another, and produces within itself a flat layer of carbonate of lime, on a level with a corresponding flat internal floor. As the corallites all grow up together, more cross outside pieces (*exotheca*) are formed, so that, at last, a true reef-building coral has a multitude of tubes connected by cross-pieces, and each has a cellular structure within. The growth is rapid, and the truly living part is quite at the top; and if a piece is broken off by a wave, or nibbled off by the parrot-fish, the upward growth soon compensates. In fact, there is a constant struggle on the part of these corals to grow just under the surface-water, and they are ever wearing, dying and growing.

In the quieter water, the separate corallites, each with its colored tentacular disk, are fitted with internal floors, and sometimes there is the *exotheca*, but most frequently the walls or sides of the individuals fuse together.

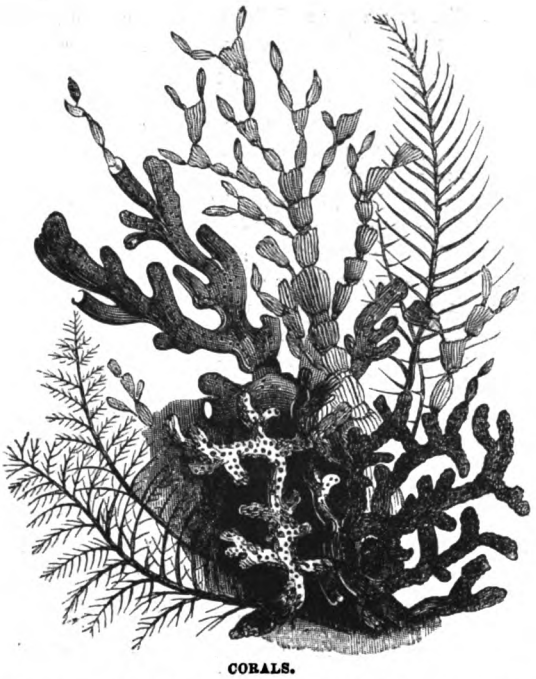
The fusing, or the presence of *exotheca*, is constantly noticed in bulky reef-makers, but they are not required in solitary corals, or in those which live in deep water. The internal floor is, however, found in the deep-water kinds sometimes, and it appears to enable them to increase in height.

In a classification of the corals, those without and those with these structures are separated.

It must be remembered that not only has the coral to produce the skeleton, but that it has to grow its soft tissues, to obtain food to do this, to digest and separate protoplasm for its tissues, and carbonate of lime for its new parts, to respire, and to increase and multiply. Watch a coral in an aquarium abundantly supplied with good aërated sea-water; occasionally its tentacles move slightly, expand, contract, and sometimes the disk and all the tentacles close up. Touch the tentacles, and they seem to stick for an instant and then to close rapidly. The water is full of food in the form of minute beings, and evidently the coral catches many which are very minute, and occasionally entraps a larger and visible one. The tentacles move together on to their victim, which is stuck to one or more of them, and the mouth expands, and finally the food disappears into the stomach.

The water being fresh, the tentacles are fully expanded, and it is evident that the coral polype respires by their means. Catching prey, moving and respiring require special structures, and they, and the coloring matter of the creature, are all present.

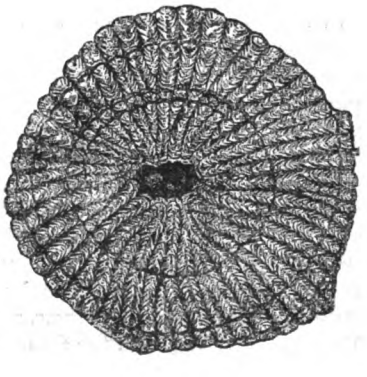
The outside skin of the cups is continued over the tentacles, which are hollow, and on to the disk. Now, under the microscope, three or four sets of bodies or cells constitute it. Firstly, there are some globular bags or cells with very delicate walls, which contain a glairy fluid or sticky secretion, which covers the fingers on handling some corals, and entangles some kinds of prey. Secondly, there are minute cells with many contractile hairs or cilia on them; these move strongly in one direction, and return to their original position, like the closing and opening of one's fingers, and produce currents in the water in contact with the skin. Thirdly, there are thousands of long cells, almost sausage-shaped, placed side by side. They point outward, where there is a little spike-like projection. Each of these elongated cells contains a fluid which makes it tense, and also a delicate hair-like thread curled up in a pretty tight spiral. The thread is a continuation of the



CORALS.

outside membrane of the cell, pushed in like the inverted finger of a glove, and twisted. The slightest unusual pressure will cause this thread to be turned out with a rush, and it evidently has some stinging or paralyzing power on minute creatures, and on delicate human tissues. These are called *nematocysts*, or thread cells. The last kind of structure consists of globular cells, containing granules of coloring matter. All these cells are close together, and form a moderately tenacious tissue. Inside the polype, and within the mouth and the gastric cavity, the spaces and under the tentacles, is the inner skin, and it is made up very much after the fashion of the outer. Between the skins is the intermediate tissue, and it contains young cells and a number of muscular fibres and connective tissue. The muscular fibres are simple threads of highly contractile substance, and some are in bundles, and are long, being placed lengthwise up the tentacles, and from their base to the mouth of the disk; and others are in rings, encircling the tentacles, and doing the same to the mouth and disk. By the contraction, expansion and union of action of the muscles, all the movements are produced.

The prey is stung, paralyzed and killed; it is moved by the tentacles to the mouth, and is dissolved in the stomach by the secretion of the inner skin. Water and small things are drawn over the surface into the mouth and about the stomach by the active cilia cells, and also much air contained in the sea. The cells are so thin, that their contents not only pass more or less from set to set, but are also aërated when in contact with the rapidly moving water.



MAGNIFIED CROSS SECTION OF A STEM OF THE RED CORAL.

The respiration is of the simplest kind, and is mainly carried on inside the tentacles; but if the water is impure the coral soon dies. The circulation is perfect, but there are no vessels or special appliances; the digestion is rapid, and the partitioning of the digested matters into tissue, cells and arragonite crystals is as wonderful and as incomprehensible as all other vital processes. Ever feeding, ever growing, carbonate of lime must be deposited, and hence the huge dimensions of reef-building corals which are exposed to the rush of the tropical sea, crowded as it is with minute life.

Hanging between the septa and in the interseptal spaces, and suspended from the underneath part of the disk, are folds of tissue, on the inner side of which are curious worm-like bodies. These are crowded with the thread-cells, but they have nevertheless the duty of producing the future young. As the coral grows upward and increases in size these egg-producing parts increase in number, and as they do so the tentacles increase, and also the septa of the hard parts.

THE DENDROPHYLLIA RAMEA.

Now, this increase is a very remarkable part of the story of the life of a coral, for it does not take place by chance or irregularly, but by a definite arithmetical law.

After the young coral has grown sufficiently to secrete the hard substance within its tissues, six plates or septa are formed, and a corresponding number of tentacles, water-spaces, and egg-producing mesenteries. These are the primary septa. As growth proceeds, six others appear, starting from the wall, midway between two primary septa; each grows inward, and thus divides the original inter-space into two, and determines the development of another set of tentacles and two egg-organs. There are then twelve septa, and the second six are called the secondaries. Soon a third set appears intermediate, and a repetition of the contemporaneous tentacle and egg-organ growth occurs. These tertiaries bring the septa up to twenty-four, and the next set, growing also in the intermediate manner, develops into forty-eight and ninety-six, and sometimes more.

The older the septa, the larger are they; the same rule is true with regard to the tentacles. It is this multiplying by six that gives the great radiant symmetry to the masses of stars in large corals. The exceptions to this rule were very common in the ages of the past, and there are often peculiar defects in many recent species, but still the law is very general.

Some corals have their hard parts singularly dense and impervious, and the septa and walls are without visible pores. The Perforata grow with great rapidity,

and are especially able to withstand the violence of waves.

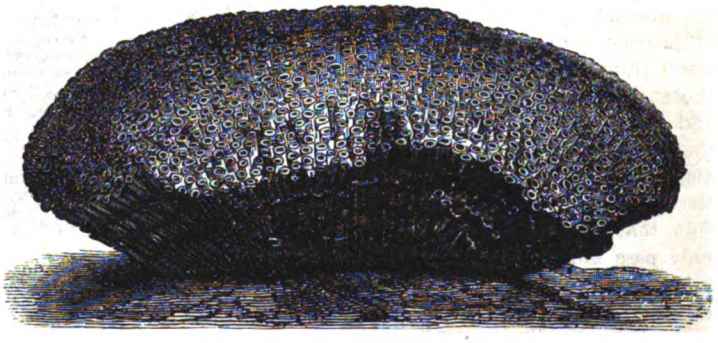
The last of the structures of the corals which has to be noticed refers to a singular and not often told chapter in their history.

Some corals which live in tolerably deep water, the base being attached to a stone, are exquisitely ornamented with beadings, flutings and curved lines from top to bottom, and the delicate soft tissue covers over all, and dips down into the hard part. There is probably not much motion of the sea at the depths where they are found, but there are living things there which trouble the coral, and which in return are troubled by it. A worm which grows to a considerable size, and forms a dense fibrous texture around its body as a kind of house, begins life by plunging into the thin tissues of the young coral when it is a few lines in length, and the feelers of the worm on the top of its head appear at the side of the calices of the coral. The worm certainly cannot get anything out of the coral by way of nourishment, but it occupies a part of the structures of its growing "host," as it may be called.

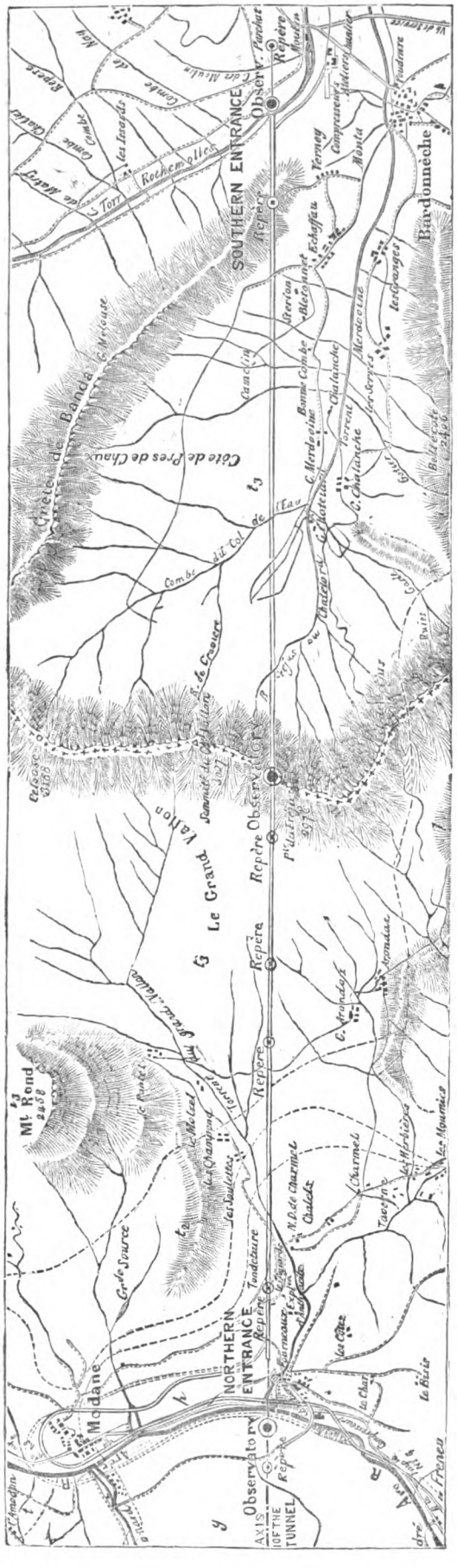
GONIOPORA COLUMNA.

ORGAN CORAL, PARTLY EXPANDED.

But when the coral has got very large and thick, it grows so rapidly that the worm is constantly being incased, and has to get all the food it can to keep pace with its unwilling protector. Sooner or later the worm gets walled up, and on breaking the coral the incased worm with its fibrous tissue may be found inside the hard, dense skeleton. In fact, it would appear, until the matter is thought out, that the worm had bored into the coral. Other corals living on reefs, or in the mud of shallow seas, are attacked by a host of enemies, and a certain amount of protection is afforded them by the growth around their bases and parts likely to be covered with mud of a thick coating of carbonate of lime in the form of what is called *epitheca*. This layer covers up the outside ornamentation of some of the simple corals in a most curious manner, and is a plain but unique cover, and is produced in and over a soft tissue, which appears to come from the base of the coral and extend upward. It flakes off readily in some kinds, but is more like a varnish in others, and as its soft tissue soon dies, the minute creatures which bore into or live on the coral do not thrive there. There are some corals which have bases as large and as flat as a small plate, and they rest on mud or soft ground under the sea, and their epitheca covers the hidden base only, and is formed into concentric rings. On the other hand, there are some large corals, like the *Goniopora columna*, in which the epitheca, looking very much like dried mud, covers the stem up to the commencement of the calices, and is seen to be covered here and there with shells. Nevertheless, the epitheca will not keep out very persevering parasites. Thus, there is a boring shell, which drills in some extraordinary manner right into the coral, and lives, ever pressing onward, and leaving a tunnel behind, caring little for the epitheca. But it does protect the coral to a considerable degree from a vegetable parasite—*Achlya penetrans*. This is a microscopic fungus, which, after resting on the outside of the coral, secretes carbonic acid gas, and this dissolves some of the carbonate of lime of the skeleton, forming a soluble bi-carbonate. Soon a small tube is got into the hard structures by this dissolving process, and the growth of the fungus, and in the course of time thousands of minute passages are thus chemically formed in the mass, rendering the coral fragile and readily broken. This fungus attacks every part of the coral, and probably feeds on the animal matter which always exists in the forsaken portions of the hard parts.



THE ORGAN CORAL (TUBIPORA MUSICA).



MAP OF MONT CENIS TUNNEL AND THE NEIGHBORING COUNTRY.—SEE PAGE 542.

One of the most remarkable things about the corals is their symmetry of growth; not only do they increase in bulk, but they do this according to definite laws, for every species of compound coral has its own peculiar direction of growth and shape. Thus, the brainstone corals form large hemispherical masses, the madrepores branch and rebranch, and may attain many feet in length or height; the *Dendrophylliæ* are often wonderfully stem and bush-shaped; and there are flat, tabulate and round-topped kinds amongst the reef-builders. So definite is this symmetry, and so persistent is the shape of every kind of coral, that these peculiarities are important in the classification of the genera, most of which may be recognized by their special method of growth, and ultimate perfection.

The stony corals belong to the great group of animals which includes the red and organ corals, and it is characterized by there being but one opening in the hollow soft polypes for food, and the outward passage of the eggs and immature young. It is called the Cœlenterate order (*koilos*—hollow, *enteron*—bowel). The stony corals have their hard parts formed within their structures, by an inner derm or skin, and the tentacles are in multiples of six, and are not fringed with others. They are called *Madreporaria*. The red coral has its hard part formed as a kind of core, and is covered by the soft parts, whose tentacles are eight in number, and are fringed. It is one of the *Alcyonaria*, belonging to the family of the *Gorgonidæ*.

Finally, the organ coral is provided with eight fringed tentacles, but its peculiar life-structure places it amongst the *Alcyonaria* in a family of its own.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

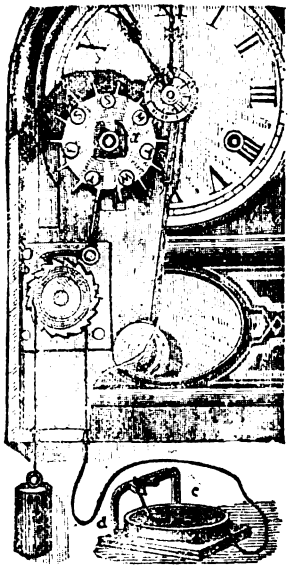
MEDICAL EDUCATION IN GERMANY.—There are now two classes of colleges in Germany, called academic and scientific schools. In the former the ancient classics and humanities are taught, and in the latter modern languages and science. From the former, the pupils pass at once to the universities, where they are first called students, and where they enter upon the professional studies of law, medicine or theology; from the latter, students are received at the universities, but not in full and regular standing, and they cannot become members of the three above-mentioned faculties. An effort is now making in Germany to change this ancient order of things, and students from the scientific schools have demanded the privilege of becoming candidates for medical degrees at the universities. In order to obtain the sense of the medical profession on the subject, the Minister of Education recently sent a circular to 163 medical associations in all parts of the Empire, asking them to return official replies. One hundred and fifty-seven of these societies objected to the reception of scientific students, and only six voted in favor. The physicians of Germany insist upon the necessity of a classical education as a preliminary to the study of medicine.

PHOSPHORESCENCE.—The property of becoming luminous in the dark is sometimes exhibited by raw meat, in which case it is due to the presence of an infinite number of minute beings, called bacterides. Where these creatures come from has not yet been ascertained, and they do not appear to exert any deleterious effect on the meat; and they can be easily removed by wiping, or the application of a little carbolic or salicylic acid. Occasionally the light is sufficiently strong for a person to be able to see the time by a watch. In the case of the phosphorescence of sea-water, the appearance is due to an incalculable number of animalculæ, held in suspension by the liquid. These minute beings are obliged to absorb oxygen to maintain life, and then a sort of slow combustion takes place, similar to that which occurs when phosphorus is exposed to the air. That the effects of this chemical process should become visible is by no means astonishing, considering the countless myriads of these minute creatures which are collected together in the sea.

RELICS OF LAVOISIER.—There have just been found at the residence of a descendant of Lavoisier a number of manuscripts, instruments and objects of interest, formerly belonging to the great philosopher. Among the instruments, which are in an admirable state of preservation, are many thermometers, one of them of especial value, as a duplicate was placed by Lavoisier himself in the cellars of the Observatory, the bulb being buried in the earth. It is proposed to make a comparison of the two instruments, to see what changes have been effected in them in a hundred years. There are the original balances on which Lavoisier worked, and on which he may be said to have founded modern chemistry.

THERE are 22,000 Jews at work in Amsterdam cutting, polishing and setting diamonds.

AN AUTOMATIC FIRE-LIGHTER.—A novel device for automatically lighting fires at any stated time, has recently been invented. By reference to the engraving it will be seen that the lighting mechanism is controlled by a clock, which carries on its hour-hand arbor an adjustable disk, bearing an arm capable of engaging the pins which project from the rim of the wheel, *a*. The pins of this wheel, *a*, correspond to the seven days of the week, and are arranged so as to disengage a pawl from the ratchet wheel, *b*, at any settled time of the day. The ratchet, *b*, is fixed upon the shaft of a small windlass, which is propelled by a weight when the pawl releases the ratchet-wheel. This windlass winds a cord that may be extended in any direction to the stove or furnace, where there is placed a light, *c*, consisting of a horizontal wheel, round whose periphery the cord is wound, and on whose upper surface there is a coating of sand-paper. The wheel is protected by an iron cover, which also supports a clamp, *d*, for holding one or more matches, so that their heads press lightly on the sand-paper. A piece of paper or other combustible extends from the match to the kindlings in the grate. At the prescribed time, the pawl is released by the clock, the weight drops, the sanded wheel revolves, and the fire is lighted. If it is desired to pass over a day or two, the corresponding pins in the wheel, *a*, are to be removed.



THE Göttingen Royal Society of Sciences offers a prize of fifty ducats for the best treatment, by new researches, of the question as to the processes of development of the adult echinoderm. In addition to what is known of the embryonal development of echinoderms, it must specially be shown how the animal grows from the larva form to the completed system of organs. It is open to competitors either to examine a characteristic kind of development-process in all its features, or by exhibiting the development of different forms to establish a common behavior for the whole; in the latter case, the chief agreements or divergences in the formation of the organic system in different forms of echinoderms must be indicated from their earliest occurrence. The Society repropose their question as to the nature of the *unpolarized light-ray*, researches being desired which will bring conceptions as to natural light of any source near, in definiteness, to those which theory associates with polarized light. Papers on these subjects have to be sent in before the end of September in 1881 and 1882 respectively.

THE PROPOSED CANAL BETWEEN THE SEA OF AZOFF AND THE CASPIAN SEA.—The Russian Government has authorized M. Daniloff to carry out his proposal for the construction of a canal between the Sea of Azoff and the Caspian. This project has frequently been considered, the chief obstacle being the want of

water in the Manytch River, which lies midway between the two seas. If the water communication can be kept open, little remains to be done but to work upon the natural lines of the Manytch, which in places expands into good-sized lakes. The canal will be replenished by water drawn from the Malka and the Terek, and another feeder from the Kuban, near the Sea of Azoff. A cutting 540 kilometres long will connect the Manytch with the Don, and another 370 kilometres in length will unite Astrachan, on the Volga, with the first-mentioned stream. Another branch has been proposed, to go north to Serebrjakooska, on the Caspian. The depth there will be 2.88 metres. The entire cost of this project is estimated at 50,000,000 roubles, or $37,500,000. Should M. Daniloff succeed in accomplishing his proposed plan, steamers from the Caspian will be able to reach Astrachan without transhipping cargo, and new fields of commerce will be opened up.

M. ZABOROWSKI recently communicated to the Paris Anthropological Society his discovery, on the banks of the lower Vistula, of certain sepulchral vessels of a kind never before described. At the depth of 50-80 centimetres below the surface he found cinerary urns filled with bones, in the midst of which were various objects in bronze, iron and bone, and over each urn there was a cover, like an inverted bell, resting in some cases on a kind of stand, or plateau. He proposes to give to these singular urns the name of *tombeaux sous cloches*.

THE LIGHT OF THE GLOW-WORM.—The glow-worm is luminous by the slow combustion of a semi-transparent yellow matter stored up in the last three rings of its body. Cold destroys its luminous power, but plunged into water at 95° Fah., the light is very vivid. If the insect is placed in carbonic acid, nitrogen gas, etc., the light totally disappears—a fact which demonstrates the necessity of oxygen to the production of the phosphorescence.

THE total consumption of sugar in the United Kingdom in 1879 was 927,903 tons, or 61 pounds per head of the population.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

WHEN does a blooming young damsel burst into fruit? When she becomes the apple of somebody's eye.

THE "IMMEDIATE JEWEL."—If you don't want to be robbed of your good name, don't have it engraved on your umbrella.

"WHAT I should like to know," said a school official the other day, "is how the mouths of rivers can be larger than their heads."

LAWYER (to witness): "Did you say that an incompetent man could keep a hotel just as well as anybody?" Witness: "No. I said an inn-experienced man could."

"WHAT is the meaning of lost in French?" said a cab-driver to a foreign gentleman. "*Perdu*," answered the gentleman. "Well, then, your trunk is *perdu*," said the Jehu.

SOMEBODY discovers that it takes $30,000,000 a day to run the world. If that's so, we'll take the contract for one day, and forfeit ten per centum of the money if we fail.

"WELL, Pat, you didn't come to the two o'clock train to get me, as I told you?" "Oh, indade I did, sor; but I got there too late for that thrain, so I waited for the next one."

A POPULAR conundrum among the anti-Chinese men of California is: "Why is a Chinaman like a vegetable garden?" The answer is: "Because he queue-cumbers his head."

A DISSATISFIED Cleveland mother-in-law stole the marriage certificate of her new daughter, in an attempt to get even with her for stealing away the affections of the mother's son.

"JAMES, did you divide your paper of chocolate with your brother?" "Yes, certainly, mamma; I ate the chocolate, and gave him the motto—he is so fond of reading, you know."

HEINE!—Heine must have had some stirring experience to write thusly: "The music at a marriage procession always reminds me of the music of soldiers entering upon a battle."

A KANSAS woman was buried under the ruins of her house for two days, and yet came out alive, but awful mad to think that she hadn't had anybody to talk to during the weary hours.

A PAPER, commenting on the fact that a farmer nearly lost his life by sinking in a quagmire, adds: "Men who do not subscribe for a newspaper must expect to be sucked in every now and then."

A FRESHMAN who was around town early the other morning singing "My Heart is in the Highlands," was told by the watchful guardian of the night that his body would be in the police-station if he did not keep quiet.

THE wonderful growth of the Imperial City of the Western World could scarcely be more succinctly shown than in the compact yet compendious Guide to New York, prepared by Messrs. Rogers, Peet & Co., which will be found on our advertising pages. It comprises a brief history of the city's settlement; its boundaries; the location of its manifold trades and industries; its facilities for amusement and recreation; and concise directions for "sight-seeing," to the best advantage, within the limit of a single week.

The "bird's-eye view" map of New York and its suburbs which accompanies this compilation gives the stranger a clear idea of the compass and dimensions of our island city, and admirably supplements the varied information given by the Guide itself.

THE IMPORTANT QUESTION.—FROM THE PAINTING BY C. LASCH, OF DUSSELDORF.

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THE FERRY ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

BY WILLIAM H. RIDEING.

THE BELLE OF THE VOYAGE.

THE FERRY ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

By William H. Rideing.

Twenty years ago, certain small boys in Everton were fond of perching themselves upon a fence which opened into hilly fields and overlooked the estuary of the Mersey, with the fort and revolving light; and as they were all offspring of seafaring men, the ships that seemed hung in the hazy distance were followed with a personal and highly sentimental interest until they wholly disappeared. Once a week the Cunard packet from New York became visible in the offing, and these lads, who knew one vessel from another as well as a pegtop from a marble or a halyard from the binnacle, were usually first in spreading the news of her arrival among the houses in the neighborhood, in more than one of which preparations were accelerated for the master who was away, and who would be home after the landing of mails and passengers.

Crossing the ocean in those days was an undertaking of some seriousness, even with the mariners, who were at sea four weeks out of every five; there was weeping at their departure, and the wives and children watched them out of the town with doubt and fear, such as no well-balanced woman, with a husband on board an established "liner," would ever think of harboring nowadays. The ships were small, and not very well adapted to the traffic; they often came in showing a precarious degree of hard usage, and twelve days in moderate weather were considered a fair passage. One Saturday morning, when the *Persia* was seen coming up the river on her tenth day from New York, the small boys, who spent an undue share of their leisure upon the fence, were overcome with exultant astonishment, and could not find credence for their announcement.

Only two lines were in existence, the Cunard and the Inman, and these were quite sufficient for the travel. The cabin was not available then for persons of small means; the fare was high, and most of those who paid it were wealthy, or forced into the outlay by business pressure. The saloon itself was not more commodious than the smokerooms of modern steamers, and the staterooms below the main deck had a suggestive affinity with prison cells. No wonder that seeing one's friends off was a lugubrious business to all who were concerned, and especially sad to the traveler himself, who, when he wanted the steward, had to bellow for him through reverberant corridors; who could never, under any circumstances, have a warm dinner, as all the dishes had to be carried along the open deck from the galley "forrard" to the saloon aft; and who had nowhere else to enjoy his pipe or cigar than a covered hatchway inexplicably called the "fiddler's." There were no softly upholstered smoking-saloons, no electric bells, no pianos and no flowers. The orders of the officers on the bridge were conveyed to the helmsmen astern by word of mouth, and to the engine-room by bells or speaking-tubes. The saloon and staterooms were both aft, and when the ship labored the passengers were pitched out of their berths in the staterooms and out of their seats in the saloon. As the big steamer left her anchorage in the stream, and felt her way to the channel in the inevitable fog of Liverpool, there was general grieving, and as she vanished in the offing the weary miles of ocean before her struck the imagination with desolate picturesqueness.

Twenty years have produced many sweeping changes in this as in most other things. The fields down which the small boys used to look upon the ships are irrecognizably assimilated by the city, and effaced under compact streets; the beautiful *Persia* is a coal-hulk lying in the Clyde, and her best time has been beaten by forty hours again and again. Instead of two lines, there are now at least eight dispatching weekly steamers to America from Liverpool, and in no other service are the vessels as large, the accommodations as sumptuous, or the dangers as few, despite the tempestuous character of the ocean. In few things has the advancement of a quarter-century been more conspicuous than in the management and construction of steamers for the navigation of the Western ocean. The traveler of 1880 is provided with a stateroom amidships, where very little motion can be felt; he can summon the servants by touching an electric bell; bathrooms are at his disposal, and he may appear at breakfast pink and smooth from the operations of a Yankee barber. The "fiddler's," with its drafts and agonizing seats, is abolished; the galley is over the pantry, and the dishes are served without exposure along the deck. If he wishes to smoke or chat in the society of his own sex, there is a parlor for him with springy divans, and fountains of Brazilian onyx for the dilution of anything stronger than water which he may choose to call for. If, on the contrary, and with better taste, he seeks the ladies, they are to be found in boudoirs of soft blue-and-gold, or in the saloon, where the lights admitted by the "ports" become iridescent through many-tinted glasses, and where flowers are blooming when the sea is gray and sullen and the wind is high and bleak.

Twenty years ago, as we have said, the only means of communication between the officer of the bridge and the helmsmen and engineers was by word of voice, and the orders had to be passed along the deck from one to another; the wheel was manned by four quartermasters. Now the orders are communicated by electric telegraph, and their transmission is insured by repetition; the steering is done by steam, or hydraulic power, and a child can reverse the course of the ship in a minute.

But more striking than the material progress of which it is an outcome through the increase of facilities, is the fearlessness with which the popular mind looks upon the transatlantic voyage—the confidence in it, and the familiarity with which it is undertaken. It is no longer imposing; it has passed out of association with tears and misgivings; it is almost commonplace, and the achievement of it confers no distinction upon a man even among his intimates and admirers. The iconoclastic age has measured the height and oscillation of Atlantic waves, and the force of Atlantic gales; it has shown, by mathematical formula, that the passage is no more hazardous than a similar number of hours spent afoot in the city or in a carriage in Central Park. The vastness of the waters no longer awes; the uncertainty and isolation are unconsidered. To say, "I sail in the *City of Chester* to-morrow," creates no more of a flutter than the announcement of an excursion to Philadelphia. There is nothing stupendous in crossing the ocean. The large mercantile houses send their buyers over four times a year; it is an even matter of choice between Newport, Saratoga and Paris with many persons, and the difficulties of reaching one place or the other are looked upon as equal. The travelers are not limited to the wealthy classes; the poor student and the small shopkeeper are included in that exodus from our shores which has become annual, and has made the dialect of Vermont and the slang of the Hoosier more familiar on the boulevards than the drawl of the conveniently-situated Cockney.

To him who is not seasick the voyage has many charms in ordinary Summer weather, and as for ourselves, it is an experience that always revitalizes mind and body. The pungent air gives long and dreamless sleep. All the shafts of outrageous fortune lose their sting in the exhil-

aration of that brisk promenade of the freshly holystoned deck before breakfast, when all the sea and all the sky is shining, and the waves break in crisp showers as the big steamer plows through them. The day has its episodes and occupations: the careering clouds, the transformation of color, of light and shade, have never-ending beauties and wonders for him who feels with nature; and it is not often, even in midsummer, that the placid days are not varied by the excitement and interest of a storm, which leaves an ecstatic appreciation of the calm that follows. The invigorating mornings, the effulgent afternoons, the marvelous sunsets that spread their fires all through the globe in which we seem to be moving; the mysterious nights, that make a sanctuary in the darkness for the solemn thoughts which the silence and solitude give birth to—those nights, too, of silvery spaciousness and resplendence, are fixed in the memory, and come to us again in uneffaceable reminiscences.

The reminiscences include earthlier joys than these, moreover—such, for instance, as the last pipe or cigar, and the "nightcap" of hot toddy, sipped over wise and genial chat on an extraordinary variety of subjects—on travel, adventure, science and commerce; for among the passengers many countries and many conditions of life are represented, and there are men who have had many strange experiences. The insularity of the ship, the unity of interest and the unavoidable contact of one person with another, compel some degree of sociability; and elements that would be antagonistic, or at least alien, ashore, coalesce in a floating democracy with a millennial unaffectedness and cordiality.

The intimacies which spring up are sometimes continued long after the voyage is over, and sometimes they are suspended through force of circumstances, to be renewed months or years afterward. We say "Good-by," and shake hands at Liverpool, not thinking, perhaps, to meet again; and yet, a week later, it may be in the Tower of London, or Westminster Abbey, in the Louvre, or on the Pincio, or under the Lindens, a cheery voice hails us, and behold! it is our fellow-passenger, with whom we part only to find him with us once more on the steamer that brings us to America. The world has grown very narrow. An old man who drinks absinthe at our *café* came up to Theophilus one day and asked him the name of the book which he was reading. "'Monte Cristo,'" answered Theophilus. "Ah!" said the old man; "Dumas is a fine writer, but something has happened to me more wonderful than anything in 'Monte Cristo.'" Theophilus pressed him for an explanation, and he told us, as if it were as miraculous as the adventures of the Ancient Mariner, that he had met a certain man in Algiers. "When I again saw him, messieurs—would you believe it?—it was in Broadway, and thirty years had flown!" The young fellows around laughed at him. Such a coincidence as this had nothing strange in it for them; and when, as the circumstances actually were, we saw a *compagnon de voyage* in Piccadilly one day, a few months later at the Occidental Hotel in San Francisco, and within six months of the first meeting seated next to us in a New York theatre, we did not feel the least surprise, for the glory of the cosmopolite is departed.

Sometimes the attachments and acquaintances formed at sea are broken for ever at the end of the voyage; a responsive soul has met us, understood us, and passed away. Confidences are exchanged as between long-established friends; the conventional barriers of society are displaced by a more generous reciprocity and fellowship; then land is reached, and again we are strangers. As we look over the lists of passengers with whom we have traveled, the memory is crowded with pleasant remembrances.

Where now, we wonder, is the "little captain," as we called her—she who was never sick in the heaviest weather, and who trod the deck with the firmness and independence of an old salt, with her hands thrust into the side pockets of a trim pea-jacket? There was nothing unwomanly about her, despite her valor and salubrity. She was young, pretty, *petite*, and, alas! married. All we could do for her was to place her steamer-chair in a comfortable position, or adjust her wraps, and sometimes after dinner set a spoonful of cognac afire over her coffee. The "little captain" had crossed the ocean annually since her childhood, and, as she loves the water too well to give up the custom, there is an encouraging chance that we shall meet her again. We remember coming to the Westward during December, eight years ago, in a continuous and tremendous gale, which did not abate from the time we left Queenstown until Fire Island was abeam, eighteen days later; and all through this boisterous passage we had a little sweetheart of tender years, who sang for us, paced the deck with us, and flirted with us when all the other passengers were groaning below. Little Chinchilla was only twelve years old, but she was arch, witty and responsive beyond her age. We know what has become of her—she is a woman now; and, in opening a theatrical paper a month or so ago, we saw a picture of her—no longer little Chinchilla, but a popular actress at a London theatre.

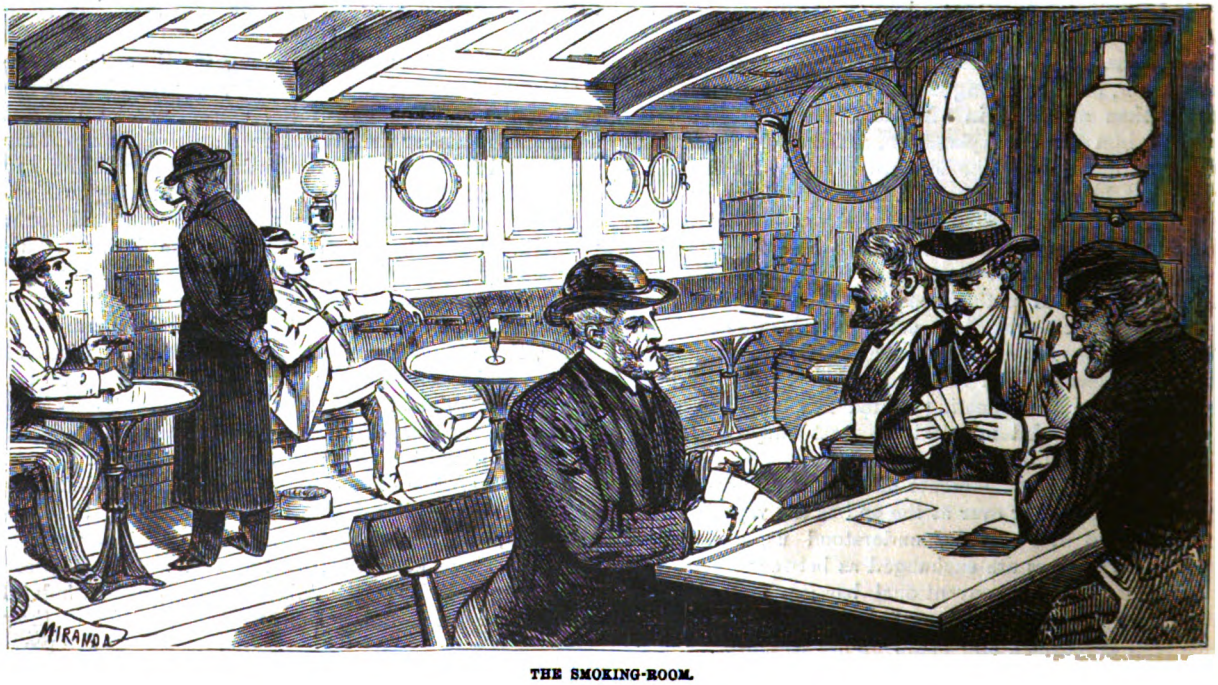
Has Italy been to that young artist, whom we met in 1878, all that he expected it to be? has it nourished him and developed him? or has the fire of enthusiasm burned out and the experience yielded him but an evanescent pleasure? We have not heard yet that the ambitious young singer, who was going to Paris for study, has electrified an audience anywhere, as her zealous friends predicted she would; neither Gounod nor Thomas has yet written an opera for her. The little schoolmistress, who was going abroad with a ridiculously small sum of money, saved by unparalleled economy, has had her glimpse of the Continent, and is once again, no doubt, in her native village, receiving the honors due to one who has traveled so very far. The Catholic pilgrims have kissed the Pontifical toe, and are happier, let us hope, for his Holiness's blessing.

All these have been fellow-passengers—the artist and the young soprano going abroad to study, the pretty tourist, the actress, the ambassadors of the church; and we might add to this number the invalid in search of strength, the jocular and familiar buyer for business houses, the railway millionaire, the Australian wool-grower coming to England *via* San Francisco, the naval officer bound for a place in the Mediterranean Squadron, the diplomat with his recently conferred commission, the adventurous young nobleman who has been sporting in the Rocky Mountains, the special correspondent of some metropolitan newspaper, the inventor anxious to obtain patents in Great Britain, and the theatrical "star" seeking new spheres to shine in—we might include all of these, without fully indicating the variety of persons, characters and objects which are brought together on the ocean steamer.

We have spoken of a continuous and tremendous gale which lasted eighteen days, which caught us off the Fastnet Light, and hurled itself implacably against us until the white shore of Long Island was in sight. Between November and March the Atlantic is subject to winds of sustained violence, and the steamers that, while at their wharves, seem massively immovable, are tossed like playthings between billows of immense size. In Summer, as

A SAIL IN SIGHT.

we have said, there is usually one day of a storm sufficiently heavy to alarm the inexperienced, and to make dinner an affair of extreme difficulty—a terrible motion which plays satanic tennis with every object that is not screwed into the framework of the ship. The captain, seated at the head of the table, balances himself with acro-

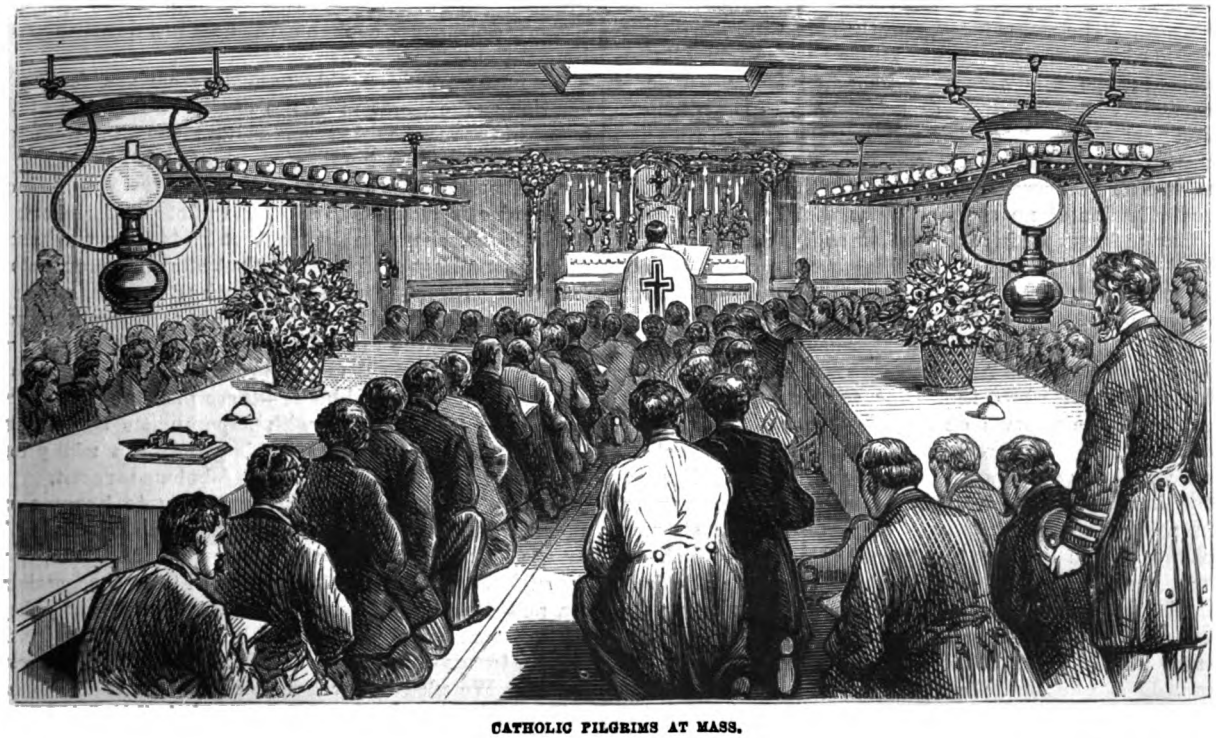


THE SMOKING-ROOM.

THE CAPTAIN READING SUNDAY MORNING PRAYER.

batic ease, and when asked if he has ever seen so awful a tempest before, smiles and assures the inquirer that this is nothing, a mere cat's-paw, only half a gale.

But in the Winter months one must be very lucky, or very fond of the water indeed, to find any pleasure in the average weather. The steamers of the best lines are so stanch and so admirably managed that the sea itself, in its greatest fury, cannot wholly destroy them, under ordinary circumstances; it pitches them from the crest of one wave into the trough of another with a passionate force that compels those most used to it to hold their breath; it breaks above the funnels and leaves a briny whiteness in place of their original color; it sweeps over the bows like a solid wall, and snaps bars of iron and brass as if they were glass; but its destructiveness is limited, and, though it may carry away and engulf for ever some unfortunate



CATHOLIC PILGRIMS AT MASS.

seamen, or cripple them by dashing them against the deck-houses or bulwarks, it very seldom wholly overcomes the modern steamer.

The plunge into the trough seems inevitably fatal; we cannot believe it possible for the immense vessel to lift itself out of the dark valley into which she falls with an arrow-like swiftness, and a mountain-like ponderosity, but as she reaches the depth and shakes in every part under the shock, a deluge breaks upon her, and, as if with a final effort, she lifts her head and comes up to another crest.

Under such conditions the luxurious upholstery of the cabins, the electric bells, the Yankee barber and the excellence of the *cuisine* are unconsidered trifles, and nothing can alleviate the misery of the voyage. The captain is on the bridge most of the time, and when off the bridge is secluded in the chart-room. The violence of the motion prevents exercise and sleep; the sombre skies weigh upon the spirits, and the most courageous and experienced passenger is oppressed by anxiety, for, though he knows that while the engines do not fail there is little actual danger, he remembers that should the shaft break the steamer would surely founder.

Let us withdraw what we said on a previous page. In the gayety and placidity of Summer travel the old ocean may seem like a dethroned Olympian that has lost his vaunted and once dreaded power; but, though latent, its wrath is still vital, and when manifest the bravest quail before it. Perhaps it may be as safe to travel on the Atlantic as to drive through Central Park; but he is vain and frivolous who is undismayed, untouched by the solitude and strength of the sea. An accident happening there acquires an added horror from the isolation and the passive coldness of the surroundings.

The boisterousness of Winter on the Western ocean is so well understood, that few persons who are not forced by circumstances venture to cross in the months we have specified, and the scenes during the hour preceding the sailing from New York are not at all what they are in Summer. Only a few persons come down to witness the departure; the passengers do not linger on deck, nor show the confidence and happiness in their faces which we see at other seasons. The water is icy, and the cold wind has a rheumatic edge. The officers are muffled up and heavily bebooted; the pilot's face as he parades the bridge is scarcely visible under the capaciousness of his woolen cap and neck-cloth. There is a prodigious supply of rugs and ulsters among the baggage, and it is obvious that no one is here for pleasure. Pleasure, forsooth! It is devotion and affection of no common order that brings one down to say "farewell" in such weather as this; and when the final bell is rung, and the word is given for casting off the hawsers, no one not bound on the voyage delays leaving the ship, and all are glad that it is over.

But between May and August, when the fierce and exhausting heat of the American Summer is threatening, or has come, and when thousands are fleeing from it, the scenes at the wharves on steamer-days are brilliant and exhilarating. The great vessel lies at the pier with steam up, and decks scrubbed to a creamy whiteness. For several hours before the moment of sailing, express-wagons, in a continuous procession, come down with steamer-chairs, valises and trunks of astounding size, which are consigned to the hold or cabins. The coaches arrive from the hotels, and following them are private carriages without number, and economical passengers on foot. Besides those who have friends or relatives departing, there are crowds of idle sight-seers, who stand around the gangway and stare at the throng that is constantly passing to and from the ship. There are venders of newspapers and magazines, fruit-sellers and peddlers of various commodities for the voyage. A florist appears with an exquisite little schooner built of carnations, roses and smilax; then another florist, with more flowers in the form of an anchor or a heart; and by-and-by the grand saloon is like a conservatory, and the air is heavy with perfumes. All the faces have a look of preoccupation and expectancy, and here and there one is moist with tears, but there is more gladness than sorrow. It is impossible to distinguish the passengers from their acquaintances, and the crowd increases every moment. The officers stand at the gangway in their best uniforms, the stewards fly about with bundles in their hands, and the steam-pipes roar with mighty impatience.

"Ring the bell, Mr. Bath!" calls the first officer to the second. "Now for the shore!" shouts a quartermaster, with a mahogany face and a voice like the notes of a violoncello.

There is a great deal of fervid hand-shaking, many tremulous benedictions are uttered, and then a rush is made down the gangway. Here is Mr. Kavanagh with the mails, and the precious sacks are quickly put on board. The bell rings again, and the funnel emits dark wreaths of smoke. Another rush is made for the gangway; and, when the bell rings a third time, those who are not going "across" are at last separated from the passengers, who are so numerous that they fill the whole saloon-deck. This is the last moment, and the excitement is at the highest point. The captain and the pilot are together on the bridge, the chief officer takes his place in the bows. "Let go there!" The enormous cables are cast off, as a belated and distracted passenger appears, who reaches the dock less than a minute before the gangway is withdrawn. The crowd on the wharf continues to talk with those on board, and the great vessel cautiously glides into the stream. "Good-by, old fellow!" "Be sure and write from Paris!" "Give my love to Dick!" "You'll be in London in ten days!" "Be good to yourself, Tommy!" "Now, Lucy, don't cry!" "Good-by, mother!"

"Look out there!" The last rope is cast off; hats and handkerchiefs are waved; three cheers are raised with thrilling vehemence, and the vessel steams down the river toward the ocean.

We have never been able to avoid a curious feeling of emotion as the vibration of the engine is first felt at the outset of the voyage. It seems as if a giant had awakened, and what has been inanimate pulsates with the vigor of life. About an hour after the departure from the wharf, the engine is stopped to allow the pilot to disembark at Sandy Hook, where the channel that leads from the harbor ends in soundings of ninety feet; but after this momentary delay the pistons resume their vertical motion, which is constant until the old Head of Kinsale reassures the passengers that all the world is not of water. Whenever we happen to look into the engine-room—early in the morning, late at night, at all hours—these pistons are working up and down, in and out, with superhuman tirelessness, and away astern the propeller is grinding a milky trail that winds into the distance like a fabulous serpent.

It does not take the passengers long to become acquainted without any formal introduction, and while the voyage lasts Mr. and Mrs. Knifeater, of St. Louis, have the sublime satisfaction of being bowed to by the patrician Mr. and Mrs. Livingston Stuyvesant Rutherford, whose progenitors planted some sort of a tree somewhere in the Bowery twenty-five years ago. The amenities are extraordinary. We pledge our honor, and swear to it on our private edition of the Book of Snobs, that an actual major-

general of the British Army once addressed us without the slightest encouragement, and spoke most affably about the weather. Even the hereditary peer unbends, and the fictitious aristocrat of Beacon Street omits to assert the cherished belief in his own superiority.

Some may find the days vacant and wearisome, but the fault is apt to be with themselves. Quoits are played with rings made of cordage, and "shuffle-board" is a popular resource for exercise and amusement. A square divided into ten sections is chalked upon the deck, with semi-circles at each end, one marked "10 on," and the other "10 off." The sections are numbered from 1 to 10, and the object of the game is to project heavy disks of wood along the deck with poles in such a way that they will fall into the sections without touching the divisional lines. Sides are formed—for instance, between Mr. and Mrs. Knifeater on one hand, and between Mr. Adolphus Von Twiller and Miss Kitty Calumet on the other. Miss Calumet has the first play, and unfortunately lodges her disk in the semi-circle marked "10 off," which reduces her score by precisely that number; but her partner, who succeeds her, knocks it from the semi-circle into the section numbered 9, which is then accredited to their side, provided that the shots of neither Mr. nor Mrs. Knifeater knock it off the board or on to one of the lines. Each side has four disks, but as the results are only counted when all have been played, Miss Kitty and Adolphus may place their men in the most advantageous positions, and yet be utterly demoralized by the subsequent play of the Knifeaters. It is an excellent game, especially when the ship is rolling or pitching, which compels great nicety of calculation.

The gentlemen speculate on the distances made in every twenty-four hours, and, when coming to the westward, on the number of the pilot-boat; and in the forenoon and evening the smoking-room becomes a scene of excitement as the auctioneer solicits bids. Occasionally there is a flutter and a rush to the side of the ship: a sail is in sight, and after much debate and questioning a phantom thing is discovered miles and miles away against the gray horizon. Then, perhaps, a steamer is passed within signaling distance, and a set of flags is run up on the halyards, by which, and the use of a code, a conversation of any length can be carried on.

The day ends with dinner, in a scene full of color and animation. The four long tables in the grand saloon sparkle with silverware and crystals spread over white damask cloths, and in the racks overhead the rays glint among pink glasses for white wine, green glasses for Bordeaux, and slender goblets for sparkling. More than a hundred people are seated, and some of the ladies are in evening dress. The number and all the objects are multiplied indefinitely by the mirrors at each end, which open interminable vistas of moving color. The conversation and the wine flow together, both merrily; the English wax patriotic, and the Americans amiably concede that they have a government to be proud of, whereupon a sharp detonation is heard, and there is a tinkling of glasses and an ebullition of amber-colored fluid. After dessert the tables are cleared, and the saloon becomes a drawing-room, occupied by groups of whist and chess players, readers, gossips, flirts and musicians, and perhaps there is a concert for the benefit of some charitable institution. All the while the steamer is forging ahead through the billows, and before we can realize it we are off Queenstown harbor.

Such are the Summer episodes of the Atlantic ferry, and though the facilities for crossing it are great now, the improvements are continuous, and each year some addition of surpassing size, beauty and speed is made to the fleet. Next year the Inman Line will launch the *City of Rome*, and compared with her, steamers that now seem large and luxurious will fall out of date.

"But the end is not yet," says Kavanagh, who is a philanthropist in the interest of passengers—John Kavanagh, the admirable purser known to nearly all who cross the ocean. "Some day," he prophesies, "the staterooms will be sold apart from subsistence, and an *à la carte* service will be provided, by which each passenger can order what he pleases, and pay only for that; each passenger, too, will have a separate cabin, and the cabin will be as comfortable as his dressing-room at home." Yes, we add, and the navigating officer will have before him on the bridge a series of small electric keys, by touching which he will be able to furl and reef the sails, control the engine and the helm, and bank the furnaces. It may be so—who knows?

BETWEEN JOY AND SORROW.

By Philip Bourke Marston.

Between joy and sorrow,
As 'twixt day and morrow,
I lay for a space;
And I heard, so lying,
My old Grief sighing
From her far-off place.

I said, "Thou art over,
And where dreams hover
Thou hoverest now;
In the land of thy dwelling
What waters are welling,
And blossoms what bough?

"Old tears are its rivers,
The wind that there quivers
Is breath of old sighs;
Wreck-strewn are the shores there,
And sunset endures there
Through infinite skies.

"But all there is quiet;
There no wave makes riot
On the waif-cumber'd coasts,
Where thou movest banished,
But not quite vanished—
A ghost among ghosts."

MY FELLOW-VOYAGER.

By Richard B. Kimball, Author of "St. Leger," "To-Day: A Romance," Etc.

Before the introduction of steamers for transatlantic service, the United States completely monopolized the passenger traffic with Europe. Our "liners" were not only the pride of Americans, but they were regarded with admiration and curiosity, even by our great maritime rivals, the English.

As an illustration, I will only mention that at the famous Adelphi Hotel, in Liverpool—then one of the best in England—it was the habit to hand a card to the traveler on arriving, on one side of which was a neat plan of the main streets of the town, and on the other a list, headed, "Principal Objects of Interest for the Stranger to Visit." This list comprised the Town Hall, St. John's Market, the Cemetery, the Royal Exchange, etc., etc., and the American Packet Ships.

In those days I never took up one of these cards without a glow of pride, heightened, when I happened to step on board, by seeing the large numbers from all parts of the

THE FERRY ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.—WHAT THE CAPTAIN CALLS "HALF A GALE."—SEE PAGE 642.

country, who congregated to witness our "perfection of ship-building."

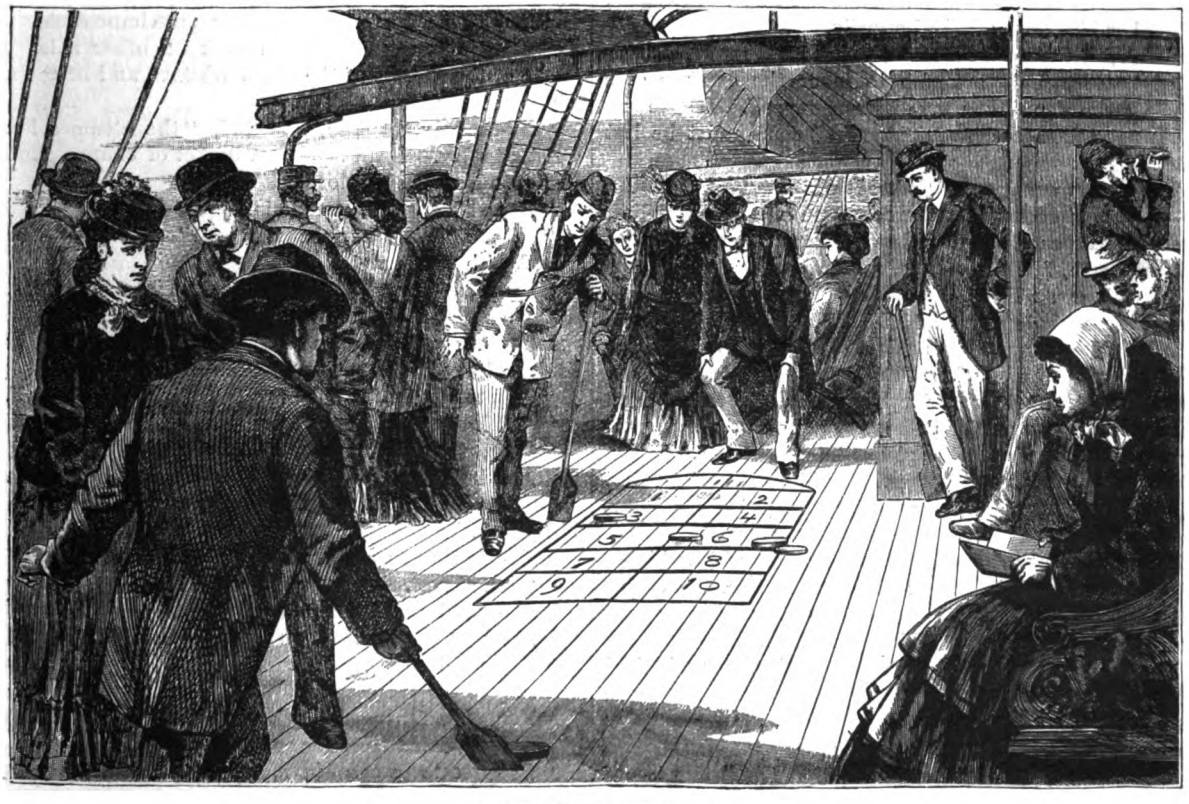
I do not propose now to inquire why, by the advent of ocean steamers, we lost the prestige so nobly earned under canvas. The subject belongs to another department of journalism, and should certainly not be lost sight of.

It was about the middle of June—our splendid "merchant marine" was still in the ascendant, comparatively few caring to venture in the *Sirius* or *Great Western*, then

THE FERRY ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.—A GAME OF CHESS ON DECK.—SEE PAGE 642.

the advance-guard of proposed lines of steamers—when, punctually at twelve o'clock, the little steam-tug *Ajax* commenced slowly to pull the packet-ship *Cambridge* from her moorings alongside the dock, and tow her lazily to the mouth of the Mersey, where, once "round the rock," she would be left to take care of herself, in charge of a Holyhead pilot.

I was a passenger, in a company of twenty-five or thirty, and at this particular moment leaned dreamily over the taffrail, indulging in that delicious sense of repose which



A GAME OF SHUFFLEBOARD.

overtakes the returning traveler as he finds himself safe on shipboard—the last stage of his journey homeward.

We struck first for the middle of the river, so as to afford a clearer course down-stream. I looked incuriously toward the receding shore, ready not only to bid good-by to it, but to European soil, when my attention was engaged by a boat, which had put out from the landing we had just left, and was making signs to attract our notice.

The captain understood what it meant. "English!" he exclaimed. "One of these days they will learn twelve o'clock means twelve o'clock, on a 'liner.'"

The paddle-wheels of the tug were stopped, and in a few minutes the boat was alongside. It contained two persons besides the oarsman. First climbed, not awkwardly, up the ladder and stepped on deck, a young girl, who, in the excitement of the moment, did not appear to be older than sixteen. She was slight of figure. She had an oval face, with a clear olive complexion, rich color, large, expressive, almond-shaped eyes and luxuriant black hair. Indeed, I do not know when I have been so much interested at first sight as when I looked at her as she reached the deck.

A handsome man, with light hair, blue eyes and English features, followed. He appeared to be thirty, possibly thirty-five, and certainly did not in the least resemble the young lady. A large quantity of luggage, piled in the stern, was soon put aboard.

"Close work, captain," were his first words. "The London train was several minutes late. You are as prompt as the Birkenhead ferry."

"That's what we mean to be," replied the captain, not insensible to the compliment.

"By-the-way, any room for us?" continued the stranger, sharply. "Rather important I should know."

"One stateroom?" inquired the captain, glancing at the young lady.

For an instant the new-comer hesitated. I looked unconsciously toward the girl, and saw her face was crimson, while her black eyes flashed angrily.

"Two," jerked out the man; "that is—I mean—I hesitated because I do not wish to incur the expense of a whole room for either my sister or myself. Locate us, captain, as is most convenient. Last come must be last served."

The matter was soon settled. It was arranged that Miss T—— should occupy a stateroom with one of the ladies, and as I happened to have the only remaining room with a spare berth, Mr. T—— was, much to my chagrin, quartered with me. There was no help for it, unless I chose to pay for a whole room, and I did not choose.

I had taken a prejudice against this person for two reasons. First, he had declared the London express was late. Now, I had come in that very train, and it was sharp on time, giving me a good half-hour to get on board. Again, I was not pleased with the glance he gave his companion when asked about staterooms. I said nothing, however, but made up my mind to make the most out of one I was sure would prove to be a disagreeable companion.

But he did not prove disagreeable. I found him highly educated and well-informed. He had been an extensive traveler, and his descriptions were always interesting. He had none of the usual English assumption.

It was evident much intercourse with the world had given him easy, unconventional manners. Notwithstanding his freedom in conversation, I noticed one thing specially: he never spoke of his personal affairs. He never uttered a word by which a listener could divine anything about him, or get a clew to what he was, or what were his plans. The young girl was equally reticent, or rather, tried to be. As I had guessed, she was only sixteen. She did not have an English face. Indeed, no one would have called her English, except when hearing her speak. I said she tried to be reticent; still, in conversation with our lady passengers, who *would* ask questions, the information was communicated that she was just from school—there was none of her family left except her brother and herself. *He* had lived of late years very little in England—where he had lived was not stated. He was going to Mexico on important business. That was all. But with regard to her school-life she would talk without restraint.

She spoke, on one occasion, of "going home for the holidays."

"I thought you had no home?" exclaimed a sour, sharp-faced lady, who had been listening in the hope of gleaning something new.

She was altogether too quick, and gave Miss T—— opportunity to recover, else something might have been dropped to elucidate the mystery—for every one on board believed there *was* a mystery.

"I call my guardian's house home," was her reply, and her lips were closed for the remainder of the day.

Mr. T—— was in the habit of asking me a great many questions about America, especially of the West, which was not then opened up beyond the lakes. It seemed to me, notwithstanding his sister's talk of Mexico, he really intended to penetrate to our Western forests. His general remarks were those of a man *blasé* of life and human emotions.

Once, on mentioning his sister, I asked him if she was content to take such a long voyage.

"Gertrude is happy wherever I am," he remarked, dryly; and he changed the subject.

Our voyage was half concluded—at least, so far as distance was concerned; we were on deck one pleasant afternoon, discussing various matters. The question of navigating the ocean by steam came up. The captain took ground against its practicability, and proved, as many of us thought, conclusively, that it was quite impossible. An enthusiastic young Scotchman took the other side. He spoke of the success of the *Great Western*, and of the regularity of her trips.

"By-the-way, captain," he said, "the steamer leaves Bristol to-day. I will lay you a basket of champagne she gets into New York before us."

"Done!" echoed the captain.

"What's that about the steamer?" said T——, as if seized with a spasm.

"I say the *Great Western* will beat us into New York."

"Good God! you don't believe it?"

His sister was standing beside him, and looked up as if surprised at his manner.

"Just to think of it!" he muttered, partly to himself.

"Think of what?" asked the sour, sharp-faced lady.

"Why, that Gertrude might have finished her little visit, and run over with me to Paris for a week, as I wanted to do, only I was afraid of being behind time in New York."

This was thrown off in a tone quite calculated to put all suspicion at rest.

T—— paid the captain some compliments about his ship, and went below. Soon after I went down myself to get a book I was reading. T—— was engaged with a quantity of papers.

"You are a lawyer, I think you said?"

This was his exclamation, addressed to me abruptly.

"I expect to be one—in fact, I have finished my legal studies."

"In practice?"

"Just commencing."

"Familiar with criminal law?"

"No."

"A great mistake. Every young lawyer should pay attention to it. You have made a mistake," he repeated, in an absent tone. "What is your notion about that steamer?" he asked, after a pause. "What is her usual time?"

"In fine weather like this she will make the western passage inside of fourteen days."

"I will go you five to one we beat her."

"Don't care to take it."

By this time T—— had put up his papers, and we went on deck together. His sister was standing near the companion-way. She looked worried.

"I have been waiting for you to come up," she cried. "I want to take our usual walk."

"I do not feel like it, Gertrude; perhaps Mr. K—— will walk with you a few minutes. I will relieve him soon."

Now, as a fine ship, on a pretty long voyage, with pleasant society, is a capital place for harmless flirtations, I had more than once endeavored to draw this very attractive girl into some sentimental conversation. It was always in vain. I once, in her presence, laughingly complained of her to her brother.

"She is a mere child," he replied, seriously; "in school all her life; nothing but a grown-up baby. What can you expect of her?"

I looked at the young girl, and saw her lustrous eyes fixed on her brother with an expression of mature feeling (not easily understood), which certainly contradicted what he was saying.

Well, Miss T—— on this occasion took my arm, and we commenced to pace the deck. I spoke of the ship, the voyage, the passengers, and what else I could think of. My companion was almost silent.

At length, seeing I was really trying to entertain her, she observed:

"I do not know why it is, but I feel very sad at the idea of reaching New York. I wanted to quit England, but what should make me so melancholy at the thought of landing?"

She looked up at me as she spoke, inquiringly, and yet, in a sense, unconsciously.

"Don't you really know of any reason?" I could not help asking.

"I! How should I?" she retorted, quickly, and in quite another tone.

"God knows!" was my abrupt response.

At that moment her brother came up and relieved me—for relief it was. I was tired of the subject—of T—— and his perpetual flow of conversation—of the beautiful girl who exhibited neither romance, nor sentiment, nor anything else—and of the curiosity of the ship's company.

We were becalmed three days on the banks; then came a head wind, after that another calm, so that we did not make the Long Island coast till our twenty-eighth day out. Here a pilot boarded us.

"Is the *Great Western* in?" asked a dozen at once.

"She passed up yesterday," was the response.

"What's that?" exclaimed T——, coming up. "The *Great Western* in?"

"She is."

"When shall *we* be in, pilot?" asked T——.

"If this breeze holds, we ought to be up by sunset."

The breeze did hold, and we anchored at the Quarantine while it was still daylight. Many of the passengers took a tug to the city, while others found it more convenient to remain on shipboard till morning. Among those who proposed to stay on board was T——. He should take things quietly, he said, and not scramble off the ship for the sake of landing in New York in the night and going to a strange hotel. He asked for my address, adding, "I may wish to consult you on some business matters."

I gave it to him. He remarked, "We shall be at the Astor House." We shook hands, and I left him.

As I came up from the cabin I saw Miss T——. She was leaning over the ship's side, looking, as it appeared, intently toward the city. It was not till I had spoken twice to her that I attracted her notice. She hesitated to look up, and I fancied—was it fancy?—that she had been crying.

"Good-by," I said; "I hope you will not be disappointed in America."

She gave me her hand, without saying a word, and in another minute I was over the ship's side.

As the tug paddled off from the vessel I looked in the direction where I last saw Miss T——. She was still on the same spot, nor did she leave it so long as I could distinguish her. She was at length lost sight of in the twilight, which began to fall, and I turned, in spite of myself, with a sad impression toward the shore, where friends were ready to welcome me.

The next day, about three o'clock in the afternoon, a note was put in my hand by one of those peculiar-looking messengers, whom, once seen, you rarely forget, but whose appearance is quite familiar to legal gentlemen.

I opened the missive. It was written from the Eldridge Street jail. Here it is:

"SIR—The time for consulting you has arrived sooner than I counted on. I entreat you to come to me at once. I am suffering the torments of h—ll. Make haste, before I put an end to my miserable existence. H. T——."

The messenger stood waiting. I nodded to him, "All right."

"I was to bring an answer," he said.

"No answer necessary."

I had determined to proceed directly to Eldridge Street, and knew I should get there in advance of the vagabond.

"I have *got* to take back an answer," he maintained, doggedly.

"No answer," I repeated, rising as I spoke.

"Look here, boss," said the man, "let a poor fellow earn a living. If I fetch an answer I am to get a 'extra.'"

"You shall not lose it"—and with that assurance he decamped.

I found T—— in the main room. I do not intend to describe it. He greeted me as if we had been friends for life. But he was sadly taken down. His confident air had vanished, and in its place he had a look of extreme dejection. Indeed, his aspect was one of absolute pusillanimity. He had been arrested on shipboard the evening before, about one hour after I left.

But for what? T—— evidently did not wish to disclose. Yet he must do it if he wished to have the advice of counsel.

"I have been a sad dog," he commenced, partly averting his face, and talking rapidly, as if dreading the effect of his revelations on me—"a sad dog, and you must prepare yourself to hear some savage stories about me."

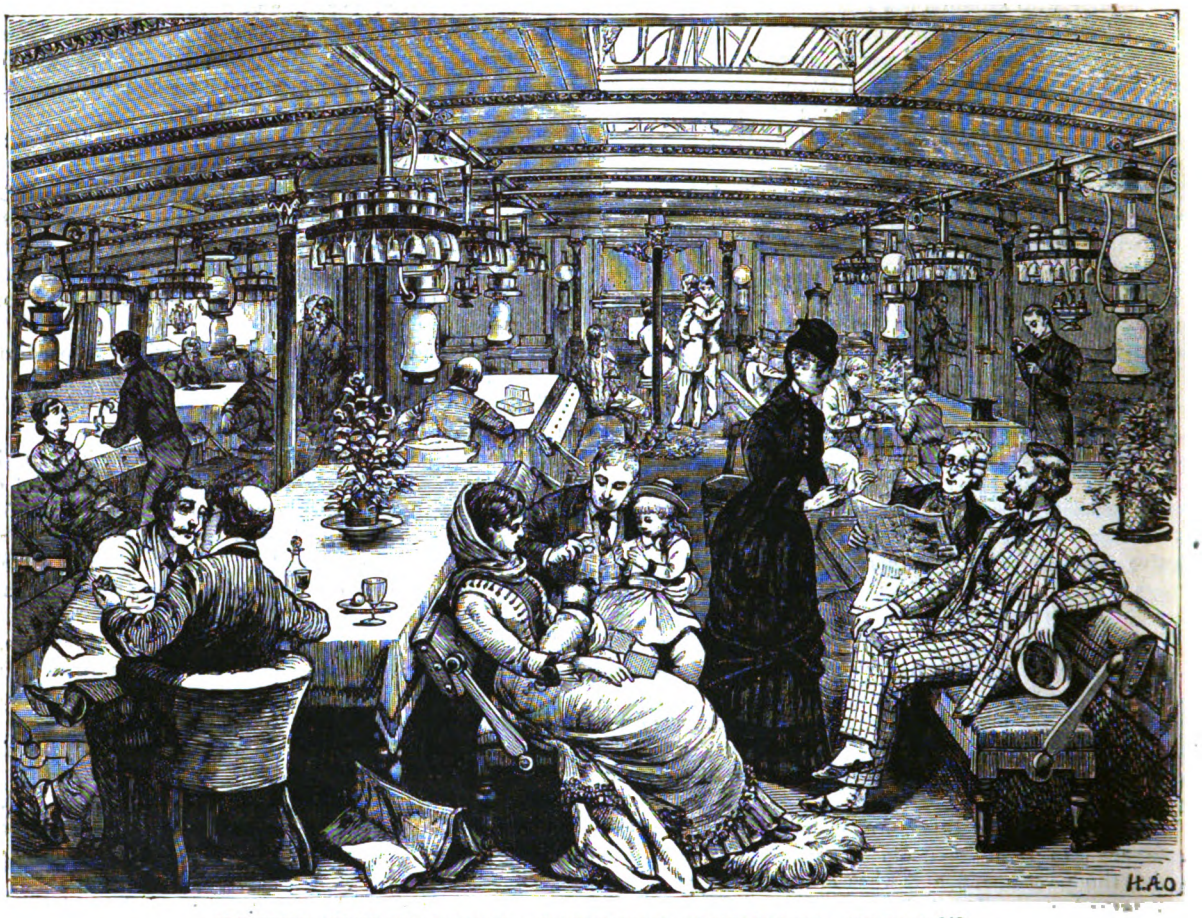
Here he paused.

"Well," I said, endeavoring to assume the imperturbability of an old counselor.

"Well," he echoed, nervously taking up my word, "the young lady you saw on board is not my sister."

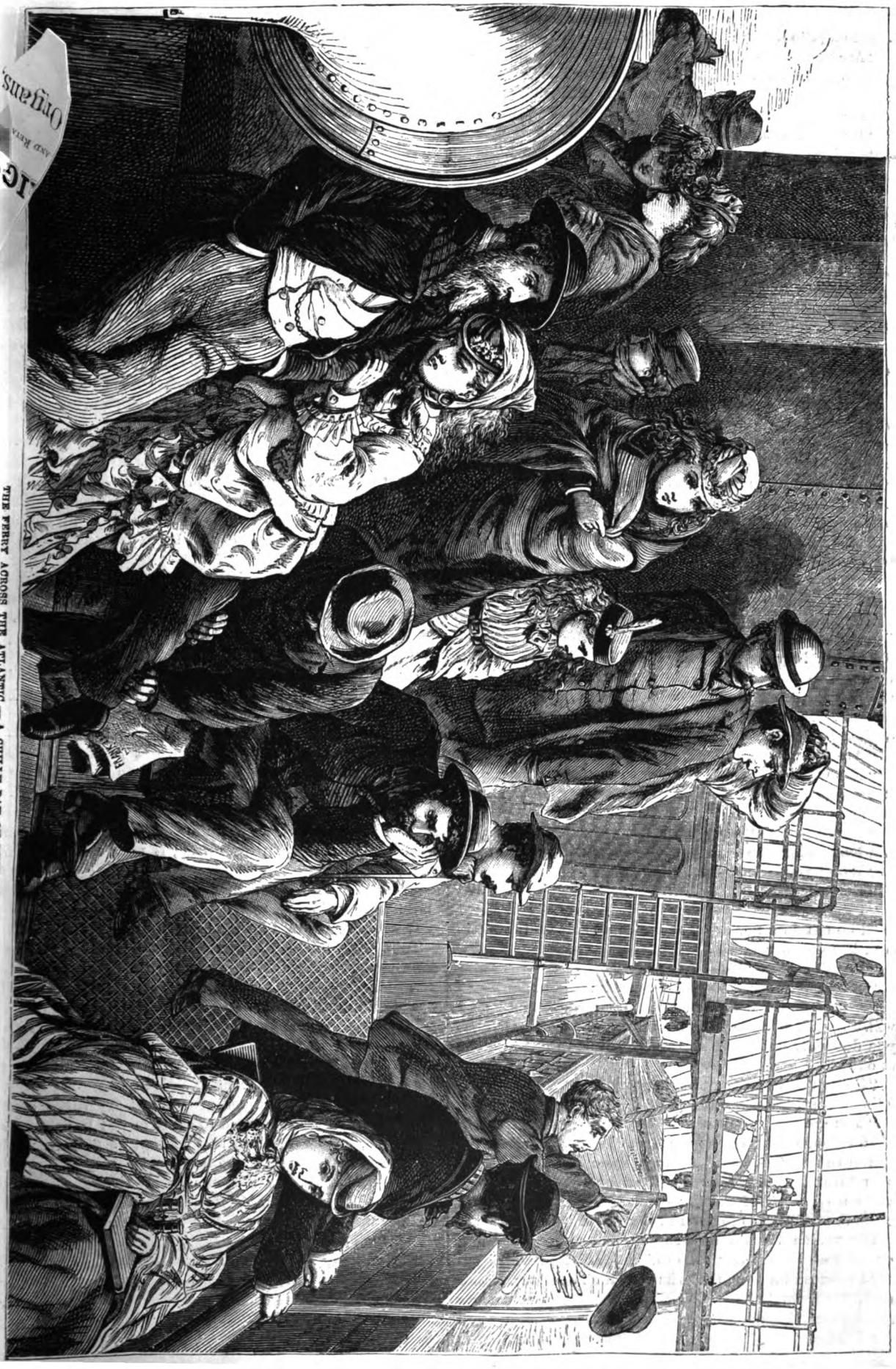
"No?"

"No. She—I—I—ran away with her from school—but



THE FERRY ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.—CALM WEATHER—IN THE SALOON.—SEE PAGE 642.

SIGNALING A PASSING STEAMER.



THE FERRY ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.—A CHILLY DAY ON DECK.

with her consent, understand—the morning we came on board ship."

"Are you married?"

My question referred to his relation with the young lady, but he did not so understand it. After hesitating a moment he said:

"I shall make a clean breast of it. I have a wife in England, with whom I have not lived for five years."

"Does the young lady know it?"

"Good God, no!" he exclaimed. "She must not find that out."

"Anything else?" I asked, dryly.

"A great deal," was his reply. "But, in the first place, will you undertake my case?"

"Certainly."

"You will find I am pretty well known on the other side" (the scoundrel said this with a gleam of pride); "as you will probably get the whole story, I may as well give it to you myself. I am a FORGER!"

"Professional forger?"

"Not that, precisely; but at times, when I have run short of funds, I have used my friends' names a little too freely. The last affair is not so very bad—on an old uncle who should have come down handsomely long ago. I wanted enough to set me up in America. I have it snug under hatches. Get me out of this scrape, and you shall name your fee.

I took no notice of the last remark, but proceeded with my questions.

"Do you know on what process you are arrested?"

"Here is the copy."

He pulled a paper from his pocket and handed it to me. I saw at a glance that it was a civil suit by the father of the young lady for abducting his child. It was brought by a well-known attorney, and the bail had been fixed by the judge, who granted the order of arrest, in a very large amount. Evidently the sympathy of the court had been excited by the affidavits produced before him.

"Are you prepared to give bail?"

"Not in such an amount; but I presume you can have it reduced, and I will deposit the money, if it is reasonable."

"Very well; I will see the attorney on the other side, and look at the papers, and then confer with you."

"Won't you call on Gertrude?"

"For what?"

"I want you to advise her to stand firm. Tell her I shall be out in a few days, and all that sort of thing; in fact, keep up her spirits."

"I can't do that."

"Why not?" asked T——, nervously.

"I told you I would undertake your case, and so I will. So far, however, from advising the young lady as you desire, if I advise her at all, it will be to return home at once."

"So you have got my whole story just to betray me? I thought so."

"You are simply mistaken. If you do not wish me to act for you, what you have said is as safe as under the seal of the confessional. As to the young lady, she must be returned to her friends. That agreed to—and you never need think of getting control of her again—I will make the best terms for you in my power."

The wretch twisted and turned, and talked cant and maudlin sentiment about the undying affection which existed between the two; that whatever the result was, oceans could not separate them. Neither space, time nor eternity could lessen the love they bore each other.

"That may be," I replied; "and if the young lady is of the same opinion when she is one-and-twenty, it will be her affair, not her parents'. At present, she belongs to them."

The rascal settled into a quiet acquiescence with my views in a marvelously short time, gave me a *carte blanche* to act, and I left him.

My first call was on Mr. S——, the attorney of the other side. I explained my position, and, in return, obtained from him the whole story, which the affidavits he produced fully confirmed.

T—— was an Englishman of good family, but from his youth had been a knave and a scapegrace. He was uncontrollable and dissolute, without giving evidence of any redeeming qualities. He had married, at twenty-five, a fine girl, whose fortune he squandered, and then abandoned her. His career afterward was marked by every disgraceful practice. His easy and pleasing address enabled him to constantly deceive, and his last exploit was the making the acquaintance of this young girl, whose parents were very rich. And after hovering for months in the neighborhood, he persuaded her to elope with him to America.

The sailing of the *Great Western* enabled the distracted father to take measures to secure the fugitive. An efficient legal gentleman came out to represent him. His wife was too ill for him to leave, himself. Papers relating to some forgeries would come by the next packet. Meantime, the London solicitor had caused these proceedings to be instituted.

I saw at a glance the only real point was to get the poor girl out of the villain's clutches. The extradition treaty was not then in existence, and it was doubtful if the forgeries could trouble him here.

"Where is the young lady?" I asked.

"At the Astor House. We have contented ourselves by a careful surveillance on her. We wish to avoid, for her sake, all publicity, if possible."

It was at length arranged between us that Miss —— should take the packet-ship which was to sail on Thursday (this was Tuesday), and on the departure of the vessel, the suit against T—— would be withdrawn.

As to the forgeries, the attorney did not claim to represent the prosecutors, and as no papers were yet at hand on which to attempt proceedings, it need not enter into our consideration.

But would Miss —— return willingly? It was desirable that she should do so.

It was thought best for me to call on her. I did call.

To my surprise, the disclosures I had to make did not seem much to affect her. Certainly they did not shock her, as I expected, or make her turn against the man who was attempting to do her so great a wrong.

I explained to her that she could be forced to return home, if necessary.

She did not care for that. She would never move till she had heard the story from T——'s lips.

Whether it was a proper proceeding or not, I cannot say, but T—— was permitted to come to the hotel and see Miss ——, in my presence and in that of the estimable lady who was her roommate on board.

T—— assumed a careless, nonchalant air.

"It's all up with us, Getty," he said. "The cursed steamer was too fast for us—you must go back to school. Better luck next time."

The girl looked at him, first with blank dismay and wonder, then with a scorn I have never seen equaled.

T—— laughed, turned on his heel, and saying, "Mr. K——, I suppose we will get through by to-morrow?" left the room.

The next day the young lady sailed for Liverpool, and T—— quitted Eldridge Street. He left the same night for the far West. I never saw him again.

Seven years later I received, by the foreign mail, a letter with a very neat superscription. It was a note from the mother of Miss ——, inclosing an invitation to the young lady's wedding, thanking me for the part I had taken in New York, and inviting me, if I should ever come to ——shire, to visit the family.

UNWRITTEN BOOKS.

Not long ago a somewhat eccentric English clergyman died, and at the subsequent sale of his effects by auction many evidences of his quaint individuality came to light. Amongst other curiosities was the door of his library. Outwardly, it was very much like other doors; but, once shut within the room, the visitor was at a loss to discover from what quarter he had entered. All around him, apparently, were books from floor to ceiling, save where the stained windows cast a "dim religious light" over the apartment. But the mystery was not one of a very puzzling kind. Dr. Bowles had caused the inner side of the door to be covered with fictitious book-backs; and the ludicrous titles which many of these bore speedily informed the visitor of the position of the door. "Mrs. Bowles on the Fidgets" could scarcely be the real title of a real work in several volumes. It sounded suspicious; and, in examining the books, you perhaps unintentionally touched a spring, which caused the door to fly open, and so liberate you.

But Dr. Bowles was not an original humorist in this direction. Even in such a solemn sanctuary as the library of the British Museum there are, we are told, fictitious book-backs, bearing titles of volumes which were never written; and in the study of a divine far more eminent than the late Dr. Bowles are such names as "Walker's Journey," "History of the Bar, by Barclay and Perkins," "Egg on Bacon," and "Saint Simon on the Pillar of Fire."

In 1831, Thomas Hood was commissioned by the Duke of Devonshire to compose a number of fictitious titles for a door at the entrance of a library staircase at Chatsworth; and from the rather lengthy list we extract the following: "Lamb on the Death of Wolfe," "Boyle on Steam," "Peel on Bell's System," "Debrett on Chain Piers," "Plurality of Livings with Regard to the Common Cat," "Prize Poems in Blank Verse," "Inigo on Secret Entrances," "Hoyle on the Game Laws," "Cursory Remarks on Swearing," "The Scottish Boccaccio, by D. Cameron," "On Trial by Jury, with Remarkable Packing Cases," "The Rape of the Lock, with Bramah's Notes," "Blain on Equestrian Burglary, or the Breaking-in of Horses," "On the Site of Tully's Offices," "Annual Parliaments, a Plea for Short Commons," "Rules for Punctuation, by a Thoroughbred Pointer," "Macintosh, Macculloch, and Macauley, on Almack's," "Considérations sur le Vrai Guy et le Faux," "On Sore Throat and the Migration of the Swallow," "Recollections of Banister, by Lord Stair," "Cook's Specimens of the Sandwich Tongue," "On Cutting off Heirs with a Shilling, by Barber Beaumont," "Percy Vere. In Forty Volumes," "Tadpoles, or Tales Out of my Own Head," "Dibdin's Cream of Tar," "On the Affinity of the Death Watch and Sheep Tick," 'Spenser, with Chaucer's Tales," "Scott and Lot, by the Author of 'Waverley,'" "Hoyle's Quadrupedia, or Rules on All-fours," and "Johnson's Contradictionary."

The examination of a sham bookcase fitted with dummy books bearing such titles as these will admirably while away a *mauvais quart d'heure* of waiting; and in most houses there are nooks and corners which might be advantageously ornamented with fictitious book-backs. The composition of the titles would afford scope for the ingenuity of the owner, as well as amusement to the owner's friends; and any publisher's list supplies plenty of suggestions for a humorous catalogue. Indeed, some real titles seem to be almost sufficiently absurd as they stand. "Watts on the Mind" is a cruel conjunction of words; and "Byles on Bills" and "Birch on the Bowels" are other specimens to the point. Sometimes, too, titles have been unwittingly parodied, or, at least, amusingly mangled. "Raw and Fried" was the misprint of a German compositor for "Aurora Floyd"; and the London *Times* once printed "So very Heinous" instead of "So very Human," while "Enoch Arden" figured as "In a Garden."

At Gadshill, in Charles Dickens's library, there was a door similar to the one at Chatsworth; and the titles upon it were principally composed by the great novelist. Among them were the following: "The Quarrelly Review, "The Books of Moses and Sons," "The Gunpowder Magazine," "Morrison's Pills—Progress," "Meg's Diversions," "Catalogue of Statues to the Duke of Wellington," "Lady Godiva on the Horse," "Jonah's Anecdotes of the Whale," "Cockatoo on Perch," "King Henry the Eighth's Evidences of Christianity," "Life and Letters of the Learned Pig," "Toots's Universal Letter Writer," "Cribb's Edition of Miller," "Adam's Precedents," "Captain Cook's Life of Savage," "Kant's Eminent Humbugs," "Street's Walk," "Phrenology—Italian Organs," "Optics—Hooks and Eyes," "Acoustics—Cod's Sounds," "General Tom Thumb's Modern Warfare," "Shelley's Oysters," "Waterworks, by Father Mathew," "The Dolphin Oracle," "Socrates on Wedlock," "Butcher's Suetonius," and "History of a Short Chancery Suit, in Twenty Volumes, with Index."

But we are fain to say that these are very poor jocosities compared with the productions of that unrivaled punster, Hood.

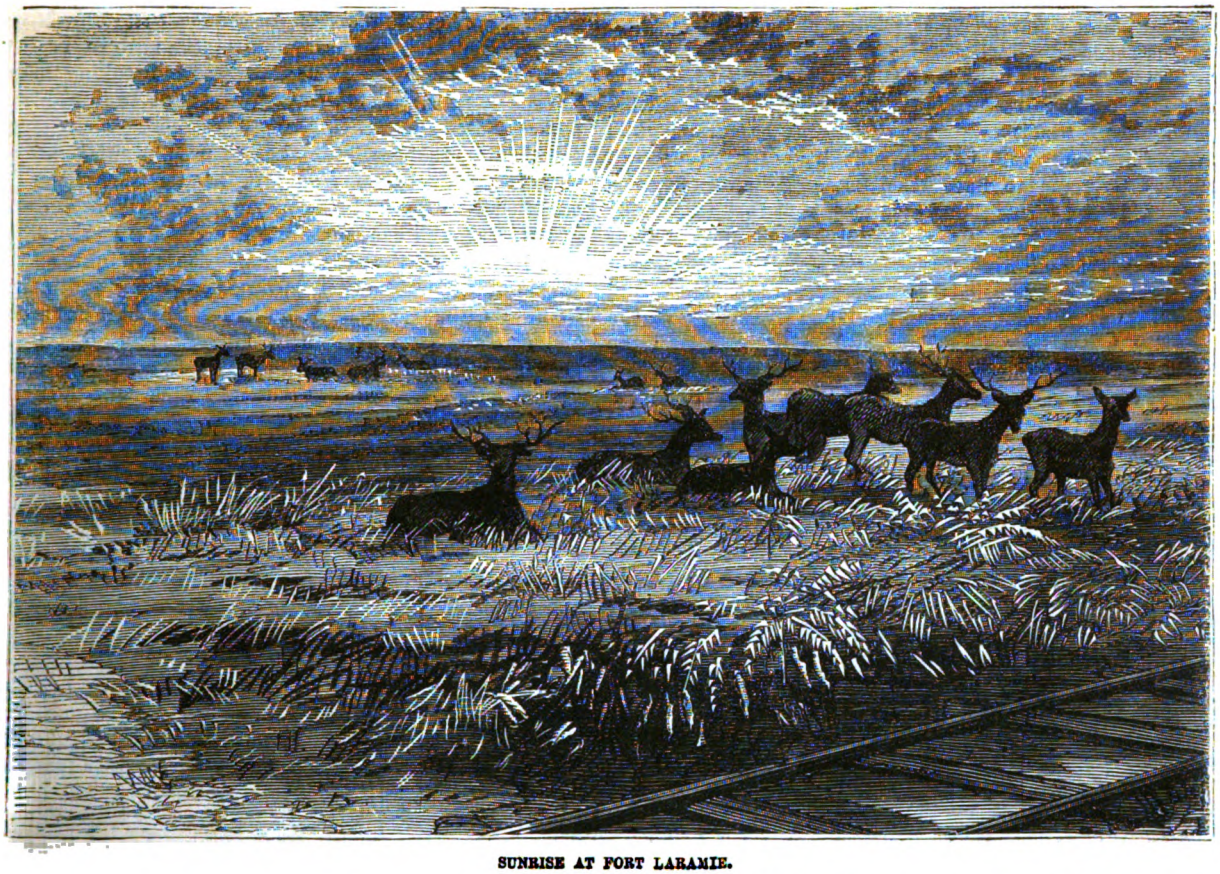
Nothing is more common than to find ordinary foreign words misprinted in books as well as in journals; but as an instance of extreme perversity the following is, perhaps, unique. On the back of a French translation of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" the bookbinder put the title thus:

"LA CABANE
DE
L'ONCLE.
TOM. I."

The mistake is as ludicrous as some of those which are of so frequent occurrence in the French renderings by Voltaire and by Victor Hugo of Shakespeare's plays; but the binder was, it is to be presumed, an uncultivated clown, while the same cannot be said, even by their bitterest enemies, of the philosopher of Ferney and the Prince of French Poetry.

In conclusion, we may mention a few more of the fictitious titles which have come under our notice. These include "Button on Dress," "Eve's Fashion-plates," "Burke on the Sublime and Ridiculous," "Knight's Dreams and Omens," "Methuselah's Guide to Old Age," "Dick's History of Charles I.," "Bill Sykes on the Treadmill," "Seven Tons of Gammon," a parody on Mr. G. A. Sala's "Seven Sons of Mammon," and two or three which owe their origin to Mr. Burnand's clever travesties of popular novels, viz: "In Somers Town, by the author of 'In a Winter City,'" "Two Little Wooden Jews," "Chuck, by Weeder," and "Under Two Rags."

THE FERRY ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.— THE INVALID.— SEE PAGE 642.



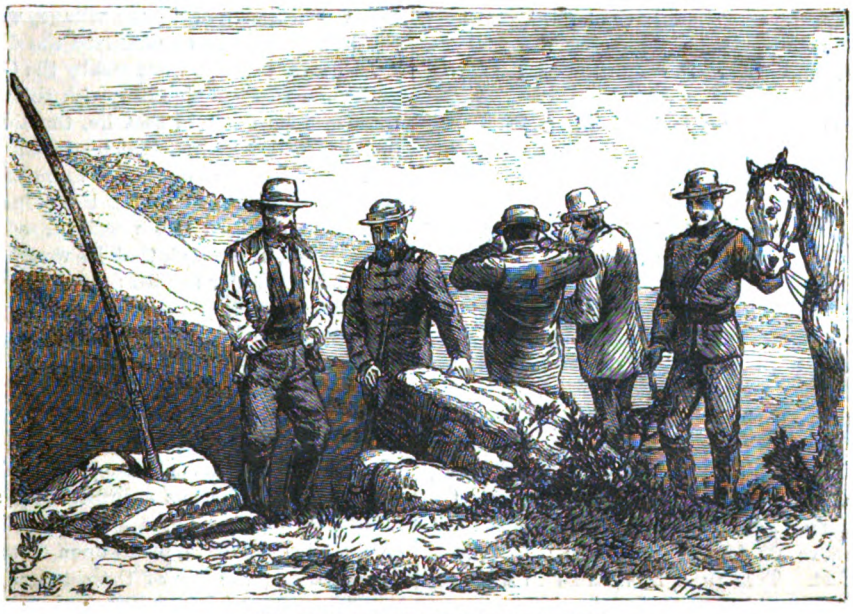
SUNRISE AT FORT LARAMIE.

INDIAN STORY LAND.

By Captain J. S. Payne, U.S.A.

For centuries prior to 1862 the region now known as the Big Horn and Black Hills country was the favorite home of the savage tribes of the Northwest. It embraced the vast territory lying in the great southern angle of the Missouri and Yellowstone Rivers, was bounded on the west by the "divide" of the continent, and on the south by the Sweetwater and North Platte—though these streams interposed no barriers to incursions into the broad plains of Southern Wyoming, Nebraska and Colorado.

The Dakotas, or Sioux, embraced many tribal organizations, the principal of which were the Ogallallas and Brules and Uncapapas, who inhabited the region traversed by the North Platte, Niobrara and White Rivers; the Yanktonnais and Minneconjoux, along the Missouri; and the Arickarees, Mandans and other tribes north and west. To the south were the Pawnees—traditional enemies of the Sioux—and the Arapahoes and Cheyennes; the last, then, as now, the bravest, most ferocious and formidable of all the warriors of the West—indeed, were they lords of the prairies, and ranged as far north as the Yellowstone and south to the Llano Estacado, or Staked Plain of Texas. On the Big Horn River the Crows, always at war with the Sioux, held sway; on Wind River the Shoshones were in possession, and the Utes made their homes among the mountains of Western Colorado.



SCENE OF FORT PHIL KEARNEY MASSACRE.

The various tribes of Sioux spoke the same tongue, but recognized no central authority; they were allies rather than one nation. In their intercourse with other tribes the sign-language common to all Indians was used, and had to meet

all the requirements of trade, courtesy and diplomacy—the demands upon it for this latter purpose being by no means inconsiderable.

The derivation of the term "Sioux" is in doubt, it being claimed by some that it is the name given the great tribe who have made it famous by Canadian *voyageurs*, while others declare it to be aboriginal. The original name of the tribe seems to have been "Lakota," afterward corrupted into Dakota; but that by which they love to be called, and which, spoken in their presence, makes their forms dilate and eyes flash, is "Teton," taken from a celebrated chief who led his braves from the Mississippi to the Missouri, and crossing the latter stream, drove the smaller tribes from its valleys, and in time overran the whole country as far as the Rocky Mountains.

Among them came at last the "paleface," to find a land without a roof and a people without a history.

To the Indian mind his fatherland was perfect, and his eye beamed with delight as he gazed upon the picturesque landscape of mountain, valley and prairie. Its vast extent enabled him to roam at pleasure, and pursue the sports of the chase where game was most abundant. The clear, cold streams from the mountains coursed through beautiful valleys, where heavy timber afforded shelter and firewood.; while broad plains, extending far out from the foothills, covered with nutritious grasses, furnished an inexhaustible supply of forage for the large herds of ponies that constituted the chief wealth of this nomadic race.

Buffalo abounded, and the meat of this animal dried in the sun furnished the staple article of food during the long Winters, when snows covered the ground and hunting was suspended.

Mountain sheep clambered up every crag; broad-antlered elk stalked through the glades; the shy Virginia deer sought covert in the willows; antelope haunted the plains, and the fleet "blacktail" made his lair among the foothills. In the mountain fastnesses, grizzly, cinnamon and black bear found homes, and on the plain the gray wolf, coyote and jack-rabbit existed in large numbers. Of birds, there were few species, the crow, blackbird, chicken, sparrow-hawk and owl being quite numerous, while an occasional eagle would make his eyrie high up on some beetling crag. Latterly, since the inroads of the whites, prairie-chicken, ruffled grouse, various kinds of duck and other birds that follow civilization, are increasing; and before many years shall have elapsed, one may expect to see the robin-redbreast skipping amongst the mountain cedars, and hear the meadow-lark making music in the moorlands.

Tongue River, Goose Creek, and the other tributaries of the Yellowstone which issue from the cañons of the Big Horn range on the north side, abound in trout and other fine fish.

Clear Creek and the Piney, which flow to the eastward and empty into the Powder, have no trout, though an angler for the finny beauties, standing on their banks, under the cool shade of overhanging cottonwoods, and gazing down into the clear waters dashing over boulders and forming many a pool, ripple and cascade, would imagine himself in the very paradise of Izaak Walton.

A traveler to these parts passing northward from the Union Pacific Railroad, whether his point of departure be Cheyenne or Rock Creek, a hundred miles further west, would traverse a country rolling and picturesque, the chief point of interest being Laramie Peak, a mountain that, rising far above its fellows, reaches an altitude of twelve thousand feet. This peak is situated in what are known as the "Black Hills of Wyoming," and is the most beautiful of all the giants of the Northern Rockies. Near its base flows the river of the same name, a fine stream that rises among the foothills of the Medicine Bow Mountains, in Southern Wyoming, skirts the eastern border of the famous "Laramie Plains," and after breaking through the Black Hills, joins the North Platte at the old historic post of Fort Laramie.

This post, that for years has been the initial point for all military expeditions against hostile Sioux, was first occupied by a fur-trading company, from whom it passed, in 1834, into the hands of John Jacob Astor. During the year 1849, when the gold fever was at its height, and the stream of emigration was flowing across the continent to California, the Government built quarters here for troops, and established a permanent military station. I have been told by old plainsmen, who frequented Laramie in overland days, that even at that time rumors of the golden treasures of the Black Hills of Dakota, since so celebrated, were constantly drifting into the post, and that Indians who traded there brought, besides their pelts and robes, little bags of golden dust, which they gave in exchange for paints, beads and other articles of tawdry finery with which to bedeck their persons. The savages seemed to well understand the value of the dust, and all efforts to ascertain from them where it was obtained were futile.

Through Fort Laramie the old stage and emigrant road passed, and it was on the division ending at La Prêle Creek, near Fort Fetterman, that Slade, of whom Mark Twain tells us so much, ran his course of successful crime.

Near this point, in 1854, occurred the Grattan massacre, the first of that series of frightful tragedies which have made this region historic. In 1851 a treaty was concluded between the Government and the Sioux, one of the stipulations being that supplies for the latter should be delivered yearly at Fort Laramie. In July, 1854, the savages, to the number of several thousand, had assembled, but weeks after the time fixed for the distribution of supplies elapsed before the arrival of the goods, and famine stalked among the Indians.

One day an ox was missed from a Mormon emigrant train lying in camp on the river, and upon inquiry it was learned that it had been killed by the savages. Upon complaint being made to the commanding officer at the fort, Lieutenant Fleming, a detachment of thirty men, with one field-piece, under command of Lieutenant Grattan, was dispatched to the village, with orders to arrest the Indians who had committed the depredation.

Lieutenant Grattan was met by the Chief Mat-to-i-o-wah, an Indian of good standing with the military authorities, by whom he was told that he, the chief, knew his young men had killed the ox, that he was sorry for it, and would give the Mormon two mules to make good his loss; but that he would not surrender the culprits.

Grattan declined the proffered compromise, and informed Mat-to-i-o-wah that he would attack this village, to which the latter replied:

"Very well; there are a good many of my young warriors here, and I advise you to let them alone."

The attack was made, and Grattan and his entire command were massacred.

Thus began an Indian war, which, with little intermission, has continued a quarter of a century, and has been marked by massacres among the bloodiest of modern times. This affair was supplemented at intervals by outrages upon emigrants, and during the civil war grand combined raids were made upon the stage stations and ranches along the line of the overland route. Stock was run off, many people killed, and the perils of travel so much increased that the stage and mail line was trans-

ferred to what is known as the Bitter Creek road, which followed the South Platte, and crossed the Rocky Mountains near the point where the Union Pacific Railroad reaches its highest elevation.

The valleys of the North Platte, Laramie and other streams are rapidly being settled, and the country hereabout is full of cattle.

On the road from Laramie to Fort Fetterman one passes La Bonté Creek, where nearly a score of graves call to mind the first actual military occupation of the country northwest of Fort Laramie. These graves contain the remains of soldiers killed while lying in camp on this stream.

All along the road from Julesburg to South Pass, at intervals of ten or twelve miles, are the ruins of dismantled ranches and stage-stations, where, in days gone by, desperadoes held high carnival, and timid, tired travelers trembled for their lives. The histories of these places—all alike—are written in the sod, under which at every station lie the bones of some poor fellow who "died with his boots on."

At Fort Fetterman, eighty miles northwest from Laramie, the Platte River is crossed, and the road northward for the next ninety miles traverses a miserable country, where the principal vegetation is sage-bush, and the water in the few sluggish streams is very brackish.

This road is part of the emigrant route opened to Montana in 1866, for the protection of which posts were built on Powder River, the Piney and the Big Horn. They were dismantled and abandoned, however, when the country was relinquished by treaty to the Sioux in 1868.

The Big Horn region proper begins—as we go north—at a stream called Crazy Woman's Creek, which, having its source among the foothills of the southern end of the Big Horn range, debouches into alkali flats, and making a bend to the east, after a journey of forty miles, mingles its waters with the murky floods of the Powder.

The name is American, of course, and suggests the inferiority—which one cannot fail to observe in the great West as elsewhere—of our nomenclature to that of the Mexicans, French and Indians. The whole country is full of streams having abominable names, and some of these are multiplied in the same region, to the utter confusion of travelers. If I have camped on one Sage Creek, I have on a score; it is difficult to make a day's march in any direction without crossing a Muddy, Sand or Horse Creek; and one of the finest streams on the Continent has been consigned to everlasting obloquy by the odorous name of the Stinking Water. Some few of them are prettily named—such as the Rosebud and Box Elder, and some have quaint titles, as the Wagon Hound, No Water and Bed Tick.

In October of last year, I happened to be at a point where a stage-station on the Black Hills mail-road was being located, and there met the superintendent, who was passing over the route. Asking the station-keeper what he called the place, he was promptly informed, "Sage Creek." The fact that there was neither sage-bush nor creek thereabout made no particle of difference; and one more would have been added to the innumerable caravan of Sage Creeks, to go sounding down the ages, had I not interposed a mild protest against the atrocity, by suggesting a name more worthy of the locality. The station had been established in a lovely valley at the base of the Squaw Bonnet Mountain, and though the name I had selected is not pretty enough for mention here, I feel, nevertheless, entitled to the gratitude of all tourists in these parts.

Twenty miles north of Crazy Woman, one finds himself at Clear Creek, a mountain torrent whose waters, ice-cold from their snowy fountains, come foaming through a superb cañon, near the mouth of which is now being constructed a large military post, named in honor of Lieutenant McKinney, of the Fourth Cavalry, a young Tennesseean of distinguished family, who lost his life while leading a charge in a battle fought near this point, in December, 1876, between Colonel McKenzie, with ten companies of cavalry, and Dull Knife, with his band of Cheyennes.

Lieutenant McKinney was an officer of rare promise, for whom training, honor and valor seemed to point the way to a career of military distinction, and regret for his early death—more keenly felt in his own gallant regiment—was general throughout the service.

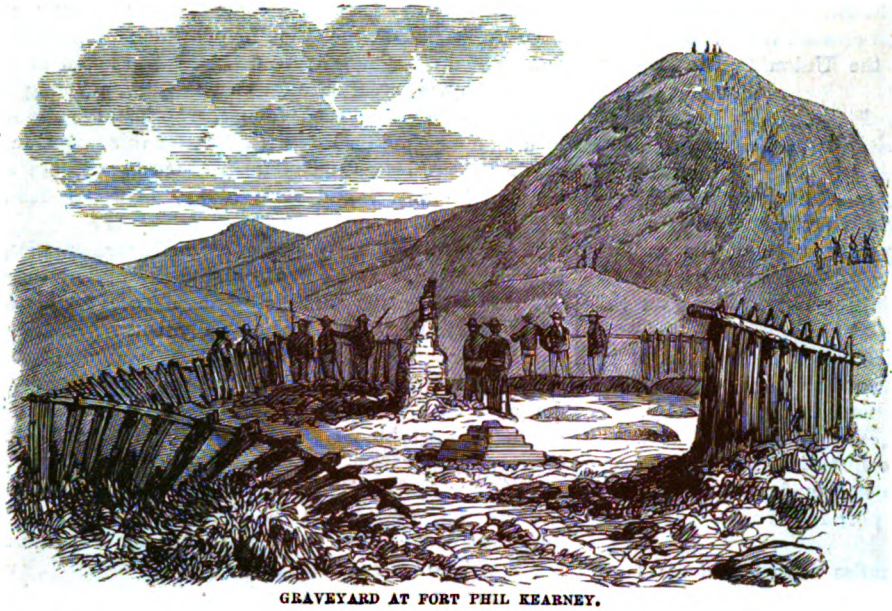
After crossing Clear Creek, the face of the country undergoes a change, the grass becoming more luxuriant, and the sage-bush, which has wearied the eye so long, almost entirely disappears. The mountains are near at hand; a fine view is had of Clear Creek Cañon, and the general features of the landscape are in pleasing contrast to the desolate "divides" with which the traveler has grown so familiar since leaving Fetterman.

On this stream, and a tributary called Rock Creek, the Fifth Cavalry, commanded by Colonel and Brevet Major-General Merritt, laid in camp last Summer, as a corps of observation against Indians who might be tempted to venture once more to enter their lost paradise.

A few short years since, when General Crook was operating against the hostile Sioux in this region, the result of his campaign was for some time involved in doubt; but so thoroughly has the Indian question been settled, that one is as safe at the foot of Cloud Peak as in New York, and the feeling of security is so great that several ladies, wives of officers, spent pleasant days in our camps last Summer. In fact, up to the time (in September) when the regiment went west over the mountains in quest of the Bannocks, camp life was like a picnic, the days being devoted to drills, hunting, etc., and the evenings not infrequently to impromptu musical soirées, our official family possessing several good voices.

Let it not be inferred from this that service on the frontier has much of the *dolce far niente* in it. On the contrary, camp scenes brightened and refined by the female presence are exceptional incidents, and looking back over quite an extended experience, I recall but few, and none just like this. The army officer has hard enough service in all conscience for the reward he gets, and I dare say he is more illy *repaid* than the military servant of any other great government. In giving him money pay sufficient to meet the requirements of his position, our Government considers its duty done, and offers no additional reward as an incentive to distinguished service. Nothing that the officer wears is to his countrymen the symbol of some conspicuous act of gallantry; no "scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper age"; no star blazing on his breast flames forth the story of the crowning act of a great military career. These honors, dear to every true soldier's heart, are not in the list of possibilities for him; acting on that loftier principle, to do duty for duty's sake, he finds solace in the reflection that if he survive, in his declining years he will find moderate comfort on the "retired list," and if he fall by a savage hand, though prairie rains may uncover his bones and a prairie sun bleach them, his memory will be kept green by a military post named in his honor.

A mile beyond Rock Creek there is a pretty lake named for Father De Smet, a priest of great zeal, who came to this region more than half a century since, and lived for many years among the Dakotas.

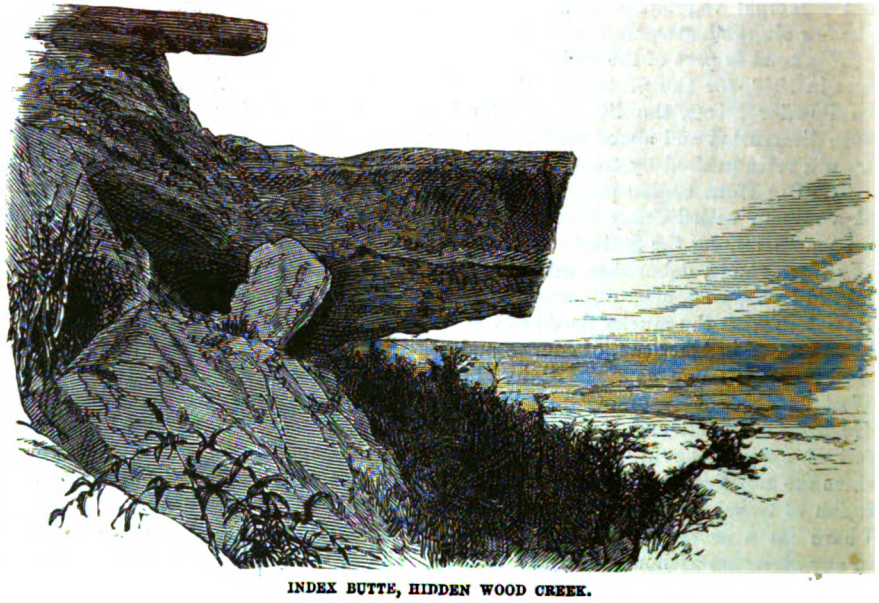


GRAVEYARD AT FORT PHIL KEARNEY.

The lake which commemorates his name is situated in a pretty basin, surrounded by grassy hills, about ten miles from the foot of the mountains, its general direction being northwest and southeast, and its dimensions five miles by one and a half. There is but one source of constant supply, Shell Creek, and no outlet. Its waters are clear, but strongly alkaline, and their depth varies from a few feet near shore to more than forty at the deepest point.

One or two clumps of box elder constitute the only timber in the immediate vicinity, and there are no rocks save those of volcanic origin, which, lying

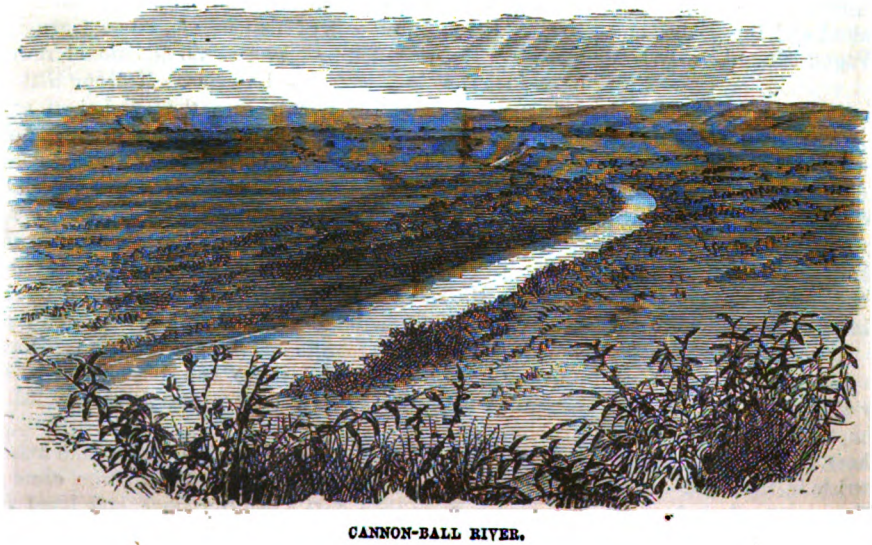
Even here, into the great unknown, where of white men the Canadian *voyageur* alone had ventured, the Catholic Church, which sends her missionaries into every land under the sun, found among her priesthood one with courage to penetrate and teach to wondering Indians the mysteries of faith, and plant at the very foot of the Rocky Mountains the banner of the Cross. The heroic divine's labors made little if any permanent impression upon the Sioux, and the religious feeling which began to develop whilst he resided in their midst has faded away, or been blended with a deep veneration for the good father, whom these wild beings loved and respected.



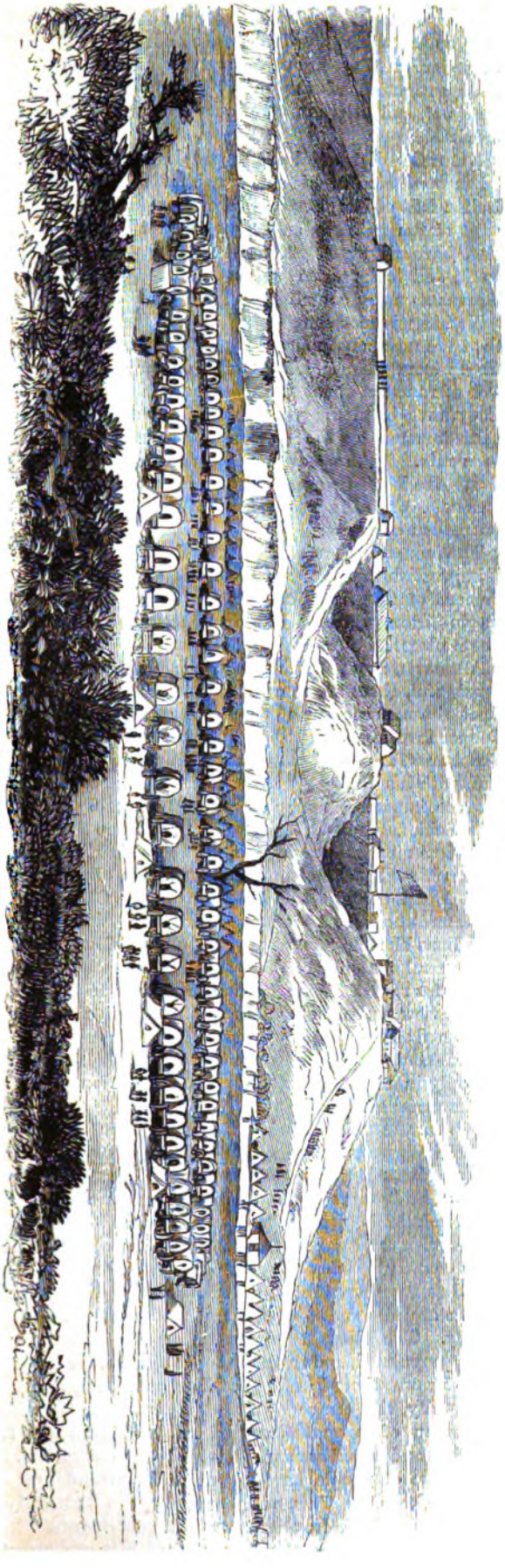
INDEX BUTTE, HIDDEN WOOD CREEK.

along the shore and on the adjacent hills, furnish abundant evidence that the bed of the lake is an extinct crater. Lacking many of the elements of beauty as it does, in a country where large sheets of water are rare, the lake is very pretty, notwithstanding.

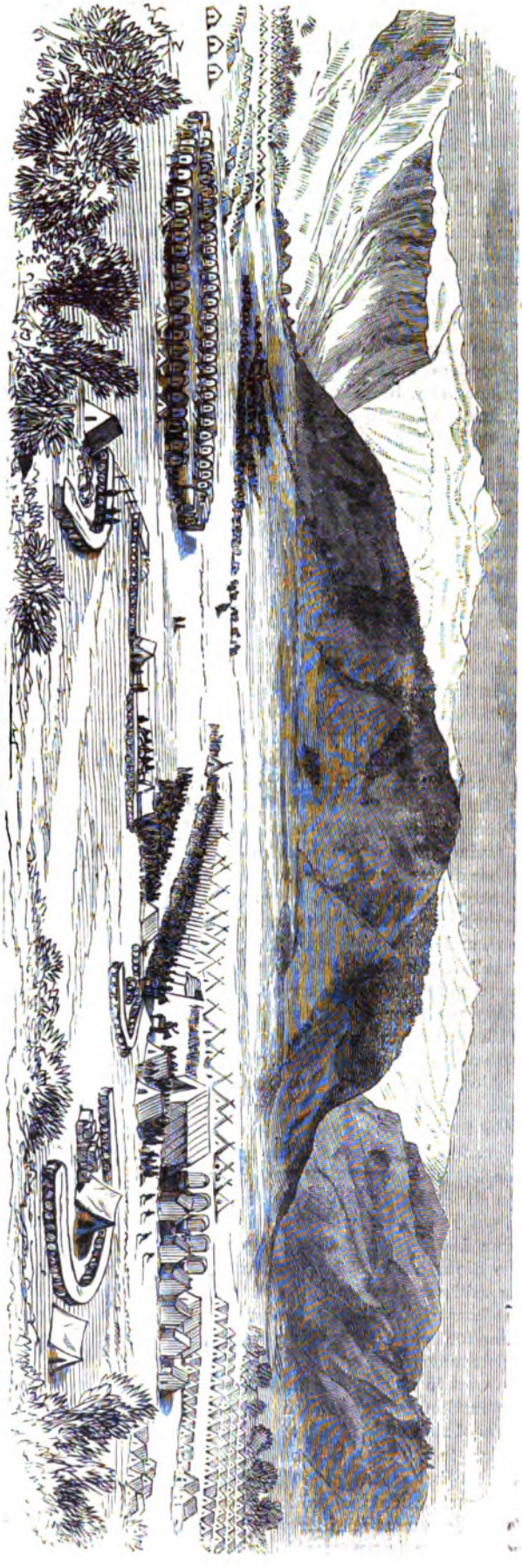
Standing on one of the low knolls on the south side, could one but limit his vision, he might imagine himself on the shore of some charming little sea bay, for here are reaches of sand and volcanic scoria and slag instead of shells; and when the winds, fresh from the mountains, sweep down the valleys, the surf breaks ocean-like on the beach, and



CANNON-BALL RIVER.



TROOPS ENCAMPED NEAR FORT FETTERMAN.



CAMP ON GOOSE CREEK.

the whitecaps of the miniature waves sparkle and gleam in the bright sunlight in pleasing contrast to the body of the waters, which, under these circumstances, assume the dark tints of the sea. And when it is clear and calm on a Summer's afternoon, from the snowy mountain heights the shadows of evening come trooping down, with broad pencils of light between, and creep slowly over the face of the earth, wrapped, as it almost always is, in a soft vail of dreamy haze, while above bends the sky, with never a cloud to mar the purity of blue color, which is never seen in such perfection as at high altitudes near the Rocky Mountains. But the sun does not always shine. Rains are frequent, and occasional hailstorms terrific.

Rainstorms occur usually in the afternoon, and are accompanied by thunder and lightning. They arise suddenly, and as quickly pass away, leaving their trailing splendors behind. Rainbows are frequent, and these phenomena, beautiful everywhere, are especially so here, where the superior refractory qualities of the atmosphere bring out in great perfection the colors of the solar spectrum. From a point near Lake De Smet we witnessed the solar eclipse of last Summer, and the soft violet twilight that flooded the earth was indescribably beautiful.

To the westward of the lake are the cañons of the branches of Rock Creek, one of which, prominent for its rugged walls, where a combination of the tints of red and green rock make a dainty bit of coloring, and the exquisite little grotto just at the point where the waters burst forth, we christened with due solemnity the "Enchanted Park."

In the mountains hard by one stumbles unawares upon a solitary grave, marked by a rough headboard, whereon with difficulty may be read the simple inscription: "Mamie's Friend." These words furnish the only clew to the identity of the lonely dead.

During the Big Horn gold excitement of '77, a party of miners came upon the mutilated body of a man lying in a ravine, with empty cartridge-shells scattered about, and other evidences of a fierce struggle for life. In an inner pocket, where they had escaped the peering eyes of his savage murderers, were found the picture of a fair young girl, and a letter postmarked Chicago and signed "Mamie." From this letter, overflowing with the tender evidences of a fresh and innocent love, the writer was manifestly the poor fellow's sweetheart; and the rude miners, with gentle hands and hushed voices, laid letter and picture away with the bones of "Mamie's friend."

Along the streams we found many fine petrifactions and evidences of underlying coal-beds. In fact, it is probable that coal is generally diffused throughout this region, for I have seen it at points widely separated, and the Yellowstone cuts its way through several fine strata. On all the timbered watercourses are scattered the signs of old Indian camps, for during the period intervening from 1868, when this country was reserved by treaty to the Sioux, and 1876, when it was a second time occupied by military force, a vast savage population lived about the base of the Big Horn chain. They lived as they had done for centuries, making no strides themselves toward improvement, and stolidly resisting all efforts of the Government to bring them under the beneficent influences of civilization. They raised no crops, though millions of acres of rich arable land were ready, with the rudest cultivation, to produce in abundance. They built no houses, though timber was plentiful, preferring to live in *tepees*, constructed of skins and lodge-poles.

To those most familiar with the customs, character and capacity for improvement of these unfortunate people, it appears plain that in communities they will never be civilized; and as the breaking up of their tribal organizations and scattering them broadcast over the land, that they may be individually brought in contact with the whites, is, under existing circumstances, impracticable, the ultimate extinction of the race by the constant encroachments of, and attrition with, our own, would seem to be inevitable.

Naturally distrustful of a people who have forcibly taken possession of his country, in utter disregard of the Indian Bill of Rights, the red man refuses to accept the ways of the paleface, and lives on in the same old shiftless, barbaric style. A vagabond by nature, he abhors work, and looks upon wagons, railroads and telegraph-lines as so many contrivances for his ruin.

Nothing is more suggestive of the Indian's sad future than the melancholy story of the Delawares—that people from whom Cooper selected the characters to weave his web of romance about the rivers and lakes of New York. They have lived for years in the Indian Territory—have been fostered by the Government, but all efforts have been vain. In the very name of their present chief, Fall Leaf—the last in whom the remnant of this once mighty race will probably recognize authority—one reads the suggestion of decay.

The inexorable law of the survival of the fittest renders it imperative that the savages must give way for the settlement of this beautiful and fertile land by the hardy Anglo-Saxon, who will develop its resources, and make its waste places to blossom like the rose.

Although, as a rule, the Indian is cruel, merciless and revengeful, there are some exceptions, and we occasionally meet those possessed of the noble attributes with which Cooper invested his red heroes. Wa h-a-kie, chief of the Shoshones, is one of this class. He is an old man now, and, with his kindly eye, gray hairs and benevolent countenance, impresses the beholder most favorably. The Arapahoe chief, Black Coal, is another; and one fancies that, had these men been reared among the whites, they would have achieved greatness, and, under trying circumstances, been found possessed of the honor of the Chevalier Bayard, and the tender courage of Sir Philip Sidney.

Indians like these, however, are few, and there is little in the general character of the race to make its disappearance matter for regret. In fact, aside from the simple humanitarian view of the subject, there is nothing. The Indian is doomed; Ichabod is written over the door-post of his council-house; he must soon cease to make history, and live only in the romance, poetry and tradition of an age that is vanished.

Indeed, the toils are being tightened about him here; new military posts have been built at the confluence of the Big and Little Big Horn Rivers, and at the mouth of the Tongue, and others are in process of construction east of the Black Hills, near Bare Butte, and on Clear Creek. These, with the older posts, make a cordon about the Big Horn country which will render concentration of Indians, in bodies large enough to do serious damage, impossible. Towns are also springing up, and settlers are pouring in rapidly. The Black Hills may be considered as permanently populated, and in the valley of the Popo-a-gie, near Camp Brown, there is a large and prosperous agricultural community, the centre of which is Lander City, with a population of several hundred souls. Here we find churches and a well-conducted school—evidences that the better class of people have obtained the ascendency and intend to keep it. This, unfortunately, can truthfully be said of few of these frontier towns and settlements.

It is one of the anomalies of our rapid Western growth, that the gambler, desperado and prostitute are the pio-

neers of civilization, and blaze the path along which trade, wealth and culture follow. Two classes of men—the one reckless and fond of adventure, the other who left their country for its good—flock to the frontier, and with them the class of women who here reap that harvest of thistles which ever follows the roses and raptures of vice. No wonder law-loving men hesitate long before venturing amongst them. Murder and highway robbery become common; things go from bad to worse, until men, for self-protection, take the law in their hands, and Judge Lynch holds court and executes his sentences in the byways. Then the body politic is somewhat improved, and matters begin to mend. But between the settlement of every community and the happy day marked by the ascendency of the better people, there always intervenes a period during which the desperado is in his glory, a terror to the timid, and a demigod to the rabble.

He runs a royal course until some one bolder than himself comes forward, by whom he is made to "take water," or shot down in his tracks, and then another monarch wears the crown, and the cry goes up, "The king is dead, long live the king!"

In this, one sees but the exaggerated phase of that trait of human character which the greatest of all novelists, in the greatest of all novels, delineates so well in George Osborne's letter, wherein he writes home from school, "There has been a fight here between Cuff and Dobbin. Cuff, you know, was cock of the school. They fought thirteen rounds, and Dobbin licked; so Cuff is now only second cock."

Human nature is much the same everywhere, whether among the schoolboys of merry England or the rabble of the American frontier; and as Cuff was discrowned because he had been licked, not because Dobbin was right, so the border desperado loses caste only with defeat.

In the Black Hills of Dakota, the principal towns are Deadwood, Crook, Custer, Rapid and Hill Cities; mining settlements whose people are industrious and law-abiding. The placer diggings have been exhausted, but many valuable quartz-mines are being worked, and stamp-mills are reducing great quantities of ore. The bullion product for 1878 has been estimated at nearly five millions.

The Black Hills gold excitement, which began with Custer's glowing reports of the evidences of treasure he had seen, culminated in 1877, when an immense population poured into the Hills. Miners from California, Nevada and Montana flocked thither to harvest the golden grain in pastures new; prospectors who had traversed the arid cactus-deserts of Arizona with a faith that wealth but waited on patience, hurried to the new El Dorado, there to grasp at last what had allured them so long. The frenzy of the gold-fever raged in every breast, and each one believed, like Abou Ben Adhem, that his turn would surely come. At the bottom of every pebbly stream credulity saw the assurance of fortune; hidden in the emerald hillside, or buried in the golden valley, lay fabulous treasure, which fortune longed to lavish on those of her train whose faith in her bounty surpassed all reason and subdued every passion save avarice. Mining towns sprang up like magic, and society soon molded itself into the type peculiar to the frontier.

Amongst the many uncouth yet honest seekers for wealth the worst elements of humanity mingled. Gentlemen with too much reputation found congenial companionship among ladies with none at all; the saloon and dance-house were the haunts of all classes; the bully shot his foe with impunity, and the gambler fleeced the miner of the fruits of his toil. Here, as elsewhere in mining communities, such things awoke not the public conscience; murder failed to shock the moral sense of the people—it only took away a friend; but when theft thrust its hand into a bag of golden dust, aroused indignation sprang from its lair, and the culprit was strung up with little ceremony and less mercy. But all that is changed, for the evil days that came to the Hills when the craze for gold was upon the multitude have passed away for ever, and an industrious, law-loving people are building happy homes, and the firm foundations of a new State among the sisterhood of the Republic.

And they deserve to succeed. The frontiersman finds in truth that the struggle of life, hard anywhere, is a terrible one here. Work is hard, danger great, and privation constant. But he is a hero in adversity, and however often the alluring smiles of fortune are wrinkled into frowns, faith in his luck never fails him.

Some of the finest scenery on the continent is found in the Black Hills, and when they shall be made accessible by rail to the outside world, many tourists will be attracted to a region so beautiful to the eye and rich in romance. The valleys of the streams are fertile, producing vegetables and small grain abundantly. The climate is pleasant, the rainfall being limited to certain seasons, making clear skies and soft sunshine the prevailing conditions. In Winter, snows, of course, are not unusual, but the weather generally is clear and cold. Fine native grasses are found both on the hills and in the valleys, and vast forests of pine, as well as of oak and other trees, furnish an abundance of firewood and timber.

Leaving the Hills and going west, one passes over the "bad lands" of the Powder River, and finds nothing attractive until he crosses that stream and begins the ascent of Clear Creek or the Piney. The distance between these is but twelve miles, and the intervening country, which I have already partly described, is beautiful.

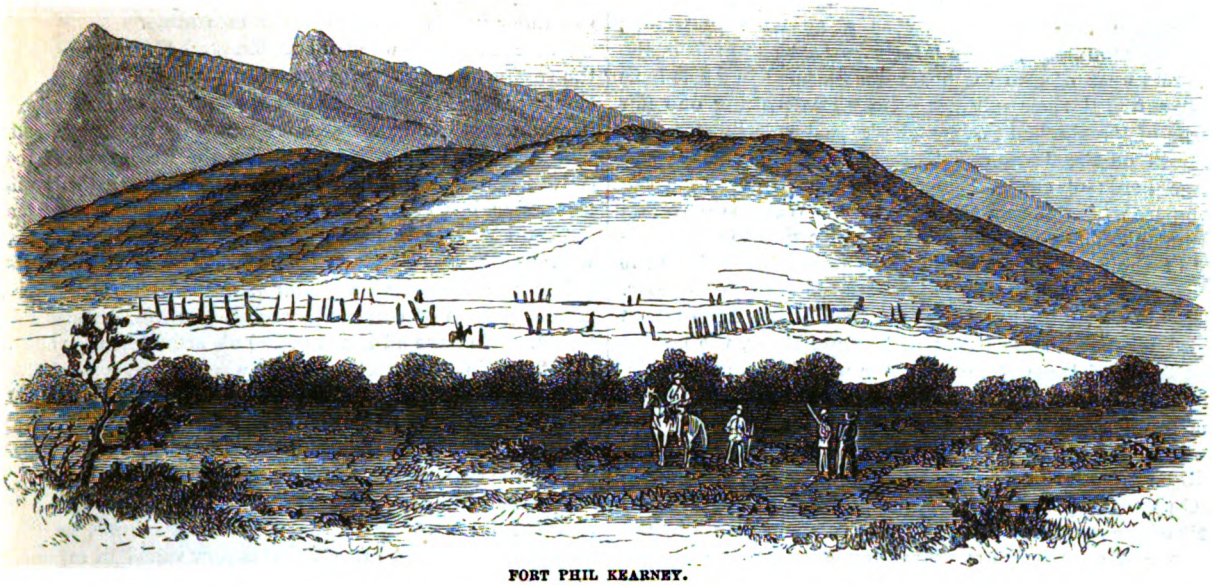
On the latter stream, about ten miles from Lake De Smet, are visible the ruins of old Fort Phil Kearney, where the crowded little cemetery revives one's memory of the terrible massacre that occurred here in 1866. Captain Fetterman and Lieutenants Drummond and Brown, with ninety-three men, were sent out from the post to relieve a party cutting wood in the mountains about five miles off. The troops were not molested by the savages until they had reached a point some four miles from the post, when they found themselves completely surrounded, the hills and ravines swarming with warriors. The battle then began, of which we know nothing save its frightful result, for not a soul escaped to tell the story. From a survey of the field the day after the fight, while the stiff, scalped and mutilated bodies were lying where they fell, and the blood-stains reddened the snow, it was apparent the struggle was brief. The battlefield covered but little ground, most of the bodies being found on the eastern side of a basin, near a large boulder called "Memorial Rock."

August 19th, 1878, "F" troop, Fifth Cavalry, under orders from General Merritt, left camp on Rock Creek and started for the Custer battlefield, one hundred and twenty miles away. We moved in light marching order, rations, blankets, etc. being carried on pack-mules. Our party embraced Captain Payne, commanding, Lieutenants Cherry and Paddock, Fifth Cavalry, Lieutenant McComb, Fourth Infantry, Governor Hoyt of Wyoming, and Mr. Daniels, a young gentleman from Ohio. Our first day's march of twenty-five miles took us over a fine rolling country, across the Piney, past the Kearney battlefield to Goose Creek, where we camped for the night near the mouth of the beautiful cañon of that stream. There are few lovelier bits of scenery than that here presented to

ON THE SCOUT.

view. The cañon is deep, its walls sharply cut, and the crystal waters go singing over the gravel, and roaring as they tumble through the boulders. The creek was well supplied with trout, which afforded fine sport to those of our party fond of fishing, and all of us a delicious supper.

The valleys of the several branches of the Goose and



FORT PHIL KEARNEY.

Tongue River are fertile, the intervening highlands very beautiful, and the luxuriance of the grass strikes one with amazement.

Riding over the uplands, we passed through miles of country covered with rich verdure, with as fine a mountain view on the left as the Blue Ridge or Nautahela afford; while to our right, the rolling plains spread out like the billows of the sea until lost in the infinite azure of the horizon. The mountain outline is cut up with cañons, out of which flow fine streams. On the declivities, green mosses, ferns, lichens, the laurel and holly grow, and the cedar, spruce, pine, fir and juniper flourish. Wild-flowers are everywhere.

THE WAGON-MASTER.

In many a little nook, formed by the hills as they break off into the valleys, are lovely patches, where modest daisies, the crocus, wild verbenas, rhododendrons and flaming poppies, growing in profusion, form pictures of blended colors exquisitely beautiful.

Wherever a wagon-wheel has cut through the sod, or a cavalry column has marched, sunflowers have sprung up, and long parallel lines of gorgeous blossoms, turning their yellow glory to their God, mark many a trail across the prairies. Down on Tongue River, where we camped on the night of the 20th, we saw tiger lilies swaying gracefully above the crystal waters, and the trailing arbutus smoke-plant and wild hop hanging in festoons and drooping fringes from the cottonwoods and silver maples.

We had a lovely spot for our camp that night. Our tents were pitched in a bed of wild verbenas; lilies nodded at their reflections in the water; a wilderness of sweetbriers steeped the air with perfume; the leaves of vines trailing up dead trees

GOLDEN PARK, WHERE GOLD WAS FIRST FOUND IN THE BLACK HILLS.

made shadowy silhouettes on the sunlit sward; the valley was full of color and odor, "as a goblet with wine"; and the mountains, whose "forms, robed or unrobed, the impress wear of awe divine," were wrapped in a soft haze that softened their outlines—the whole making one fair scene of "embodied peace and pictured calm."

Both on the Goose and Tongue we found ranches and large herds of cattle. No region I have ever seen can compare with this as a stock country. Water is pure and abundant. The streams cannot freeze, owing to the rapidity of their currents; while the shelter afforded by the hills, ravines and timber moderates the rigors of Winter. Grass cures perfectly on the stalk, and cattle keep fat on it all Winter. The current of Tongue River, the largest and finest of these streams, moves with tremendous velocity, and the water is in midsummer cold as ice. Within ten miles along its banks could be utilized water-power sufficient to grind wheat for half a continent, and set a million spindles humming.

On the 21st, we rose early, and, in the first wild freshness of the morning, left our camp, turned sharply to the right, and soon found ourselves traveling over the rolling prairie between Tongue River and Pass Creek—the dim outline of the great Big Horn valley to our left, and the Rosebud Mountains on the right. Just beyond these, on the Rosebud River, General Crook had his battle with the Sioux but eight days before the Custer massacre. At noon we halted on Pass Creek, and took lunch.

On resuming our march, we began to realize that we were leaving the Big Horn chain. The landscape wore a softer aspect, the mountains took the subdued blue hues that distance lends, the snowy crown of Cloud Peak was barely visible, the dark forests of pine were lost to recognition, and the valley expanded into broad sweeps of rich meadow-land. After a march of thirty-six miles, we reached the Little Big Horn, and pitched our tents under spreading cottonwoods. The dawn of next day again found us in the saddle, and a ride of twelve miles brought us to an elevated plateau, from which we obtained our first view of the battlefield.

Gloomy and forbidding that view was, for dark clouds hung over the valley, and the grim bluffs seemed to frown upon us as we approached. Here, indeed, stood revealed in bold relief, with its outlines of solemn hills, tangled copse and murmuring stream, that dramatic spot, whose legends, as they go sounding down the aisles of time—the theme of music, pen and brush—will commemorate for all ages the monumental tragedy of our centennial year.

We reached the river at ten o'clock, and went into camp on the ground where the Cheyenne Indians were located at the time of the massacre. Whilst we were making our preparations to explore the field, a remark from Governor Hoyt attracted our attention, and looking up, we witnessed a spectacle which, had these been the days of augurers and soothsayers, would have caused our sudden departure. A vast ring encircled the sun, the blended colors of red, purple and yellow forming a halo of unsurpassed splendor, as if the elements, lending themselves to the inspirations of the scene, had combined to associate for all time with our recollections of this spot the memory of one of nature's most superb phenomena. Riding up the bluffs, we soon found ourselves at the southern end of the battlefield. Here the remains of horses and mules, as well as intrenchments, mark the spot where Reno's fierce struggle took place. Turning northward and following the line of bluffs overlooking the river, a high point was reached from which a fine view of the valley was had, as well as of the fatal field to the northeast, where Custer and his brave comrades looked their last on the sun, and nerved themselves for that awful struggle, where hope was gone, surrender impossible, and death inevitable.

From this point we could understand the movements of the troops as they approached the villages. The column, coming from the east, was divided into three bodies: one battalion of three companies, commanded by Major Reno, was to cross the river and strike the Indians from the south; one under Captain Benteen, whose gallantry in this affair has excited so much admiration, passing the stream higher up, was to support Reno; while Custer, with five companies, was to move down the river, cross below the Indian village and join in that attack from which, instead of expected success, frightful disaster followed. We have all heard of Reno's attack in the valley, his fight in the timber, and, when fast-accumulating dangers beset him, of his wild charge across plain and river, the ascent of the bluffs, and the stubborn stand at the top of the hill. Of poor Custer, we know but little. No friendly eyes, save those closed for ever, witnessed his last battle, and only from Indian accounts and the clews afforded by a study of the field can we hope, as time passes, to understand much that is now vailed in mystery. One by one the red spots may, perchance, drop into their appropriate places, forming a dreadful mosaic, whereon, though they be not clearly revealed, shall be shadowed forth, "as if seen through a glass darkly," the awful incidents of this bloody drama.

A detailed account of the battle, were one possible, has no place here. The lips of brave men, participants in the sad work of that fair Summer's day, have told of the hopes of the morning, when first the village was seen, and the news went like wildfire down the sets of fours, till the sluggards, if any there were, felt ready for the fray—hopes that ere the night shades fell breathed themselves away with the expiring sigh of the last of three hundred. What feelings the brave fellows on the hill must have had that night in the pauses between life and death, none save themselves can ever know. They knew not what fate had overtaken their comrades, they were surrounded by thousands of merciless foes, and as they laid in the trenches under the light of white stars throbbing in purple skies, there came, borne on the breezes, mingled with the music of the waters as they lipped the sands, the wild cries of the Indians, who, in the valley below, were having a devil's dance around the scalp-pole, from which hung the bloody trophies of their greatest victory.

Standing upon the highest point of the bluffs and looking to the southwest, across the superb panorama of nature rolled out at our feet, my mind reverted to the shadowy past, and contrasted the quietude of the moment with the busy scenes of Indian life. Three hundred feet below us was a vast meadow, through which coursed the Little Big Horn, rivaling the Serpentine in its lines of grace, its waters flashing in the sunlight and washing the shores with a gentle swirl, whilst along its banks were fringes of trees whose verdure lent an indescribable charm to a landscape unsurpassed for beauty. One's thoughts went trooping back along the vanished years, and peopled the solitude with the savage denizens who chased the buffalo on hill and plain, and in barbaric warfare fought for the possession of this red man's paradise; for let it be remembered that this region was the battleground betwixt Sioux and Crow, and long they struggled for the mastery. But the red hosts, from these scenes at least, have gone for ever. The strong arm of Government has extended its hand here, and a military post at the confluence of the Big and Little Big Horn Rivers fully protects this region.

Along the base of the mountains, and through the rich valleys, the streams of population will spread; cattle will

graze on ten thousand hills; cities and towns will spring up; railroads will bind them in commercial relations with the world; smoke from happy hearthstones will float heavenward, and the highest type of American civilization will be attained here in this land of bright skies, beneath which the Angel of Peace shall have folded her soft wings, and the genius of barbaric warfare fled for ever.

The spot where General Custer fell is at the extreme northern end of the battlefield, and the bones of horses thickly strewn over the ground indicate that the animals were shot and used for breastworks. A large number of officers and men fell here, and it is surmised that they were the last who died.

The field was so extensive that eight hours were consumed in its exploration, and at seven o'clock we found ourselves grouped on Reno's Bluff, when we turned our horses' heads toward camp. As we descended the hills, the shadow of a great cloud from the east was passing over the valley, and the gloom of night was closing around us, except in the western sky, which, full of the wild pageantry of a crimson sunset, seemed as if all the blood shed on this spot was flaming there.

That night, while sitting in our tents, exchanging different impressions made upon us, we heard the reports and saw the flashes of guns fired off in the direction of the place where Custer was killed. I confess to a momentary thrill of superstition, for one could almost imagine the shadowy warriors on phantom steeds, riding along the ridges and fighting their battles over again.

The dawn of the 23d broke through a clouded sky, and about sunrise rain began to fall. After a few hours spent in the examination of points of interest, we turned our backs on this historic ground and started homeward.

The next day the storm had broken away, and our march, as we neared the mountains, was a pleasant one. The sky overhead was a vault of impenetrable blue, but from out the valleys vast volumes of vapor were ascending in ragged masses, and as the clouds lifted their dewy skirts, the sun shining through the mist, forming itself into a thousand fantastic shapes and groupings, lighted up the peaks, which were covered with the first flurries of snow; for the season had grown apace during the few days of our absence, and while the valleys were still slumbering in the voluptuous warmth of a Summer sun, Winter had laid his icy hand on the mountains.

Our course lay over the high, rolling prairie, and afforded momentary glimpses of Cloud Peak, whose snowy crest, far off beyond the irregular blue outline of the Big Horn range, gleamed in the sun like a sail or the wing of a waterfowl seen from the deck of a ship as it rolls among the billows of the sea.

As we approached the foothills, we observed the changed aspect of the landscape incident to the fall of frost; leaves had turned their colors, the sumac burned a deeper red, and a divine effulgence shed itself over the dappled dress of early Autumn; for the fair Summer was drawing to its close, and the Fall was at hand, with days full of hazy, dreamy, golden beauty, and nights whose jeweled skies flush with auroral radiance, as the cheeks of loveliness at the soft whispers of love.

Going from the Tongue to Goose Creek, we marched nearer the mountains than we had before done, and were rewarded with finer views of the rugged cañons out of which the streams debouch into the valleys. The day was perfect, the air exhilarating as champagne, and so clear and rare as to bring out all the details of color and form, the combinations of which made pictures upon which the eye feasted with delight. On the other side of us, the prairie, undulating and billowy, over which the vision was carried away off to where the land and heavens met, spread out in vast expanse, its waving grass bringing to one's mind a misty suggestion of the sea.

Nature was in her most lavish mood when this part of God's handiwork was fashioned. She presents no anti-climax here: the rugged beauty of the mountain is toned down by the softer beauty of the valley; the streams are fit to glass Diana's charms, the turf to bear her footfall, the flowers to kiss her ankles; and the winds, that go sounding amongst the cedars and pines, awaken reverberations in harmony with the magnificent monuments upon which she has set the seal of her grandeur.

Fit be it, indeed, for the land of aboriginal romance—the very classic ground of border minstrelsy. The magic of poetry need not be invoked to transfigure a landscape as fair as that whose scenes inspired the good Sir Walter to tell the story of Angle and Scot. The broom and heather-covered hills which resounded with the weird, wild notes of the bagpipe as the Blue Bonnets went over the border, were not more beautiful than the mist-wreathed heights of the Big Horn, beneath which Sioux braves underwent the ordeals of the Sun Dance; nor Highland torrents clearer than the crystal streams which for centuries have mirrored naught but the color and glory and shadow of the sky.

Our last camp was made near the mouth of the fine cañon of Goose Creek, and our tents were ranged along the margin of the stream, out of which many fine trout were taken for our supper. Our trip had been pleasant far beyond expectation, and we all felt just a little regret that this was to be our "last night out."

Next morning we were up as the "red rose of dawn" began to unfold. First the dim, uncertain, trembling light played along the horizon, growing softer and warmer by degrees; then, as the vail of mist was withdrawn, a flood of luminous primrose radiance streamed on plain and mountain, and the serene violet eyes of the morning opened gently and sweetly, as if battle and murder had never been here. As we began our march, the sky overhead was quivering with the growing light, and a sun-dog glaring at us from the unbarred gates of the east; and a small red cloud, like a cardinal's hat, floating in the rim of the heavens, announced the advent of that spectacle beautiful alike on plain and sea, the rising of the sun.

MARGARET'S PERIL.

CHAPTER I.

THE MAN WITH THE CIGAR.

"But, Victor, I know it was from a lady."

"You can't know anything of the kind, since you have not seen it."

"That is nothing. Love—or, if you choose, jealousy—is clairvoyant. Now, do tell me the truth."

And as she said this, pretty Margaret Blake reached up to his shoulders with her little white hands, so that she could look directly into his eyes.

Victor Syrle laughed one of those short, uneasy laughs natural to people when they are, in the vernacular, "cornered."

"Um! Well, I admit it," he answered, taking a tiny letter, all perfume and monogram, from his pocket. "But it's nothing to be uneasy about. Miss Regina Smithwick wishes to see me this evening."

"This evening!" gasped Margaret. "Why, there's a party there!"

"So there is. I had an invitation a week or so ago; but I wrote that I couldn't come. That, dear, was because

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you would not be there, you know. Now, here's a second note, saying that I *must* come, whether or no; for Miss Smithwick has something to say to me. It's a great bore, and all that; but I don't see how I can escape going, do you? I do wish you——"

"Ah, Victor, I scarcely know whether you are sincere in that half-expressed wish or not," said Margaret, sadly. "I am very jealous of you—pride itself will not let me hide that truth—and it does seem so hard that you can't love me openly, without being ashamed that I am poor, and that my father is a criminal."

"Nonsense! I'm not ashamed of you, child; but you see, when a fellow has an exacting father, who stints his allowance at all times, and might upon a whim cut it off altogether; and a mother with ridiculous notions about birth; and a sister with absurd ideas about relations, and so on, why, it is really necessary to be careful—in point of fact, to walk on one's tip-toes, for fear of treading hard upon some of their prejudices. All you must do is to have faith in me. Because you are a factory-girl, and because your father is in the penitentiary, will not weigh as much as a hair with me when the time comes—the prudent and proper time, you understand—for our marriage."

"But that seems so far off!" sighed Margaret.

"True enough; but we work by wit, and not by witchcraft, and what wound did ever heal but by degrees, and all the rest of it, according to Shakespeare, who knew a thing or two, Maggie, believe me; and so, patience, and shuffle the cards. It's settled that I shall see Miss Smithwick to-night."

"Please don't go, Victor."

He stared at her, and burst out laughing.

"Don't go! That is too ridiculous, and you can't be in earnest, of course. Go I must, and I hope you are not about to cry about it, for really I am so annoyed already—between debts and what not, and a hundred things you couldn't understand—that your tears will fill my cup of misery to the brim. Now, here's another letter—not a love, but a hate-letter—from a friend (nice friend he is!) in the city. Says he wants the money I lost to him at cards last week—money he promised not to bother me for at present—and adds the agreeable intelligence that if I don't pay him he will send my I. O. U.'s over to my father for redemption."

"Oh, I wish you would not play cards, Victor."

"So do I. But what else is left me? By heaven, I would *steal* the money to redeem those I. O. U.'s if I knew where it was to be had, rather than have my father learn of my gambling; for he is so whimsical that he would immediately end all further intercourse between us. Well, I can only trust to luck; and so, good-by, Margaret, and keep up a good heart, and to-morrow you shall learn what this wonderful secret of Miss Smithwick's is."

"Yes, it is better that we part here, Victor, for people already whisper about me, coupling your name—but don't look so fierce. After we are married—after," she said, with a faint, sad smile—"after we are married, if it should ever be, they may talk as they please. Ah, I wish I could go to this party with you, Victor—I shan't sleep for jealousy—but it must not be, and you may kiss me if you like, and to-morrow we shall meet in this spot again."

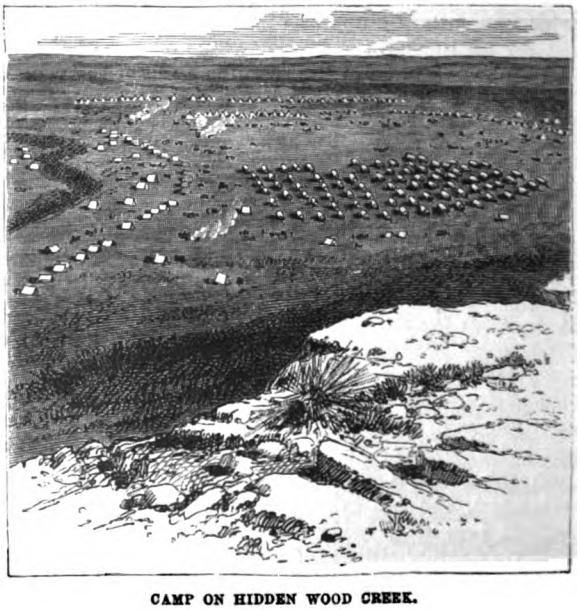
He kissed her, and then, with his careless laugh, turned away, and went whistling down the road. She looked after him for some time, and finally began walking with slow step across the field homeward.

A man, at the instant her back was turned, clambered swiftly up the bank by the side of which they had stood—a short, thick-set fellow he was, shabbily dressed, a cigar in his mouth, and a low-crowned black hat, bound round with crape, on his close-cropped bullet head.

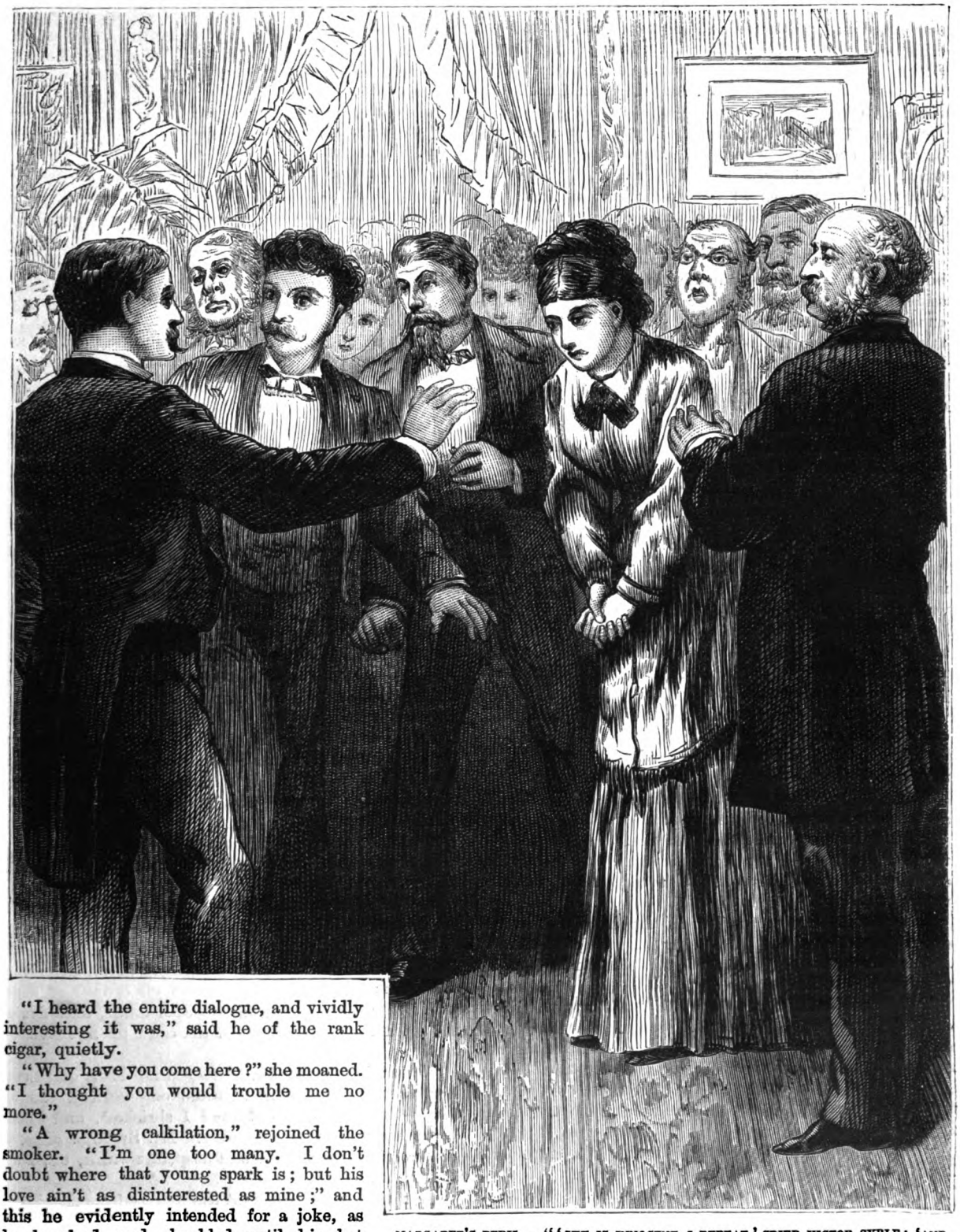
"Now, which?" he said. "It's a pretty sure thing, either way. Making love to *her!* He don't know there's somebody else loves her truly, and who won't let her be betrayed without avenging it. But she'll be out of the field if I don't hurry."

With this the stranger went swiftly toward Margaret, and reaching her, touched her arm.

She turned, and seeing him, became of a sudden white and tremulous and faint, so that she might have fallen but for the fence.



CAMP ON HIDDEN WOOD CREEK.



MARGARET'S PERIL.—"'SHE IS INNOCENT, I REPEAT,' CRIED VICTOR SYRLE; 'AND SINCE YOU WILL NOT BELIEVE IT WITHOUT PROOF, I WILL GIVE YOU PROOF. I MYSELF AM THE THIEF!'"— SEE PAGE 667.

"I heard the entire dialogue, and vividly interesting it was," said he of the rank cigar, quietly.

"Why have you come here?" she moaned. "I thought you would trouble me no more."

"A wrong calkilation," rejoined the smoker. "I'm one too many. I don't doubt where that young spark is; but his love ain't as disinterested as mine;" and this he evidently intended for a joke, as he laughed and chuckled until his hat nearly fell off.

"What do you want of me? Why do you not go away and let me be in peace? Will anything—*anything*," she cried, "induce you to leave me, and cease this persecution?"

"Deep as my affection is, one thing," he answered. "You readily guess what that is, my darling?"

"Ah, you mean money. But where should I get money?"

"I'm sure I don't know; but it is a fact, that for the moderate sum of one hundred dollars I would engage to never come within that many miles of you again. At present, owing to an unfortunate combination of circumstances, a hundred would be salvation. Halloa! I hear horse-hoofs. Who's this?"

They were standing behind the foliage at the fence, and

could look into the path on the other side without being seen; and now, gayly dressed in train and plumed cap, came a handsome lady riding by. It was Miss Regina Smithwick, who was to have the party that night, and who, notwithstanding the anticipated dancing, could not forego the usual afternoon ride.

"Phew!" whistled the smoker. "Did you see that breastpin and those earrings? First water, and a fortune! Oh, if I only had 'em! My dear, if you wasn't so scrupulous, you could get 'em for me, and I'd give you half of what they brought. Halloa! Here she comes back!"

Miss Smithwick had suddenly turned, and now she saw both Margaret and her companion, for both had stepped aside in the bushes in the interval; but the fair equestrienne seemed to take no notice of either. Margaret's pallor turned to a deep flush—of what? Shame, jealousy, or mere anger?

"Let us go from this spot, and I will talk to you finally," she said, starting away.

"With all my heart, darling girl," answered the other; "and if you'll talk about the diamonds, the money I'm after is as good as in my pocket."

CHAPTER II.

THE ROBBERY.

Parties in the country begin much earlier than they do in town. By ten o'clock Miss Smithwick's grand affair was in full blast. Victor Syrle was there—nervous, restless, uneasy, and not like himself at all. A haggard look about the eyes, sunken cheeks and feverish pulse caused more than one young lady to remark that he did not appear to his usual advantage.

At the end of the "second lancers" Miss Smithwick came to him and said:

"Now we may have that quiet confab, if you wish. A round dance next, and we shall not be interrupted."

"So glad you have come! I've been waiting with the greatest impatience. Where shall we go?"

"Into the conservatory, of course. It is cool, and there is a dim religious light diffused by a single lamp, and plenty of nice flowers—and be sure you don't fall over the pots."

The round dance began just as they reached the spot she had named, and they could hear the crash of the music, and see through the open door of the ballroom the dancers whirling round like mad people.

But it was, as Miss Smithwick had said, very cool and quiet here, and dim almost to darkness. Great banks of plants and flowers rose on every side, and the air was heavy with their sweetness.

"Now," said the young lady, sitting down on the solitary chair, "I can't give you over five minutes. Where is your watch?"

"Here it is—six o'clock—and it is likely to stay here. It won't go—run down, you see," said Victor.

"That's too bad. I must give you ten minutes, and we'll use my watch. But see, see—tut, tut!—in taking it off my neck I must take off my diamond breastpin, too; for, as you observe, Mr. Syrle, the guard-chain of the one is attached to that of the other."

She safely loosened them all, and laid them together on one of the flower-pot stands. The watch was open, and the hands pointed to twenty minutes past ten.

"Very well; but you have lost two minutes already," said Victor.

"Oh, it doesn't matter. We'll begin to count from now. I'm going to talk very plainly."

"Do so, I beg. I'm all impatience."

"Well, I know that you have taken a fancy to that little Blake girl, and it really won't do, Mr. Syrle."

"Miss Margaret Blake," he said, coldly.

"Oh, don't adopt that freezing air with me, good sir," laughed Miss Smithwick. "I mean Miss Margaret Blake, if you prefer it—the little creature who works at the factory. Now, you are curious to know why I asked you the second time to come here this evening. I intended to expostulate with you, and make you promise me that you would not continue to trifle with the poor creature's feelings."

"Trifle with her feelings!" broke out Victor. "Nothing of the kind, Miss Smithwick. I esteem—like—nay, love her, and your expostulation is ill-timed and——"

"Ill-timed will do," coolly rejoined the young lady; "and don't add meddlesome, as you intended. You are right. It might have been ill-timed had the case been as I at first thought; but this evening I found the situation exactly opposite."

"Pray, what do you mean?"

"Five minutes left us, you perceive. I mean that I now believe you really do like the girl; and I know she has another lover."

"Another lover!" exclaimed Victor.

"Most certainly. I saw them together as I was riding out this afternoon, and a very vulgar-looking gentleman he was. The girl knows nobody in Woodbury but you—that is to say, no other person of your sex—and——"

"Enough, Miss Smithwick. I believe I have been deceived; for Miss Blake must have met this man after I had left her this afternoon. She promised me to go home at once—or, at least, led me to infer that she intended to do so; and, as for acquaintance, she has always said she knew no one in Woodbury except the girls who work in the room with her, and myself. If you saw a man with her he was her lover, and I am very glad you have told me all this, for I have griefs enough, and further grief about her I put away. This night—*now*—I shall do that which will speedily——"

"Hush! What noise is that? Some one is there, behind those vases!" cried Miss Smithwick, starting to her feet, pale and frightened.

At that instant the light went out. The young lady uttered a terrified scream which reverberated through the ballroom, which was not far away. Then there was a crash among the pottery, a trampling of feet, Miss Smithwick sank down—and then came the crowd of dancers with lights, all pushing against each other, and demanding again and again to know the cause of so much commotion.

"I was here with Mr. Syrle," said Miss Smithwick, hurriedly, "and we heard some one behind the vases there—the light went out—and I shrieked, and whoever it was seems to have gone away. Mr. Syrle is gone, too, and he looked so strange and desperate—and, oh, I don't understand it at all!"

Then she looked down at the flower-stand, and immediately uttered another scream.

"My watch and my diamond breastpin! Some one has stolen them!"

"I see," said her father; "a clever robbery—but the thief cannot escape. The lodge was closed half an hour ago. The grounds shall be searched at once. Gentlemen, come with me."

The gentlemen, excited by wine and dancing, were just in the mood for an adventure, and presently hurried after their host into the grounds. For a few minutes there was silence, and the ladies were left huddled together in the

parlor, speaking in whispers and tremulously; and then came a tramping of feet, and a party of eight or ten returned, and in their midst a girl, plainly dressed, crying, white as linen, but pretty—in short, Margaret Blake.

The buzz hushed into silence, and then Mr. Smithwick spoke.

"Young woman, you have been found under very suspicious circumstances—in my garden, in fact, after the closing of the lodge—and my daughter has just been robbed of a valuable watch and breastpin. Did you take them?"

"No, sir," faltered Margarat, her face down, and the words scarcely audible.

"Then, if you please, what were you doing here?" asked the self-constituted inquisitor.

"I came to look on, and hid in the conservatory, not wishing to be seen."

"In the conservatory, eh? You admit it, then? My girl, you must be aware that your story is ridiculous. But," as if struck with a thought—"come, now, give Miss Smithwick back her watch and breastpin, and perhaps I'll not be hard upon you."

"Indeed, I did not take them, sir, and was as much surprised as herself when the light went out," said Margaret, almost fainting.

"Nonsense! This obstinacy shall be punished, as well as the dishonesty that led to it. Prepare to go with my servants, who will give you over to the magistrate."

"Stop!" said a new voice. "I have something to say first;" and Victor Syrle came from the direction of the conservatory.

There was general astonishment and curiosity, as new revelations were anticipated.

"This young lady—Miss Blake—is innocent!"

"Innocent?"

"As the child unborn," answered Victor, firmly.

But how strange he looked—pale, even his lips white, his eyes full of a sombre light, and a weird, deadly smile over all—something like a madman's.

"If Mr. Smithwick will take me to his study, I shall there give him ample proof—on my honor, on my soul!—that Miss Blake here, whom I know well, is not guilty of stealing that watch and breastpin."

There was a general murmur of dissatisfaction. This seemed to irritate Syrle, and he said:

"Do you not believe me?"

"Well, really, the young woman was almost caught in the act, you know," said Mr. Smithwick.

"Almost, perhaps; but not quite. She is innocent, I repeat; and since you will not believe it without proof, I will give you proof. *I, myself, am the thief!*"

"You!" exclaimed all.

"Yes, I," cried Syrle, savagely; "and here, Miss Smithwick, are the articles I stole."

He handed the young lady her watch and breastpin.

CHAPTER III.

IN THE STUDY.

BEFORE the company could recover from their amazement, or Victor could speak again, Mr. Smithwick had taken him apart into his own study, and locked the door.

"Mr. Syrle, are you mad?"

"Not far from it, sir, perhaps; but Margaret Blake is innocent."

"Then you really took those things belonging to my daughter?"

"I have returned them to her; but expect to be punished, as I am already disgraced. Do with me what you please," said Victor, very calmly now, but a calmness more singular than his previous agitation.

"First, I shall ask you to sit down." The young man obeyed, and the elder followed his example. "I am much puzzled here—can't comprehend all this, for the life of me."

"It is plain enough. I heard Miss Blake accused, and, though I was bad and desperate enough to steal, I was not sufficiently so to let an innocent person suffer for my crime."

"Humph! There is a mystery here. What induced you to adopt such extraordinary means to raise ready cash? for I presume you intended to turn the things into money as soon as you conveniently could."

"Necessity, which knows no law, not even that which says, 'Thou shalt not steal!'" answered Victor, gaining more control over himself as the interview proceeded.

"Necessity?"

"The word expresses everything, sir."

Mr. Smithwick rubbed his chin thoughtfully, and there was a pause, and then he said:

"Couldn't you be a little more explicit?"

"To-day nothing could have described my state of mind. The frightful agitation I suffered completely maddened me, for this I knew—to-morrow I should be ruined, disgraced, and my family involved in the disaster."

"I begin to understand. You owe some one money, and he has threatened to expose you?"

"Yes, sir, it is true."

Mr. Smithwick leaned across the table and looked at him steadily.

"Come, let us be franker still. You have been losing large sums at cards?"

Victor nodded, his eyes downcast.

"And you have given, besides certain acknowledgments of your own, certain other documents to which your father's name is signed—*not by his hand?*"

"Yes," cried Victor, "you have guessed it. Imagine the condition of my mind, then—common sense, reason itself, fear, hope—everything gone! I had been threatened with exposure. I knew the scoundrel would not spare me. What relief? Half an hour ago I saw your daughter's watch and breastpin within my reach. We were alone, and I had but to blow out the light, and in the confusion I could seize them. No one, I thought, would ever suspect me. This was the prompting of desperation, and in that moment's delirium I acted upon the thought. What fatality! A search revealed the poor girl who has been arrested. She had come to look on the dancing and mirth, and being found in her concealment, what more natural than that she should be accused of the crime committed by me? But I was not atrocious enough to let her suffer in my stead, and so, in the face of them all, I told the truth. I alone am the robber; punish me, and release her."

As he said this he rose, seemingly much relieved. A second pause followed, but Mr. Smithwick had evidently made up his mind.

"My dear boy, I'm a man of the world, and frankness like yours is so rare that I cannot help respecting it. You certainly were rash and culpable to risk, for the safety of a few days, the happiness of a lifetime; bu your manliness in saving that poor girl's character redeems everything. She is free, as a matter of course, and so are you. I should never dream of prosecuting you before the law. All that remains to be done is to trump up some plausible story by which your own reputation may be saved, as well as Miss Blake's."

"How can that be done? It is too late."

MARGARET'S PERIL.—"'NOW,' SAID THE YOUNG LADY, SITTING DOWN ON THE SOLITARY CHAIR, 'I CAN'T GIVE YOU OVER FIVE MINUTES.'"—SEE PAGE 667.

"No; I am fertile of resource, and shall think of something. But, in the meanwhile, keep your lips sealed. Your family must hear nothing."

"But those people in the parlor—gossiping even now——"

"We will return to them, arm-in-arm, and say there is a mystery between us, which cannot be revealed for two or three days. Or, how would it do to make the whole subject a practical joke? Say you had made a wager, and all that, and of course had lost by being found out."

"That is a better idea, decidedly," answered Victor.

"And as for the dangerous documents your card-playing friend holds over you, leave the business to me. You shall have the money to redeem every scrap of the vile paper to-morrow, and your family shall never even suspect. Come, let us return to the parlor."

They did so, laughing, and arm-in-arm.

Margaret Blake had gone.

CHAPTER IV.

THE TRUTH.

VICTOR left the house five minutes afterward. He seemed greatly relieved, and yet a strange pain lingered in his face still, mingled with the expression of some dark purpose which he dared not name even to himself.

He knew his road well, and went swiftly—running more than once—and always looking ahead. It was clear moonlight, and as he reached the last field upon Mr. Smithwick's farm, he saw the figure of a woman.

Then he sprang forward more quickly than before, and, though his footsteps were sharp and hard upon the stubble, she did not seem to hear them.

What was the matter with her? She appeared to be wandering aimlessly and undecidedly, and without knowing where she was. When Victor reached her, he spoke:

"Margaret Blake!"

She turned instantly, and then seeing him, shuddered as if she had seen some spectre. But he came on, and placed himself directly in front of her.

"Why did you steal those things to-night?" he demanded.

She gasped, her eyes wide with astonishment.

"I?"

"You! I knew you were the—well, I *will* say it—the thief; but I saved you by accusing myself. Wasn't it magnanimous? You wanted proof of my love—*voilà!* I ruined myself to save you!"

"Indeed, Victor Syrle, I did not touch those jewels!" said she, with all earnestness. "I was, indeed, concealed in the conservatory, and heard a little of the whispers exchanged by you and Miss Smithwick; but not all earth could induce you to believe, if you truly loved and respected me, Victor, that I know anything of the robbery."

He laughed bitterly.

"Margaret, it is better that we part for ever. I shall bid you farewell now, and from to-morrow this village shall know me no more."

"Well, be it as you wish," she answered. "I do not desire to be loved without being trusted. I am poor, I know—but not a thief, Mr. Syrle. Good-night, sir."

She left him standing there, stupefied. He sat down and covered his face with his hands, and for fully five minutes did not move. Then he said, clinching his fingers and grinding his teeth:

"What a fool I am—dolt and idiot—to be thus duped! She *has* another lover—some low scoundrel, for whom she committed that crime to-night. If I could meet him I would kill him, so help me heaven, or he should kill me! When I suggested parting, she made not the least objection—not a word—but assented at once. Oh, it is clear—clear beyond all doubt!"

He raised his eyes. There stood a man before him, short, thick-set, ugly, smoking a cigar, and smelling of liquor.

The moonlight poured over his sinister figure, clothing him, as it were, in a beautiful white gauze.

"What do you wish?" asked Victor, rising.

"You! I'm here to settle with you—the last debt before I leave this hole of a village. I saw you talking a little while ago to Maggie Blake," said the stranger, in a low, angry voice, like the growl of a bad dog.

"Her lover!" thought Victor; and the memory of the wicked vow, uttered scarcely more than a minute before, returned to him.

"Now, I've got two p'ints to arrange," the man went on. "You must answer to me for that gal's unhappiness, and for spoiling my little game."

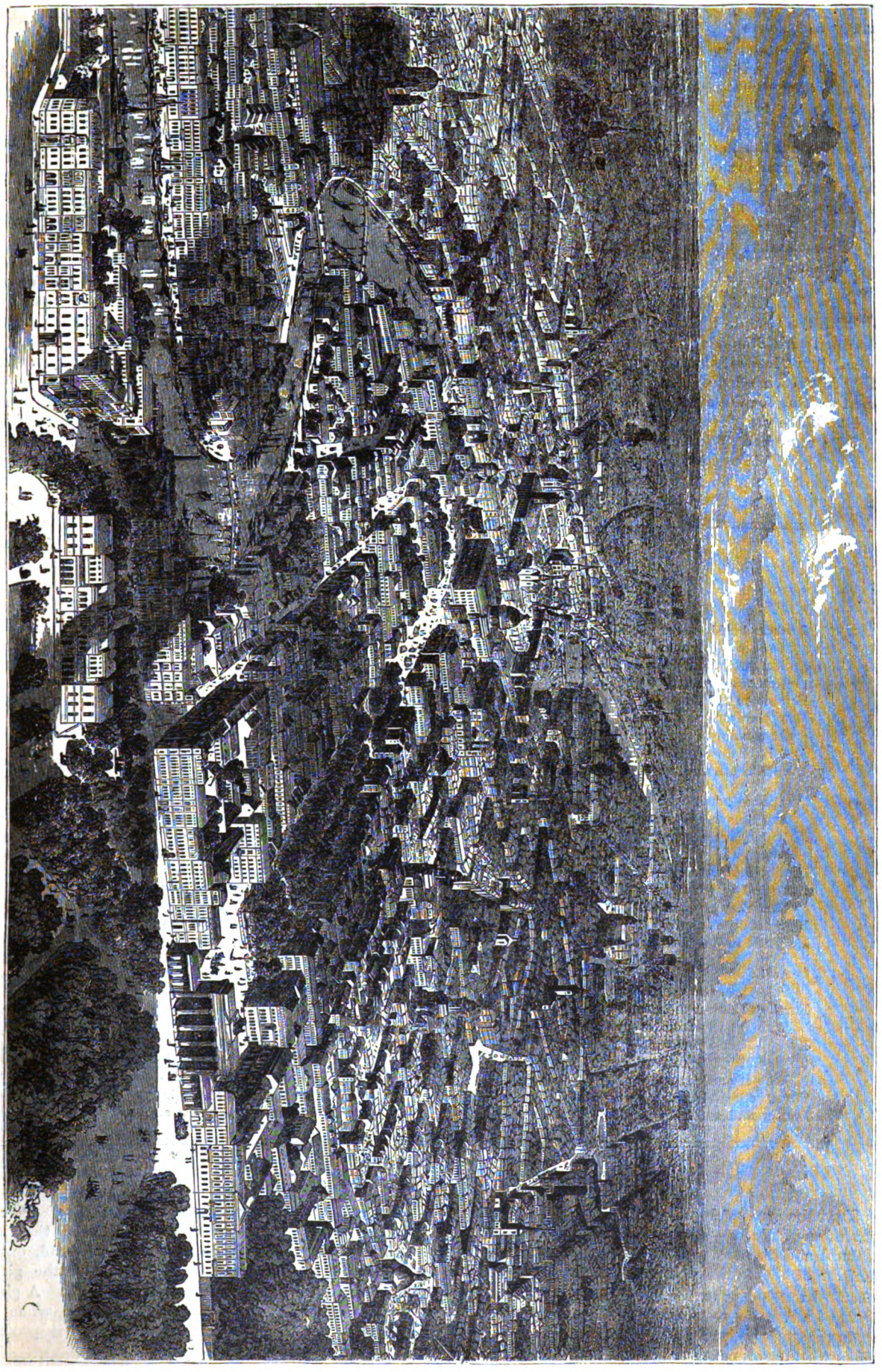
"I do not understand you."

"Well, I'll be plainer. I'm Maggie Blake's natural protector—her father. Do you see?"

"What! her father! It is not true! He is——"

"He was in

THE STONELESS GRAVE.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 674.



BERLIN AND THE BERLINESE.—GENERAL VIEW OF BERLIN.—SEE PAGE 675.

the I.—— Penitentiary; but he escaped, and is here now, ready to balance accounts. But there's another item—the breastpin and ticker."

Victor drew a long breath, and stepped back.

"So, then, you were also concealed in Miss Smithwick's conservatory to-night?" he exclaimed.

"I was. I secretly followed Maggie there. It was I who blew out the light and grabbed the jewelry; but you, curse you, made me drop 'em again in the darkness; and now I'm going to get even with you for it!"

Victor saw all now. Margaret innocent—and how cruelly he had wronged her!

The scoundrel before him tossed away his cigar, and advanced.

"Stand back, or you'll be sorry!"

"We shall see," said the escaped robber.

With the bound of a tiger, he sprang upon Victor, and fastened his iron fingers at the young man's throat. Their limbs locked, and they paused, staring with deadly fury into each other's face. Then a fierce tussle began, each striving for the mastery.

But Blake was the more skillful at wrestling, and, by a sudden movement, overthrew his antagonist, falling upon him with all his weight. Liquor and the excitement of the contest seemed to have wrought the man up to a fury that forgot everything but a frightful vengeance. He drew a long, two-edged knife, and Victor felt that his hour had come.

But this was not to be. In the noise of the battle neither had heard the approach of strangers; but now a sharp, decided voice rang out:

"Pull them apart, or they will tear each other to pieces!"

Blake rose quickly, and started to run; but he was seized, and a revolver placed at his head.

"Move, Bill Blake—stir but a finger—and it's all up with you!"

Blake evidently knew his man, and accepted the situation quietly. He laughed.

"Why, sheriff, is it you?"

"Yes. You've given me a long chase; but I've caught up with you at last. On with the gloves!" and by this the sheriff, who was a sort of humorist, meant a pair of handcuffs, which he now produced.

Blake was taken back to the Penitentiary, and soon Victor and Margaret met again.

The true story of the robbery was not long a secret. Mr. Smithwick was not the man to be much discomposed over the strange deception Victor had practiced upon him; but he viewed it rather as a romantic joke; and, when Victor and Margaret were married, no one except themselves was so well satisfied at the *dénouement* as he.

THE STONELESS GRAVE.

By Ernest Trevor.

I stood beside a nameless grave,
  Amid a churchyard's gloom,
And mused what poor world-wearied slave
  Was resting in that tomb.
Perchance his feet had often trod
With thoughtless step that very sod,
  At morning's opening bloom,
And little deeming he one day
Would 'neath that quiet sod decay.

Perchance some bard beneath thee sleeps!
  Are thus his dreams repaid?
No tributary marble keeps
  Guard where his dust is laid!
His thoughts which breathed, and words which burned,
His mind which time and limit spurned,
  Rest they beneath this shade?
Vain thought! the poet's glowing mind
He gives a dower to humankind.

Some hunted patriot here may rest.
  Safe from the tyrant's blow;
For he is now a monarch's guest
  Who guards from every foe.
No wanderer ever came, O Death!
Thy gentle wing to rest beneath,
  Who felt another woe.
Thy greeting bids at once depart
Sorrow and suffering from the heart.

Some banished exile here may find
  At last a quiet home;
His hungry heart, his yearning mind
  Destined no more to roam.
No brooding care to gloom his day,
No night in which his soul might stray
  Far o'er the ocean's foam,
When, rapt in some delicious dream,
He stands beside his village stream.

A sadder man than all may rest
  In this his welcome bed:
A man who felt for every breast—
  One who in silence bled;
Who could not heal the grief he saw;
To whom sweet love alone was law,
  Not what the cold world said;
Until he only saw the rod,
And not the gracious face of God.

A Christian here may wait awhile
  The coming of his Lord;
His dying bed lit with His smile,
  And solaced by His word.
He needs no stone to mark the tomb;
Around there breathes the flowers' perfume
  His virtues to record—
For gentle Nature ever keeps
Vigil where pious merit sleeps.

A MECHANICAL WATCH-DOG.

That the greatest ingenuity should be displayed in the invention of machinery to economize manual labor is at once natural and creditable, but we did not anticipate that the builder of the future would be called upon to fit a mechanical watch-dog to the street-door so as to guard the house he may be required to construct. Most persons are aware that, by introducing a flame of gas into an open tube, whether of metal or glass, the tube will sound—in fact, we might easily produce singing flames. There are silent speaking-tubes—that is to say, tubes that, under ordinary circumstances, do not utter a sound, but if a door be opened, a draught is created, then the glass vibrates, and the most startling noises result. A glass of this description has been contrived in which, when a jet of gas burns, the sound of a dog barking is produced, should the street-door be opened.

BERLIN AND THE BERLINESE.

THE CITY OF THE NEW EMPIRE.

ENTHUSIASTIC Berlinese speak of their city as the "City of Intelligence," the "Athens of the Spree," while the cynical Austrians vaunt the superior beauties of Vienna, and contemptuously term the capital of Prussia the "Sandbox of Germany." That splenetic wit, Heinrich Heine, calls Prussia the "Tartuffe among nations." Certainly the "*Schœnen blauen Donau*" is a more beautiful river than the sluggish Spree, but the Prater of Vienna cannot claim superiority over the Unter den Linden of Berlin.

When Berlin was a small town, Vienna was already an old and famous city. The Emperors of the Holy Roman Empire gave a glamour of romance to the Austrian capital, with which the insignificant margraves of Brandenburg utterly failed to invest Berlin. But, while Vienna has for years been standing still, Berlin has been advancing. The Holy Roman Empire is no more, but the Empire of Germany has arisen, and Vienna is not its capital.

I visited this city some years ago, and could not fail to notice, above all else, its cleanliness. This, to a New Yorker, was a remarkable sight. We are so used to dirty streets and filthy sidewalks in this metropolis of the New World, that we have almost come to consider mud an indispensable adjunct to any city. But Berlin is clean.

I arrived at the railway station at half-past five A. M., after a night of travel, having left Hamburg at eleven P.M. My first experience was to have a little brass check bearing a number placed in my hand by the guard. This was the number of the cab which I could have at my disposal. Outside the station was a long line of cabs, each cab having the driver seated on his box. No hurry-scurry, no bustle, no confusion. I handed my check to an attendant. He looked at it, and in a loud tone called out the number. Instantly a cab left the line and drove up to the door, the driver, after politely saluting me, asking me whither I wished to be taken.

Certainly, this was a pleasant introduction to the home of the Kaiser Wilhelm, and my sojourn in Berlin was as pleasant as this beginning.

When a stranger visits Berlin for the first time, of course the first objective point is that famous avenue, Unter den Linden. Even the name itself is attractive, pretty and euphonious. The Berlinese compare this street with the Champs Elysées and Boulevards of Paris, the Corso of Milan, and the Prado of Madrid. It leads from the Brandenburg Gate to the centre of the city, a distance of about three-quarters of a mile. It is a double avenue of lime-trees, mingled with chestnuts and maples, which form a shady walk in the centre, while on either side runs a carriage-road. The Brandenburg Gate, which limits its western extent, was built in 1779–82, and is an imitation of the Propylæum at Athens, only on a larger scale, being some sixty feet high and two hundred feet wide. It is surmounted by a colossal chariot of Victory, harnessed to four prancing steeds. This chariot was carried to Paris as a trophy by Napoleon I., but it was recovered by the Prussians after Waterloo, and the goddess received, after her return, the eagle and iron cross which she now bears. This gate cost $395,000.

The walk down the avenue Unter den Linden is one of the finest in Berlin, and on pleasant afternoons everybody who pretends to be anybody may be seen there. It is as fashionable a place for equestrians as Rotten Row is in London, and carriage-riders and pedestrians enjoy the beautiful avenue.

We cross, on our journey along the avenue, that long, wide and straight street, Friedrich Strasse, extending for over two miles from the Oranienburg Gate, on the north, to La Belle Alliance Platz, on the south. Soon we come to the Academy of Fine Arts, on the left—that is, the north—side of the avenue. This was placed by Frederick the Great over the royal stables. Some wag suggested that an appropriate inscription for the entrance would be, "*Musis et Mulis.*" An exhibition is held here between September and December. The National Gallery of Painting is in this academy; it contains chiefly works by artists of the Munich and Dusseldorf schools. Here also is the clock which regulates the time for Berlin. The Academy of Sciences, founded by the Electress Sophia, also holds its meetings in this building. During the reign of Frederick William I., the King proposed as a subject for discussion, "Why champagne foamed?" and the witty academicians replied that they needed the requisite material to experiment with; but the parsimonious King sent them only a dozen bottles.

Immediately adjoining the academy is the university. The building itself was formerly the palace of Prince Henry, brother of Frederick the Great. Fichte was the one to whom is due the establishment of the university. He advocated, in impassioned speeches, the regeneration of the fatherland by means of education. In 1809 the Government founded and endowed the Berlin University. It was at first intended to be located at Potsdam, but Von Humboldt, Müller, the historian, and Wolff, formerly a professor at Halle, prevailed on the King to establish it in the city itself. The building had been erected in 1754, from the designs of Knobelsdorf, and had remained unoccupied after the death of the former possessor.

The new university rapidly gained celebrity, and very quickly caught up with and surpassed many of the older German universities, at present being only exceeded in the number of students by that of Leipzig.

Next to the university is the Guard House, or König's Wache, designed in severely classical style by Scheubel. The Guard House is flanked by Rauch's statues of Bülow von Dennowitz and Scharnhorst, the Hanoverians who organized the Prussian army under Frederick William III. Cannon captured from the French adorn the grounds, and in front of the building, at eleven o'clock daily, the guard is paraded and the band of the regiment on duty plays for the edification of the listeners. And the music of a Prussian military band is worth listening to, which is more than can be said of some of our military bands.

Still further eastward, and on the same side of the avenue, is the Zeughaus, or Arsenal, which is a magnificent building. Berlin art connoisseurs pronounce it a *chef d'œuvre*, and the handsomest edifice in the city. Be this so or not, it is certainly a striking structure. The original design was made by a Dutch architect named Nerung, but was somewhat modified by the one who completed it—De Bodt. The principal entrance is flanked by four allegorical figures by Hulot, and above the entrance is a gilt bronze medallion of Frederick I., by the same sculptor, with a Latin inscription telling us that "Frederick, the terror of his enemies and protector of his subjects and allies, built the present armory and stored it with ammunition, war trophies and booty of all kinds, in the year 1706." Ornamenting the exterior portions of the building are groups sculptured by Schlüter, representing in various

allegorical forms the glories of war; while inside are twenty-one bas-reliefs, or masks, as they are called, consisting of the heads of dying warriors, youthful and aged, in the various phases of agony, convulsion, faintness and death, aptly depicting the horrors of strife, and affording the antidote to the "glory" groups outside.

In addition to the arms, ammunition, etc., which the arsenal contains, it has a complete military museum. The guns and cannon of all ages, including the two leathern cannon used by Gustavus Adolphus, the "Lion of the North," in the Thirty Years' War, may be seen; and, among others, a very curious twelve-pounder, founded at Freiberg in 1546, bearing on it the head of the Pope vomiting forth toads and serpents. The famous bronze lion, which the Prussians carried off from the cemetery of Plensburg after the capture of Schleswig-Holstein, is also here. But the most important collection to the modern Berliner is that of the trophies gained from France in the late war. French flags, swords, keys of captured fortresses, chandeliers which once decorated the *salle* of the Metz Cercle des Officiers, and many miscellaneous objects, attest that bloody war.

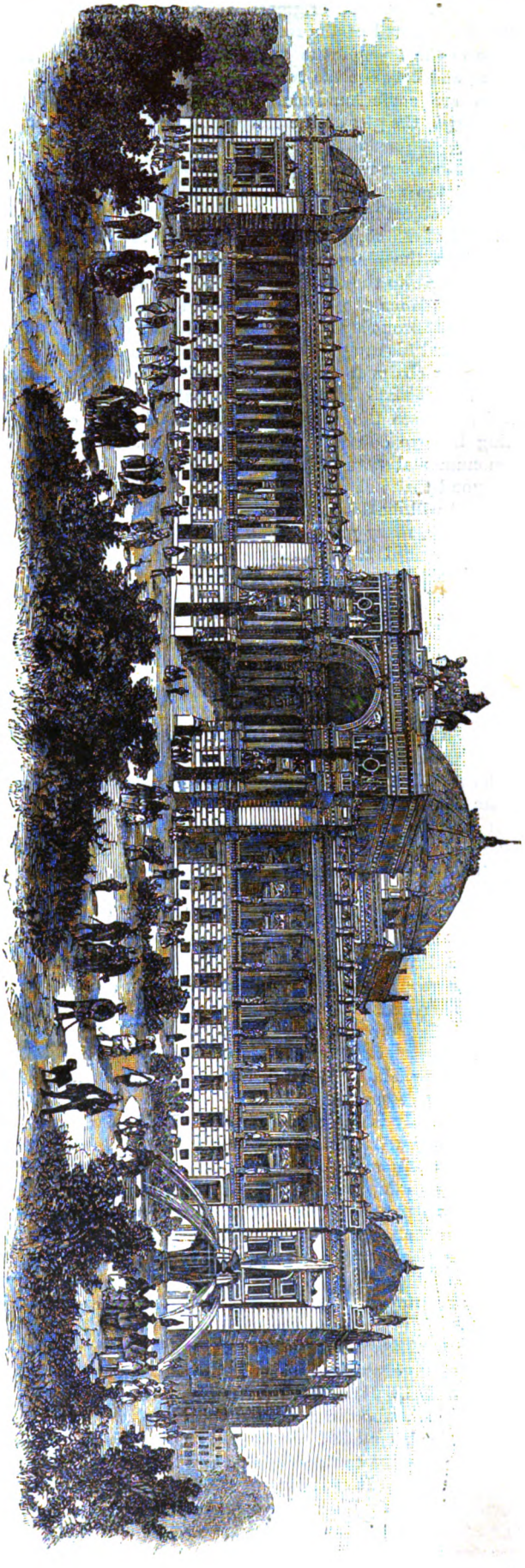
THE RATHHAUS (TOWN-HALL) OF BERLIN.

This building is the last on the northern side of the avenue. On the other side, about opposite the university, is the King's Palace. In comparison with some other royal residences, this is a modest and unassuming building. It was occupied by King William when heir-apparent to the Prussian throne; and though he is now the Emperor of Germany, it is still sufficient for his modest needs. The grand Schloss is only used on state occasions, but the King's Palace is the Emperor's home. Whenever his Majesty is absent from Berlin, the visitor may gain admission to the palace and inspect it to his heart's content. One of the inevitable accompaniments of high rank is the utter lack of that domesticity and privacy which we in this country prize so highly. In this regard, the humblest American citizen is more the master of his own house than is the great King of Prussia and Emperor of Germany.

The vestibule of this palace leads into a small but handsome saloon, in which the adjutant, in his usual spiked helmet, is on duty. The walls of this saloon are decorated with paintings illustrative of the military history of Brandenburg and Prussia; and noticeable among these are the famous sledge-journey of the Great Elector and his troops in midwinter along the shores of the Hass, which resulted in the routing and retreat of the Swedes from Prussia. Other paintings show many of the principal events in the reign of Frederick the Great, and others depict scenes in the Revolution of 1848. There are also in this saloon, ranged on shelves, models of Prussian steel artillery, and statuettes of German, French, Russian and Austrian soldiers, and the window recesses are ornamented with busts of the Electors of Brandenburg and the Kings of Prussia. In this saloon the Emperor grants audiences to his ministers, generals and councilors, as well as to humbler individuals.

Next we visit the "color-room," connected with the saloon by a short passage. Here the members of the diplomatic corps are received. Here, also, are paintings

THE WHITE SALOON IN THE CASTLE DURING A ROYAL WEDDING RECEPTION.



ROYAL CASTLE, BERLIN.

THE ROYAL HUNT IN THE GRUNEWALD, NEAR BERLIN.

by Berlin artists, both originals and copies from the masters. At one end of the room is a sort of pyramid used to receive the flags of the guard regiments quartered in Berlin; and between the two windows looking out on the Linden are some handsome porcelain vases filled with Easter eggs, the gift of the Emperor's nephew, the Czar of Russia.

From the color-room we go to the "Blue Report-room," in which the ministerial council assembles. The most prominent object in this room is a large relief-plan of the battlefield of Königgratz, extending from the heights of Dub, where the King mounted his horse and where the first shots fell, to the fortification of the town. It shows at a single glance the entire space, and the on-looker is enabled to thoroughly realize the movements executed by the King and his army on that eventful day. Round the table are six chairs for the members of the council; and the Emperor's seat is higher than the rest, and so arranged that he can see the Königgratz battlefield plan, or, by casting his eye out of the window, can rest his gaze on the monumental statue of Frederick the Great—or, looking beyond that, behold the arsenal in all its glory. This apartment will be long famous, from the fact that here the Emperor, many years before, when he was Prince Regent, pronounced before the ministry there, for the first time assembled under his authority, that memorable speech which gave the keynote to the Prussian monarchy; and at this table, in the years 1866 and 1870, he signed the orders for the mobilizing of the Prussian army, which resulted, in the one case, in the humiliation of the Austrian Empire at Sadowa, and in the other, in the demolition of the French Empire at Sedan. The walls are filled with maps, plans, books and paintings, one of the latter representing the ancestral fortress of the Hohenzollerns at Hechingen before its restoration.

From this room a door leads to the Emperor's study, which contains many of the presents received from time to time, and his most used books and plans. Full-length portraits of the Empress, and the Czar of Russia, hang on the walls, and on a shelf are ranged miniatures and photographs of his children and grandchildren. At one end stands a bronze statue of the gallant sergeant-major who planted the Prussian standard in the Düppel redoubt; and around the room are marble busts of Frederick the Great, Frederick William III., the Emperor's sister, the Czarina Alexandra Feodorowna, and the Princess Charlotte of Prussia. There are also statuettes of the Czars Nicholas and Alexander II., in Cossack and Hussar uniforms, in the window recesses.

Near the study is the palace library. It is a dark, narrow apartment, with an iron staircase at one end, leading to the Empress's suite of rooms. The library contains, principally, military works, and plans and maps of many different countries and cities. It also contains the Emperor's manuscripts, and several portfolios of engravings, lithographs, photographs and caricatures, among the latter being several hundred of Napoleon III. These portfolios also contain drawings of the uniforms of all the European armies.

Close to the King's Palace is the Royal Library, which contrasts strangely with the beautiful buildings by which it is surrounded. It is said to have been a whim of Frederick the Great, who directed his architect to take a chest of drawers for his model. But, however unattractive the outside may be, the contents of this building are interesting and valuable. It contains about 500,000 volumes and nearly 5,000 MSS. Wednesdays and Saturdays are the days on which it is shown to strangers. Among its curiosities are: Luther's Hebrew Bible, the copy from which he made his translation, with the marginal notes in his own writing; the MS. of Luther's translation of the Psalms, with his corrections in red ink; the Bible and Prayerbook which King Charles I. of England carried to the scaffold, and gave, before his death, to Bishop Juxon; Guttenberg's Bible of forty-two lines to the page, printed on parchment, date 1450–55, being the first printed book on which movable types were used; a consular diptych of ivory, one of the earliest known; the Codex Wittekindii, a manuscript of the four Gospels, given, it is said, by Charlemagne to Duke Wittekind of Saxony (this codex is of the ninth or tenth century); several ivories (diptychs) of the earliest Christian times, and also of Roman work; an album containing miniature portraits by Luke Cranach, of Luther, Melanchthon, the Elector John Frederick of Saxony, and others; thirty-six volumes of engraved portraits of distinguished men of various times and countries, accompanied by autographs in alphabetical order; and many others. The two hemispheres of metal, known as the Magdeburg hemispheres, with which Otto Guericke made the experiments which led him to the discovery of the air-pump, are also preserved in this building. There is a reading-room, open daily, which contains the principal journals and newspapers of Europe.

The next building to the Royal Library is the Opera House. This is a building of great splendor. It was originally erected by Baron Von Knobelsdorf, under the especial directions of Frederick the Great, who supervised the work during the turmoil of the Silesian campaign. It was modeled after the Pantheon at Rome, and on its front was the inscription, "Fredericus Rex Apollini et Musis." The house was opened December 7th, 1742, five months after the signing of the Treaty of Berlin, with Graun's opera, "Cæsar and Cleopatra." But it was occasionally devoted to other things than music. From its stage the victories of Frederick II. were announced, and the birth of Frederick William II. was told to the people in this place. Here was celebrated the splendid festival instituted in honor of Queen Louisa by Prince Ferdinand and Prince Augustus; here the Russians were welcomed as the deliverers of Berlin, and the victories of the allies were read out to the audience; and here, also, a brilliant *fête* was held, after the ceremony of homage, on the accession of Frederick William IV. in 1840.

This famous house was burned down on the 19th of August, 1843, but within fourteen months a new building sprang, Phœnix-like, from its ashes, and on the opening night Meyerbeer's "Camp in Silesia" was given.

The principal façade of the new house is decorated with a Corinthian portico, surmounted by the statues of Apollo, Euterpe and Terpsichore. The interior, while not as magnificent in marble, bronze and tapestry as that of the former house, is brighter and gayer in color.

The best singers of Europe have appeared before the public in this house, and here that celebrated rivalry between Frau Lucca and Fräulein Mallinger was enacted, which culminated in the first visit of the fair but willful Pauline to this country. She was the idol of the Berlinese, and for a long time filled the *rôle* of *prima donna*. But, like all other great singers, she was capricious, and, with her head full of whims, often indulged in that convenient malady, a sore throat. At last the public grew tired, and one night hissed her.

It was in February, 1872, that the rivalry between Lucca and Mallinger came to a crisis. The two ladies were to appear conjointly in Mozart's "Nozze di Figaro." Each had her partisans, and each had made great success in Gounod's *Marguerite*, which occasioned the rivalry. On the eventful evening, cheers and counter-cheers, hisses

and counter-hisses were given with persistence and fierceness. Lucca boldly stepped to the front, and gave the public a sound lecture for this rudeness, but Mallinger sank into a chair and shed tears copiously.

This quieted the audience for a time, but after the performance was concluded, a dispute arose in the street concerning the two ladies, with such ardor that the police were directed to clear the streets.

Lucca, however, appeared to be triumphant, for she obtained a life engagement at 8,000 thalers a year and a four months' annual leave of absence. But her next exploit was to organize a series of fainting-fits on the stage. At last, tired of her caprices, the Berlin papers expressed their disapprobation so strongly that the great singer threw her contract overboard, and left Berlin for New York. For a time she was greatly missed, but when our American girl, Minnie Hauk, was engaged, she completely filled Lucca's vacant place in the hearts of the Berlinese.

In this house the best operas are given in a magnificent manner. Wagner is the great favorite, and representations of his works far outnumber those of all other composers. Novelties are always quickly produced, and Verdi's "Aïda" was heard in Berlin before either Paris or London had heard it.

The best and most cultured people attend the opera, and it is, perhaps, on a securer basis in Berlin than anywhere else. The Opera House receives annually a large subvention from the Government.

Next to the Opera House, and opposite the Arsenal, is the palace of the Crown Prince, Frederick William. Previous to its occupation by its present tenants, for whom it was fitted up in 1857, it had been the residence of King Frederick William III., in which he lived and died, and one hundred years earlier, Frederick the Great, when Crown Prince, occupied it. The palace is entered by a noble portico, rising above the first-floor windows, and contains pictures, statuettes, vases and the other usual concomitants of princely homes.

In front of the King's Palace is Rauch's admirable monument to Frederick the Great. This is a colossal equestrian statue of Frederick, "in his habit as he lived." It was erected in 1851, and is cast in bronze. The statue itself is seventeen feet three inches high, and stands on a granite pedestal twenty-five feet high, presenting on each face bronze groups of the great military commanders of the Seven Years' War, on foot and on horseback, all life-size, and all portraits in high relief. The most prominent of these statues are those of the Duke of Brunswick, Prince Heinrich of Prussia, General Seydlitz and General Ziethen. Among the other portrait statues around this pedestal are those of Count Frick von Fruchenstein, Frederick's Minister of Foreign Affairs; Von Schlabern-dorf, Minister of Finance; Count von Carmer, State Chancellor; Graun, the composer; Lessing, the *litterateur;* and Kant, the philosopher. In all, there are thirty-one of these portrait-statues, all life-size.

Beneath the figures are two tablets, inscribed with the names of eighty distinguished soldiers of the time of the King, whose portraits could not be given. On the third side are the names of sixteen statesmen, artists and men of science of the epoch. The fourth side, which is the front, bears the following inscription:

"To Frederick the Great, Frederick William III., 1850; completed by Frederick William IV., 1851."

On the upper portion of the pedestal are four seated female figures, one at each corner, representing the cardinal virtues, Prudence, Justice, Fortitude and Temperance. Between them, on the four sides of the upper portion, are bas-reliefs emblematic of different periods of the monarch's life, including his birth, education, and his civil and military career before he became King. In one a nurse is teaching him history, pointing out to him the names of the commanders he most admired—Alexander, Cæsar and Gustavus Adolphus. In another, Minerva is giving him a sword; and another represents him after the battle of Kolin, seated on a waterpipe, drawing a plan on the ground with his cane. Other tablets depict various phases of his character, his flute-playing not being forgotten, and the last contains his apotheosis.

The statue itself, perched on a horse, is copied strictly after the relics preserved of the great King. The queue, the three-cornered hat, the stick carried by a band from the right wrist, and the pistol-holsters, are all there.

This monument illustrates an important chapter in the history of Prussia, and the sculptor has made a noble work, reconciling historic truth with ideal beauty, and successfully overcoming the difficulty presented by an undignified style of costume.

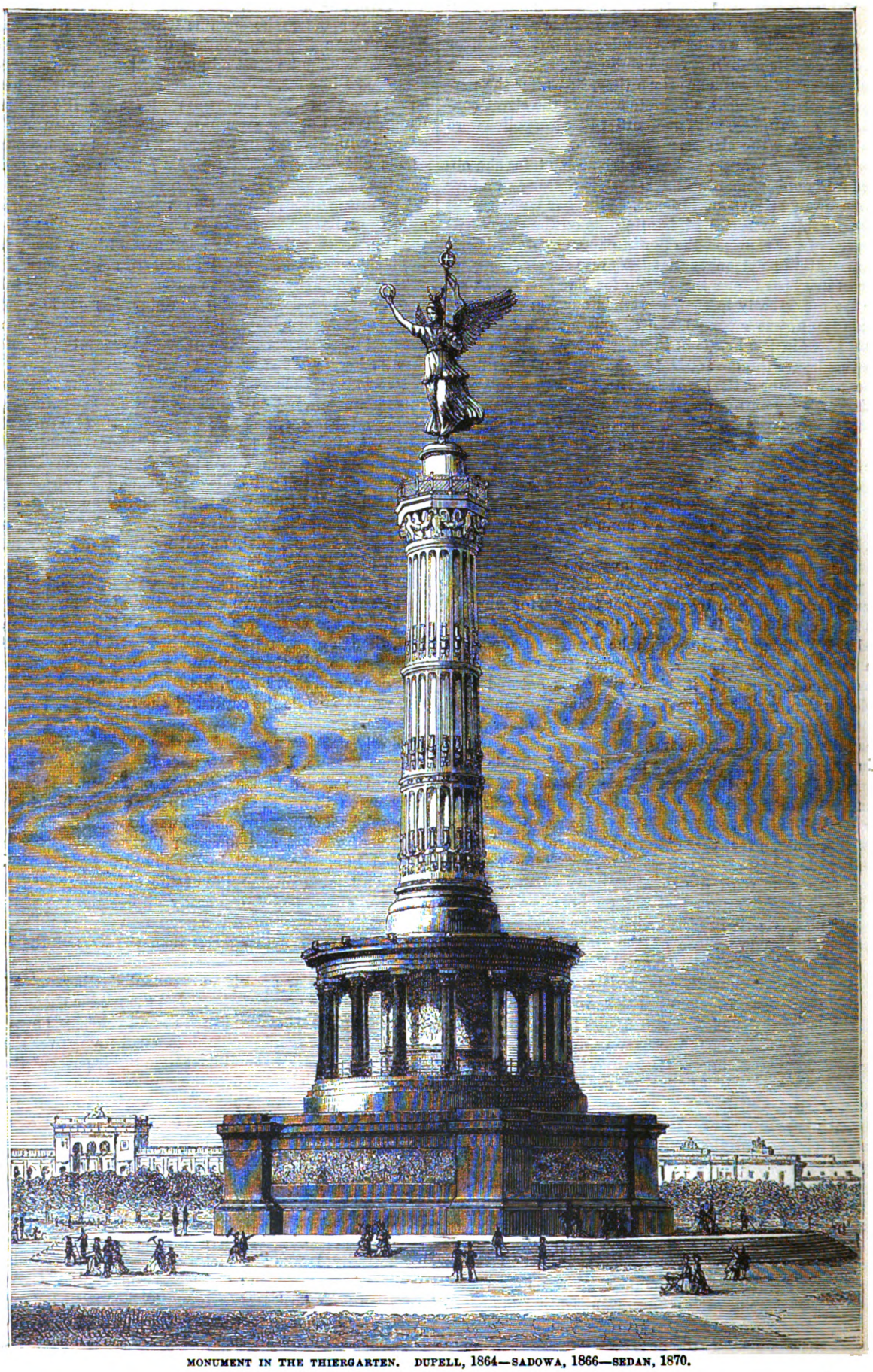
I have been thus particular in detailing the features of this monument, not only because it is probably the grandest in all Europe, but also because I stood many hours before it, studying its minutiæ, and endeavoring to identify the portrait-statues. As I gazed on them, my thoughts went back to the old college days, and I ransacked my brain to recall to memory those stirring events in which the great King took so active a part. Day after day found me before the pedestal, and it was with difficulty that I could leave it.

It impressed me vividly, and I am sure it will also impress any who will devote to it a little time and thought. Frederick the Great was the greatest King Prussia ever had, though even he had probably never a thought that a successor to his throne would be crowned Emperor of Germany, and that Berlin, his Berlin, the capital of Prussia, would also be the capital of the new-created German Empire.

Slowly walking up and down the shady pathway on the famous avenue, I daily saw pass by, on one side or the other, the wealth and aristocracy of Berlin. It was not uncommon to see the aged Emperor out in his carriage, being driven slowly by, and it was touching to mark the degree of respect and affection that was everywhere accorded him. I was not in Berlin at the time of the dastardly attempts on the life of the old Kaiser by Hoedel and Nobeling, but I can easily appreciate the vengeful feeling that at once filled the people—a feeling that would be satisfied with nothing less than the lives of these two miscreants.

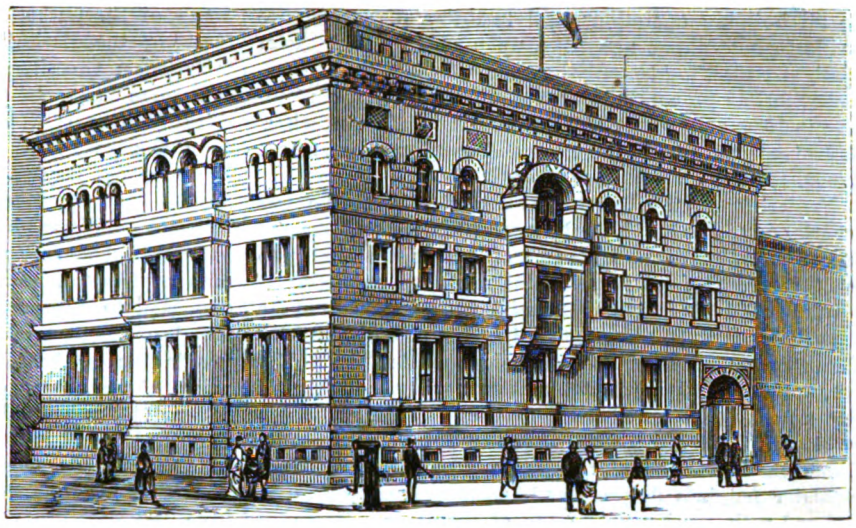
This particular spot is an excellent starting-point from which to ramble over Berlin. Let the reader therefore do in imagination what I did in fact, and if he finds my company interesting and profitable, we will tramp over the old Kaiserstadt, until we shall have thoroughly covered it. Let us first cross the bridge over the southern arm of the River Spree, known as the Schloss-Brücke. This will take us to the smaller of the two islands on which the old city was built. But in crossing the bridge we must stop to admire the eight groups of marble statues which adorn it. These are "Minerva," by Schievelheine; "Minerva Arming a Warrior," by Möller; "Minerva Exciting to Combat," by A. Wolff; "Minerva Protecting a Combatant," by Bläser; "Victory," by E. Wolff; "Victory Crowning the Victor," by Drake; "Victory Supporting a Wounded Warrior," by Weihman; and "Iris Conveying to Olympus a Fallen Warrior," by Vredow. These groups stand on high pedestals over the piers of the bridge and on each side.

After we have crossed this bridge, we find ourselves in a

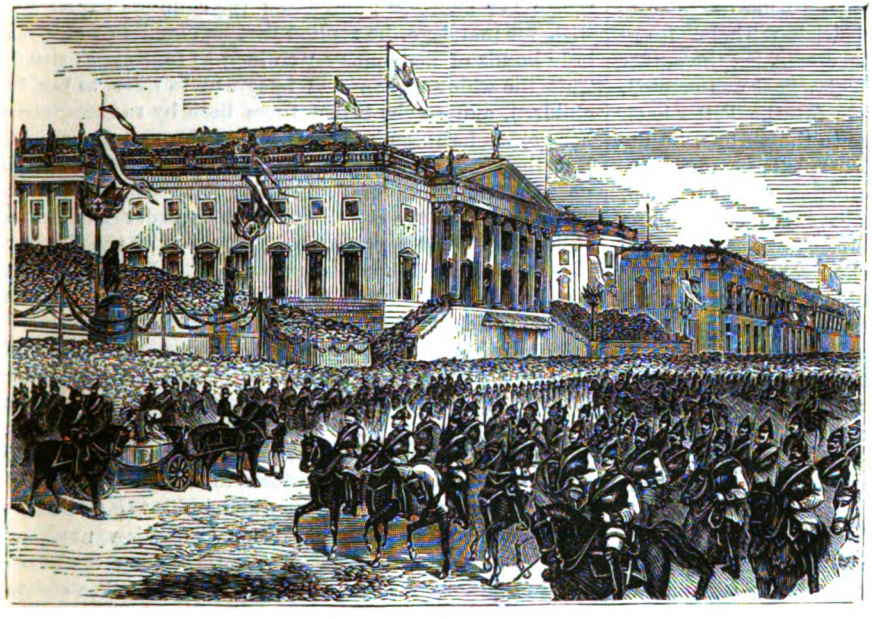


MONUMENT IN THE THIERGARTEN. DUPELL, 1864—SADOWA, 1866—SEDAN, 1870.

large open court. On our right hand is the Schloss, as it is simply termed, but which brings forward memories of the earliest days of the city. It dates far back to the time of the Margraves of Brandenburg, when Friedrich Ironteeth, the son and successor of the first Kurfürst, profited by a quarrel among the citizens to deprive the city of many of its ancient liberties; and in order to render its subjection complete, began, in 1442, to build a castle, with strong walls and high towers, on the banks of the Spree. The city at that early date was entirely confined to the small island on which this castle and some other of the public buildings now stand.



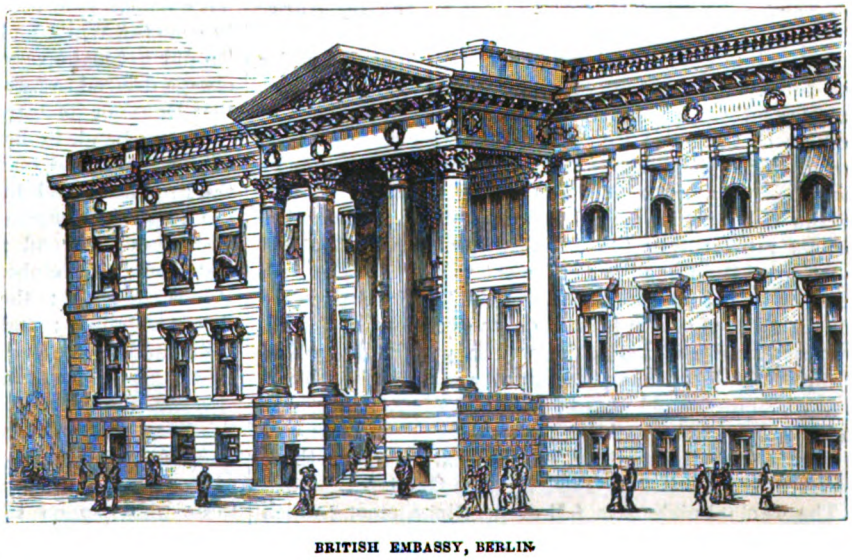
TURKISH EMBASSY, BERLIN.



THE OPERA PLACE DURING A REVIEW.

How long this little island was occupied by people as a residence is not certainly known, but records show that it was so occupied at the beginning of the twelfth century. Here old Friedrich Ironteeth built his castle. He made it very strong and massive, and one of the towers was constructed with a winding ascent, without steps, so that heavy ordnance might be transported to its summit, and from that advantageous height discharged with terrible effect on the enemy without. This tower, called Wendelstein (Winding Stone), together with another portion of the old castle, nicknamed the Green Hat, are incorporated in the modern Schloss.

The castle thus remained the residence of the Kurfürsts until Joachim II., the "Hector of Germany," chose to alter it. A young architect named Kaspar Theiss was bidden by Joachim to erect a wing, which was known as the Zweite Haus. This was begun in 1538. The Dritte Haus was planned by Count Rochus of Lynar, under the reign of Johann Georg, and the Duchess's House was also built and occupied by the widowed sisters of this ruler. His successors, up to the beginning of the seventeenth century, made numerous alterations and additions, and the Laboratory Wing, Lange Haus, Mint Tower and New Corridor came into being. But the religious strife under Johann Sigismund and the Thirty Years' War put an end



BRITISH EMBASSY, BERLIN.

to all building operations, and in 1665 a disastrous fire made reconstruction necessary, upon which the Alabaster Hall, and the wing toward the river, were built.

Berlin had grown, but it was still a small city, containing, in 1688, only about 20,000 inhabitants. Nevertheless, it had spread across the river and outgrown its ancient home, the little island in the Spree.

Frederick I., the Elector of Brandenburg, who was smart enough to get himself crowned King, and erected his electorate into the Kingdom of Prussia, on coming to his throne found the home of his ancestors consisting of a number of halls and separate buildings, and conceived the idea that a homogeneous whole might be made of these *disjecta membra.* He therefore commissioned Andreas Schlüter, a then famous sculptor-architect, to remodel, pull down and build up the old Schloss. Schlüter did his work well, but after the coronation of Frederick, in 1701, much more was done, and more magnificence added. Schlüter fell into disgrace and had to resign, because he differed with the King in some of the plans. Eosander von Gœthe was appointed court architect in his place, and further alterations and extensions were introduced into the plan of the renovated Schloss. But the King died before the work was completed, and Friedrich Wilhelm I. appointed a new architect, Bœhm, who completed the edifice in 1716. Under him the famous Weiss Saal was erected, and a balcony of solid silver made for the Ritter Saal. When Friedrich Wilhelm IV. came to the throne, he devoted one million thalers to the completion and adornment of the interior, and the erection of the chapel, with its octagonal cupola rising above the surrounding buildings.

A small fee to the castellan, who lives in the second court on the second floor of the Schloss, will gain us admittance, and he will accompany us through the halls and corridors, explaining all that comes in our way.

In Berlin, I may here remark, as in other German cities, the public buildings are almost always open to visitors who properly conduct themselves, and Americans are especially welcome. Throughout Germany I found a friendly feeling toward Americans far beyond that exhibited for Englishmen.

But let us ramble through the Schloss. As we go through the gate, we see on the side of the Lustgarten two bronze horses, with their grooms, imitated from those on the Monte Cavallo, Rome, by Cloot. These were the gift of the Czar Nicholas. The Berlinese have nicknamed them *Gehemmter Fortschrift* (Progress Checked), and *Beförderter Rückschrifft* (Retrogression Encouraged).

Going into the Schloss, we first enter the chapel under the dome. This was fitted up in 1848–54, and contains many paintings by modern artists, including portraits of princes of the royal House and a number of noted Germans. The Weiss Saal (White Hall) was sumptuously furnished, at a cost of $600,000. Here are twelve statues of the old Brandenburg Electors, and eight allegorical figures representing the Prussian provinces. The first meeting of the Prussian Parliament was held in this hall, in April, 1847, and in this hall the old Kaiser received the congratulations of his friends on the occasion of the recent celebration of his golden wedding. The Ritter Saal (Knights' Hall) contains the throne, and a sideboard covered with massive old plate of gold and silver. The rooms at the corner of the building facing the Schloss Platz, and nearest to the long bridge, on the first floor, are those which were inhabited by Frederick the Great.

The whole building is full of paintings, among which the most noticeable are a portrait of Charles I. of England and his Queen, Henrietta Maria, by Van Dyke; the "Marriage of St. Catherine," by Giulio Romano; "Virtue Quitting the Earth," "Mars and Venus," by Rubens; "Napoleon Crossing the Great St. Bernard," by David; "Leonore" (Bürger's), by Lessing; a portrait of Frederick William III., by Sir Thomas Lawrence, a present from George IV. of England; and a portrait of Queen Victoria, by Hayter. The last two are in the Weiss Saal.

The superstitious beliefs of the Middle Ages, which die so hard in modern Europe, have tenanted this old palace with a phantom. The White Lady of Hohenzollern is supposed to appear whenever any calamity is about to befall a member of the royal family. The common people thoroughly believe in this apparition, and perhaps many of the upper classes also. At any rate, the castellan did, for he told me with serious unction the story as he had heard it from his father. It was the ghost of the Countess of Orlamunda. She was named Kunigunda, and lived a widow in her castle at Plassenberg, not far from Bayreuth, in the thirteenth century. She fell in love with a young and handsome knight, the Burgrave Albert of Nuremberg, who, it is said, was inclined to reciprocate her affection; but when the countess expressed a wish for marriage, he replied that he could not enter the holy bonds of matrimony "so long as four eyes existed." This the widowed countess imagined to refer to her two children, and so she killed them both by running one of her golden hairpins into their brains through their skulls. But the effect of this was not as the countess had supposed. Suspicions of foul play got abroad, and it was whispered that the countess was the murderer of her two children. These reports came to the ears of the Burgrave Albert, and he became disgusted with the unfortunate Kunigunda, and refused to have anything to do with her. He then told her that it was his own parents to whom he referred when he alluded to the four eyes, and at this revelation the grief of the countess became so intense that she made a pilgrimage on her knees to the graves of her children; but not finding rest there, she journeyed to Rome, where she received absolution from the Pope, on the condition that on her return to Germany she should build a cloister. Consequently she built the Convent of Himmelsthron, in Gründlack, for Cistercian nuns, and herself became the abbess, living there the remainder of her life. Her portrait is still preserved in the cloister. She is clad in the white dress of the Cistercian nuns, and holds in her right hand the staff of the abbess, and in her left a book. How it came that the South German countess became the White Lady of the Hohenzollerns the castellan did not make very clear to me, but her appearance is always deemed to forebode misfortune and death to one of that House or its near kindred.

George Sand, in her novel "Consuelo," speaks of the White Lady, and claims her as one of the princesses of the Prussian royal family. This royal ghost, it is said, has frequently appeared of late years, and the castellan, with eyes open and mouth agape, told me the following instances: in October, 1872, just before the death of Prince Albrecht; the next Spring, preceding that of Prince Adalbert; and again as the widow of Friedrich Wilhelm IV. lay on her deathbed. And later still, the New York papers have added another instance.

When the young Prince Waldemar, of Prussia, the third son of the Crown Prince, died last year, the White Lady was, of course, on hand. A correspondent of one of the New York daily papers wrote: "It may interest those who happen to be learned in Berlin legends to know that, according to report, the White Lady whose visits always precede the death of some member of the

Prussian royal family, was seen on the eve of Prince Waldemar's death. A soldier on guard at the old palace was the witness of the apparition, and he, in his fright, fled to the guardhouse, when he was at once arrested for deserting his post."

The story is told that as the old King Friedrich I. sat one morning, in the chill February days of the year 1713, in his apartment, as usual, suddenly, with a great noise, the glass door of his room was burst into pieces, and, bleeding and disheveled, the fatal White Lady rushed in. But this time it was certainly not the royal ghost, but the mad queen of Friedrich, who had broken out from her own room and rushed headlong, in her scanty dress, through the glass door. The old King believed that he had seen the traditional warning apparition of his race, and laid down and died in that belief.

The belief in the White Lady is so firmly rooted in the popular mind, that some ten years ago the present Emperor William had a careful search made through the seven hundred rooms of the Schloss, in order to solve the mystery. Of course, no ghost was found, and the instances already given of its subsequent appearance have only more firmly grounded the belief in its actuality.

The Hohenzollerns have castles at Bayreuth and Ausback, as well as at Berlin, and the apparition is claimed to have appeared at all of them. She is said to have appeared at the Berlin Schloss frequently in the years 1652 and 1653; and Stillwell, the mystic, and friend of Goethe, was a firm believer in the phantom.

In front of the Schloss is an open space, laid out with walks and flower-beds, called the Lustgarten. On its northeastern side is the cathedral, by the bank of the central arm of the Spree. The cathedral cannot lay claim to antiquity, having been built as late as 1747; nor is it very beautiful. Nevertheless, it is well worth a visit, for it is the burial-place of some ancestors of the royal family, of the Great Elector, and of Frederick I., King of Prussia, and their spouses, Dorothea and Sophia Charlotte, who repose in gilded coffins. It also contains a bronze effigy of the Elector Johann, cast by a Burgundian artist in 1540; one of the Elector Joachim, made by Adam Vischer, of Nuremberg; and a beautiful mosaic of St. Peter, given by Pope Leo XII. to Frederick William III., and now placed at one side of the altar. The altar-piece, by Begas, representing the outpouring of the Holy Ghost, and the white-marble fonts, by Rauch, are very beautiful.

When the remains of the Great Elector, King Frederick I., and their wives, were transferred to this cathedral in 1750, Frederick II. had his great grandsire's coffin opened. The features were perfectly recognizable, and the living King laid his hand on the hand of the dead one, saying, "This did great things."

The celebrated Berlin Choir is to be heard here every Sunday morning at ten o'clock. For this choir, Mendelssohn wrote some of his finest compositions. To hear his Psalms sung by the choir, unaccompanied by instruments, is alone worth a visit.

Passing around the cathedral, we come to the Old Museum, which is connected by a bridge to the New Museum. The Old Museum was erected in 1830. The two buildings are filled with statuary, collections of vases, bronzes, gems, coins, majolica, paintings, antiquities of all kinds, drawings and engravings, carvings in wood, and many other curiosities. In the picture-galleries, which contain about twelve hundred paintings, are specimens of all schools of painting, but it is particularly rich in the Flemish and Dutch schools. In the Italian school are specimens of Titian, Andrea Mantegna, Moroni, Correggio, Piuturicchio, Giovanni Santi (the father of Raphael), Raphael, Andrea del Sarto, Fra Bartolomeo, Guido, Tintoretti, and many others. Murillo, Caravaggio and Sassaferrato, among others, represent the Spanish School; and Lesueur and Nicolas Poussin, the French. But in the Flemish and Dutch, almost every name of note is to be found there. Some of the choicest works of Van Dyke, Holbein, Rubens, Rembrandt, Jacob Ruysdael and others are contained in this gallery.

The New Museum, in architectural beauty and interior decoration, far surpasses the Old. This building contains, principally, the antiquities—Northern, ethnological and Egyptian. Also, the drawings, engravings, wood-carvings and models are here—the latter include a model of a windmill, made by Peter the Great while he was working as a ship-carpenter in Holland. It would take many days to thoroughly inspect the beauties of these two museums.

Before we proceed to enjoy ourselves in the Thiergarten or aquarium, let us take a glance at the churches. Berlin is a Protestant city, but there are many Catholics and a very large number of Jews also resident there. The city has many churches, the majority being perfectly commonplace and not worthy of note, but there are a few still upon which it is worth while to devote some time.

The Berlin *Kreuz Zeitung*, in an enumeration of the churches in Berlin, gives the following:

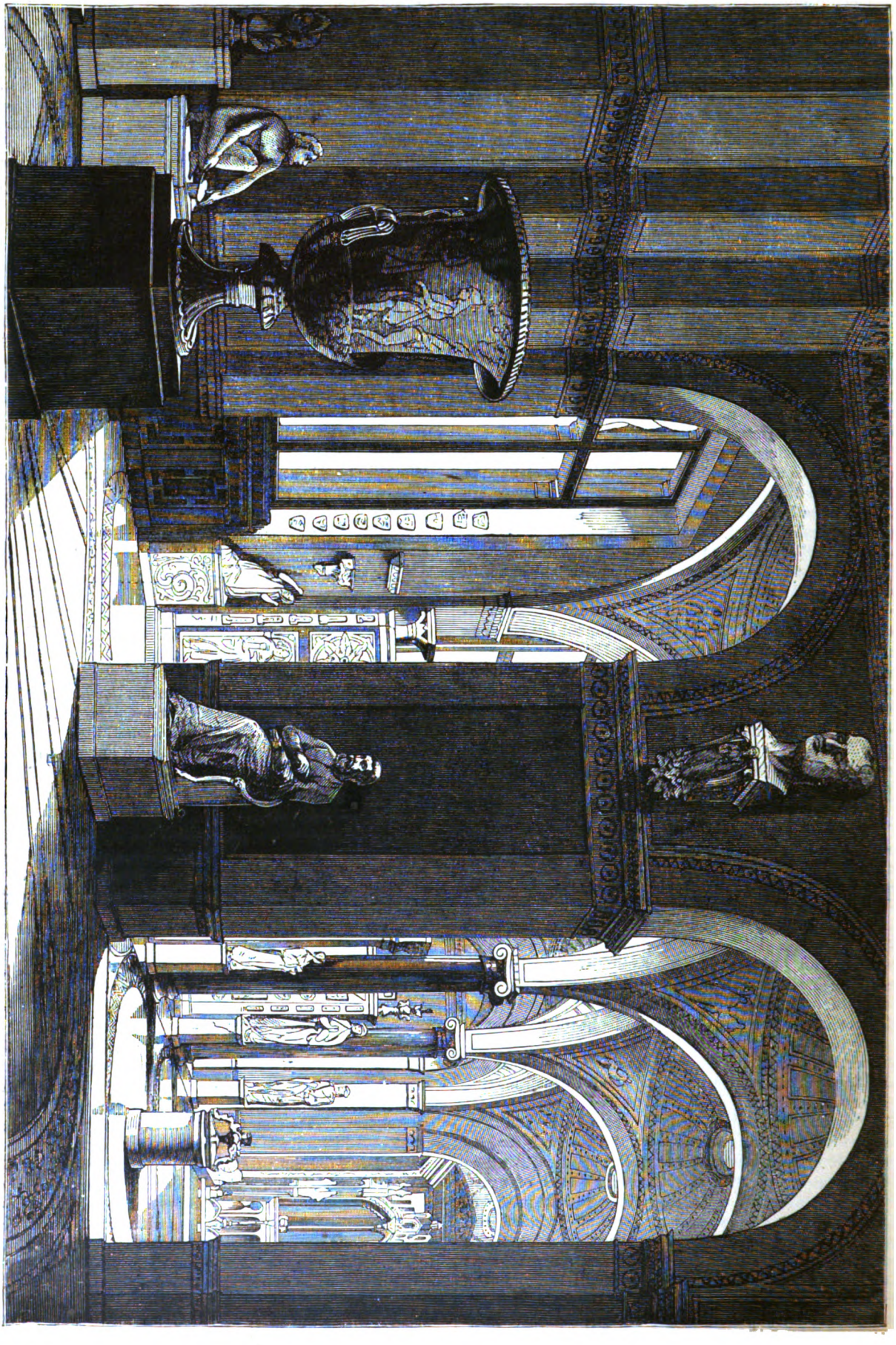
Protestant	58
Roman Catholic	4
Jewish Synagogues	2
Number of Protestant Clergymen	109

The *Volks Zeitung* estimates the proportion of churchgoers in Berlin at one-half of one per cent.

Perhaps the most noticeable church in Berlin is St. Hedwig's (Roman Catholic). St. Hedwig was the patron saint of Silesia, and the church named after her is situated immediately back of the Grand Opera House, on Behren Street. It was built in imitation of the Pantheon at Rome, but Carlyle compared it to "a huge washbowl set bottom-uppermost on the top of a narrowish tub."

The oldest church in Berlin is that of St. Nicholas. It is situated on the island in the centre of the city, formed by the northern and central arms of the Spree, near the Molken Market, right in the heart of the ancient city. It is a gloomy, gray stone structure, and records exist of its restoration in 1223. It was partially destroyed by fire in 1380, and so carelessly rebuilt that by the middle of the next century much of it had to be pulled down, and Bishop Friedrich of Brandenburg issued a special dispensation to all who would contribute to its rebuilding. Since then it has suffered very little change.

Another old church in the Marien-Kirche, in the New Market. The spire was destroyed by fire in 1514, and by lightning in 1661. On this latter occasion, when the whole spire was in flames, Field Marshal Sparre hit on the happy expedient of ordering cannon to be turned on the burning spire, which was so skillfully battered down that the rest of the church was saved. A new spire was built, but it in turn was destroyed by lightning five years later, and in 1790 the present spire was erected, being of wood and in the Gothic style. The church was completely renovated at the beginning of the present century, but retains its ancient aspect. From its altar, in 1323, Prior Nicholas of Bernau advocated the cause of Rudolph of Saxony, which so enraged the burghers of Berlin, that they slew him as he emerged from the church. In 1355, a stone cross was set up in front of the church, on the very spot where the prior breathed his last. This cross still stands in the same place.

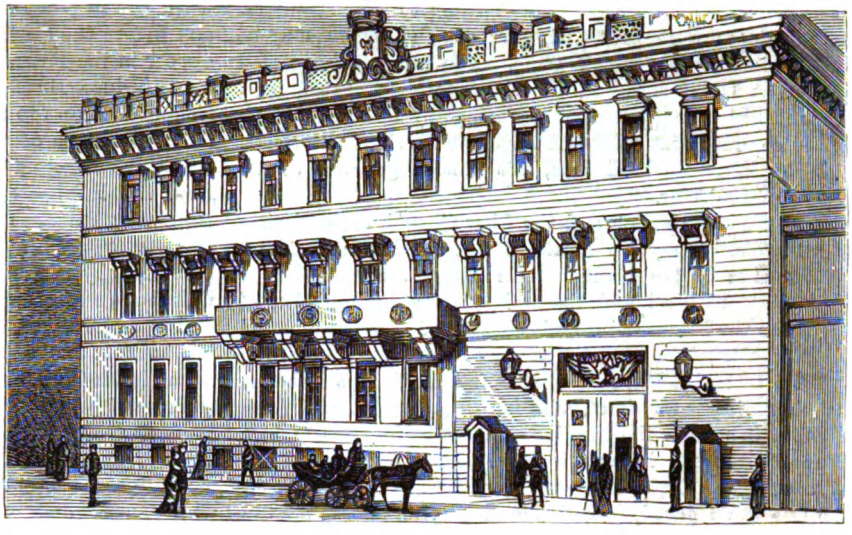


DOME HALL IN THE NEW MUSEUM, BERLIN.

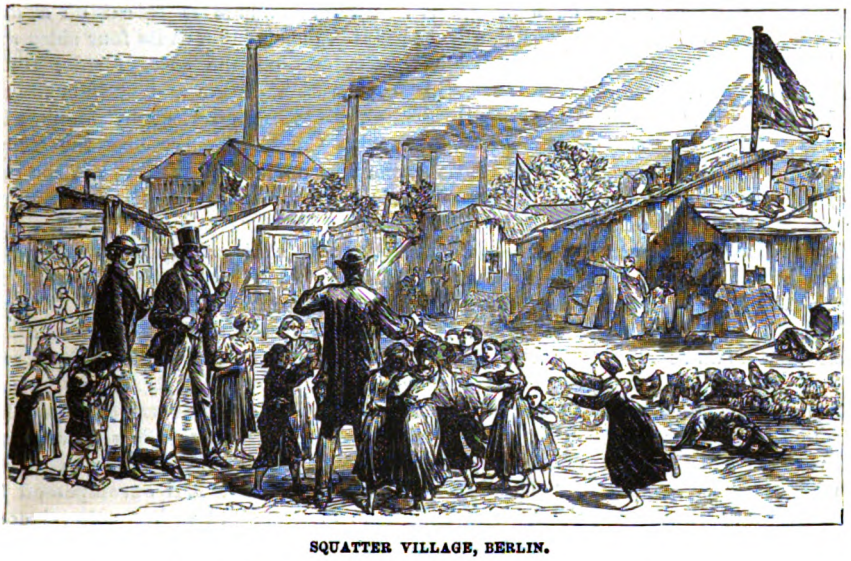
The Cloister Church, standing in front of the Cadets' College, also in the same part of the city, is another medieval edifice. It belongs to the North German Gothic order of architecture, and is a perfect specimen of its kind. An inscription on the stalls in the choir sets forth that, in the year 1727, the Margraves Otto and Albert, of Brandenburg, transferred to the brethren of the Order of St. Francis, as a possession for ever, the ground on which the monastery used to stand.

The monks' stalls of this church date from the end of the fifteenth century, and are simple but beautiful specimens of wood-carving. The pulpit is also finely carved, and figures of saints, carved in wood and painted — Mary and John at the foot of the cross, and a colossal group over the entrance to the choir—are especially noticeable. The monument in effigy of Count John of Hohenlohe, who was a captain in the Burgrave of Nuremberg, afterward the Elector Frederick I., and fell mortally wounded, in 1412, near the Dyke of Kremmer, whilst fighting against the nobles of the Mark, is also an object of interest.

The Parochial Church is situated near the Cloister Church, and dates from the end of the seventeenth century. It is popularly known as the "Sing-Uhr," from the Dutch chimes presented to it by Frederick William I. This church dates only from the close of the seventeenth century.

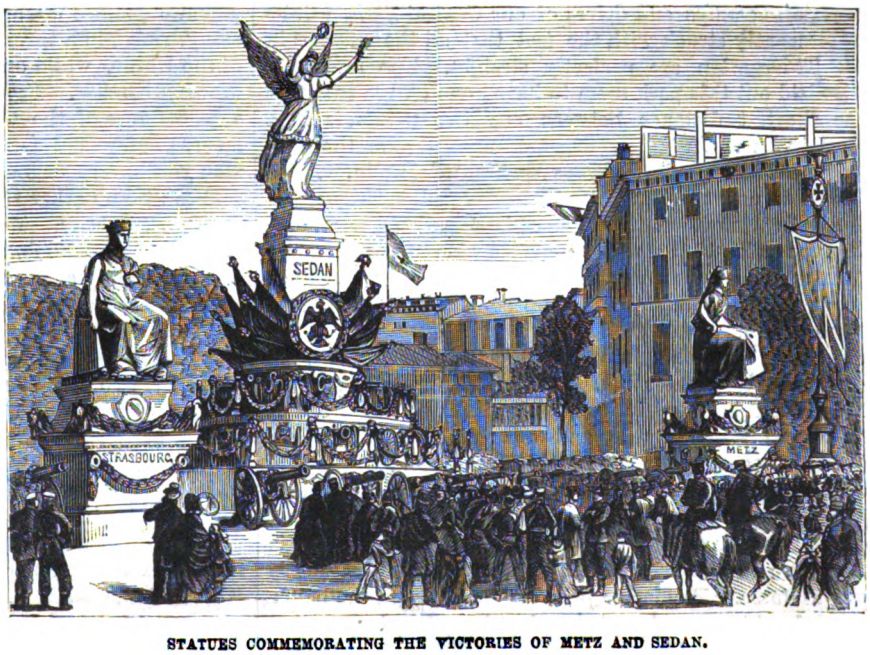


RUSSIAN EMBASSY, BERLIN.



SQUATTER VILLAGE, BERLIN.

Of course the religious welfare of the army must be looked after, especially in such a military city as Berlin, and during the reign of the first King of Prussia the Garrison Church was erected. In 1721 it was blown up by the explosion of a powder-magazine close by, but the King, Frederick William I., promptly re-erected it. The morals of the soldiers must not be allowed to suffer for the want of religious accommodation. The new edifice was consecrated with great pomp and splendor. It is of oblong shape, with neither tower nor spire, and, to afford ample opportunity for the supposed



STATUES COMMEMORATING THE VICTORIES OF METZ AND SEDAN.

crowds of soldiers which would enter to worship there, eight doors were provided, over each of which may be seen the Prussian black eagle. The nave is supported by eight Doric columns, and the interior of the church is adorned by a number of paintings by Röhde, allegorically commemorating the career of Schwerin, Winterfeldt, Keith, Kleist and Ziethen, the famous generals of the Seven Years' War.

The French Church and the New Church are ecclesiastical twins. They are in the Gendarme Market, and on either side of the theatre. A military architect, Major Von Goutard, designed the twin towers, in imitation of those on the Piazza del Popolo at Rome, and superintended their construction until the tower of the New Church fell with a fearful crash, and with it fell the fame and hopes of the military architect, who immediately departed from Berlin, to escape the kingly wrath, and did not consider himself safe till he was beyond the Prussian frontier. Frederick the Great, however, when he was informed that no one was injured, commissioned Unger to complete the towers.

When Berlin is not at church on Sunday—and as a rule Berlin does not go to church—it is enjoying itself in the Thiergarten, the Aquarium, or on the Linden Avenue. The Thiergarten is an immense park, about the same size as Hyde Park, London, situated at the western extremity of the city, just outside of the Brandenburg Gate, through which it is entered. It takes its name from the fact that two or three hundred years ago animals ran wild there, and it formed the hunting-ground of the Electors. It was fenced in, to keep the game from escaping, and also to keep out poachers. The first regular roads were laid out in it by the first King of Prussia, and each succeeding sovereign added to its attractions. But especially under Frederick the Great was it beautified. Knobelsdorf, his favorite architect, laid out many walks, basins and flower-beds.

The Thiergarten is divided into two unequal parts by a broad roadway, leading directly from the Brandenburg Gate, bordered by trees that have reached a century in age, and occupied on one side by a horse railway, which runs to Charlottesburg, one of the pleasant suburbs of Berlin.

The New York visitor, accustomed to the winding and undulating walks and drives of our Central Park, will be unpleasantly struck with the fact that all the avenues in the Thiergarten are perfectly straight. The architects who laid out this park seem to have gone on the rule that the shortest distance between any two points is in a straight line. In this we find a cropping-out of the military spirit which has always dominated Berlin. Aside from this uniform straightness, however, the Thiergarten is a delightful place. It is full of large and old trees, umbrageous shrubbery, sombre glades where the sun never penetrates, and sequestered nooks where errant footsteps rarely stray. It is full of little so-called "places," and there are a number of little streams and lakes, mostly artificial, one of which, known as the "Goldfisch-teich," is ornamented with statues, floral parterres and clipped hedges, and hemmed in by shrubberies and forest-trees.

The shady drives, rides and walks with which this park abounds are at all times more or less thronged with the rank and fashion of Berlin, and made especially brilliant by the frequency with which one meets the gay uniform of the Prussian Guard. The gayest period of the day is from two to four or six o'clock, when the *beau monde* is out in force. Handsome private carriages and the better class droskies are found in abundance, and very frequently the Emperor and Empress are driven in semi-state through the avenues. The Emperor generally rode alone, and before the attempt on his life in the Linden, used to appear in the Thiergarten almost every day at about three P.M. Prince Bismarck and Count Von Moltke are also frequent visitors to the Thiergarten.

On the north of the central dividing avenue, the most famous places are the Raczinsky Palace and Picture Gallery, the König-Platz and Krolls Winter Garden. The Raczinsky Palace is at the eastern extremity of the park, and its art gallery contains sculptures by Thorwaldsen, paintings by Cornelius, Kaulbach, Leopold Robert, Paul Delaroche and other modern artists, together with a liberal sprinkling of specimens of the old masters. The König-Platz is directly west of the palace, and separates it from Krolls Garden. In the centre of this place rises the monument commemorating the triple victory of Prussia in 1864, 1866 and 1870. The description of this monument I copy from a recently published work:

"A fluted column bound round with brass, encircled with cannon cast out of captured artillery, dividing it into three sections, and crowned by a huge gilt bronze figure of Victory, rises from the centre of a circular colonnade of granite. This colonnade is raised on a lofty pedestal, also of granite, ornamented at its four sides with large bas-reliefs; the one on the eastern side, facing Berlin, referring to the Danish war and the storming of the Düppell redoubt, while that on the north depicts the battle of Sadowa, with the King embracing the Crown Prince, whose action had decided the fortune of the day. On the western side is a representation of the battle and capitulation of Sedan, with the King receiving the Emperor Napoleon's letter; the southern panel being devoted to the triumphal entry of the German army into Berlin, after the capitulation of Paris. Calandrelli, Schutz, Keill and Wolff are the designers of these bas-reliefs.

"The capital of the column is encompassed by spread eagles, and surmounted by a winged figure of Victory. In her right hand she holds a laurel wreath above her head, and in her left a spear or sceptre. This statue, modeled by Professor Drake, is upward of thirty feet in height.

"The inner wall of the circular hall encompassed by the circular colonnade is decorated with a colossal composition designed by Anton von Werner, and representing the struggle with France for German unity. In this gigantic picture we are presented with a figure of Germany, rising in a threatening attitude on the eastern side of the Rhine, while on the bank a fisherman is anxiously drawing his nets. From the clouds on the other side floats a pale figure of the Cæsars, who has in his train Pestilence, Famine and Death. From this side rush the German youth, on foot and on horseback; in front is a figure that can be no other than the bold cavalry leader, Prince Frederick Charles. In the next scene the Rhine is gone. On the battlefield, among corpses and ruins, North and South Germany shake hands, in token of brotherly union, under the guise of two men on horseback, of whom one is 'unser Fritz' and the other the Bavarian General Von Hartmann. Next we are in the Palace of Versailles, indicated by two columns. The German Princes and the paladins of the empire, Bismarck, Moltke, etc., salute William I. as German Emperor, January 18th, 1871, exactly 170 years after Frederick I. made himself King of Prussia. Old Barbarossa wakes in his Kyffhaeuser, and the ravens which for centuries have hung round the hill fly away."

Krolls Garden is that, and more. It is a garden, a restaurant, a theatre, a concert-hall, all in one. It is the Mecca of the Berlinese on Sundays. It is universally regarded as one of the institutions of the capital, and on occasion the members of the imperial family have designed

to visit it. Upon entering the garden the visitor is confronted by a large and stately-looking stucco building, some four hundred feet long by upward of a hundred feet in width, with two lofty central towers and pavilions at the extremities of its two wings. The interior of this spacious building comprises covered corridors and vestibules, a spacious theatre, the so-called Roman dining-saloon, and a "tunnel," which itself comprises a beer-hall, underground restaurant and billiard-room. The grounds of the garden are laid out in the customary terraces, arcades and walks, with trees and fountains, artificial rockwork, colored lights, and the usual attractions of such places. The entertainments begin with a *table d'hôte* at two o'clock, and in the Summer sometimes as many as two thousand persons will be found at the tables in the dining-saloon and in the garden pavilions. The outdoor orchestra plays after the dinner, and continues playing, with occasional intervals, until late at night. This band was formerly conducted by Rudolph Bial, who now is in New York doing a similar work. In the evening the theatre is opened, and some amusing piece or comic opera is performed. Payment at the entrance of the garden admits one to all the attractions of the interior. The price is about fifty cents.

The other great resort of the Berlinese is the Zoological Garden. This is southwest of the Thiergarten, and close by a branch of the Spree. It occupies a space of about ninety acres, and is not excelled by any similar institution in Europe, either as regards its picturesque laying out or the general perfection of its arrangements. The nucleus of its present grandeur was formed about thirty-five years ago, by the transfer of the menagerie which had been established on Peacock Island, at Potsdam, to Berlin. Some ten or more years ago the management of the garden was intrusted to Dr. Bodimas, who had proved his capacity while at the head of a similar institution founded by him at Cologne. He introduced great changes: laid out walks, drives, and transformed the whole into a charming landscape of hills, lakes, rivulets, islets, grottoes, cascades, fountains and groves. For the animals he introduced new cages constructed on scientific principles, and infused new life into the institution.

Animals from every quarter of the globe are found here. Each variety has its own specially designed quarters, and here they breed and successfully rear their young, in a much greater degree than in any other similar institution.

The house erected for the accommodation of the elephants is a gorgeous-looking building, in the Hindoo style of architecture, constructed of colored bricks and painted tiles, and surmounted by tall domes and corner towers, and great golden suns. The home of the zebras, giraffes and antelopes is a Moorish structure, with the regular Mohammedan minaret. The bears reside in a castellated stone structure, while special parks are devoted to the oxen, deers, kangaroos and monkeys.

The aviary for the birds of prey is upward of 200 feet in length, and includes a central cage thirty feet in height, surmounted by the Prussian eagle. In the lake, endless varieties of waterfowls may be seen; the ostriches and cassowaries have their especial places, the pheasants their glass house, and, indeed, every variety of the feathered tribe is comfortably and appropriately quartered.

Summing up the contents of the garden, it is found that about 1,500 animals, comprising nearly four hundred different species, and including lions, tigers, leopards, pumas, bisons, camels, antelopes, kangaroos, ostriches, and numerous varieties of birds, have been born and reared here.

Of course in the Zoological Garden, as elsewhere, the orchestra and the restaurant—those two indispensable adjuncts to every place of public resort in Berlin—are widely patronized and well appointed.

Though one hundred and twenty miles from the sea, in Berlin there is the finest fresh and salt water aquarium in the world. This aquarium is more than its name indicates, for in addition to its wonderful collection of animal life from the depths of the ocean, to which the aquarium owes its name, it comprises a gigantic aviary, inhabited by thousands of strange and beautiful birds, a fine collection of reptiles, and many interesting specimens of mammalia.

The founder says, in relation to it, "The visitor is enabled to take a short and attractive stroll across the desert, and thence through the primeval forest to the seashore, where the mysteries of the ocean are revealed to his gaze."

The first introduction is to the denizens of the desert, amongst whom may be seen, admired and feared, the python and boa constrictor, the rattlesnake and Egyptian horned viper, the deadly lance-head and the moccasin-snake, besides numerous non-venomous snakes, black, green, ringed and spotted, from the Old and New Worlds; lizards from Southern Europe; the chameleon, the iguana, and other curious inhabitants of tropical climes; the American alligator, and the scaly crocodile from the Nile.

Here, also, are the scorpion, and the enormous bird-catching spider, together with the lazy double-toed sloth. At the end of the desert-region is a lofty cave, sixty feet high, known as the Geological Grotto, the walls displaying sections of the chief strata of the earth's crust. Around the spray of a waterfall flutter numerous gayly-plumed birds, and several gigantic tortoises lazily repose in the background.

We pass now from the desert to the primeval forest, and the first thing we observe is the immense aviary containing some 1,500 members of the feathered tribe, singing, whistling, chattering and talking. These are surrounded by creeping plants and the luxurious and gorgeous vegetation of the tropics. The central cage in this aviary is octagonal, around which are grouped fourteen other cages, which contain those quarrelsome birds whose nature will not permit them to associate happily with the milder and gentler species.

One of the most interesting specimens in this aviary is a stork, who, in a fight with a fellow-bird, broke off a portion of the upper half of his bill. As the stork lives on lizards and frogs, this misfortune deprived the poor bird of the power to snatch his prey. Although surrounded by his favorite morsels, he would have died of hunger, but for an ingenious expedient of a Berlin surgeon, who provided the bird with a new jaw, made out of tin. This bit of ornithological surgery was eminently successful, and the happy stork now gobbles up his frogs and lizards with the same gusto as before his accident.

Leaving the aviary, we now go to the aquarium proper, and inspect the various tanks filled with every conceivable variety of fish and watery inhabitants. Little fish and big fish, scaly fish and smooth-skinned fish, the whale, the walrus, the seahorse, the sea-scorpion, seals, corals, sea-urchins, starfish, polypi, sabellæ, sea-anemones, sponges—indeed, every variety that human ingenuity can capture and bring from its native water, may here be found. The tanks are artistically arranged in the forms of lakes, grottoes and seas.

The gorilla, Pongo, the first ever brought to Europe, was for a long time domiciled here. He was found in a

village on the Gaboon, Africa, by Dr. Falkenstein, and sold to the Berlin Aquarium in June, 1876, for 20,000 marks—about $5,000. Pongo was exhibited for about a year, and then taken to England, where the cold, damp climate killed him.

The traveler who visits Berlin should certainly devote one day to inspecting the wonders of the Aquarium.

The Berlinese are fond of amusement, and so, in addition to the Zoological Garden and Aquarium, which combine amusement and instruction, and the Grand Opera House and Royal Theatre, there are numerous other theatres, which are well frequented and prosperous. Prior to the year 1848, there were only three theatres—the two above mentioned, and the Königstadt Theatre. These three belong to the Court, and are supported by an annual subsidy of about $150,000; but the others depend entirely on the popular favor. Among them are the Wallner Theatre, the Frederick-William Theatre, the Victoria Theatre—a very fine building—the Residenz Theatre, the National Theatre, the Stadt Theatre, the Belle-Alliance Theatre, the Lindenstadt Theatre, the Reunion Theatre, the Variety Theatre, the Walhalla, the American Theatre, the Vorstadt Theatre, and many others, besides numerous concert-halls and smaller places of resort.

STATUE OF FREDERICK WILLIAM III.

Among the public buildings of this capital, the Rathhaus is the most prominent. It is a vast structure in brick, with a clock-tower in the same material, reaching a height above the loftiest church-steeples. The corner-stone was laid in 1860, and the building was completed in 1869, at a cost of four million thalers. It is 310 feet long, 275 wide and 85 high, exclusive of the towers, and is built in the early Renaissance style. Both exterior and interior are richly decorated, and, true to the Berlinese fondness for statuary, it contains many compositions in alto-relievo, and statues of different kinds and sizes, by Virchow, Wolff, Calandrelli and other sculptors.

The municipal government of Berlin is in the hands of a burgomaster and his councilors. The city is divided into thirty-six electoral districts, each returning three members to the council. Every Prussian twenty-four years old, established on his own account in Berlin, and paying an annual tax of four thalers or more, is entitled to vote at all municipal elections. The councilors are elected for six years, one-third retiring every two years. The council elects the burgomaster.

With an enumeration of the gates of this famous city, by which, in olden times, it was alone possible to enter or leave it, we will conclude this rather guide-bookish article on Berlin. Beginning with the Brandenburg Gate, at the entrance to the Thiergarten, we will name them in order, going around the city—east, south, west and north. They are: Brandenburg, New, Oranienburg, Hamburg, Rosenthal, Schœnhaus, Prenzlauer, König's, Landsberg, Frankfurt, Silesian, Kœpenich, Cotbus, Water, Halle, Anhalt and Potsdam—in all, seventeen. There is no longer a wall round the city, and the gates are now merely remembrancers of the old times, when the only safety for any city was in the strength of its walls and the courage of its garrison.

ROSA BONHEUR.

THOMERY is a country retreat, and the retreat of one who has tried the first of cities, and found it wanting. Though born at Bordeaux, Rosa Bonheur is almost Parisian by origin. She was brought up in the capital from her seventh year. She left it voluntarily in the maturity of her fame for this pleasant rural exile near Fontainebleau, where her genius finds what it loves above all things—repose, and the contemplation of nature. Thomery is next door to nature, instead of being a two hours' ride from it by rail. There is a tradition that when the artist lived in Paris, in her student-days, she kept a sheep, her only model, on a fifth floor, and made her brother take him out every night for a run on the ramparts, lest he should forget the color of grass. Now, although the discovery of traces of the sheep at such an altitude was well known to science, it was almost without example in art, and there could have been absolutely no hope of finding traces of the ox. A bull in a garret would be more embarrassing than even a bull in a china-shop. So, as animated nature would not follow Rosa within the fortifications, she had to follow animated nature to the country beyond. She has lived at Thomery over twenty years.

ROSA BONHEUR.

She is as shy as a wild bird there. You must have the best of introductions, or the status of old intimacy, to obtain a sight of Rosa Bonheur at home. Tourists will persist in treating her as one of the views of the district. They drive to the Chateau of Fontainebleau for the curiosities, then to the forest for the glades, finally to

Thomery, some five or six miles from their starting-point, for Rosa Bonheur. Her time is worth about $100 a day, yet they see no presumption in demanding an hour of it. "To Thomery, then." The provincial cabman grins when he gets the order. He foresees the failure, but feels that the effort will swell the fare. He amuses his customer on the way, so that the latter may have something for his money.

Crossing the courtyard, and avoiding the old house—now under repairs to improve it as a dwelling—you enter the new one, which, for the moment, is studio and home. The combination is dear to the *châtelaine*, and it is her way of signifying that she lives in her work.

When she dwelt in Paris, long after the student-days, it was hard to say whether her *atelier* was her boudoir, or her boudoir her *atelier*, so tastefully was the furniture of her workroom compounded of feminine frippery and the apparatus of her art. Here it is scarcely the same thing. You pass up a spiral stairway hung with the antlered crowns of dead monarchs of the herd, and you stand in a large studio that wants but a touch or two to make it like a banqueting-room of an old chateau. Where the fifteenth-century gentleman would have feasted, Rosa Bonheur paints; and she is now painting on a scale which, in its amplitude, reminds one of his dinners.

Her scene, "Horses Trampling out Wheat in the South of France," occupies a whole side of the room, and is, beyond all question, the largest thing she has done. It should, however, be spoken of rather in the future than in the present tense. As yet, it is only to be seen in its beginnings, though a French paper—perhaps finding prophecy catching in the almanac season—announced it last Winter as a finished work.

This picture is about three times as large as the famous "Horse Fair," and there are many signs that it is intended to be the artist's *magnum opus*, in the figurative as in the literal sense. The animals have all the vigor of action of those at the fair, with more purity of form. They are of nigh breed; and if drawn by any one but this determined student of nature, they would be open to the suspicion of being copied from the Elgin marbles. They are threshing out the wheat with their hoofs, according to the local custom, and a sturdy fellow has just turned them loose for the labor, and started them with a crack of the whip.

This picture must be a work of years, and when finished it will probably be sent to make the tour of the world, as a proof that the artist is still in the plenitude of her powers. Every form and figure in it, every detail of the landscape, will be studied from the natural object. This is the painter's way, and we may have a proof of it if we leave the studio and extend our walk through the house and grounds. The latter are like a section of the Zoo. Here are the cages for the birds used as models, kennels for the dogs, and a spacious paddock for the cattle.

Well stored as her memory must be in regard to all the details of animal form, Rosa Bonheur never by any chance trusts to it in the composition of a picture. She first ascertains what she wants, and then goes out to look for it, or has it brought to her. There is a constant change of occupancy at this grand hotel of the brute creation. When an animal has served its purpose, it is packed off to make room for another, after leaving something better than its photograph in the portfolio, which is the "visitors' book" of the place.

In the large studio, or in the smaller one up-stairs, are animal portraits in oil by the thousand—sheep of most of the breeds known in Europe, in every imaginable pose; oxen from afar and near. One of these, in particular—a slobbering youth, neither calf nor full-grown bull—must have come every foot of the way from Rob Roy's country to sit for his full-length to the Vandyke of the animal world.

But we are neglecting the painter for the sitters, and that would be a grave mistake on every ground. In all contemporary art there is no personality half so interesting. Rosa Bonheur's home-life has the simplicity of her genius. She is one of the happy women who have no history. She began to paint as a young girl to help support herself and a father, from whom she received her first and only lessons; she is painting now, a woman a little advanced beyond the middle period of life. She was never married—she has lived in and for her art. Her devotion is scarcely to be praised, for it has cost her no effort. Everything has been governed by this sole, dominant idea. There came a time when Paris, with its manifold pleasures, threatened to distract her from her great pursuit—she left Paris. A large hospitality in the country would have the same effect; so, leaving out of account her close intimacy with relations, she leads the life of a recluse. She has created a new type—the type of the country lady, the analogue and equal of the country gentleman, though not his mate.

She looks eminently healthy; the red on her cheeks is no momentary glow of excitement, but a fast color that tells of good appetite, sound digestion, abundant exercise—a life, in short, lived under the best physical conditions. She is rather short and very squarely built, and her looks do not belie her in respect of her vigor and endurance. Her gray hair is cut and parted like a man's; but, as it nearly touches her shoulders, Truefitt would no doubt call it long for the fashion of the day. Her dress, even when she is receiving visitors, carries out this suggestion of manliness. She wears a short loose velvet jacket, buttoned up nearly to the throat, where it opens to show just a speck of linen; and a shortish skirt absolutely innocent of train, polonaise, and every other contrivance for impeding freedom of feminine movement. The face restores a perfect womanliness to the whole figure—small, regular features, soft hazel eyes, and a dignified benignity of expression. The manner matches the face. She has a low, pleasant voice, and a direct sincerity of speech most agreeably free from the artifices of compliment.

Everything suggests the healthful and beautiful strength of mind that results from the devotion of a life to a great and worthy end—a strength necessarily tempered by feeling and high imaginative sympathy where the end is art. This devotion to one pursuit may be taken as the *mot d'explication* to Rosa Bonheur's career. It accounts perfectly for her one apparent eccentricity, her custom of wearing masculine dress—an eccentricity, as we have just shown, not to be noted to its full extent at times when strangers are in the way. When she visits Paris, or expects visitors at home, Rosa Bonheur appears in the uniform of her own sex; in her painting-room and in her walks in the forest, in the uniform of the other. The practice dates from the time of her girlhood. As an animal-painter, she had to go wholly out of the beaten track to find her subjects—sometimes to the great stables of Paris, sometimes to the abattoirs.

The brutes at those places were exceedingly well-behaved; but the superior beings in charge of them, the slaughtermen and horseboys, did not always imitate their example. The young girl, while she was dressed as a girl, found herself exposed to frequent, if not to very serious, annoyance. There was besides the very positive hindrance of public curiosity; the crowd of staring idlers formed round her the moment she took her sketchbook in hand.

She soon saw that there was but one way to avoid all these inconveniences—by appearing as a youth; so she shortened her hair, exchanged the bodice for the blouse, and perhaps for the first time in feminine history wore the breeches for culture and not for control.

Her work went on in peace and quietness from that time forth. From studying out-of-doors in this style she took to studying indoors. The dress gave her greater freedom of movement for modeling and painting. Sarah Bernhardt, in her quality of an amateur of plastic art, has discovered the same thing. The like considerations dictate the present use of it at Fontainebleau. It would be idle to set out in flowing skirts for a tramp in the forest after deer. The country people who recognize her in these excursions know the motive of her disguise, and take no notice; the tourists never once suspect that the strong, well-knit figure, costumed in a shooting-suit of velveteen cords, is one of the most distinguished, and, it may be added, one of the most womanly, women of the age. Rosa Bonheur is no masquerader; her man's attire is not for the public eye, but strictly for her own convenience. Sometimes she is abroad in this guise for pleasure, and sometimes for business; and she as often has the gun on her shoulder as the sketchbook by her side. It is only because she is so great an artist that it does not seem worth while to celebrate her as a good shot. She is out early and in all seasons, but especially in Summertime. "The fly does not worry the cattle in the morning, so you can get them to stand quiet for a sketch." Her first and last reason is always derived from the practice of her art.

Art is, indeed, all in all to her. It is her recreation as well as her pursuit. When it is too dark to paint she is sketching and composing—thinking out; and she is capable of passing weeks and months in this way without *ennui*. She is not absolutely alone, but she lives only in the companionship of those who share her tastes. She is the eldest of a family, one might say of a race, of artists. Of her brothers, Auguste works on canvas, Isidore in marble; and her sister Juliette (Madame Peyrol) would be about the first of contemporary animal-painters if there was no Rosa Bonheur. These are often at Thomery; and when they leave there are generally some of Madame Peyrol's children, who share the family gift, to take their places. Apart from these, Rosa Bonheur has an unfailing resource against solitude, in the society of a lady, who has lived with her for many years as a sister, and as a substitute in all matters touching the care of the house. Thanks to her, the artist knows no domestic hindrance of her work. She produces much, and if she has exhibited but little of late, it is chiefly because she contemplates forming a collective show of her works. It is to be hoped that she will include in it the capital study of a pair of rabbits which figured in the Salon of 1840 as her first picture. She will not have far to seek for it; it hangs in the studio of Madame Peyrol, in Paris. The exhibition will necessarily include some pieces of statuary, as Rosa Bonheur models with only less facility than she paints. She has, however, won no successes in this branch of art. Her modeling renders the forms of animals with accuracy, but it cannot give the sentiment of the scene in which they are placed, nor even the perfect expression of the animals themselves. Without color, a brute in effigy has the sightless want of animation of a portrait bust. The modeling-tool, therefore, is now chiefly used at Thomery as an aid to the pencil.

Only a woman of the strongest determination could have triumphed over the difficulties of the student-life of Rosa Bonheur. Her choice of a line in art led her, as we have seen, into places where the petticoat was no protection for the wearer, but rather the reverse. A courteous respect for women may be penetrating through all the *couches sociales*, but it has not yet reached the stratum of the shambles. Rosa Bonheur thinks there might be more of it with advantage in every class, and that the young women of her own country would be the gainers if they enjoyed a little more of the social freedom of their sisters of England and America. One must know France to understand her full meaning, and she leaves it to be understood.

The Frenchman feels himself justified, almost called upon, to be importunately attentive to a solitary woman; and it is very difficult to make him comprehend that she may occasionally be as seriously bent on one purpose of study as a man, and quite as much disposed to resent the impertinence of uncalled-for compliment. All this naturally is but so much obstacle to a clear course, and the woman who has to qualify herself for the professions has yet to desire, as a direct means to her end, the toleration of indifference on the part of her fellow-workers of the other sex. Custom will do much as a remedy, and it is already doing it. You have only to make a Frenchman perceive that under certain circumstances inattention itself is a civility, to have him appear as serenely oblivious of your presence as if you were a spirit of the air. It must always be remembered, to the credit of the nation, that women, most of them from our side of the sea, have found their best opportunity for studying medicine, without risk of offense or molestation, in the Paris schools.

REVOLUTIONARY REMINISCENCES.

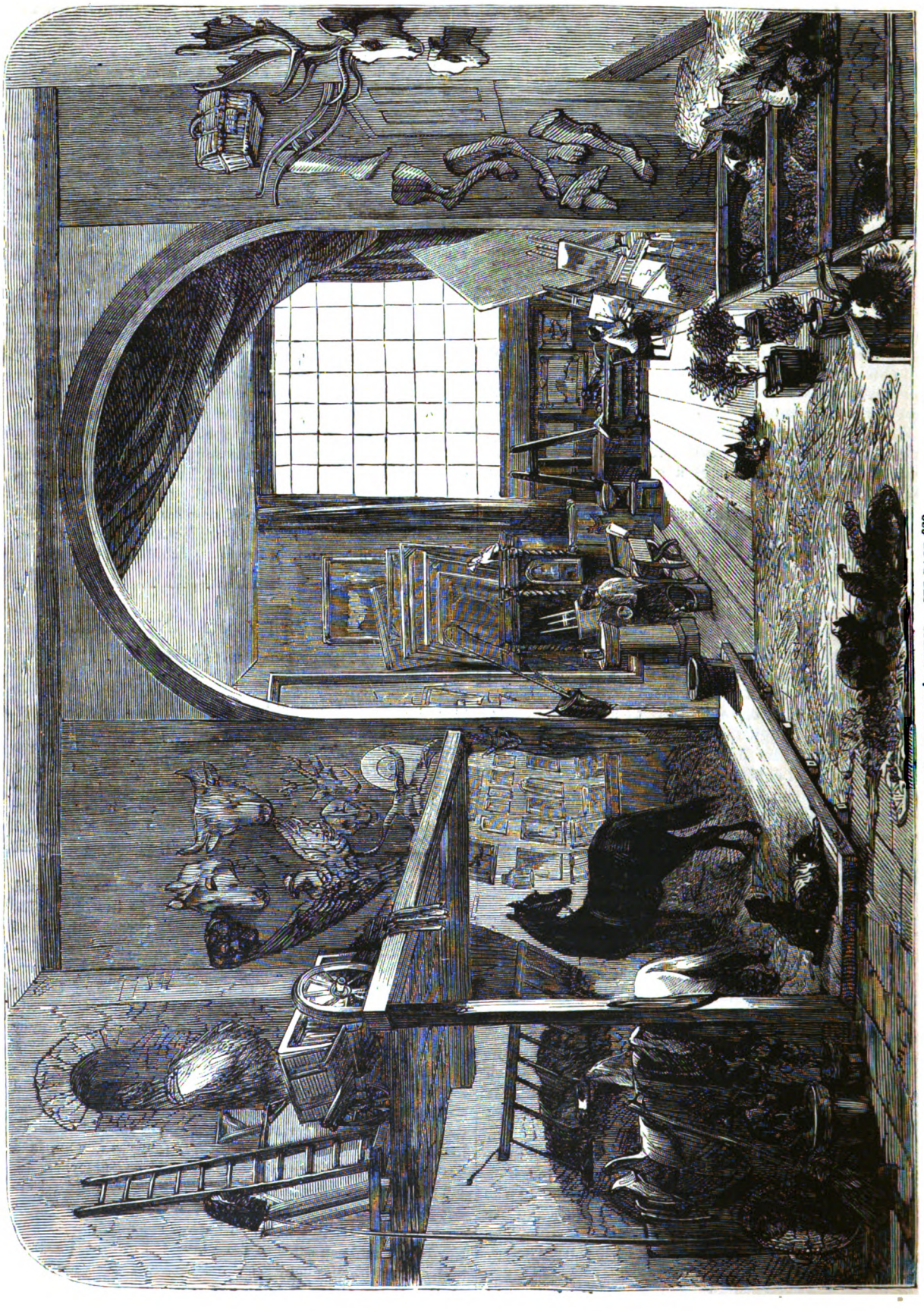
Filibustering in Guatemala.

A revolution is as common an occurrence in the tropics of the Western Continent as a hurricane, and everybody knows that the latter agreeable, but somewhat inconvenient, eccentricity of the weather-bureau is a frequent event in warm latitudes. How many denizens of the cold North, however, comprehend what a revolution in the tropics really is? Very few, certainly, and it is for their enlightenment that the writer, who has had the doubtful honor of sharing in a number of them, proposes to detail a phase or two of his experience.

His first direct connection with any of the aforesaid revolutionary movements dates from early in July, 1873. He happened at that time to be a temporary resident of Port Limon, Costa Rica, where he met the leader of a filibustering expedition which had been organized by certain disaffected citizens of the sovereign State of Guatemala, who had arrived at that place in a ramshackle coasting schooner, for the purpose of purchasing a steamer which the Costa Rica Railroad Company had for sale.

That purpose they effected, as well as another, of enlisting a crew from among the adventurers always to be found about the coast settlements of Central America. Among these latter was the writer, or, to descend to personalities for the conveniences of description, I, myself, who, in a desperate and reckless moment, shipped as purser.

The *Sherman* was a venerable iron steamer, which, having been worn out and become of no earthly use to her owners in the coasting service between Philadelphia and Norfolk, had been sold, to the mutual profit of proprietors and resident agent, to the New York representative of the Costa Rica Railroad. A little tinkering of the hull, to keep her from foundering *en route*, and a coat of paint to hide the rust, she had been sent out to Limon,



ROSA BONHEUR'S STUDIO.—SEE PAGE 689.

where, by a fortuitous combination of good luck and fair weather, she arrived in safety.

A couple of trips to New Orleans effectually demonstrating her utter uselessness for anything but a sepulchre for those daring spirits who ventured to sea in her, she was laid up in one corner of the little harbor, and given over to a negro shipkeeper and the spiders, until the agent of the insurgent party effected the trade in old iron which elected her to the dignity of flagship of the "Guatemalan Patriot Navy"—the rest of that formidable force being represented by the schooner already alluded to.

An old iron twelve-pounder, which had been brought from somewhere in the hold of the "navy," was mounted on a wooden carriage on the topgallant forecastle of the new man-of-war, where it was lashed with grass-rope and an ox-chain just forward of the foremast — an arrangement combining stability with safety for the gunners, as they could stand behind the mast and touch the dreaded engine of destruction off with the galley poker at a minimum of risk to themselves.

A brass carronade, which broke its breechings and went overboard along with a portion of the skylight at the third discharge, was mounted on the roof of the cabin aft, and completed the armament of the "Generalissimo Conquistador," as the *Sherman* had been proudly christened by her new owners.

To add, however, to her imposing character, a row of enormous, painted ports was executed on her sides by the deft hands of the car-shop painter and his assistants. Thanks to these preparations, the Conquering General was certainly one of the most unique specimens of naval architecture that ever floated.

Nearly a month was spent in these preliminaries, and it was not until the fifth of August that her engines were started, and the Generalissimo Conquistador steamed out of the harbor on her errand of devastation.

As she rounded the reef, a discharge of the forecastle gun scared the boobies and gulls from their roosts on the outlying rocks of Grape Cay, and shattered every one of the few panes of glass left in the cabin windows. The voyage was begun.

The crew of the new-born terror of the seas consisted of two engineers, Englishmen, who had been discharged from the railroad for drunkenness; three stranded sailors, not untainted with a suspicion of having broached cargo on their deserted ships; a Jamaican named Porson, who, on the strength of his service on one of the numerous coast-traders, aspired to the dignity of navigator; a Louisianian named Miller, who had owned a brick-schooner on Bayou Bœuf before the war; the writer; and fourteen Jamaica negroes, not forgetting the cook.

REVOLUTIONARY REMINISCENCES.—"AS SHE ROUNDED THE REEF, A DISCHARGE OF THE FORECASTLE GUN SCARED THE BOOBIES AND GULLS FROM THEIR ROOSTS."— SEE PAGE 691.

The latter was a master in his line, especially strong in the matter of fish-chowder and meat-stews. Like every other good thing of this earth, however, he was not without a flaw. One phase of this drawback consisted in his devotion to tobacco as a subject of mastication; the other, that he was very insufficiently provided with anything to cook.

To come at once to Hecuba, the Generalissimo Conquistador was blessed with nearly as many captains as she boasted seamen, and, as a consequence, was about as badly off as a kettle of soup in charge of a superfluity of cooks.

No earthly provision had been made to victual the ship, beyond such few as had been thought of by the railroad-supply men from whom she was bought.

When the crew were hired, each man received two twenty-dollar pieces, as an advance; the rest of his pay

was contingent on the success of the expedition and the amount of plunder gained. The officers had received three months' full pay in advance, and a similar lien on the loot.

On the second day out from Limon, the starboard boiler of the steamer began to leak very badly, and, after circling about like a top for a few hours, she was successfully brought to an anchor in Turtle Bogue Inlet, close on the Nicaragua line.

Meat having given out—there had been only two barrels of very ancient salt pork on board for a crew and passengers of seventy-eight in all—a foraging expedition was detailed and sent ashore. Within three hours, by which time the boiler had been after a fashion repaired, there was nothing edible within ten miles of Turtle Bogue, save what lay on our decks as we steamed out of the harbor.

Next morning we passed the United States man-of-war *Kansas*, on her way to Aspinwall, and exchanged courtesies in the shape of flag-dippings and salutes.

This was the opportunity taken by our brass gun to perform its fantasia over the lee-rail. One of our captains had his thumb smashed by the eccentricity, and went on the sick-list.

Another noble commander, Vincentio de la Vera Cruz Salazar by name, stepped bravely into the breach and directed our movements into Blewfields to procure medicine for the wounded hero.

We shipped there two bottles of arnica, a jar of leeches, eighteen Mosquito men as volunteers in the great cause, and thirteen six-gallon demijohns of white rum.

The sub-terminal addition to our numbers created sad havoc with the supplies. If the army of liberation had possessed half the appetite for glory that it evinced for plantains and jerked turtle-meat, all Central America would have been conquered long ago.

When we put into the Wanks River we had fasted for twelve hours. So starved were we, indeed, that the advisability of cooking the leeches had been several times very earnestly discussed, and a shark, which had been caught and cooked for the "army," we refusing to partake of it on grounds of non-cannibalic civilization—was now reverted to with envy.

From the amount of comestibles brought aboard by our diligent foraging parties on the territory of the Mosquito King, I fancy that the shore people fasted for a much longer period afterward.

Our men, indeed, were gifted in the matter of confiscation. Nothing, from a gourd-bowl to a crawl full of turtle, came amiss to them. Donkeys, mules and cows would be towed off and hoisted over the side by them. If the animals were drowned, so much the better. It saved the trouble and mess of killing them, and we had no prejudice against abnormal meat.

Once, when our coal was running short, the foragers stole a horse, bringing it aboard body and bones, and turning it over to the cook for firewood; and our engines were kept going latterly with the plunder of the native cedar-cuttings, which would be towed off in rafts.

From the Wanks River we steamed merrily away, past Cape Gracios a Dios and along the Honduras coast, now running ashore on a sandbank, and then getting lost seaward and steaming straight in shore again.

How we ever blundered to our goal is a mystery to me to this day. No one aboard—among the officers, at least—understood navigation. Miller and Porson claimed to be adepts at that art; but, when the delicate test arrived, the page of logarithms necessary was always wanting from the ragged epitome which formed the ship's library; and finally, while the cabin-boy was rubbing the sextant up he dropped it overboard, and definitely settled all further trouble.

When we required supplies, we put in and got them. Now and then we burned a hut as a beacon, by whose light we could steam out to sea again. No attempt was made to clean the vessel. The "army" pigged in obscene filth and odorous and insective nastiness in the hold and 'tween decks. We Americans slept on deck.

The heroic leaders of the liberation occupied the cabin, where they slumbered, ate, drank, smoked, quarreled (every hour), divided their plunder and apportioned their offices beforehand, and were seasick at will. Any attempt to purify their kennel they resented as an insult. All they asked was to be let alone, and to listen to the noisy discharge of our gun, with which they wasted powder enough to blow a navy up every day.

It was after this fashion that we rounded Punta Izabal, and ran into the Bay of San Tomas to get a supply of fuel. We entered the bay at early morning, with the thin mist drifting seaward and curling into wreaths before the light wind, and every aspect of sea and shore glorified by the pure, clear freshness of the lumined dawn, in the face of which our foul craft seemed a floating curse.

The bay is an immense basin, with a clear, semi-circular sweep of coral beach and black rocks of over twenty miles. Down to the very water's edge the land is wooded densely, and the forest rises boldly on the mountain-sides inland until it tops a range of towering peaks and ends in filmy edges against the sunset.

Of course we plundered San Tomas, a miserable town of fifty houses in a little cove. It is the only port of importance on the narrow segment of Caribbean coast which Guatemala possesses between Balize on the north and Honduras on the south, and our heroes were there at home. They went ashore in a body, brilliant in new blue uniforms as far as the generals were concerned, and followed in divisions by our ragged army, bristling with rusty muskets, warped and saw-edged bayonets, and machetes.

The booty from San Tomas was quite considerable, for the little place does a thriving trade with foreign traders, and, in the absence of any other means of disposing of it, the merchants keep their money in their own houses. We lay in the bay four days, until the "navy" arrived, when we took her in tow, and bore away one evening for the Izabal River.

We anchored off the river at daylight, and tumbled the twenty odd canoes, stolen on our voyage up the coast, into the water. In these, and in our own boats, the expedition into the interior was begun. The steamer and the schooner, manned by their crews and a guard, were left at anchor to await developments.

The army camped over night at the ruinous settlement of Old Izabal, at the mouth of the river, where the generals made friends with the lean commandant, and the army fraternized with the *peons*. A party of forty men, for the most part Indians, who had been recruited from the interior, were awaiting us at this place. The joint shore force now amounted to nearly one hundred. In the woods some miles away I found a settlement of Caribbs, in a village of thirty or forty houses, where I got a good dinner of baked fish and fowl, and slept in a hammock free of the fleas and jiggers indoors. At daylight, next day, I once more sought the coast and joined the invading party, which I found afoot and eager for scenes of blood and devastation.

From my office on the steamer, I was exempt from any active share in the "campaign," but curiosity and unwill-

ingness to lie idle for an indefinite period prompted me to take part in it. Accordingly, I had applied to General Cruzos and obtained *quasi* command of the supply-boats, three in number, loaded principally with powder and rum, and manned by our Mosquito men. These formed the fag-end of the expedition, and, forty-two canoes and boats in all, we toiled away up the Izabal River like a great, ugly centipede.

Previous to starting, a violent discussion had been had between the generals in regard to our standard, several of them refusing to voyage under the national flag. A compromise had been effected, and a red flag at the van denoted the color of our mission.

After crossing the bar, in very shallow water much haunted by sharks, we paddled through what might almost be called a cañon. For miles upon miles the precipitous banks towered above us, clad in foliage and draped with dense vines to the very water's edge. Every plash of our paddles in the black river, flowing swiftly to the sea, echoed hollowly down the wooded defile, and thousands of forest-fowl woke in terror at the unwonted sound. The air was humid and clammy as that of a tomb, and the water so cold that my hand, dragged through it for a few moments, was chilled and cramped for hours.

A hard day's paddling brought us, as night fell, to the end of the forest. The land fell away into a rolling country, and the river widened into a quite lake-like expanse. On the right bank, as yet some miles ahead, a queer, nondescript structure, planted on a low ridge, loomed up against the sunset. This was Fort San Felipe, and we pulled inshore and landed, to form into an attacking party.

The invaders marched upon the fort in two parties by a couple of half-obliterated cattle-tracks through the low bushes which covered the plain, while a third, of which I formed part, ascended the river, and, landing while the land-force was attacking the rear, stormed the front of the defense. Such, at least, was the programme.

The actual facts of the case were that nine men, most of them too old to fight, formed the sole garrison of the old fort, where they were posted to look out for smugglers. These defenders of the citadel did not make even an attempt to defend it, and were repaid for their wisdom by sharing our supper, on parole.

We slept among the half-dozen dismounted guns, and the one yet capable of being fired on the ruined casemates of San Felipe—a defense dating from the Spanish occupation of Central America—and breakfasted next morning off some of a herd of goats which a poor Indian who lived in the shadow of the fortress-wall was unfortunate enough to possess.

These goats, and a few fowl, of which Miller and I bought a half-dozen, formed the only living things, except the Indian and the garrison about the fort, always excepting fleas, lizards and scorpions, who were much too lively for comfort.

The country about San Felipe is treeless, but very arable, and was at one time fairly settled; but a pestilence, and troubles such as our visit represented, had driven the Indian colonists into their native woods, and the district was given over to desolation and decay.

What followed the capture of San Felipe may be very briefly summed up. A few (twelve) miles above, and fifty miles from the sea, the Rio Izabal joins the Golpo Dulce, a vast fresh-water lake, the country about which is well settled and prosperous.

Previous to reaching the lake, we threaded a devious channel through many beautiful islands, some densely grown with foliage, others simple patches of reeds, haunted by cranes and loons and other waterfowl. We fared like princes in this short journey off game, such as deer, iguana and tapir and wildfowl, and camped for three days at the head of the river, "recuperating" and arranging a plan of action.

It was this plan of action that the expedition split on. After a series of stormy councils, Generals Cuizos, Alfarga, Moriones and Del Tierra decided to put the matter to vote; and, finding the majority there against them, withdrew their valuable support from the cause, and set out up the lake with their adherents on a plundering expedition of their own. Then it was that the genius of Salazar exhibited itself.

Assembling his valiant followers, he addressed them in a few sentences—terse, but pregnant with meaning. Within half a day after the defection of the four unfaithful ones, the new departure had been taken, and I was on my way back to the coast with orders to hold the steamer in readiness in the event of an emergency.

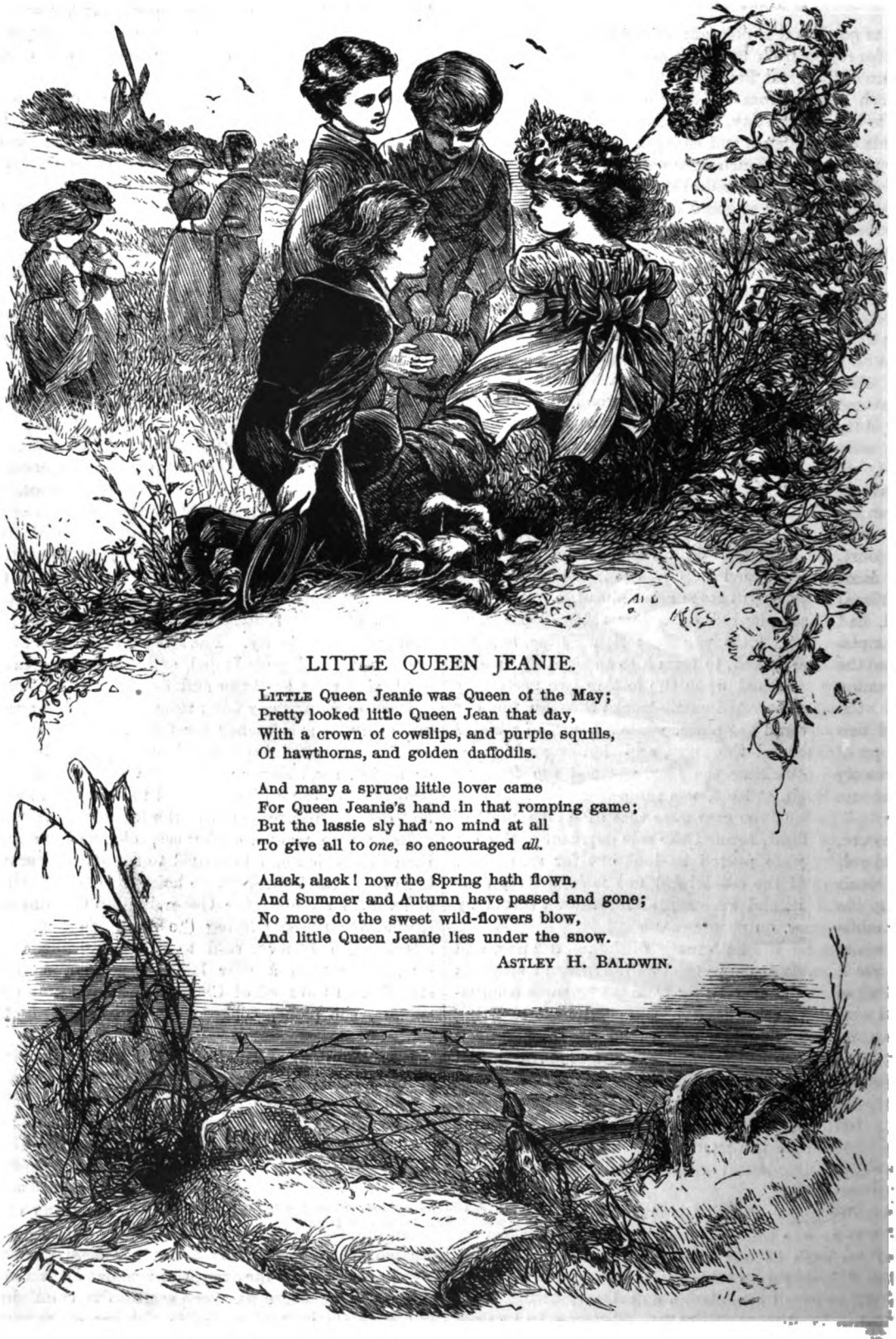
A week passed, during which I spent a glorious series of idle days in the trader's house at Port Livingston, an English trading-post on the north bank of the river, at its mouth. Then our heroes returned, drunk with success and wine. Their political mission had been a failure, for the people of the interior had obstinately refused to countenance the proposed change of government; but they had stolen a march on the other party, gone straight across the lake to its north side, where the old town of Izabal was, sacked and plundered that and several other settlements, and returned with, as I afterward learned, nearly $30,000 booty. Four days later, the other freebooters reached poor Izabal, and, finding nothing left to steal, set fire to the town and fled into Balize.

Dropping our army from time to time along the coast, and selling the schooner for $300 to a Blewfields trader, we at last entered Aspinwall harbor, where the leaders—or leader, for Salazar was about the only one left of the projectors of the raid—proposed to dispose of the steamer and disband what was left of the forces.

Having no papers, clearances, etc., and no flag other than that which had belonged to the steamer previous to her sale to the filibusters, we hoisted the stars and stripes, and within an hour the Generalissimo Conquistador was libeled for illegally flying the American flag. She was afterward, I believe, sold to the Government. At any rate, more than a year later, I went aboard of her, stranded in the mud of Chagres Bay, and populous with spiders, scorpions, cockroaches, and a guard of native soldiers.

No attempt was made to detain us. We who had borne an active part in the expedition had not by any means been losers. Those who had suffered were the misguided politicians of Guatemala who had advanced the means to set the scheme on foot, the poor devils who had been plundered, and eight men who had succumbed to rum and climate—with two exceptions. One of these had been accidentally killed by his own gun; the other had fallen in a fight over his share of a plundered cabin. Of the loot gained by the raid, ten per cent. was equitably distributed among the men who remained faithful to Salazar; twenty per cent. more went to the officers. The rest took its natural course in the way of frilled shirts, French boots and the other necessities of a tropical warrior in the person of the general himself. Whether any of it ever served to organize another scheme similar to that in which it had been gained, I know not.

IGNORANCE is a subject for pity, not for laughter.



LITTLE QUEEN JEANIE.

LITTLE Queen Jeanie was Queen of the May;
Pretty looked little Queen Jean that day,
With a crown of cowslips, and purple squills,
Of hawthorns, and golden daffodils.

And many a spruce little lover came
For Queen Jeanie's hand in that romping game;
But the lassie sly had no mind at all
To give all to *one*, so encouraged *all*.

Alack, alack! now the Spring hath flown,
And Summer and Autumn have passed and gone;
No more do the sweet wild-flowers blow,
And little Queen Jeanie lies under the snow.

ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

THE stately character and royal dimensions of some of the great ducal castles and country-seats in England are suggested by the fact that Alnwick Castle, the seat of the great Percy family (Dukes of Northumberland), was founded by the Romans, and has four distinct architectural periods—the Norman, the Edwardian, the Gothic and the Italian, all of which have left traces upon it. Its last renovation continued through twenty years, some six hundred workmen being constantly employed upon it during that time. There are fifty miles of driveways on the estate, and vast as the place is, it is but one of six owned and occupied by the duke.

A BRAVE LADY.

It is as good as it is pleasant sometimes to contemplate the *ancien régime* from its other side—the side which the literature of the great French Revolution, and the current of French history from the opening of the revolutionary period to the present day, are calculated to hide from us by clouds of turbulence and change.

An opportunity for such contemplation is afforded by the "Life of the Duchesse de Doudeauville," which offers as perfect an example as could be desired of the best kind of greatness of character allied to worldly grandeur, and of the quiet heroism of a woman simply devoted to her duty from early girlhood to advanced age, for whom the brilliant, frivolous court, which came to so dismal an end, had no temptations, and the deprivation of all the habitual surroundings of her princely life had no terror.

There were, doubtless, many such among the Frenchnobility, to whom was allotted, at the end of the last century, the expiation of their forefathers' abuse of all the gifts of fortune and all the privileges of rank; but the records of many of them are lost in the great tragedies whose last scene was the scaffold.

A BRAVE LADY.—"FOUQUIER-TINVILLE LOOKED AT HER WITH SURPRISE, AND LISTENED ATTENTIVELY WHILE SHE TOLD HER STORY."

The very names of the Duchesse de Doudeauville recall whole eras in the history of France. Benigne-Augustine-Françoise le Teillier de Louvois de Montmirail was the eldest daughter of that Marquis de Montmirail who was the *collaborateur* of Buffon in his "Histoire Naturelle," and who died while serving with his regiment, leaving no male heir. A second daughter, born after the father's death, became Madame de Montesquieu, a brilliant queen of society

The mother of these children was as high-born as their father, and the family alliances spread far and wide among the aristocracy of France and Italy. The picture-gallery at the Chateau de Montmirail is now a curious study in genealogy.

The eldest girl became, on her father's death, a personage of great importance. "All the seductions that the world has to offer," says the writer, "gathered around the sweet little child, whose beauty was remarkable from her infancy, whose rank was princely and her fortune vast. Those who loved her might well have trembled for her, had not the favorite of earth been also elect of heaven."

The training of the child was most severe; her mother, though a good, generous, charitable woman, of unblemished reputation amid the corrupt society of the time, and of great social talents, was extraordinarily tyrannical to her children, and especially to Augustine, who dreaded her greatly.

Here is an anecdote of the duchesse's childhood, of an experience which probably helped to inspire some of the gentleness and indulgence characteristic of the educational system of the Society of Nazareth, which Society owes its existence to her:

"Augustine was very timid and silent in her mother's presence, and there was no part of the stern discipline under which she lived so dreaded by her as the marquise's suddenly addressing her in a loud voice, with, 'Speak, mademoiselle; say something instantly!'

"At such an order the child, terrified and confused, would be unable either to speak or think. Its repetition would make her burst into tears. Then came the invariable order: 'Kneel down in the middle of the room, mademoiselle, and remain there until you have spoken.'

"The little girl would puzzle her head in vain for something to say, and sometimes the punishment would last over an hour, through her sheer nervousness. She used to tell how, one day, after long search, she found nothing more interesting to say than, 'There are three splits in the floor.' Yet, even in her tenderest years, her intelligence was remarkable."

Happily for the child, in her eleventh year she made her terrible mother an inexact answer to a question, in a moment of unusual fright, and was instantly told:

"You have lied to me, mademoiselle, and shall leave my house on the instant;" then bundled into a carriage, and sent to the Convent of the Visitation, with a bad character, which the nuns soon discovered was entirely undeserved.

Here she learned, for the first time, what care, kindness and happiness meant, and formed a friendship, which lasted all their respective lives, with Mademoiselle de Sinetti, afterward the celebrated Duchesse de Caderousse. She suffered severely on leaving the convent, and the severity with which she was again treated did not lessen her regret. Her mother made her dine at a side-table as a punishment for having courtesied awkwardly on coming into a room, just one week before her marriage, which was arranged, after the fashion of the time, when she was fifteen.

Among the possessions which the heiress of Montmirail brought her husband, was the Duchy of Doudeauville, in the Boulonnais, which carried with it the rank of a grandee of Spain of the first class, a privilege destined afterward to be of great service to the holder of it during his long exile.

All the great world busied itself with the question, in which the court took a vivid interest, of whom should be chosen by the Marquise of Montmirail as her daughter's husband.

The girl had no mind in the matter; she would have been a nun, if she had been permitted; but as she was not, she believed that it was not God's will that she should be, and that He would give her "grace of state" in the way of life which she would not have chosen. So, when her mother sternly rejected her appeal to be allowed to remain with her, unmarried, she submissively said that Monsieur de la Rochefoucauld would suit her as well as any one else, since she must marry; and, in the midst of a scene of the utmost magnificence, splendidly attired, and so beautiful that the tradition of her loveliness on the occasion remained long rife in Paris, found herself in the presence of an undergrown boy of fourteen, with a delicate, childish face, and timid, awkward manners, to whom the position was as distasteful as to herself, and more embarrassing. They did not speak to each other then, or on the future occasions when they met, and immediately after the marriage ceremony, which was extremely magnificent, they parted:

"Ambroise de la Rochefoucauld, thenceforth Duc de Doudeauville, delighted that the day—in which he had found nothing to amuse him except the beating of the drums—was over, set out immediately for Versailles, with his tutor, and the young bride of fifteen was handed over to her mother-in-law, the Vicomtesse de la Rochefoucauld, in whose house she was to live, and whose management of her, though very different from that of her mother, was still less right or wholesome."

Such was the inauspicious beginning of a marriage which lasted fifty-two years, during which the husband and wife experienced almost every grief which can rack human hearts, except that of conjugal disunion; danger, loss, poverty, parting, long separation, fear, bereavement, the desolation of parents whose children and children's children are taken from them by death, involvement in the misfortunes of the royal family and the political miseries of France, betrayal by the trusted, the violent death of relatives and friends—all these and other woes were theirs; but never were marriage vows more sacredly kept, never did two human beings live, in the midst of ungodliness, more godly lives.

"The awkward boy," says the writer, "at whom the spectators of that imposing ceremony smiled that day, grew up to be in all respects worthy of his high fortune, his great name and the lofty offices he was afterward called to fill. Upright, brave, kindly, loyal, generous and firm, he made his noble wife as happy as any mortal can render a heart which aspires to nothing less than the divine union."

During the years of their only nominal marriage, the boy was exposed to infidel influences; the girl lived in the "philosophical centre" of the Hotel de la Rochefoucauld, and was a star of the first magnitude at the court; but neither of them lost the faith which was speedily to become their sole support in a time of great and terrible trial.

When the young pair met again, and began their brilliant life at the court of Louis XVI., young like themselves, a true and deep attachment sprang up in each for the other, and the strongest link in it was the ardent and practical piety of both.

The author, whose simple and elegant style is worthy of the ancient fame of the French writers of memoirs, divides the life of the Duchesse de Doudeauville into epochs of moral action, showing her to us first as the "Christian woman in the world," then in her "apostolate in the family," when the flood of the Revolution broke in upon the stately homes of France, and overwhelmed alike the innocent and the guilty.

She had so brought up her son and daughter, that these children were as strong to meet the trouble as she was, and could not feel fear while by their mother's side; she had trained them to perfect confidence in the love and the judgment of their parents, to simple habits (their only luxury was the power of giving largely to the poor), to study of the Holy Scriptures and reverence for the precepts of the Catholic Church, to loyalty to the King, and to a just comprehension of the value and the insufficiency of fortune.

The storm burst, but did not sweep them before it; the duchesse began to reap her harvest of reward. Her husband's father died a Christian death, converted by her; his mother and his sister also yielded to her influence; and the latter, who, with her uncle, M. de l'Aigle, was guillotined in 1794, testified in her last moments to the debt they all owed to the saintly woman, who was then imprisoned with her children and the widowed vicomtesse.

The duke, who had foreseen the course of the Revolution from the first, had secured his wife's property to herself, apart from his, and by this wise step the family ruin was in part averted; for, when he joined the princes and "the Army of the Rhine," and the separation began whose duration they had so little foreseen, the duchesse was able to preserve some of her possessions. Her imprisonment did not last long, and her release affords a characteristic little story. Being brought before the Revolutionary Tribunal, she was closely interrogated respecting her husband:

"She replied with the most perfect frankness, defending him against every accusation, notwithstanding the signs which her mother-in-law, who trembled at her boldness, made to her.

"'You are, then, grieved by his absence?' she was asked.

"'Yes, assuredly I am.'

"'You regret him, really?'

"'Very, very much.'

"'Well, then, citizeness, I see you are a good woman, and you shall come to no harm.'

"And, in fact, the next day, when the section heard the report of the examination, they loudly applauded her for her candor and devotion."

The released "aristocrate" devoted herself to the poor, the sick and the sorrowing during that terrible time; she tended her bereaved mother-in-law, lived with the strictest economy (in after days her grandchildren used to talk with wonder of the time when *bonne maman* had not a *femme de chambre*), waiting on, teaching, working for her children, praying for and loving her absent husband, of whom she heard only at long intervals. Here is a dramatic incident of that time:

"The Abbé d'Etyola was arrested at Bordeaux, on his way to England, and the duchesse was informed of his detention, and that it was contemplated to 'deport' him to Guiana. She wrote to a person whom she knew, entreating him to aid the abbé, and to hand him 3,000 francs on her behalf. Her letter, unsigned, was found during a domiciliary visit to the Hotel de Mouchy. She was informed of this, and at once presented herself at the audience-chamber of the terrible Fouquier-Tinville. He took no notice of her, and she stood patiently for two hours, until all the other persons had been attended to, and she was alone with the Public Accuser. Then she said:

"'I have an important matter to communicate to you.'

"'My only business is to punish the enemies of the Republic. What have you to say? Nothing but denunciations are taken here.'

"'It is a denunciation which brings me here.'

"'Very well, then, citizeness; you may speak.'

"'The denunciation I am about to make is an unusual one. It is myself, myself only, whom I have to denounce.'

"'Then, you have come here to find your death!'

"'I know that, but I am fulfilling a duty.'

"He looked at her with surprise, and listened attentively while she told her story, with full details, but without mentioning any names, and ended by saying, simply:

"'If any one is to be punished, it is I.'

"Fouquier-Tinville replied, with evident amazement:

"'Do you know, I am a man of feeling, too? Why are you interested in this priest?'

"'Because he is unfortunate.'

"'Oh, yes, I understand that, for I, also, have a tender heart, and have saved many people.'

"He then assured her that nothing should happen to the abbé, and, seeing that she looked pale and tired, offered her his arm to take her down the staircase. It cost the duchesse a great effort to accept the courtesy, and she could never recall without a shudder the few moments during which her hand had rested on the bare arm of Fouquier-Tinville."

She bravely defended her rights when an attempt was made to confiscate her property, together with that of her *émigré* husband, and succeeded in saving all, even the furniture of the Chateau de Montmirail, which may be seen to this day, in the old-fashioned, stately array of the period.

Once she saw her husband, but only for a few days, and their separation did not come to an end until after the fall of the Directoire.

From this point, the story of the life of the noble and saintly duchesse is deeply affecting. Her daughter, Ernestine, married the Marquis de Rastignac, and died, after a brief, happy union, at Montmirail, bequeathing her children to her mother's care. One of her last utterances was, "How happy my daughter will be! She will be brought up by my mother."

The story of the daughter's death, and the mother's grief, courage, faith and resignation, forms a chapter of this beautiful book never to be forgotten.

From that time, the bereaved father and mother led a life of active and far-extending charity, and the duchesse began to meditate the establishment of a religious society, which should be devoted to the education of girls for the useful, practical and dutiful home-life for which she had trained her own daughter and destined her grandchildren. She outlived most of her beloved ones, among them her son's wife; she outlived her eyesight and her bodily powers; but her faith, hope and charity abode with her to the end; and the Society of Nazareth, which has now three flourishing establishments in France, and four struggling schools in the Holy Land, had taken vigorous root before the vault under the chapel of the Convent of Nazareth at Montmirail, whose walls adjoin the park in which the ancient chateau stands, received the body of the venerable duchesse.

She died in Paris, January 24th, 1849, sitting in her armchair, and surrounded by her grandchildren. One of them, the Duchesse de la Rochefoucauld, asked her one or two questions, without receiving any reply. At length she said:

"Mother, do you love God perfectly?"

In a strong voice the blind and motionless old lady answered, "Yes," and, in another moment, ceased to breathe.

Monseigneur de Prilly, Bishop of Châlons, writing to the chaplain of Montmirail on the occasion of the duchesse's death, says, "It is a great and inestimable favor when it pleases God to give such examples to the world. We ought to profit by them as far as we can, and, at least, to learn to what a point it is possible to advance in the way of God by constant effort, and making it the steady business of every day."

LONDON CLUBS.

"WHITAKER'S ALMANAC" for 1880 contains a list of upward of seventy London clubs, with the date of their establishment, number of members, amount of subscription, etc. Of these, five date from the last century, and are well known to readers of English history and literature. They are, White's (1730), the Cocoa Tree (1746), Boodle's (1752), Brook's—the famous Whig Club—(1764), and Arthur's (1765). These are all situated in St. James's Street, and the number of members is limited in each of them to 600, except the Cocoa Tree Club, which has a limit of 350. They are all very choice.

Besides these, the Travelers' Club, established in 1819, with 750 members; the Turf Club, established in 1868, with 550; and the Marlborough Club, established in 1869, with 450 members, are very exclusive clubs, election to which is attended with much difficulty. The professional and political clubs are much larger than these, having from 1,000 to 1,500 members each.

The principal literary clubs are the Athenæum, the United University, the Oxford and Cambridge, the New University, the Junior Athenæum and the Garrick. The political clubs are the Carlton, Conservative, Junior Carlton and St. Stephen's Clubs, belonging to the Conservative

A PARROT'S FRIENDSHIP.

party, and, besides, Brook's, the Reform, Devonshire and City Liberal Clubs, connected with the Liberal party.

Two clubs, the Albemarle and the Russell, are for both ladies and gentlemen.

The highest entrance fee is that charged at the Travelers'—forty guineas—and the highest assessment is fifteen guineas, charged at the Turf Club. The usual admission fee is from twenty to thirty guineas, and the usual assessment ten guineas.

A PARROT'S FRIENDSHIP.

Birds and animals often form friendships for other animals not of their own family, and show a deep and sincere attachment. Mr. Adolphus Saxe, a celebrated inventor of military musical instruments, had a little green parrot, sickly, weak, and almost featherless. His workroom was full of brass-filings and unhealthy odors. Accordingly he placed his old favorite's cage in a large Judas-tree that grew near; the parrot was adroit enough to open her cage, and would fly to the upper branches to enjoy her liberty, returning from time to time to her cage for food.

As the cage was often open and untenanted, a sparrow, with the usual modesty of its kind, used to enter and help itself. He got so much at home that even when the parrot returned he would not fly off, but keep on eating as though he were the owner, not an uninvited guest. The parrot not only did not resent the intrusion, but formed a strong friendship for the sparrow, which was evidently reciprocated. When the parrot felt lonely and wanted company, she imitated the sparrow's chirp to invite her friend to pay her a visit, and, unless he was beyond hearing distance, the sparrow always came. On his part, the sparrow, in rainy or Winter weather, allowed himself to be shut up in the parrot's cage, utterly disregarding the bolts shut upon him, which he knew would be drawn back in the morning.

But one fine—or, rather, one fatal—day, a cat belonging to the neighborhood pounced upon and devoured the sparrow, who, from his familiarity with the house, had not learnt to be upon his guard. The parrot, not seeing him return, passed day and night thenceforth in calling upon him whom she was never more to see, and a week afterward she was found lying dead under the tree, whither, by a supreme effort, she had contrived to drag herself.

The best sort of revenge is not to be like him who does the injury.

A PRIE-DIEU—STYLE LOUIS XIII.

We are reviving styles of other days in furniture and household ornament, the design being to make the house beautiful, but sometimes the result is rather odd than harmonious. There are articles which served their part well enough in Continental churches, or in the houses of gentlemen, in other times and countries, which are scarcely in place in an American house, except where one is found whose old-time faith can give it harmonious surroundings.

A confessional and screen may be charming in design and carving, but what is a gentleman to do with it in his house? It is too large by far to put in any room, much less in a cabinet or on a shelf.

The *prie-dieu*, or praying-stand, which we illustrate, though not quite as cumbersome, is scarcely more manageable. The private chapel is scarcely a part of our modern home—we have no chapels, chaplains, altars and *prie-dieus*.

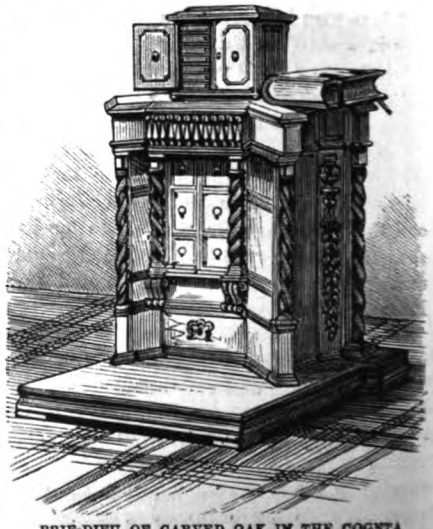
The one here engraved was an elaborate and charming piece of work, made of carved oak, and was probably the great piece of furniture in the private room of some French noble or prelate, prince, perhaps, who had but to draw a slide as he knelt here in order to join in the service in the chapel below.

When not in actual use as a place where he knelt at his devotions, the owner seems to have used it as a sort of secretary, for it contains several secret drawers, where doubtless, in other times papers lay on which great events depended. What stories it could reveal!

Now it will be a cabinet prized for its exquisite work, the drawers turned to use to hold smaller waifs and strays of other days; the charming lace worn by some queen, a rare Lucia della Robbia plate, some jewelry from Mycenæ and Pompeii, miniatures of fair women and gallant gentlemen of two hundred years ago. Thus it will be full of life still, telling stories of many a land and time.

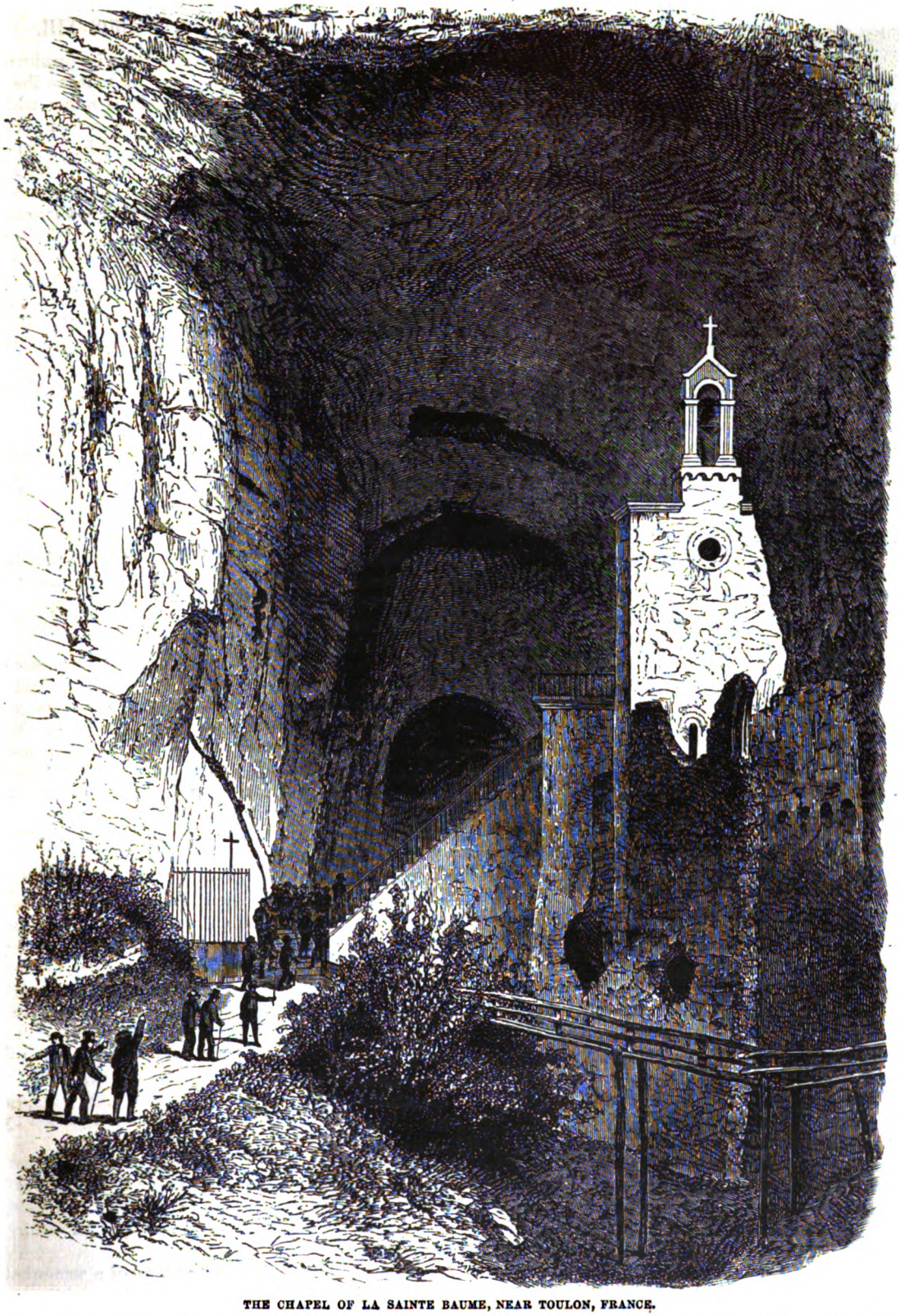
THE CHAPEL OF LA SAINTE BAUME.

About twenty miles north of Toulon, in France, the traveler who seeks the spot comes on a rugged mountain district on a high tableland, with a dense forest beyond, out of which rises a solid rock, stark and grim, with no vegetation to relieve its austere lines. "Half-way," says a pilgrim who visited it last year—"half-way up we could see, like a nest on a perilous crag, the white hermitage of the Dominicans, that stands on the terrace beside the Sainte Baume, and, on the very top of the ridge, against the clear heavens, the tiny chapel of the Saint Pilon."



PRIE-DIEU OF CARVED OAK IN THE COGNTA COLLECTION.

The way to the cave, which has for centuries been



THE CHAPEL OF LA SAINTE BAUME, NEAR TOULON, FRANCE.

a famous pilgrimage, being honored as the spot where the repentant Mary Magdalene passed the last years of her life, lies through a wood of oak, yew and holly. Steps in the rock now assist the pilgrim. On a terrace by a yawning precipice are waiting-rooms for pilgrims, and opposite a small house for the clergy who attend the chapel-cave. Here all is gloom and silence, save the drip of water. The altar, before which five kingly pilgrims once knelt together, has a canopy above to protect it from the water; but the tomblike rock behind, where Magdalene prayed, is never wet, and, under the name of the Sainte Pénitence, is the spot to which pilgrims repair. Then you toil up to the Pilon, a half-ruined chapel, hundreds of feet above the cave, with the precipice yawning around you, to enjoy the view that does not repay the toil.

COME HOME.

By Mrs. Hemans.

Come home.
Would I could send my spirit o'er the deep,
Would I could wing it like a bird to thee,
To commune with thy thoughts, to fill thy sleep
With these unwearying words of melody,
Brother, come home.

Come home.
Come to the hearts that love thee, to the eyes
That beam in brightness but to gladden thine;
Come where fond thoughts like holiest incense rise,
Where cherished Memory rears her altar's shrine.
Brother, come home.

Come home.
Come to the hearthstone of thy earlier days,
Come to the ark, like the o'erwearied dove,
Come with the sunlight of thy heart's warm rays,
Come to the fireside circle of thy love.
Brother, come home.

Come home.
It is not home without thee; the lone seat
Is still unclaimed where thou wert wont to be;
In every echo of returning feet
In vain we list for what should herald thee.
Brother, come home.

Come home.
We've nursed for thee the sunny buds of Spring,
Watch'd every germ a full-blown flow'ret rear,
Saw o'er their bloom the chilly Winter bring
Its icy garlands, and thou art not here.
Brother, come home.

Come home.
Would I could send my spirit o'er the deep,
Would I could wing it like a bird to thee,
To commune with thy thoughts, to fill thy sleep
With these unwearying words of melody,
Brother, come home.

AN ANTIQUARY'S GHOST STORY.

By Augustus Jessopp, D.D.

Little more than two months have passed since my own personal experience of mental phenomena was strikingly enlarged by the occurrence with which the following narrative deals. Yet already I find that round the original story there has gathered a surprising accumulation of the mythical element, and that I, myself, am in danger of becoming a hero of romance in more senses than one. As I object to be looked upon as a kind of medium to whom supernatural visitations are vouchsafed, and, on the other hand, do not wish to be set down as a crazy dreamer, whose disorganized nervous system renders him abnormally liable to fantastic delusions, I have yielded to the earnest request of some who have begged me to make public the following paper. I am told that there are those who busy themselves in collecting similar stories, and if it be so, it is better they should hear the facts from me than after they have passed through other channels. The narrative was written, at the request of a friend, not many days after the event, when all the circumstances were fresh in my recollection.

On the 10th of October, 1879, I drove over from Norwich to Mannington Hall, to spend the night at Lord Orford's. Though I was in perfect health and high spirits, it is fair to state that for some weeks previously I had had a great deal to think about, some little anxiety, and some considerable mental strain of one kind or another. I was not, however, conscious of anything approaching weariness, irritability or "fag." I arrived at four P.M., and was engaged in pleasant and animated conversation till it was time to dress for dinner. We dined at seven; our party numbered six persons. Of these, four at least had been great travelers. I, myself, was rather a listener; the talk was general and discursive, and amused and interested me greatly. Not for a single moment did it turn upon the supernatural; it was chiefly concerned with questions of art and the experiences of men who had seen a great deal of the world, and could describe intelligently what they had seen and comment upon it suggestively. I have very rarely been at a more pleasant party. After dinner we played a rubber. We "left off as we began," and as two of the guests had some distance to drive, we broke up at half-past ten.

The main object of my going over to Mannington was to examine and take notes upon some very rare books in Lord Orford's library, which I had been anxiously wishing to get a sight of for some years, but had never been fortunate enough to meet with up to this time. I asked leave to sit up for some hours and make transcripts. His lordship at first wished me to let his valet remain in attendance to see all lights put out, but as this would have embarrassed me, and compelled me to go to bed earlier than I wished, and as it seemed likely that I should be occupied till two or three in the morning, it was agreed that I should be left to my own devices, and the servants should be allowed to retire.

By eleven o'clock I was the only person down-stairs, and I was very soon busily at work and absorbed in my occupation.

The room in which I was writing is a large one, with a huge fireplace and a grand old chimney; and it is needless to say that it is furnished with every comfort and luxury. The library opens into this room, and I had to pass out from where I was sitting into this library and get upon a chair to reach the volumes I wanted to examine.

There were six small volumes in all. I took them down and placed them at my right hand in a little pile, and set to work—sometimes reading, sometimes writing. As I finished with a book, I placed it in front of me. There were four silver candlesticks upon the table, the candles all burning, and, as I am a chilly person, I sat myself at one corner of the table, with the fire at my left, and at intervals, as I had finished with a book, I rose, knocked the fire together, and stood up to warm my feet.

I continued in this way at my task till nearly one o'clock. I had got on better than I expected, and I had only one more book to occupy me. I rose, wound up my watch, and opened a bottle of seltzer-water, and I remember thinking to myself that I should get to bed by two, after all.

I set to work at the last little book. I had been engaged upon it about half an hour, and was just beginning to think that my work was drawing to a close, when, *as I was actually writing*, I saw a large white hand within a foot of my elbow!

Turning my head, there sat a figure of a somewhat large man, with his back to the fire, bending slightly over the table, and apparently examining the pile of books that I had been at work upon. The man's face was turned away from me, but I saw his closely cut reddish-brown hair, his ear and shaved cheek, the eyebrow, the corner of the right eye, the side of the forehead, and the large high cheekbone.

He was dressed in what I can only describe as a kind of ecclesiastical habit of thick corded silk, or some such material, close up to the throat, and a narrow rim or edging

of about an inch broad, of satin or velvet serving as a stand-up collar, and fitting close to the chin. The right hand, which had first attracted my attention, was clasping, without any great pressure, the left hand; both hands were in perfect repose, and the large blue veins of the right hand were conspicuous. I remember thinking that the hand was like the hand of Velasquez's magnificent "Dead Knight" in the National Gallery.

I looked at my visitor for some seconds, and was perfectly sure that he was not a reality. A thousand thoughts came crowding upon me, but not the least feeling of alarm, or even uneasiness; curiosity and a strong interest were uppermost. For an instant I felt eager to make a sketch of my friend, and I looked at a tray on my right for a pencil; then I thought, "Up-stairs I have a sketchbook—shall I fetch it?"

There he sat, and I was fascinated; afraid, not of his staying, *but lest he should go.* Stopping in my writing, I lifted my left hand from the paper, stretched it out to the pile of books, and moved the top one. I cannot explain why I did this. My arm passed in front of the figure, and it vanished. I was simply disappointed, and nothing more.

I went on with my writing as if nothing had happened, perhaps for another five minutes, and I had actually got to the last few words of what I had determined to extract, when the figure appeared again, exactly in the same place and attitude as before. I saw the hands close to my own; I turned my head again, to examine him more closely, and I was framing a sentence to address to him, when I discovered that I did not dare to speak. *I was afraid of the sound of my own voice!*

There he sat, and there sat I. I turned my head again to my work, and finished writing the two or three words I still had to write. The paper and my notes are at this moment before me, and exhibit not the slightest tremor or nervousness. I could point out the words I was writing when the phantom came and when he disappeared.

Having finished my task, I shut the book and threw it on the table; it made a slight noise as it fell—the figure vanished.

Throwing myself back in my chair, I sat for some seconds looking at the fire with a curious mixture of feeling, and I remember wondering whether my friend would come again, and if he did, whether he would hide the fire from me.

Then first there stole upon me a dread and a suspicion that I was beginning to lose my nerve. I remember yawning; then I rose, lit my bedroom candle, took my books into the inner library, mounted the chair as before, and replaced five of the volumes; the sixth I brought back and laid upon the table where I had been writing when the phantom did me the honor to appear to me.

By this time I had lost all sense of uneasiness. I blew out the four candles and marched off to bed, where I slept the sleep of the just or the guilty, I know not which, but I slept very soundly.

This is a simple and unvarnished narrative of facts. Explanation, theory or inference I leave to others.

A FEW WORDS ON PROSE.

MOLIÈRE makes one of his characters in "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" express his astonishment on being told that he had been writing prose all his life, when he had believed himself to have been only writing letters! It is, however, very doubtful whether his letters were entitled to be called prose, in the superlative degree, but, rather, comparative prosy.

The fact is, that very few writers, in these days at least, will take the trouble to pen a letter that would print properly. Even those courageous people who screw up their courage and write "To the Editor of the *Times*," have many of them forgotten what grammar they may have learned at school.

One of these gentlemen wrote to the said editor, "Allow me to thank you, being the father of an officer in the," etc. And another, correcting the editor as to the age of some one mentioned in the paper, says, "Being the father of the boy, I trust you will insert this."

In each of these instances, the editor of the *Times* is made to appear as the father of a son, who is apparently repudiated by his own parent!

But it is not surprising that ordinary letter-writers should make mistakes, for some of the greatest authors have made blunders as absurd as any "Irish bull." Johnson, in a translation of Addison's Latin poem on "The Battle of the Pigmies and Cranes," wrote the following couplet:

> "Down from the guardian boughs the nests they flung,
> And *killed* the yet *unanimated* young."

This he afterward altered to *crushed.*

When Godwin was writing the Life of Chatham, he was supplied with a striking passage in a speech delivered by Lord Chatham on "General Warrants": "Every man's house is called his castle. Why? Because it is surrounded by a moat, or defended by a wall? No. It may be a straw-built hut; the wind may whistle round it, the rain may enter it, but the King cannot!" The point was plain enough, but Godwin printed, "The rain may enter it, all the winds of heaven may whistle round it, but the King cannot!"

Among the many oddities in Johnson's Dictionary, is a misquotation (doubtless intentionally so) from Judges v. 10; it is a definition of the verb "to sit": "Asses are ye that sit in judgment"—clearly a hit at the critics, if not at higher judges. The actual passage is, "Speak, ye that ride on white asses, ye that sit in judgment." His definition (in the first edition) of daughter is peculiar; it is "The female offspring of a man *or* woman!"

In Goldsmith's "History of England," during the reign of Charles II., no mention is made of the plague, or of the fire of London. And in a geography issued by a certain publishing society, the name of Switzerland was not once mentioned, and many thousands of copies of the work were sold before the omission was detected.

Pope, in a note on "Measure for Measure," says that the story was taken from "Cynthio's Novels, Dec. 8, Nov. 5." Warburton, in his edition of Shakespeare, put the words at length, "December 8, November 5," instead of "Decade 8, Novel 5."

Sir W. Scott, in his "Tales of a Grandfather," describing the uncertain tenure of life in the troublous times in Scotland, says "that no one, when he went to bed, was certain that when he woke in the morning he should not find his throat cut!"

One of the most extraordinary specimens of prose is the account given by Sir T. Urquhart, of a sort of entertainment given by the admirable Crichton, which he describes as "an inestimable olla-podrida of immaterial morsels of divers kinds, suitable to the very ambrosial relish of the Heliconian nymphs, that in the peripetia of this drammatical exercitation, by the enchanted transportation of the eyes and ears of its spectrabundal auditorie, one would have sworn that they all had looked with multiplying glasses; and that (like the angel in the Scriptures, whose voice was said to be like the voice of a multitude) they

heard in him alone the promiscuous speech of fifteen several actors, by the various ravishments of the excellencies whereof, in the frolickness of a jocund strain, the logo-fascinated spirits of the beholding hearers and awricularic spectators were so in a sudden seized upon in their risible faculties of the soul, and all their vital motions so universally affected in this extremitie of agitation, that to avoid the inevitable charms of his intoxicating ejaculations, and the accumulative influences of so powerful a transportation, one of my lady Duchess's chief maids of honor, by the vehemence of the shock of those incomprehensible raptures, burst forth in a laughter to the rupture of a vein in her body; and another young lady, by the irresistible violence of the pleasure unawares infused, where the tender receptability of her too tickled fancie was least able to hold out, so unprovidedly was surprised, that with no less impetuosity of ridibundal passion, then she, not able to support the well-beloved burden of so excessive delight and entrancing joys of such mercurial exhilaration, through the inevitable extasie of an over-mastered apprehension, fell back in a swoon, without any other appearance of any other life into her than what, by the most refined wits of theological speculators, is conceived to be exerced by the purest parts of the separated entelechies of blessed saints in their sublimest conversations with the celestial hierachies. This accident procured the incoming of an apothecarie with restoratives, as the other did that of a surgeon with consolidative mendicaments."

After reading this remarkable specimen of a high-flown style, a little variety in the mendicaments will be a restorative to the over-taxed sensorium of paradigmatical perusers.

Perhaps the most wonderful idea of what prose ought to be, is mentioned by De Quincy, as having been held by one Robert Heron, who, under the name of Pinkerton, actually printed a book in support of his system. He wished to assimilate the English language with the sweet orchestral languages of the South; and proposed to give it the required grace by adding to the termination of our words, *o* and *a*, *ino* and *ano*, and gives, as a specimen, how he would have written the Vision of Merza, "As I sat on the top of a rock," being translated into, "As I satto on the toppino of a rocko"; but, says De Quincy, "luckilisime this proposalio of the absurdissimo of Pinkertonio was not adoptado by anybodyne whateverano."

Both Urquhart and Pinkerton may have taken their ideas from the description in Rabelais of the French scholar who addressed Pantagruel in a jargon of Latin words with French translations.

These are the curiosities of prose literature, and are not to be imitated. The model that all should take is best shown in the words of Johnson: "Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison."

COME HOME.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 702.

THE more strict and severe and suspicious persons are precisely those who are most often deceived. Suspicion is so rarely directed aright, that cunning is more than a match for it; and oppression ever begets cunning, which is the dwarfed and deformed cleverness of the slave.

ON THE RIVER.

"NOT GUILTY!"

By ETTA W. PIERCE.

Chapter XVII.—The Story Concluded.

"I left the house with Fortescue.

"'They are not a particularly blissful couple, our friend Harmon and his wife,' he sneered; 'I fear their marriage was a sad mistake.'

"'No doubt it seems so to *you*,' I answered; 'I remember that you opposed it long ago in Paris.'

"He gave me an angry glance, and at the next street we separated.

"That scene in the Harmon drawing-room was but the first of many which I witnessed in the next few weeks. The infelicity of the young pair was much talked of in the upper circles of society. Everybody knew that Harmon loved his wife madly, and that both were intensely miserable. An immediate separation seemed inevitable. Mrs. Harmon was a reigning belle. Her beauty and style brought scores of admirers to her shrine. With feverish eagerness she plunged into all sorts of fashionable follies, and wherever she went Gerald Fortescue was sure to hover near her, like an evil shadow. He was a daily visitor at this house; his power over both husband and wife seemed unbounded. Philip was madly jealous of all other men, but of Fortescue—never. I could not understand it then, I cannot understand it now. His friends shrugged their shoulders, and whispered unspeakable things in secret, but no suspicion of the truth ever appeared to disturb my blinded, my unhappy friend.

"At a *recherché* dinner-party, given by a noted leader of fashion, I saw husband and wife together for the last time. Agnes Harmon was magnificent that day, and Philip was in his blackest mood. Gerald Fortescue made one of the company—he always managed to be invited wherever Mrs. Harmon went. After the meal a very unpleasant incident occurred. Agnes Harmon sang, and was overwhelmed with compliments. In the drawing-room a crowd of admirers had gathered about her, and conspicuous among them was a young army officer who seemed to be upon the high road to idiocy.

"Philip bore it for a space, then, with a thunderous face, strode through the group, grasped his wife with such violence that the marks of his fingers were left in livid ridges on her white arm, and hissed out a torrent of fierce reproaches that struck consternation to the hearts of all present. She fainted in his hold, and Harmon carried her, unconscious, to his carriage, and drove away like a whirlwind, and the fashionable world had a fresh subject for scandal.

"At an early hour next morning, Martin, your father's favorite servant, came in wild haste to my hotel.

"'God save us!' he cried, with a white, frightened face; 'my mistress is dead, sir—*murdered!* Come quick to Mr. Harmon—he is mad with grief.'

"In ten minutes I had reached this house. It was crowded, even then, with horrified faces. On a sofa in her dressing-room lay Agnes Harmon, just as her maid

had discovered her half an hour before, dead—yes, murdered! She was attired in the same rich dress which she had worn at the dinner-party of the previous evening. A long slim dagger of foreign workmanship was buried in her breast.

"I remember well the beautiful face, lying so white and cold among the silken cushions, the trailing hand covered with jewels, the dabbled draperies, the screams of the servants, and, above all, Philip Harmon kneeling by that fair dead shape, straining it to his heart in a stupor of grief, an agony of despair, from which not even my voice could arouse him.

"'This affair has a bad look for our friend,' said a sinister voice in my ear. I turned, and saw Gerald Fortescue. He had a strange, wild appearance, yet his manner was composed. He bent and touched Harmon.

"'Philip, who did this deed?' he demanded.

"'God only knows,' Philip answered.

"'Is it *your* work?' said Fortescue, fiercely.

"With flashing eyes, Harmon started up from his fair dead wife.

"'Mine! How dare you ask such a question? Could I kill the woman I loved better than my life—the mother of my child?'

"'Did you part with her in anger last night?'

"'God forgive me—yes! Of late, I have often done that.'

"'This is bad business,' said Gerald Fortescue.

"There was an inquest, of course. Everybody in the house underwent a rigid examination. Mrs. Harmon's maid was the last person who had seen the unfortunate girl alive. At eleven o'clock on the preceding night, this woman had entered the dressing-room, to find her young mistress walking the floor and weeping bitterly. She had declined her services, and dismissed her at once. The maid slept in an adjoining closet. She heard no disturbance during the night; awoke at seven o'clock, and waited for her mistress's bell. After a while she grew frightened, opened the door, and on the sofa saw Mrs. Harmon lying, cold and dead.

"The coroner's jury brought in a verdict of guilty against Philip Harmon, and he was committed without bail to await his trial for wife-murder.

"My heart grows sick within me when I remember that trial, Meg. The evidence against Harmon was overwhelming. The servants testified to his mad jealousy, to the violent scenes which had constantly occurred betwixt husband and wife—to the unhappiness of their wedded life. The waiting-maid, in particular, gave some damaging testimony. For a long time, she said, Mrs. Harmon had seemed to feel a deadly fear of her husband. She wept a great deal in secret, grew very sad and despondent, and showed no interest in anything. There was a little journal in which she often wrote; witness had seen her tears fall on its pages often. All the household knew that Harmon was madly jealous of his wife. He had once torn a magnificent ball-dress off her fair body just as she was ready to step into her carriage. Again and again witness had heard him threaten to kill both himself and her mistress. The dagger was recognized by all the servants as the property of the prisoner. He kept it as an ornament on his library-table.

"From first to last Harmon's demeanor was strangely calm and dignified. He solemnly swore to me that he was innocent, and I never for a moment doubted his word. He pleaded 'Not guilty,' and while acknowledging that he had lived unhappily with his wife, he declared that he had loved her too well to harm a hair of her head. Diligent search was made among the dead girl's effects for the journal to which the waiting-maid had referred; but it could not be found. The book was described as crimson-covered, and clasped with gold. Doubtless its contents might have thrown some light upon the terrible mystery; but we looked for it in vain. Mark you, it was *never* discovered. Agnes Harmon had probably destroyed it before her death.

"Gerald Fortescue was the prisoner's counsel. To his hands Philip committed his life. I was very sorry for this; but your father would have it so. He *believed* in the man, you see. Perhaps no talent in the land could have saved him, perhaps Fortescue did his best—pleaded the case ably—at least, others thought so; but the evidence was clear, popular feeling ran high against the prisoner; wife-murder is a most revolting crime. Apart from a few personal friends, everybody believed him guilty. After a weary trial, through which he conducted himself with composure and fortitude, Philip Harmon one dreadful day stood up in a densely crowded court-room and received sentence of death.

"I remember well the moment when the terrible words were pronounced. My eyes chanced to wander from the calm pale face of the prisoner to the swarthy, agitated one of his counsel. What did I see there? An infernal gleam of *joy*—joy unmistakable, flashing like lightning over those expressive features, and almost convulsing them. I tried to think that it must be my imagination. I was not prepared to believe, even then, that Fortescue could rejoice in the condemnation of a client and a friend. The idea was too monstrous. Nevertheless, the memory of that look haunted me long after. Philip Harmon was to die upon the gallows. He had just six months of life left to him. His doom was certain. Now I wish to tell you what Fortescue did.

"'Trust me,' he said to the condemned man, 'and I will save you—I will help you to escape from this prison. You must fly abroad. Your fortune and your daughter must be sent before you, to some obscure corner of the Old World, where your safety will be certain. Confide both to me, and I will make all necessary arrangements. It is your only chance—by this way alone can you cheat the gallows.'

"At first your father declared that, being an innocent man, he would not act like a guilty one; but, remember, he was weakened by mental suffering, and agonized with thoughts of you. Fortescue pleaded so well that he at last consented to the plan, and made over his entire fortune to the scoundrel, to invest in foreign securities—gave it to him unreservedly—yes, with full legal power to do with it as he would. Great heaven! my blood boils when I think of it! You were to be sent abroad immediately, with your nurse, to await Philip Harmon on the other side of the Atlantic. From the few friends that remained to him the matter was kept a profound secret. Fortescue alone was to be the executor, even as he had been the originator, of the scheme.

"I was allowed to visit Harmon after his condemnation. I found him composed and cheerful, but he never once hinted at the secret betwixt himself and Fortescue, and I suspected nothing. I had set myself to the task of saving my friend. The public believed him guilty, and was determined that he should hang; but I was rich, I had influence, the highest executive officer of the State was my near relative. I was resolved to move heaven and earth to change Philip Harmon's sentence.

"Now give heed to what I say, Meg. For five long months Fortescue duped your father with his fine plan of escape, postponing from time to time, by one pretext or another, the final hour for action. Every dollar of Har-

mon's fortune had passed into his hands, and one morning he stepped upon a transatlantic steamer and slipped quietly off to Europe, leaving the doomed man to his fate, and you to the charity of your hired nurse. Just before his departure he wrote these words to me:

"'Idiot! I learn that you are trying to save Harmon. You cannot do it—he must hang. I have hated him all my life, and the day appointed for him to suffer will be the happiest of my existence.'

"I hurried to Harmon's prison, and there learned the story of the plot and the infamous treachery of Fortescue. Your father was utterly crushed and overwhelmed.

"'He has plundered me!' he said; 'and, thanks to my utter madness, no law can touch him. I *gave* him my fortune to do with as he would, and my child—my innocent, helpless child, is a beggar!'

"'Do not think of her,' I answered; 'she shall be my care.'

"His trust was betrayed, his hope of escape over. Yet he would say very little concerning the man who had so injured him.

"'Let his villainy be a secret 'twixt you and me, Dysart,' he entreated—'I ask it as a personal favor. It is impossible to regain that which I have lost—impossible to bring him to punishment. I now see that he has been seeking my ruin for years. He has fled to Europe in the full hope and expectation of my immediate death on the gallows.'

"True. But in this hope Fortescue was doomed to disappointment. A few days previous to the one which had been named for his execution, Philip Harmon's death-sentence was commuted to imprisonment for life.

"To my care he committed his child.

"'She has no near relatives,' he said; 'take her, Dysart, be kind to her for my sake, but let her be brought up in utter ignorance of her wretched father. God forbid that she should know of my existence!'

"I saw the prison-doors close for ever on my friend. Then I carried you, my adopted niece, down to Beach Hall, left you with some faithful servants, and started for Europe to find Gerald Fortescue.

"We met in a *café* of the Palais Royal. He was cool and insolent—the game was in his own hands, and he knew it.

"'You are a thief and a traitor!' I said to him. 'Where is the money which you have stolen from Harmon and his child?'

"'You quite mistake the situation,' he answered. 'Harmon was the thief, and I the victim. The prospect of impending death awoke in him some pangs of conscience. He made late restitution to me—that is all. It's a thousand pities you worked so hard to rob the gallows of its lawful prey. I assure you, I was greatly disappointed when I heard of that change of sentence.'

"'I know the secret of your hatred!' I cried—'I know your guilty passion for Harmon's wife! Listen, and I will tell you a secret. I, too, loved her, but mine was a love that prompted me to sacrifice, not selfishness—to good, not evil. She never dreamed of it, neither did any other human creature. Gerald Fortescue, I think you could tell something about that girl's murder if you would.'

"He grew as white as ashes.

"'I? What do you mean? It is a lie! I had left the city on that night of her death—I was miles distant from the spot where she suffered.'

"'All the same, you know more about the foul deed than anybody living.'

"My boldness startled him.

"'Do you think *I* killed her?' he demanded, hoarsely.

"'It is more than likely,' I replied, in a fury. 'I believe you to be capable of any crime known to men or devils. Restore to Agnes Harmon's child the money of which you have robbed her. You have left the little thing dependent upon charity—pity her, for her mother's sake!'

"He mocked and defied me, denied that he had taken a penny which was not his own by right, and bade me send the child to a public institution.

"It was plain that I could not wrest from him his ill-gotten gains, so I knocked him senseless to the floor of the *café*, broke my cane over his body, walked out of the place, and never saw his face again till last night at the opera.

"He returned to this city, entered, like Ahab of old, into the possession of Naboth's vineyard—made his home in this very house, where your mother was murdered, rose rapidly in importance and in the esteem of his fellow-men, became a judge—faugh! The rest you know. Gerald Fortescue is enough to make a man doubt the very existence of justice!"

"Wait!" cried Meg, breathlessly. "You have not told me who killed my mother."

"My poor child, that is a secret known only to God. The guilty party has never been discovered—never will be, in all probability. To me, the affair is as much a mystery now as it was nineteen years ago."

"Do you think that Gerald Fortescue was the murderer?"

"No. I took the trouble to ascertain, beyond doubt, that he was out of the city on that fatal night, that he left immediately after the dinner-party. Yet I suspect—I have always suspected—that he possessed information concerning the deed which he never made public—that he allowed Harmon to be tried and condemned for a crime which he knew the unhappy husband never committed. Rest assured your father is innocent. Meg, Meg, if hard or bitter thoughts have ever entered your mind concerning him, go down on your knees and ask Heaven to forgive you. Jealous he might have been, goaded to madness often by his wife's coldness and indifference, but he never lifted his hand against his idol; this I believe to-day as utterly as I believed it two decades ago. For nineteen years he has been shut within the walls of a prison, enduring God only knows what torture. He has worn out youth and strength in that living death, without hope, without solace. In all this time I have never looked upon him—he could not endure to see me; but in his prison there is a turnkey named Martin—a faithful fellow, who was once Harmon's servant. For love of his former master he sought his present situation, and through him I have frequently communicated with Harmon. You remember the man—you overheard a conversation which I once held with him in my library at Beach Hall?"

"Yes," answered Meg.

The colonel sprang up from his chair, his voice swelling with indignation.

"And while your mother lies unavenged in her grave," he cried, "and Philip Harmon drags his miserable, blighted life out in the awful routine of a prison, shut up with men of crime and violence, what has befallen this Gerald Fortescue? He has risen to eminence in his profession, fortune has favored him in every way, men honor him—great God! who is able to comprehend such things?" He turned upon Meg with a stern, set face. "*Now* what do you think of the man who has asked you to marry—the man who robbed your father and left him to the gallows; the man whose guilty love for your mother was at

the bottom of all her wedded misery; the man who stripped you of everything—abandoned you to charity in your helpless babyhood? His passion for the dead Agnes, it seems, has been transferred to her daughter. Horror! Has he determined to destroy *you*, also?"

Meg, too, was upon her feet, with an ashen cheek, and eyes dilating with strong emotion.

"What do I think of him?" she echoed. "He is a monster, a demon! Remember what my father said to you in my nursery, nunky—that I might some time avenge him, you know. I feel as if I had been raised up for that very purpose!" She tore Fortescue's ring off her hand, and flung it wildly from her. "What fatality! Was there no one to save me from entering this house—from the pollution of that man's touch—from the horrible mockery and profanation of his love? And to him I had determined to sell myself—in a few weeks, at furthest, I should have been his wife!"

"Thank God that I arrived in time to save you from that fate!" said the colonel, sternly; "and now you must leave this house. It is monstrous for you to eat of Fortescue's bread, or breathe the same air with him longer. Gather up your earthly possessions and come with me."

"Whither?"

He drew out his watch.

"To Gull Beach. We shall take the noon train for that place—Mrs. Dysart and I. The house has been put in order for our return. Heaven knows I am anxious to rest once more under my own vine and fig-tree. I have been in exile for nearly four years."

He sighed heavily. Meg did not speak for some moments. She was staring straight out before her, with lips compressed in a red line, and brows knitted over sombre, brooding eyes.

"Go down to Gull Beach with Constance? No, I cannot do that!" she said, at last; "I must remain here for the present."

"*Here?*"

"Judge Fortescue has gone to New York, in quest of his runaway daughter. It is impossible to say when or where he may find her, or whether he will return in a day or a week. But I shall not leave this house until I have seen him again. Would you have me fly like a coward?"

"I would have you act prudently, Meg. You are under the roof of your arch-enemy. I shudder at your position. His new son-in-law will be sure to tell him that you are Philip Harmon's daughter."

"Let him!" she cried, defiantly; "he must know the fact, either from Moultrie's lips or mine. I do not fear Gerald Fortescue, nunky—no; but from this hour I am his sworn foe—ready for any opportunity to avenge my father's wrongs. Here in his house I will remain, and to his face I will accuse him of his crimes, and demand reparation!"

The colonel stared aghast.

"Meg, Meg! Do nothing of the kind! You are but a weak girl. He will find means to crush you at once."

She seemed not to hear him. Her resolute air filled him with dismay.

"I wish to see my father!" she cried. "Who will take me to him?"

"Your father?"

"Yes. I must go to his prison. I can gain admittance, can I not? He will tell me what to do."

"My dear child, everything was done for him that could be done, years ago."

"Nothing was done!" she cried, wildly. "Oh, you cannot keep me—I *will* see him! He who has never known his child, he whom all the world has abandoned—he shall yet find that he is not quite deserted. He shall know that my arms ache to clasp him, and my eyes to look upon him. Will *you* take me to his prison?"

"When?"

"To-day—this very hour!"

"Impossible! To-day I have important business to which I must attend. I must also go down to Gull Beach with Constance."

"To-morrow, then?"

"Very well. I will be at your disposal to-morrow."

"It seems a weary while," she sighed. "I will pray for patience. My dear old friend, I place my whole hope and trust upon *you*—do not forsake me now!"

"Never again!" he answered, clasping her remorsefully to his heart. "But how can I leave you in this house? Come away, Meg. If you will not go down to Gull Beach, I can find you a safe refuge elsewhere."

She shook her head.

"No, no. Here I stay, in the camp of the foe. But give yourself no uneasiness concerning me. Gerald Fortescue will not return till I see you again. I am safe for twenty-four hours, at least."

"God be with you!" murmured the colonel; "I do not like this arrangement."

CHAPTER XVIII.

AT GULL BEACH.

IN long, loud blasts the wintry wind swept the desolate shingle at Gull Beach. Pleasant the gray sands and low marshes might be in the full glow of Summer, but at this season of the year they were unspeakably sombre and lonely. Foam-caps whitened the chill, deserted bay. Overhead lowered a mutinous sky, full of coming storm.

In the dull, threatening afternoon, Colonel Dysart's carriage rolled through the tall gate, under the old fir-trees, that shook their black heads in the shrill gusts, and stopped at the entrance of Beach Hall. The colonel and his wife alighted.

Hasty preparations had been ringing through the house since morning. Once more its windows were opened to the light and air. A few of the old servants had returned to their former posts, and covers had been stripped from the rich furniture; the bustle of life echoed again through the long silent rooms.

"Thank God!" said the colonel, wearily, as his foot touched his own threshold. Mrs. Dysart did not answer, but her thin lip curled. Beach Hall in Winter was the abomination of desolation. She saw no especial cause for thanksgiving in this cheerless return to its gates. To her the place abounded in unpleasant memories. She had desired to remain abroad for another year, at least—life in the European capitals suited Constance—but the colonel had, for once, asserted his marital authority, and brought her back to the New World against her will.

She sailed up the broad stair to the chamber which had been prepared for her, followed by a smart Swiss maid. The latter began to unpack the luggage, which had arrived in advance of its owners. On the hearth a roaring fire burned away the cold and dampness of the long unused rooms; but outside the boughs of the firs scratched sharply against the windows, the gale roared, and the moaning of the sea was audible, as it swept up the dreary sands of Gull Beach.

Constance walked the floor back and forth, looking

about the chamber and out into the funereal firs and the wintry garden below, with a sort of angry disdain.

She had grown stout and imperious in the last four years. In her yellow eyes lurked a shrewish look. Her high nose and thin lips wore a frigid, forbidding expression. Constance had always been a cold-blooded, unscrupulous woman, and time had only intensified these peculiar traits in her character; to this fact her husband could bear ample testimony.

"Mignon," she said to the Swiss maid, "I shall not take the trouble to dress for dinner—it is not worth one's while in a place like this. I cannot understand Colonel Dysart's desire to come down here at this season. The whims of old men are unaccountable. Of one thing he may rest assured—my stay at Beach Hall will be brief."

"Yes, madame," answered the maid.

She arranged her mistress's wardrobe and toilet-table, performed such offices as were required of her, and noiselessly withdrew. Mrs. Dysart sat down before her fire and lost herself straightway in a reverie.

She hated Gull Beach. With every nook and corner of it unpleasant associations were connected.

As she stared into the red blaze her fair, chilly face grew hard and set. Alas! Constance's marriage had brought her little happiness. She had sown malice, revenge and falsehood, only to reap vexation, disappointment and bitterness of spirit. Money is good, but it cannot buy that which satisfies the highest needs of life. She had found no sweetness in her vengeance, no joy in her wicked triumph over Meg.

AMONG THE WILD-FLOWERS.

Few men could have been happy with Constance—least of all, one like Colonel Dysart. The two had neither tastes nor sympathies in common. He was old enough to be her father, and she had never felt the smallest throb of affection for him.

For the last three years he had gone through Europe with her, stopping, now here, now there, as the whim seized her; allowing her to squander his money; giving up his own comfort, his quiet scholarly tastes to her exacting selfishness; yet all the while he had made her feel that she no longer deceived him—that he knew her real value, that all her littleness was despicable in his grave, clear eyes.

He loved her no longer; he reproved her often—spoke of her faults with great frankness, showed her many times that he was her master. Last night, for instance, after the opera, and the appearance of Meg in that private box, what a battle royal she had waged with her lord!—to what humiliating confessions he had forced her! He knew the whole story, at last, and Meg was still his idol—yes, doubly so, now that he thought of her as deceived and injured. Oh, it was bitter! What had she gained by her scheming, by the sacrifice of herself, by her marriage with a tiresome old man whom she did not love, and who no longer loved her? Life might have been so different if Moultrie had remained true! Where was he now?—that false lover, with his handsome face and shallow heart!

A rap at the door. Enter the Swiss maid, with a newspaper in her hand.

"Monsieur bids me give you this," she said, and quietly retired.

Constance was suspicious by nature. Why had her husband troubled himself to send up that sheet from his library? Of course, there was something in it which he wished her to read. She opened the paper, and the first thing on which her eyes fell was a glowing account of the elopement of Danton Moultrie with the only daughter and heiress of the distinguished Judge Fortescue.

Constance read it slowly, carefully, as if afraid of missing a word. He had made his final choice, then—taken to himself a wife! She felt a sudden hot hatred toward the unknown Lilian, a strange, bitter pang stabbed her heart—for Constance *had* a heart, and the one only idol which she had set up there in her girlhood was not yet

dethroned. Such love as she had to give had been given to Danton Moultrie—it could never be wholly recalled.

She opened one of the jewel-cases upon her toilet-table, and took from it a locket which she had carried with her over Europe, but never worn. The fair false face of Moultrie looked out from the golden setting. Bitterly she surveyed it. She had snatched him from Meg; but another woman, a stranger, had won him at last. She remembered to have heard of this Fortescue girl in Paris. Some American friends had called her a little brunette dowdy in ill health. He was married! Well, what could that matter to Constance Dysart? Single or wedded, he was parted from her for ever.

With the locket in her hand, she sat for a long time, motionless as stone, staring into the fire, and thinking unspeakable things.

Meanwhile, in his library below-stairs, old memories also beset Colonel Dysart. It was good to find himself once more in that familiar room, among his books and bric-à-brac—good to breathe the wholesome air of home, after years of weary travel and exile; but the central figure of his thoughts was Meg. He was tortured with self-reproach, with anxiety and dark foreboding. How he missed the beautiful creature here in her old haunts! Her face seemed looking out on him from every corner of the library. He heard her voice in every gust that swept the pane. And he had left her under Fortescue's roof—there she would remain, unprotected, alone, through this eerie night, which was beginning even now to gather on shore and sea.

The colonel was weak and nervous, fagged and worried, and the longer he brooded upon Meg's position, the greater became his consternation.

"Why did I not force her to come with me?" he said to himself. "Who knows what may happen to her before the morning?"

He went to the window. The wind was rising to a gale; the sky hung dark over the lashed and foaming bay. A wild northeaster was impending. Sleet and rain struck the glass with a great clatter, even as he peered forth. Could he return to town in such weather? No; the colonel's bodily strength had failed him of late; he was growing old—beginning, like Dean Swift, to decay at the top. Exhausted in flesh and spirit as he was, he dared not attempt the journey to-night, but he would do the next best thing to soothe the anxiety which consumed him. He wrote this message on a slip of paper:

"Leave that house immediately. I entreat you not to pass the night there. Place yourself under the protection of Miss Leith—she will give you shelter. In the morning I will come for you."

He summoned the only man-servant in the house, and sent him off with this dispatch to the telegraph-office in Blackhaven.

By this time the dinner-bell had rung. At the foot of the stairs the colonel met his wife. She looked frigid and displeased. Silently he conducted her to the table. The rain was beating wildly against the long windows, the sea moaned on the shore, like a lost soul. Darkness and tempest would surely rule the coming night.

Presently, Colonel Dysart motioned the attendant to withdraw, and husband and wife were alone together.

"Did you read the paper which I sent up to your room, Constance?" said the colonel.

"Yes," she answered, coldly.

"Danton Moultrie"—with a slight sneer—"has done well for himself, at last."

Her face was as impassive as stone.

"Without doubt."

"Constance," and his eyes grew very sombre under his gray brows, "the mischief which you did more than three years ago has led to darker complications than you intended, or even dreamed of. This morning, before we left town, I had an interview with Meg."

"You do not surprise me," answered the blonde woman, dryly. "I suspected you would lose no time in seeking your wronged idol, and acquainting her with my perfidy."

"Constance, where do you think I found the poor child? Living under the name of Miss Grey, in the household of Gerald Fortescue. Not only that, but he, ignorant of her parentage, had lured her into a marriage engagement."

Constance, phlegmatic as she was, could not repress a start.

"It is more than likely that she lured *him!* Gerald Fortescue! How unique!" She burst into an unpleasant laugh. "I hope you have not spoiled her brilliant prospects with your tattling, Colonel Dysart? So *that* was the meaning of her appearance with the distinguished judge in that box last night!"

"Constance, have you neither heart nor conscience?" he said, sternly.

She smiled.

"You mean do I regret the injury which I did Margaret Harmon? Not at all; for it was nothing, compared to that which she did me! But the confession of it—yes, I am sorry for that. I was foolish to acknowledge anything to you; nor would I have done so, had I not known you would be sure to hear the truth from *her*. I really hoped, Colonel Dysart, that the creature was crushed—absolutely crushed—before this time!"

"That she is not, Constance, is surely no fault of yours," said the colonel.

Then, in a few words, he told Meg's story. Mrs. Dysart continued to eat her dinner placidly.

"Margaret Harmon was born for an adventuress," she sneered. "Gerald Fortescue, in the character of her *fiancé*, is really too delightful! He might marry her by way of reparation, you know—it would be a comfortable method by which to adjust old troubles. I wonder you did not think of that. Of one thing rest assured, Colonel Dysart—she cannot come *here*. I would not live one hour under the same roof with her. As I hated her on the day when she left Gull Beach, I hate her still! I only regret that I was not able to drive her for ever beyond your knowledge. And now what will you do? Adopt her cause, receive her with open arms to your guardianship again, make a will in her favor, to take the place of the one you destroyed, when you found that she had eloped with another woman's promised husband? Pray do not think that I have been blind these last four years. You have continually sighed for that girl in secret, missed her, mourned for her—yes, even in our honeymoon, you did that! Colonel Dysart, I fear you are falling into your dotage."

He gave her a look that made her quail.

"It is true that I have mourned for Meg—that I have missed her greatly," he answered. "She is, and has always been, unspeakably dear to me. I was mad when I allowed you, for a little space, to poison my heart against her. I propose to protect and shield her from Gerald Fortescue, and all other enemies. If I cannot shelter her here, then I must do it elsewhere. In the morning I shall return to town to find a home for her, and arrange her affairs. Constance, there are times when you seem to me more like a fiend than a woman."

A sharp answer trembled on her tongue, but she fain-

bore to utter it. She had married this man for his money—his health, she could plainly see, was rapidly failing. To be left a rich widow was now Constance's supreme desire. She felt that it was scarcely safe to provoke her husband too far, especially as her power over him had become weak and uncertain. His will was made, and it gave all his earthly possessions to her. Would he alter it now? The thought sent a chill through her veins. *That* she could not bear!

Her manner changed at once. She leaned forward and looked at the colonel, and her yellow eyes grew soft her hard voice sweet.

"Will you let that girl—will you let anybody, anything, come betwixt you and your wife?" she purred. "Have you quite ceased to love me?"

He passed his hand across his forehead with a heavy sigh.

"I do not know, Constance. I have told you more than once that our marriage was a mistake."

The bitterness in his tone alarmed her. She arose softly, went to his side and knelt down there, her blonde face full of tender appeal.

"Forgive me," she murmured, sobbing like the first-class actress which she was; "I cannot bear to see you angry—forgive my ill-temper. I will do whatever you wish. If you ask me to receive Meg here, if I can please you by such a concession, it shall be done. Ah! I am not so hard, so heartless as you think."

"Constance," he said, suspiciously, "do you mean that you are willing to be friends with Meg?"

"Yes, yes, if you require it of me. Shall I go down on my knees to her?"

"Heaven forbid! She is too generous to desire anything of the kind. The poor child is homeless, and surrounded with perils. I shall go to her in the morning. If you are sincere in what you say, come with me—assure her with your own lips that you forgive her for the past, and also wish to be forgiven."

He was going to Meg on the morrow! Bad news. Here was a bitter pill for her to swallow, but under the circumstances she dared not refuse it.

"Because *you* ask me," she murmured, "I will do this thing. It is hard, but for your sake I will forget my pride, my resentment; I will consent to forgive and be forgiven."

His face softened. He looked surprised and pleased.

"Constance, do you mean it?"

"Most surely."

He raised and embraced her with fervor.

"A thousand thanks! I scarcely expected this of you."

It was the first demonstration of affection which he had made for months. Of late Colonel Dysart and his blonde wife had wasted few endearments upon each other.

She went back to her seat, outwardly sweet and smiling, inwardly burning with jealous wrath. That girl was his sole thought. For her sake he was willing to humiliate his wife. He looked upon Meg as one who had been deeply wronged. Doubtless her old power over him would be redoubled. Constance clinched her teeth furtively. The fight betwixt herself and her enemy was about to be renewed more fiercely than ever. She must make haste to recover her lost ground in the colonel's heart, otherwise there would surely be a codicil to his will.

She was very amiable during the remainder of the dinner. When it was over she arose languidly.

"I am greatly fatigued," she said. "I have not yet recovered from that tedious voyage. And you—you, too, are looking worn and ill to-night."

"I cannot drive Meg from my mind," answered the colonel. "Where is she at this moment? Rash, willful girl! Fortescue may return unexpectedly—perhaps he has not gone to New York—and then heaven only knows what may happen. Is it, I wonder, too late for me to catch the evening train to town?"

He drew out his watch nervously.

"The evening train!" cried Constance, with a great start. "Listen to the storm! Would you leave me in this hermitage? I should die of loneliness before morning. Wait, I beg you, till the morrow. Then together we will go to Meg."

The agitation in her usually cold, unmoved face touched him. At the same moment a great dash of rain struck the windows, a blast of wind wrestled with the fir-trees, a loud moan came up from the wave-washed beach.

"Very well," said the colonel, dismissing with reluctance his keen desire to fly to Meg. "I *will* wait till to-morrow."

He went back to his library. Night fell, and the storm increased in violence. A servant entered with lights. In the grate burned a bright fire, and its red glow fell pleasantly over the crowded book-shelves and the carving and gilding of the room.

Colonel Dysart was ill at ease. He seated himself at his table and tried to read from his favorite volumes, but all in vain. A blast of wind tore by the window. He fancied he heard Meg's voice, full of distress, calling to him in that gust. So strong was the illusion that he flung up the sash, and leaning out into the pelting, driving storm, cried, wildly:

"Meg, Meg, where are you?"

No voice answered. Only the fir-trees groaned, and the waves roared on Gull Beach.

Meg was not there. He closed the window and went back to the fire.

Above-stairs, in her dressing-room, Constance, too, was restless and troubled. She had dismissed her maid for the night. The paper containing the details of Danton Moultrie's elopement lay on the floor beside her chair. Hour after hour went by. Sometimes she arose and paced the room, noiselessly as a cat; sometimes she stood and stared blankly down into the failing fire, seeing therein maddening pictures of lost happiness.

It was in this attitude that her husband found her, when he entered the apartment shortly before midnight. She did not notice him till he laid his hand on her shoulder. Then she gave a violent start, and he saw that her blonde face was drawn and white. She picked up the newspaper and thrust it absently into the fire. It blazed up for a moment, and then was gone.

"The storm is increasing," she stammered.

"Yes. Before we start for town, will you order a room to be prepared for Meg?—her old one would please her best. It is possible that we may wish to bring her back with us. Since you have consented to bury the hatchet, I am sure she will come."

Her yellow eyes looked steadily into his own.

"All shall be made ready for her—have no fear. I will attend to the matter early in the morning."

"You lift a heavy load from my heart, Constance. I am dead tired. I think I will go now to bed."

He passed into an adjoining chamber. Half an hour later she heard him tossing restlessly. She went to the door between the two rooms, and said, sweetly:

"Cannot you sleep, dear?"

"No; the storm disturbs me. That moaning wind is unbearable."

"Shall I mix you a sleeping-draught?"

"Yes. I was about to ask for one."

On the dressing-room table stood a case of medicines. Colonel Dysart was often compelled to sleep under the influence of narcotics. From one of the bottles Constance poured some liquid into a glass. Her hand was not quite steady, neither was her mind upon her work. Out splashed the stuff, like harmless water. The dose was larger, by far, than a prudent person would have administered, but she did not lessen it.

Putting the bottle back in place, she glided with a firm step, and a soft *swish* of draperies, to her husband's bedside. The night-lamp shed but a faint light through the chamber. He took the glass from her hand.

"Is it strong?" he said.

"Yes."

He drank the draught at once.

"Now I shall sleep," she heard him murmur, more to himself than to her.

She went back to her dressing-room, washed and wiped the glass—she was very careful about little things—put it down by the medicine-case, and returned to her chair before the fire.

Ceaselessly the storm roared. Pitch-black darkness brooded on shore and sea. Sometimes flakes of snow mingled with the rain, and whirled, like falling stars, across the window.

One o'clock struck. Wide awake, Constance still sat there in the dreary dressing-room. The fire died. A deathly stillness reigned in the adjoining chamber, and over all the house.

At last she arose; a slight tremor shook her full figure; she moved cautiously to the half-open door, hesitated, crossed its threshold. The night-lamp still burned feebly; the fir-boughs beat against the pane. She drew near to the bed. Colonel Dysart lay upon his pillow, like a graven image. The narcotic had brought him the sleep which he coveted. She bent down to him. The seal of an awful silence and solemnity was set upon his sharp, stern face. She called him by name—he did not hear; she touched him—he did not move. A cry escaped her lips. From the dark corners of the room its echo floated back to her ears: "*Murderess!*"

No, that was imagination.

"Are you sleeping, Colonel Dysart?" she cried, grasping the carved post of the bed for support.

Yes, he was sleeping—the sleep which no earthly sound can break. There, in that silent chamber, with white, accusing face turned upward to the woman who had destroyed him, and with the dull rays of the lamp falling all along his rigid outlines, Colonel Dysart lay, cold and dead!

Constance ran to the closet where Mignon, the maid, slept, and shook her lustily.

"Rise!" she cried, "and call up the other servants. Colonel Dysart is dead!"

"Dead?" echoed the bewildered and terrified girl. "Great God, madame! how did it happen?"

"Hush, fool!" answered Mrs. Dysart, with a face as colorless as stone; "for years he has suffered from heart-disease. Death has come upon him at last, as it usually comes in such cases, like a thief in the night. He is dead, and I am a widow!"

CHAPTER XIX.

IN THE PRISON.

After Colonel Dysart's departure from the Beacon Street house, Meg had plenty of time to think over the tragic story which she had heard—plenty of time to meditate upon her own extraordinary position in the home of the man who had wrought such woe to her kindred—who had wronged and plundered herself. Mrs. Maitland was in her own chamber, prostrated by the event of the previous night. She would see no one, least of all Miss Grey. The house was left to Meg.

She sat down in the red boudoir, and thought and thought, till her brain whirled and her heart grew sick within her. What was the first step for her to take in this matter? Could she wait a day and night before she attempted to see her father? Twenty-four hours! It was an eternity!

"Have I a moment to waste?" she said to herself—"can I bear to stay in this house, alone, inactive, merely killing time that should be precious, till nunky is at liberty to come to me again? No, I cannot! I shall be mad by to-morrow!"

In her desperate moods, Meg was always fertile in plans. One occurred to her now, as she walked the boudoir in a fever of excitement. She caught at it with characteristic impulsiveness.

"Nunky will forgive me," was her thought—"he will know that I could *not* wait! Why should I trouble him, when I can act for myself? How old and worn and miserable he looks! That vixenish Constance is killing him by inches."

It was now high noon. The luncheon-bell rang, but there was no one in the house to-day to respond to it. Meg went to her pink-and-white chamber, and dressed for a walk.

"I am going out," she said to a housemaid; "I shall not return till night. Should Mrs. Maitland ask for me, say that I have been called to see a friend."

After which, Meg descended to the street, and drawing her vail, walked away with a determined step and a wildly beating heart to Pemberton Square.

In a few moments she had reached the place. Eagerly, carefully, she read the signs on either hand—this particular spot abounded in signs. At last her eyes caught the name:

"Robin Leith, Attorney-at-Law."

She wavered, half turned to retrace her steps; but the necessity was imperative, it was no time to stand for trifles—so she gathered courage, passed through a door, and ascended a stair. Another sign at the top guided her, and a moment later Meg stood in the office of that rising young lawyer, Robin Leith.

It was a large and handsomely furnished room—a striking contrast to the dirty den at Blackhaven, where Leith had toiled and moiled in the old days. Prosperity was written upon its four walls. A smart clerk sat at a desk, writing. A colored boy placed Meg a chair.

"Is Mr. Leith in?" she asked, anxiously.

Yes, he was busy in the private office—he would appear directly. Meg sat down, wild with impatience.

A few moments passed. Then Leith and a client came forth together. As the young fellow's eyes fell upon Meg, his brown face changed. He hurried to her side.

"You have business with me?" he said, in a low voice.

"Yes," she faltered; "permit me to speak to you alone."

He conducted her into the private office, and closed the door. He was quite composed, but every vestige of color had vanished from Meg's face. Instinctively the thoughts of both flashed back to a certain long-gone Summer morning—to a piquant young beauty who had come, troubled and alone, as now, to his Blackhaven den to ask him to wed.

"Do you remember that day?" she stammered, with something betwixt a sob and a laugh.

THE LITTLE PAGE.

"I remember," he answered, quietly.

Her present errand was of a widely different nature, yet she found some difficulty in making it known. More than once she essayed to speak before the words would come. At last she faltered:

"I need help. Necessity drives me to you. In all this city, I have not another friend on whom I can rely."

She saw that her words pleased him.

"I shall count it a privilege to serve you," he answered promptly. "I am glad that you regard me with confidence. What can I do for you?"

She gave him an appealing, deprecatory glance.

"Was I rude to you that day in the church? I fancied you were angry with me."

"No, you were not rude," he replied, gravely; "and I could never feel anything like anger toward you for more than a passing moment."

A grateful little smile dimpled the bloom of her lips.

"I am glad. I feared that I had offended you." Then, after a pause, "Colonel Dysart has returned from Europe."

"I know it."

"You have seen him?"

"Yes—this very morning."

"Where?"

"In this office. On his way from Judge Fortescue's house, from his interview with you, he stopped here to speak with me regarding some law matters."

She clasped her gloved hands involuntarily.

"You know all—Colonel Dysart has told you my father's story?"

"The main points of it, at least."

She struggled hard for self-possession. The color came and went rapidly in her pale cheek.

"Did he mention the engagement which he made with me for the morrow?"

"Yes. He will return to town at an early hour, to conduct you to your father."

She took a step toward him, her lip quivered, her great eyes were full of pain and entreaty.

"I cannot wait till the morrow! I am here to make an extraordinary request—to ask you to go with me to the prison. Think of the years in which my father has suffered alone, remember that I have not seen his face since my unconscious babyhood. How can I delay a long day and night? For nineteen years he has been shut in a living tomb, and his one, only child has never once sought to aid or comfort him. Have I any more time to waste? Not a moment!"

Almost involuntarily she stretched out two supplicating hands. He gathered them into his own, held them with a close, warm clasp.

"You are quite right," he said, with decision. "I am entirely at your service. When do you wish to start?"

"Now!—that is," drawing her hands rather coldly from his hold, "whenever you can."

"I am ready."

"Do you think Miss Prue would go with us?"

"I am sure of it. I will take you to her at once."

He stepped out into the larger office, spoke a few words to his clerk, then returned, hat in hand, and Meg went with him down the stair and into the street. He hailed a passing carriage, assisted her in, took a seat by her side, and the two were carried swiftly away toward the South End.

Not a word was spoken during the drive. When they reached the house of the Leiths it required just fifteen minutes by the clock for Miss Prue to comprehend the situation and don her shawl and bonnet. A visit to a State prison was an experience which she had never, in her wildest moments, anticipated. But this daughter of Sorosis was not the person to turn coward in an emergency.

"If Philip Harmon is innocent, which nobody ever believed before," she said, as she tied her bonnet-strings in a highly unsymmetrical knot, "who is the guilty party—who *did* murder Agnes Ferrol?"

"A grave question," replied Leith. "Let us hope that it may in time be answered satisfactorily."

He poured a glass of wine for Meg.

"Drink it," he said, with authority; "you look as if your strength was unequal to the task before you."

She obeyed him, and received from Miss Prue a fond hug.

"My dear, I am sure that heaven will guide you to-day. Take courage. How do you know that you are not divinely appointed to deliver your father?"

They entered the carriage, and turning out of that quiet street, rolled off toward the northern portion of the city.

She was on her way to her unknown father—she was to look in his face, to touch his hand, her wronged, innocent father. How strange and unreal it seemed! All thought of Moultrie and his elopement with Lilian Fortescue was swallowed up in these later and more important matters. To Meg the whole world had changed since morning—life had changed, with all its purposes and desires.

The wind blew violently through the city streets, the clouds hung dark over the countless roofs. They crossed a bridge and entered the Charleston district. Meg's heart began to beat with suffocating strokes—she was now drawing near to the grim, gray prison. The carriage turned from the street into a driveway, and stopped before the house of the warden. The towering shadow of a great, dark rotunda frowned down upon it in the dreary day.

"Remain here for a few moments," said Leith, and he sprang out of the vehicle and left the ladies together.

"He may be dead," whispered Meg, with a shudder. "It is more than three years since the colonel last heard from him."

"Nonsense," said Miss Prue, giving her hand a sympathetic squeeze.

"I may not be allowed to see him."

"Small fear of that. Men are flinty-hearted creatures, I'll admit, but they will not deny you this favor."

Soon Leith returned. He silently extended his hand to Meg.

"He is alive, then?"

"Yes."

"I may see him?"

"Certainly."

She alighted from the carriage and followed him up a flight of steps into the prison.

"Goodness me!" muttered Miss Prue, behind those unsymmetrical bonnet-strings, "I never thought my feet would be called upon to tread this abode of thieves and murderers. This day may well be called an epoch in my history."

They stepped into the warden's room, which was occupied at that moment by two persons, the chief officer of the prison and a turnkey. The latter, an elderly man, with a heavy, pock-marked face surmounted by tufts of red hair, a scant gray beard and a shrewd eye, was not altogether unknown to Meg. At sight of him she started involuntarily. Again she saw the library at Beech Hall, the window in which she had concealed herself; she heard the colonel cry out "Not guilty, not guilty!" while this man, seated in a high-backed chair, with hat crushed betwixt his knees, and red locks bristling about his fore-

head, listened in a grave, non-committal way. It was Mr. Martin.

He gave her a long look as she passed with the Leiths to the adjoining guard-room in the rotunda of the prison. Here she was to wait.

Pots of flowering plants sweetened the air—through all her after life Meg would associate the odor of geraniums with that scrupulously neat and hopelessly dreary place. Outside she could see the workshops, the prison-yard, and the first few drops of rain which splashed down from the threatening sky upon the frowning wall.

By a window stood the deputy-warden's desk, with a loaded rifle near it, ready for any emergency; a warden's life was a precarious possession in this prison. From this post of observation the officer could always overlook the yard and the convicts, as they passed in companies to and from their cheerless labors.

Leith led Meg to a settee.

"Shall I see him here?" she murmured.

"Yes; they have gone to fetch him from his work."

Miss Prue, embarrassed and full of sympathy for Meg, was sniffing at the plants.

"Poor things!" she sighed; "how can they find the heart to bloom in such a place?"

The deputy-warden gave one curious glance at the beautiful girl on the settee, then turned his eyes toward the dreary yard.

A few moments passed, after which a heavy barred door opened, and two persons stepped into the guard-room—an officer of the prison and a convict, dressed in a uniform of coarse gray cloth.

A wasted, weakened figure, wearing an air of premature age. He had not yet seen fifty years, but he looked much older. His thin, haggard face was grandly molded. A patient endurance, which could only have been acquired after tremendous inward struggles, filled the large eyes. From his closely cropped hair every thread of youthful gold had vanished—it was now as white as frost. Yet, shorn as he was of the strength and beauty which had distinguished him nineteen years before, there was still a look of high breeding about Philip Harmon, a something distinctive and superior, which impressed his fellow-prisoners and his jailers alike. He was among them, but not of them—a man set apart, a man with a history.

In that dress of convict gray, with the mark of every one of those weary years of imprisonment furrowed upon his face, fixed for ever on his thin, stooping figure, he stepped into his daughter's presence.

Meg's heart seemed to stop beating, She sprang up from the settee. At the same moment Leith and Miss Prue retreated into the warden's room; neither dared to witness this meeting betwixt father and daughter. The officer who had conducted the prisoner in withdrew also; even the deputy-warden retired to the furthest end of the room, and turned his back considerately on the scene. Meg ran blindly toward the gray figure.

"Father! father!"

At sound of that cry, at sight of the lovely white face that flashed toward him like a star, he staggered as if he had received a blow.

"My child! Merciful God! what brought you here?"

For a moment they stood and looked at each other—a breathless, agonized look, in which was revealed all the long and lonely yearning of the father for the child, all the remorse and pain and love of the daughter who had hitherto been to him but a name and a memory. Then Meg rushed into his arms, she clung to him with all her young strength. Her kisses rained on his face, on his coarse clothes. He clasped her close to his heart.

"My darling! my darling—Agnes's child!" he cried, wildly. "What led you to my prison? Is Dysart here? Why has he not sent me some word concerning you for more than three years? Great heaven! what a weary while!"

He shook as if with palsy. She saw that he was utterly overcome, and made haste to draw him to a seat.

"The colonel is not with me," she sobbed. "What led me to your prison? Rather ask why I have not come before—why I have never sought to see you, although I have known for a long time that I had a father. Forgive me! forgive me! It was only this morning that I learned how you had suffered, and now my heart is breaking with remorse!"

Weeping, she flung herself again upon his breast. He bowed his gray head over her. No word was spoken, but in that close embrace these long-severed hearts were united, and no power on earth would ever part them more. Parent and child had found each other at last!

Outside in the prison-yard the rain fell smartly, and the wind sobbed and wailed around the corners of the wall, like a voice of human anguish.

Presently Philip Harmon lifted his head, and taking the pale face of his new-found daughter in his two hands, turned it to the light.

"You are like, very like your mother," he said, hoarsely. "I have a little picture of you which Martin brought me long ago."

She nodded.

"I know."

"I need not ask if Dysart has told you my history—you would not be here had he not."

He supposed her to be still living with the colonel. Of the events of the last four years he knew nothing. She clinched her hands, her tears ceased.

"He has told me everything," she answered; "and I have vowed to establish your innocence before the world—to rescue you from this terrible place!"

A great agitation swept his face, but passed quickly, as a wind ruffles smooth water, and then is gone. He shook his head—that prematurely silvered head, which had once stood so proudly before the world.

"My poor child, you know not what you say. I hope Dysart has not been encouraging you in vain dreams. Betwixt these walls I must live and die. Only at the Judgment, where all secrets are revealed, will my innocence be established."

She passed her trembling fingers over his white hair.

"Do not believe that," she murmured, under her breath. "Merciful heaven! how you have suffered!"

"Yes," answered Philip Harmon. "Yet I live, and, thank God! still possess my reason."

"But you are not resigned—no, no, do not say that you are resigned to your cruel, unjust fate."

"I have learned to endure," he said, mournfully. "Never imagine for a moment that you can do anything for me—the time for that has passed. Now talk about yourself, my darling—tell me what your life with Dysart has been? Martin learned not long ago that the colonel was abroad. He went down to Gull Beach to obtain some word of you, but found the house closed. I have received no message from my old friend for a long, long time, but I felt that wherever you might be, in his care you were safe."

"I no longer live with Colonel Dysart," said Meg, and with resolute fidelity she went over her whole life, forgetting no detail of the last four years, never sparing herself in the least, nor attempting to excuse her mistakes and follies. Not once did he interrupt her, but when Gerald

Fortescue's name was mentioned she felt him start, and his hand tightened on her own. She narrated the judge's wooing, candidly avowing her own motive in accepting his offer of marriage, and ended with Colonel Dysart's appearance at the opera, and the revelations which he had made to her that very morning. The grip on her fingers relaxed.

When she glanced up, Philip Harmon had fallen back, with a look like death on his face.

(To be continued.)

THE MORGUE.

By H. Wellington Vrooman.

I lie here dead upon this stone,
(The water drips down drop by drop),
And all day long the throng that passed
Have gazed and wondered, till at last
The dim, dull day to night has grown.
One lamp is lit. I lie alone.
(The water drips down drop by drop.)

A thin short sheet above my breast
(The water drips down drop by drop)
Is all that hid me from the throng
That saw my nakedness. How long,
How long before this weary quest
Is ended, and I find my rest?
(The water drips down drop by drop.)

My form was never seen before
(The water drips down drop by drop),
Except by him to whom I gave
My very soul to curse or save,
As he saw fit. What cared I more
Than know his breast my body bore?
(The water drips down drop by drop.)

One long love-laden year of bliss
(The water drips down drop by drop)
We two saw slowly slip away,
While every golden-hearted day
Grew sweeter with each slumbrous kiss—
Far more than heaven holds, I wis.
(The water drips down drop by drop.)

Then came the time he left me there
(The water drips down drop by drop),
Far off within the wine-red land;
Left me one morn with clinging hand,
And lips that burnt my bronze-brown hair,
And brow, and breast that love laid bare!
(The water drips down drop by drop.)

Ah, God, dost thou rule over men?
(The water drips down drop by drop)
What weary months went overhead,
While I remembered what he said,
And trusted he would come again,
Till trust and hope were dead, and then——
(The water drips down drop by drop.)

How long was it I sought for him
(The water drips down drop by drop),
Until we met? And lo! his bride,
They said it was, sat by his side.
And both rode past me—day grew dim,
My cup was poison to the brim!
(The water drips down drop by drop.)

The river runs so black and cold
(The water drips down drop by drop),
The swift waves flow without a sound.
I never thought I would be found.
Ah, God! It may be that *he* will
Come here and see the place I fill!
(The water drips down drop by drop.)

DEAR OLD JACK.

I am not pretty; but then I am young, and it is a great consolation for me to know that my brother Jack is handsome—that he is good, and, above all, that he is noble. Dear old Jack! I can see him from my window; he is sitting in a camp-chair, under a forlorn-looking old apple-tree that cumbers the dooryard; has his feet high up the trunk of that forlorn and barren tree—high as he can get them. The chair he tilts to a dangerous angle.

I am expecting, any moment, to see him do something clownish in the way of a somersault over the back of it. But the position is old to him, and a favorite with him; he ought to know by this time just how far back he can go and not go over. I think he is as safe in a camp-chair as anywhere.

He holds a little white cigar between his lips; he is reading an *Edinburgh Review*—I can tell by the blue covers. Of all bad things, to read a *Review* in a morning so soft and still and happy as this one in July! But he isn't reading, after all; he is reviewing, and doing it my way.

His left arm hangs over one side of the chair; the hand of that arm holds the magazine and rests it upon the second; his right hand holds his hat, and that arm hangs parallel with the other; his face is turned upward, and his head inclines toward his broad right shoulder.

He is perfectly at rest; knows no care, no worry; there isn't a disappointment anywhere in him, and he is thinking of—of me. I know Jack is.

A robin in a neighboring tree—I can hear him—is at a feast of fat things, for it is cherry-time, as well as a time for all good things. Jack may pretend that he sees the redbreast robber sip his cherry pectoral, but I know he sees only me. He loves me too well.

I have no imagined rival in a puffed-out robin! What I do really fear is a child of our grandmother Eve, or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman. Woman is my competitor. Not a Rosalind, exactly; not a Hebrew maid; not a Southern creature with arched eyebrows; not a Ruth, gleaning in a matrimonial field already well harvested. My rival is not well formed in my mind as yet—lacks soul and body, but is real enough to make me dread, and fear, and hate her. I say "hate her," but I mean dislike her. Girls are impulsive.

It is a sign of maturity to be regulated in speech, so I will not say hate. I think my rival will be a kind of prodigal child, returning, looking sorry and looking sad, which men find interesting in women, and which woman assumes when she has been slighted by man, and by accident, or in some more novel way. Jack will meet her, and with unheard-of impetuosity encircle her with his strong and splendid arms, and then, rejoicing in haste, they will kill the fatted calf, which will be me, and if

they do, they will slay my heart to appease their appetites.

I will not call it a hideous, leaden nightmare; rather it is a shadow attending me by day, at night it is a cloud that mutters and threatens in my dreams.

I dream so often of Jack, and, lately, of Jack and a rival. But there is none, after all—cannot be, when he loves me so well!

We are orphans. It is the privilege of my life to do anything I can for Jack. But I am able to do so little! He is one of those tantalizing men that keep in repair; he holds his own better than other men.

I must annoy him, for I am continually hovering about him, with a threaded needle, a thimble, and an expectant air, hoping something will part that I can bring back with my needle.

His slippers never wear out. I work him a new pair each birthday; he has so many now, in the lower drawer of a bureau, it is difficult to devise a new pattern, particularly as forget-me-nots must be worked in somewhere. His neckties wear like lace—they improve with age. All his many dozen handkerchiefs bear his initials in a corner—done in my handiwork in the carefulest manner; I am begging him, just this once, to let me repeat the subject in opposite corners, so there can be no possible excuse for any washerwoman to say that they are not his handkerchiefs.

I am perfectly happy, if, after a few turbulent days or a violent week at a laundry, one of Jack's collars succumbs and turns up or down with a buttonhole almost entirely washed away, as it were; then I set to work to put it into shape, and I put as much love in as there are stitches.

I have asked him to let me cut all the buttons off his coats, so I might sew them on while I sat by him. I want to be doing something for him all the time, but I can do nothing. Jack is a man that has nothing the matter with him.

In no disgraceful way does his tailor serve him, nor his hosier, nor the one that shapes his fine linen.

His morals are as sure as his clothes. He is finished within and without.

Jack's business in life is to unknot and unravel the tangled skein of law. He is a conscientious mover in courts of justice—a promising young lawyer, and an ornament to the profession.

I have heard him speak of "Coke upon Littleton." Now, it seems to me that such a head as Jack's must be a kind of arena where those mighty wrestlers of the law grapple their sinewy technicalities and throw them.

Poor old Jack! It would kill me to have my skull turned into an amphitheatre for the use of such powerful mental athletics.

Jack is well along the road to fortune and the anxious road to fame; but they are lonely roads, and I ask him to wait for me, for company. After all, it is only a path that leads to fame, not well worn, either, for so few can follow it, although many think they do.

I wish Jack would not bother with it. The terminus is but a little way from death, and your name misspelled in the newspapers. On the road to fortune one bruises and abuses his poor body, although Jack has not.

No one seems satisfied at reaching success, which is high ground with a healthy, exhilarating atmosphere and commanding outlook. No; the bony finger of Effort points forward to fortune in the distance with an air, I have always thought, that is lustful. With great wealth one does have irregular desires.

Nine months in the year we live together in the stir of a great city—a city of tumult, bustle and commotion, whose pulse is always as high as a hundred or a hundred and ten throbs to the minute. But when his honor pleases to tell the crier to close the court, then Jack and I, like children at recess, have a short three months' romp in fields and woods, on the seashore or in the mountains. We seek the supreme court of nature, where there are no trials greater or more notorious than the seasons.

One of the most wonderful things about Jack is his common sense, which ought to lead me to believe that he will never marry.

Everything he does, he does well. He can sail a boat in a high wind and not appear at all awkward. He can guide a horse without shouting, and bring him up without a stentorian whoa! He is as sure as fate at croquet—certain not to miss, and is always the first through the "cage"; the only pleasure in playing against him is when he is not a "rover." He sketches from nature, and you can tell what it is. He can sing clear, sweet tenor, when he chooses. He has a satisfying voice, and he has read me Mrs. Browning's beautiful writings in a way that, even at my age, I can almost perfectly understand them; and this Summer he is to read me Swinburne until I can guess nearly correctly what all his strange, sweet words mean.

If a man reads aloud well, if his voice be not harsh or droning, a woman will listen contented a long while in Summer out-of-doors in the country.

One morning, Jack and I see an expressman (who sees us) dash our trunks down the front stoop, and heave them like stone into his wagon; with an exultant look at us in the parlor-window, the criminal nearly flays his beast with the ragged edge of a stick, and disappears down the street.

Quite early on a following morning, standing upon a sun-scorched platform at a railway-station, we behold this mortifying behavior: a coarse, muscular male importation from Ireland rudely waltzes our trunks a hundred feet down the platform, and twenty-five feet across it, to a wagon awaiting them. It is not the slow Boston step he takes, at all! Later, ourselves and our trunks are deposited here, where we shall be until September, or until nature's frosty assaults upon toes and finger-tips break in upon the season's delights.

"Here" is a part of the country that some restless ones would say was nowhere; it is a retired corner in an Eastern quarter of the United States, a place where nature has lavished her richness and rareness, as if, having more than could just at the time be used, she had left a supply in store.

A silent little village is "here," nestling in a valley; the valley is peaceful, and beautiful, and wonderful, guarded by that stern and awful thing, a mountain that towers high, high above us. This mountain is the first thing I see when I awake in the morning, and the last thing when I cannot keep awake at night—I can see it in the dark, and I can *feel* its presence at all times. To watch the shadows play upon its shaggy side by day, and the moonlight burst on it through torn clouds by night, makes me perfectly happy. I look up to the mountain just as I look up to Jack, and I never think of it without thinking of Jack. They both manifest extreme solidity; they are both so noble, both so thoroughly restful to a woman's mind, to know that in times of disasters and disturbance they shall not fall.

A stream divides the valley, racing by our door with the importance of a young river that has had ships on it and assisted commerce; two miles south it assumes the dignity of a river, and the river answers to the sea. The

stream is as talkative as a little child, and what it says is what I knew it would say—it repeats itself, telling, over and over, all its joy, just like a perfectly happy young one, with two banks and boulders to play with. High up the mountain two delicate threads of living water issue, unroll, and hang down; or, rather, with high glee, the waters leap ten, twenty, thirty feet, as the mountain permits, and thinks safe and best for them; then, uniting force and spreading, there follows a magnificent, terrible, daring plunge of fifty feet or more, and with a long, loud laugh, the wildest ears can conceive of, for I hear it all the time —leaping, skipping, dancing, with the perfect *abandon* that attends innocence alone, the mountain-brook hurries to a level bed, where it is overflowing with talk, until its voice is drowned in sorrow after abortive attempts to cheat a mill-wheel.

In an oil-painting the mill-wheel is so quaint and unreal! but at the present day, in the life of a mountain-stream, it is most positive.

But aside from the valley and its happy voice:

This morning I have been thinking intensely about Jack, and whether he is not wasting himself on me. Am I worthy of him? In the first place, he is a man of thirty, nobly planned; and I? I am a mere girl, as I have always been. What kind of company can I be for Jack? I know nothing about national affairs or foreign wars. I know nothing about law, art, science or politics. Ever since I can recollect, it has always been "Jack" with me, and nothing but Jack, so my other education has been neglected.

All this helps to shape my rival. It really seems at the present moment as if she had a body, and might have a soul. I *shall* hate her, for she will be able to talk with Jack in a learned way on all subjects, and he will go to her for counsel on knotty questions that are before the court.

I wish there were not law and the prophets, for my prophet tells me I shall have a rival. I care not about her face or her form; I dwell most upon her mind. I shall fade and wither in the light of her intelligence, I shall be weak and meaningless, while she shall be strong and intensely real.

I could stand it no longer! I have been down under the barren tree, where Jack is, and, facing him with all my present might, have asked him whether he shall ever marry? But his only answers are a smile and a kiss.

"Oh, Jack!" I say, "don't trifle with me," and burst into tears. Then he takes me in his arms—the corrupt little thing that I am—holds me like a little child in his strong arms, and forgives me. I am wild with joy. If I only could be more sensible, much more would Jack love me, I know.

* * * * * * *

The minutes of a Summer's day are all too nimble; they take the short cuts, like children on their way from school—not the roundabout way of the peddler's wagon.

We have been down here a month to-day. It has been the happiest month I ever lived. Each day and all day, Jack has been with me, wooing me. I have led such a free, glad, tender life! Jack and I have romped like two children out of school. We have done things that only he and I could do.

I understand Mr. Swinburne so well that Jack says he means to read to me from Mr. Browning, whom I shall not understand, I am sure.

I have met no rival thus far, nor has there been any arrival at our farmhouse since we came. I have never had such an uninterrupted time with Jack before.

We have been in every corner of the farm; we have been in the hayfields and seen wicked men with keen blades spoil a field of blossoming clover, and that terrible, cruel thing, the reaper, gnashing its angry steel teeth, lower the pride and the nodding heads of the breast-high timothy. We have followed the meadow and the brook-path, until we lost it, and had to scramble to reach the cascades. We have ascended to the top of the mountain. Jack is most noble-looking on high ground.

I look down on the mountain and up to Jack, and cannot keep from thinking that if Jack had a wife she could not love him as fondly as I do. She could not understand him as I do, who have always been with him.

Human nature is a study, but I have mastered Jack in most ways, and I have tried to educate myself to meet his most pressing needs.

On the top of the mountain one of Jack's coat-buttons very fortunately comes off, and rolls far away. I chase and capture it; and, having all that is necessary to re-adjust it in my pocket, I soon have it firmly restored to its former position.

"There, Jack!" I say, as I am finishing off the "neck" (Jack likes very long necks to his buttons)—"There, Jack!" I say, "now will you promise you will let no one but me sew on your buttons, so long as I live?"

He looks at me more gravely than I have ever before seen him look.

"Florry," he says, "I will not promise now, but I will some day."

What does he mean? I do not understand Jack, after all.

One day—but "one day" doesn't express it. One of God's best days, in August, Jack and I are lying under a spruce-tree at the base of the mountain. Almost within arm's length the childishly happy little brook flows, laughing, laughing, just like a child at play; ike a third party, it keeps a running accompaniment to Jack's voice.

He is reading me a beautiful, strange poem, by Robert Browning—one very touching, I think: "Evelyn Hope."

Jack's position must be uncomfortable, for he is lying on his back, holding the volume away from his face with both hands.

> "There, that is our secret, go to sleep!
> You will wake and remember, and understand,"

he reads, and finishes the poem. Then he assumes an upright position, and so do I, for I try to do everything that he does.

"Florry," he says, suddenly, "I am going to tell you a secret."

"Do, Jack," I say, taking one of his brown hands, and stroking it. It is a beautiful hand for a man.

"But not now," he continues; "some evening, before you go to sleep, I will tell you, and you will 'wake, and remember, and understand.'"

I coax and plead, but he will not tell.

"When is your birthday?" he asks.

"The twentieth of August," I reply.

"And this is——"

"The fifteenth," I say.

"And you will be——"

"Eighteen."

"I will tell it you on your birthday. I will give you the secret then," he says, and will say no more.

I wait five days—days that crush me. I can neither sing nor laugh. I am miserable every minute of them. I cannot sleep at night. I understand perfectly what the secret is—as perfectly as if it had cast off its covering and stood revealed. I have, indeed, a living rival, with a body and a soul—a magnificent, dangerous, prodigal creature, who burns in my brain, fires my thoughts, and tingles

my fingers. I hate her! I hate her! Oh, Jack, it will kill me! it will kill me!

But I have never been more womanly. I have not once asked Jack to tell me in four days—nothing could induce me to. I mean to let my brother *feel* that I am a woman.

While I am waiting, I keep often away from Jack. He says nothing to win me back. He sits for hours—with or without a *Review*—under the barren tree in the door-yard; the sunlight creeps up to him and creeps over him, but he dreams of some one or something, and doesn't know. He follows the brook for a little way, then turns and follows it back; he goes here and there—but not far.

I watch him from my window. The brook laughs, but Jack is as sober as a judge. He has "taken the papers," as it were, and as I have read of, and reserved his decision, but means soon to render it, and must look sober, I suppose.

I couldn't be a judge all my life! There is something of the awful Judgment Day about a judge! Does one think that even a *civil* justice, out of the solemn court, ever goes down upon his hands and knees and plays "elephant" with his own sweet, innocent little children?

I have noticed this from my window—and it is eminently proper, although it looks odd—but rural life tends that way: a man of Jack's importance, a man with a head full of knowledge—a mighty champion of the courts, stoops, and feeds a hen and twelve little chickens with cracked corn! Living near to nature leaves one perfectly natural.

Twenty-first of August. Yesterday was my eighteenth birthday, and late, before saying "good-night," Jack told me the secret, and kissed me.

This morning I "wake, and remember, and understand." I think I understand, but I am bewildered and dazed. I am overpowered with light.

The secret is that I am not Jack's sister, am not kin of his at all! I believe Jack—have always believed him. Faith in him has been like the science of sounds—like music enchanting my thoughts. But if Jack's secret had been that I was not a girl, but a stolid judge on the bench; or, that the feverish city I come from had been razed—not a brick or a stone left unturned; or, if the secret had been that the mountain I so often look up to and respect were not a mountain, but a sugar-loaf (this is one of those notions that now and then possess me), placed there to sweeten the living water that issues from its rocky heart—I could not be more overpowered with light. I sit alone and think. I feel sore beyond words to express it. I am confused, astonished, confounded. When I arise I walk in a dream.

Jack's story I can tell in a few words. It will read like fiction, but it is real. My father and mother died, without property, when I was very young. I was an only child, but their legacy to me was a good name.

Jack's father and mother took me in. I picture myself as being a foundling—I was only eighteen months old—found on a doorstep, carried out of the cold and night by strong, fond arms, into the warmth and light of a home.

Jack was abroad, preparing for college—had been absent two years, and remained from home two years after I entered it. He loved the world with his new eyes, and his parents gratified his desires to see and hear and learn.

When he returned he found a new sister—the only one he had. He was old enough to be curious, but he was not excited to be curious. I was his sister, and he loved me! Time, that reveals all things, waited. Tardily it came to Jack's mind what I was—a stranger taken in. But he knew himself, and kept me as his sister for several years after his mother and father died. It was wrong, but he did so. He brought me here this Summer to tell me on the day I reached maturity. He tells me, and that is all.

I am awake now, and understand. I must face my life—alone, weak and uncertain! I want to ask him to pity me! But I am too much of a woman to do so. He is so kind! But I am not his sister—not his heart, not his love! He cannot love me as he used to.

Days go by. I go about with Jack as I did a few weeks ago. But he does not hold me in his arms—does not kiss me the way he used to! and in a thousand ways leaves me *lonely*. I know what must follow—separation.

It is crisp September. Early frost is come, and hangs a white fringe on the brow of the hills. The valley is naked after the harvest—quite naked, but for the corn that is ripening and yellowing in shocks that remind me of an Indian encampment on the plains.

Jack's apple-tree is forlorn-looking. His camp-chair is at the bottom of his trunk. He carries it everywhere. It is old in service—has been tried and found comfortable.

Jack tells me the crier has returned, and is on his way to open court, and that he must follow. We are to foll to-morrow.

Our trunks are to be launched once more in a sea of trouble—to be bowled like balls and heaved like stone. Muscle is a master that often maltreats such pygmy subjects.

In taking leave of the wonders about us, my guardian and myself pass the last day of the recess in following the brook-path and ascending and descending the mountain.

"Dear old Jack," I say, when we reach the gorge or throat of the mountain—'tis an abused throat—"sit down, anywhere, here! I must tell you this!"—we sit down, anywhere—"I must tell you that I want God to bless you! And, before we part for ever," I continue, "I want you to let me kiss you, just as I used to kiss you years ago, when I was the happiest little girl in this world!"

I reach to kiss him, but an arm of his holds me off.

"Florry," he says, "let us understand each other. It is told that we must keep ourselves from idols, but I cannot keep myself from you! If you come to me, come to me for all time, for I love you so well!"

He holds his arms for me. I am so willing! I lie in them.

The fact of our marriage appears in all the best morning and evening papers. I write the notices myself, and believe they convey a proper meaning. As in a mirro face answereth to face, so in a marriage notice a woman's mind reflects the occasion. Happy is the woman whose privilege it is to pen the information of her marriage! Our honeymoon is at the full. It is a moon that shall not waste or wane.

Six days in a week I know that a battered skeleton of the law stalks through Jack's splendid mind, and I picture it with its bone of contention hideously laid bare. But my husband does not bring the "bone" home.

When he is away from me I plan and perform the best I can for his comfort, peace and happiness. And each day I ask myself anew in what most satisfactory way words can tell him when he returns to me at evening how very much I respect him—how very fondly and passionately I love him!

TRUTH, though hewn like the form of Osiris into a thousand pieces and scattered to the four winds, shall be gathered limb by limb, and molded with every joint and member into an immortal feature of loveliness and perfection.

THE FIRST TOOTH.

THE ELLESMERE GHOST.—"AND WHEN HE SAW DEATH ACTUALLY RETREATING BEFORE HIM, THE TENSE CORDS OF FEELING SNAPPED, AND HE FELL FAINTING ACROSS MARY'S PILLOW.

THE ELLESMERE GHOST.

"I HEAR," said Mrs. Merivale, one morning, "that both of my sons have lost their hearts to their cousin, Mary Ellesmere."

"It is perfectly true," they both returned in a breath.

"I am sorry."

"And why?" in conce.. again. "As was once said of another," continued Gersham, falling into the solo, "to love her is a liberal education."

"But you cannot both marry her."

"Perhaps neither of us can," said Arnold.

"It is truly a most unfortunate situation," pursued their mother, rising from the breakfast-table and preparing to leave the room. "I would advise you to overcome your feelings in the matter. I do not wish to have a breach in my family, and you must see that if she prefers one to the other it will place us all in exceedingly disagreeable relations. Therefore, I hope she will refuse you both."

"Thanks, mother mine," said Gersham, grimly. "She might do worse, it is true."

And then the family party dispersed, and Mrs. Merivale went to superintend her housekeeping, while her sons pursued their usual avocations—making love and money.

Mary Ellesmere was one of those white beauties, sometimes called the Ellesmere Ghost; for, without ever having known a moment's ill-health, she possessed that moonlight sort of beauty which seems evanescent, but is, in truth, as enduring as marble—the polished, radiating tints of precious spar. People said that it was as impossible for her to blush as it would have been for the statues in her father's hall; but from the dark depths of those hazel eyes Gersham Merivale sometimes fancied he had seen a spark rise up and scintillate at his whispered word, and as suddenly drop back to hide itself behind the impenetrable shadows.

"But, then, Arnold may have seen the same," he reasoned.

As Gersham watched the graceful figure of his brother saunter down through the garden, with an acute premonition as to his destination, he almost wished that he had never seen the woman, who was to cause such bitterness between them; and while he was meditating on the inscrutability of Fate, which demanded the sacrifice of a life's happiness from one or the other, Max came round with the gig, and a message arrived from Miss Ellesmere, interrupting the train of his reflections.

"Some pleasuring," thought Gersham, with a beating heart, "and I have no leisure to-day. Well, it will leave the field for Arnold."

And then the messenger blurted out:

"Please, Doctor Merivale, Mr. Ellesmere has had a stroke."

"A stroke of what?"

"A stroke of palsy-like, ze honor; and Miss Mary, she be a-taking on for you and crying of her blessed eyes out of the head of her."

And at that Doctor Merivale sprang into the gig and was off like a flash.

Mary "taking on for him!"—what a spur it gave to his impulses! "Crying her blessed eyes out!" He had never seen Mary Ellesmere shed a tear. What might those blessed eyes be like, shining out of the tender mist of tears? If he might only kiss them away, as he had used to do when they were children together!

In the hall at Ellesmere he met Arnold, preparing to depart, with anything but a sunny countenance.

"You have the advantage of me," said he. "She refuses to see me. You have always had the advantage. But if I so much as see her shadow fall across the curtain I am content."

"You are very moderate in your demands, surely," replied Gersham, while he fastened his horse; "too moderate for a genuine lover. And you know I never take the unfair advantage, unless necessity compels me."

"*How* do I know? At least, *this* is a great opportunity in your favor. If I had studied the profession I would poison her, in order to save her life and earn her love."

"Arnold," said Doctor Gersham, "you don't know what you are talking about;" and then he passed up the polished staircase and into the sick-chamber.

Mr. Ellesmere died that night, murmuring inarticulate instructions until he dropped into the heavy sleep that drifts into the Valley of Shadows. So, when the estate was settled, there was not a penny left for the beautiful Mary Ellesmere.

"You shall be my daughter now," insisted her aunt, Mrs. Merivale. "My home shall be your home, and the pot that boils for me shall bubble for you."

And Mary yielded a reluctant consent; for what other could she do, poor child?

Marry. perhaps; for there was no dearth of suitors to this haughty beggar, who, as it was sometimes said, took alms as if she were conferring *largesse;* but one must love in order to marry, affirmed Mary's creed, and that emotion had never penetrated this quiet heart. Consequently, because she was by nature unimpressible, nor pretended to a warmth of feeling she had not known, for these negations they said she carried a heart of ice, and it was a wonder that any one should love so cold a creature. However, many *did* love her—too many for her peace of mind.

At home, Arnold and Gersham hovered about her constantly during their hours of recreation—read or sang to her—taught her the strange tongues of which they were masters—enchained her with reports of foreign shores—with legends of witchcraft, bound her fast in lagoons of Venetian story. Sometimes they watched the fanciful designs of embroidery blossom under her fingers, and while one declared that they were but fit and emblematic emanations of a poetic mind, a flower-like physique, the other murmured of a fair face under a bridal vail. Gersham taught her to handle an oar, to shoot at a target; while Arnold instructed her in his own art, till he discovered one day that he was following the lead of his pupil; that his canvas represented the delicate imagery of her fertile brain, the quick fancies of a womanly heart, rather than the vigorous delineations of his own ideal.

"You know what love is in essence," he once said to her, regarding one of her pictures; "at least, you can imagine it. In the face and attitude of this young girl waiting for her lover, you have caught the expression of the soul—the impatient wondering why he does not hasten—the half-displeased pout, that can so easily dissolve into a smile; the eyes that reach out and beyond the evening's fairness, to guess at what it all would be to her without him, supposing he delayed for ever. And then, too, the quiet enjoyment of the moment, clothed in its beautiful certainty, hung about with such adornments of nature—such a chromatic scale of colors in the sky, such odors floating in the air! I can almost perceive them myself——"

"It is the Byzantine powder that Gersham brought me," she interrupted, saucily. "It is like a bevy of Oriental gardens let loose upon one."

"The wild rose that hangs its head just beneath her hand," he pursued, with the faint suspicion of a frown disfiguring his handsome brow—"the wing of a belated bird pricked out against the blue——"

"You are resolved to turn my head," she laughed. "You give me credit beyond my deserts. This is no conception of mine, may it please you, Sir Critic; it is just as I saw Jennie Gray leaning over the broken fence on the old road, and waiting for young Perry—only Jennie was a thousand times prettier."

"Very well," he argued; "but unless you had something answering to it in your own soul you could never paint it like this. If one only knew the approaches to that sacred adytum," he added, dropping his voice into a sigh.

And so Mrs. Grundy laughed and frowned by turns, questioning how it would all end, while other lovers complained that they had no chance of favor, so long as the brothers blocked the way with metaphorical swords and daggers. And so, one by one, they left the field; but, after all, lovers who stand in dread of such invisible weapons are no great loss.

Gersham and Arnold held their ground, but merely by force of circumstance, for they seemed no nearer conquest than at first.

"If it were in the old colonial days, Mary," said Mrs. Merivale, once, "I'm afraid you would be burned for a witch."

"And her lovers would gather her ashes into sculptured urns and quarrel over them, as they quarrel over her precious self now," said a friend who was present.

"No," objected Gersham, coming in at the moment, "we should use them to work charms."

One day Mary said:

"Dear aunt, it seems a sort of ingratitude in me to poison the lives of your sons. But for me you might have comely daughters to perpetuate the name, to love and honor you. Let me go away, or tell me which I shall marry; for, truly, I have no choice of my own."

"You shall marry neither without a choice," her aunt returned. "You are my flesh and blood, child. Shall I consign you to such lifelong misery? Let my sons learn that they cannot enjoy heaven while on earth. As to going away, never let me hear you speak of it again."

And then, where should she go? She was too little skilled in the use of weapons for a rough-and-tumble with the world outside; so she must even stay and suffer the siege.

As for Gersham, he pondered the case before him. Affairs might go on for ever after this fashion, and he be no nearer happiness. Mary cared no more for him than in the old days at her own home. He must pursue more vigorous measures. Was not *all* fair in love? Were not such maxims the accumulated wisdom of mankind for the instruction of man? Was it wrong for one to use his knowledge to further his schemes? Mary was his patient. Her disease was indifference. Should he withhold any remedy that might avail? What if it *had* an ugly name? Would not the end sanctify the means? He pondered thus one afternoon while dissolving a powder in some spring-water—a simple medicine that would remove the headache of which Mary had complained for some days. Should he add an insignificant atom of this other? *Should he?* It would be different, perhaps, if he did not so perfectly understand its effects—its antidotes; otherwise, it would be criminal; now, it would make just one chance more in his favor; it would throw her upon his hands for a time; for, so long as he pleased, she would look to him for the relief no other could administer. Was it not fair to prophesy that she would learn to love him, long for his returns, hang upon his words, live in his

glance? Then he might be always with her, looking into her deep eyes, holding her hand, dropping caresses like blessings upon her head. Where was the harm? Was it not rather a good, a settling of the vexed question of three lives? Besides, there would be no pain—no pain but such as he would gladly suffer a thousandfold himself if thereby he might purchase her love, and a dull languor that would vanish like mist under his magic treatment.

He understood too well the workings of these terrific agencies to fear or doubt them; he was the master, they were the slaves. Could a revolt be possible? Could nature subvert herself? Would not fire burn, and water extinguish? Would not poisons act, and antidotes counteract? It was only yesterday that he had happened upon precisely such a case in his medical works, where the patient had been saved, and all taint had disappeared from the constitution. Besides, would not Arnold be responsible for half the wrong, if wrong it were? Had he not suggested it? Had he not as much as said, "If *I* were master of the secrets of science, such as you are, I would poison her and cure her, that she might regard and love me as her deliverer"?

To be sure, Arnold had spoken at random, from the fancy of the moment, not believing such a thing possible; but for every idle word shall we not render an account? Not that he wished Arnold to suffer—oh, no! nor to bear the blame. When all was done, there would be no blame to bear; or if any, Arnold's share of punishment would be to lose her, to see her drift into the arms of another, and never once guess the cause.

"Cousin Gersham," called Mary, from the next room, "are you ever coming?"

And was it the betrayal of a muscle, shrinking, thrilling at the beloved voice, that caused the infinitesimal atom to drop into the glass, or the surrender of the will? Who shall answer?

Recurring to it in after years, writhing under his retribution, Gersham Merivale would fain believe it the first, yet could never swear but it was the last! Perhaps Mary's was a physique more than ordinarily susceptible to the influences of poisons, thus making the balance even with her temperament; or perhaps some subtle disease, already playing fast and loose with her, was rendered more active and acute by this ally; or, it may be that Doctor Gersham, absorbed in his sophisms, had suffered the wrong atom to fall into the simple potion, and had thus lost command at the beginning

However it may have been, it was not long before Mary came out of the prescribed languor, only to fall into fearful paroxysms of pain, alternating with periods of total unconsciousness.

Gersham watched by her with startled and accelerated pulses; all his boasted science was at fault, defied him. His spells refused to work. He was crazed at his own daring, at his own madness. He would have given all he had, or hoped to have, to recall that fatal act. But the insidious foe had gone forth to its undoing; it had joined forces with some half-latent poison in the system, and was devastating all his fair visions.

He had simply meant to inflict a season of painless illness, wherein he should be the object around which her hopes would revolve; and when healed at his hands, he had trusted that, this impetus unexpended, he might still continue the pole-star of her being. But this—this was something he had never dreamed of in the most terrible nightmare of science or medicine.

He never left Mary, night or day, after the first shock; if he ate, it was merely mechanical; if he spoke, it was like motions made in an exhausted receiver, and conveyed no sound. He slept no more than a spirit; he was both physician and nurse; he neither knew if it were daytime or nighttime—if it were Summer or Winter. The great hall-clock went throbbing out the golden hours, but he heard nothing save the mumblings of his patient. The days crawled by like one long horror, without break or pause. It was never dinnertime nor bedtime with him: there was neither past nor future, only one terrible, petrified *now!*

An earthquake might have rent the ground about him, and he would not have shivered in its breath, nor recognized its might, because this other convulsion of nature had swallowed him up, so to speak—had absorbed and annihilated him with regard to alien events.

And so the disease spent itself.

It was not written that she should die; Gersham's cup must needs be brimming first; and when he saw death actually retreating before him, the tense chords of feeling snapped, and he fell fainting across Mary's pillow.

They took him away, and for another fortnight his breath hung on his lips, his spirit trembled in the balance. Then he turned slowly to life again—slowly, hesitatingly.

Was Mary alive, or was it all a fiction of his disease? He heard his mother's step in the room.

"Mary?" he faltered.

"She is alive," Mrs. Merivale replied. "Let us give thanks for that;" and he turned on his pillow and slept.

After that his strength came to him hourly. Soon he was able to cross his room; then he descended the stairs. One day he proposed to follow Mary to the beach, whither she had gone with friends to complete her cure. Mrs. Merivale merely asked:

"Do you think you can bear it, Gersham?"

"Bear it!" he returned. "I cannot forbear."

"Then go; but, my son, remember, one cannot have a heaven on earth. You have been fighting for your kingdom—see that you make a generous sovereign."

"Then it is true that I have conquered?" he cried, exultingly, forgetting the means. "She loves me, then?"

"Go and see."

For the nonce, Gersham had left his bitter, biting thoughts behind him. He would allow nothing, not even his own wrong-doing, near the delicious interval in which he was journeying to see Mary. He pictured her all the way in her still, moonlight beauty, rendered more transparent and ethereal by illness, with her beaming eyes, her shadowy tresses. The very flowers blossoming in the hedges seemed types of her loveliness; the little rillets of bird-song seemed echoes of her voice. He felt a sort of exaltation, as if he had done penance for his sin—had passed through purgatory, and had earned paradise through suffering.

* * * * * *

The cottage-windows opened to the sea; their muslin curtains curled in the breeze, and let in a glimpse of heaped-up waves, of flashing surf and emeraldine hollows, fringed with sprays of diamond lustre, and sheeted in sunbeams. Far away, one white wing of a ship slipped like a phantom before the wind.

It was toward evening when Gersham Merivale entered at the half-open door, and followed the sound of a melodious voice, singing softly to itself:

"Come pain or woe,
I ne'er can know
Of sorrow but the name;
Since Love has crowned
And hedged me round
With his perpetual flame!"

He paused an instant on the threshold of the room, listening to this strange, cracked voice crooning in such jubilant words—paused, spellbound, at the strange spectacle before him—that of a woman reclining among her pillows; an old woman, he would have said, with yellow, wrinkled, leathery skin hanging loosely about her shriveled face, showing the sharp chin, the projecting cheek-bones, the sunken pits of eyes; a face that appeared the embodiment of miasma, of mildew, of disease, that made him recoil with a sort of fascinated terror from its blighting ugliness; a woman who raised her bleared, bloodshot eyes to his, and held out a wasted arm, and cried, in a sudden joy:

"Gersham!—dear Gersham!"

Was he under the power of some dreadful enchantment? Surely this leprous hag did not image all that was left of the moonlight beauty, Mary Ellesmere? It was, perhaps, the spectre of her disease, so lately slipped away from her as yet to wear a sort of horrible resemblance; but never, *never* the beautiful Mary Ellesmere, who had been like a lily just touched by the sun.

"Would you be less happy, Mary, if you belonged to me?—if you bore my name?"

"And I such a fright!" she cried. "Arnold, are you laughing at me? To belong to you—*to you!*"

"You are the only woman I shall ever marry, Mary.

"'Shall I change my allegiance for rancor,
Because fortune changes her side?'

It is not your face merely that is precious to me, but the soul behind the face."

"Then, I belong already to you," she answered him. "I love you."

* * * * * * *

Ten years had worked their will upon the house of Merivale. Arnold had become an artist of renown; better still, children clustered about his hearth—fair faces; song and laughter echoed through his halls, when, one day, a white-haired stranger crept up the garden, under the shadow of the lindens, and looked in at the wide-open door.

SAVED BY OUR MULES.—"OLD PADRE FELICIAN'S MULE WENT INTO A SERIES OF REARINGS AND PLUNGINGS THAT SERIOUSLY ENDANGERED THE GOOD FATHER'S SEAT."

"I am the Ellesmere Ghost!" she said, hoarsely, confronting him, with that face like a hideous mask.

"And I am afraid of ghosts," he answered; and then he moved away, silently, closing the door behind him, and walked out at the porch, and down to the sea, and so back to town again.

He had surely seen a ghost—the ghost of his sin, his retribution; and the man who took passage in the next foreign-bound steamer wore gray locks across a youthful brow.

But life was left to Mary, if nothing more. She turned her mirrors to the wall; she rarely ventured out in the light of day now. And so the beautiful Mary Ellesmere became a myth to all but Arnold. He never swerved in his devotion; he was the lover, *par excellence*, "without fear, and without reproach." He half caused her to forget her changed estate by the unaffected warmth of his regard.

He never said "I love you," for words are weak, and his every action declared "I adore you." But one day he ventured to ask:

Who was it, standing there, tossing a rosy cherub in round white arms, with soft hazel eyes dropping lustres from under heavy fringes, with the beauty of moonlight on cheek and brow, and the outlines of health in each curve of the oval face, of the flexile arm?

"The Ellesmere Ghost has returned to her inheritance," he muttered. "It is a miracle of nature and time. But I—I have lost everything!"

And he stole back under the lindens to the highway, and across the seas again, for ever haunted by that last surpassing vision of his old love—the beautiful Mary Ellesmere, the Ellesmere Ghost.

SAVED BY OUR MULES.

A LOVE of adventure led me, on my return from San Francisco, to visit Chili, the war on the point of breaking out between Spain and that republic giving me some hope of seeing engagements and operations by land and sea; but the time grew long, and I joined a party over the

MY LADY DAMER.—"FLINGING HIMSELF AT LUCY'S FEET, HE POURED OUT BEFORE HER THE TWO THOUSAND PIASTRES. 'MY LADY! MY LADY! IT IS THE PRICE OF YOUR LIFE; BUT IF YOU TRUST PIETRO, HE WILL SAVE YOU.'"—SEE NEXT PAGE.

Andes, intending to return and take the first steamer back to the Isthmus. On reaching Jucuman I found all in movement; the war with Paraguay had begun in earnest, troops were marching to the scene of operations, and adventurers of all kinds were tending toward the camp, to join one army or the other. A party was setting out the day after my arrival, and one or two whose acquaintance I made, and who had been in the United States, pressing me to join, I started with them. On the third day we struck into a plain, and at night we halted to encamp, as no village, not even a house, was near.

The next day we pushed on, with only a vague idea of direction to guide us, but we soon found ourselves in an absolute desert. Far and wide stretched parched, barren land, with no trace of human habitation. Gradually the heat rendered thirst insupportable; we were all of us strangers in the country, and were without a clew to our proper course. To retrace our steps seemed as difficult as to advance. It might, indeed, prove more so.

"Water! water!" I cried; "could we but find water, all would be well."

"If there is any," said Don Antonio Saldaña, "our mules will find it; let us leave it to them."

I had heard of mules scenting water, but confess I had little faith in it. However, we halted to rest, and allowed the mules to move around. They at once began to sniff, and pause, and sniff again. After a half-hour's rest we mounted, and this time left the choice of direction to our beasts. They started off against the wind, on a course differing from that which we had previously held, and we had not advanced more than three miles when they began to snort and prance and neigh in the most curious manner. Old Padre Felician's mule, whose weight one would have supposed enough to teach any quadruped sobriety, went into a series of rearings and plungings that seriously endangered the good father's seat, and at last, to our great merriment, took the lead of the party at a good round gallop.

"Hurrah for the church!" I exclaimed, as my mule followed suit, though, fortunately, with less exuberant demonstrations of delight. In a short time we arrived at the water, and all, men and beasts, hastened to enjoy its refreshing influence.

How delicate must be organs which can distinguish the evaporation of water—for such is, doubtless, their guide—at so great a distance and in so heated an atmosphere! In our case, the distance was certainly five miles.

Fortunately for our party, we found not only water, but human society. A party had already pitched their tents for the night, and by their guidance we reached our destination the next day.

From them we learned that but for the peculiar instinct of our mules, we should, doubtless, have perished, as our course would have led us not only deeper into the desert, but to a part of remarkable danger, from the treacherous nature of the volcanic crust.

At the principal stations in India the native passengers are served with water by a Brahmin, from whom, being of the highest caste, all persons may take without defilement. He goes along the train with his brass vessels; a *sudra*, or low caste man, stoops, and in his open hands placed together and raised to the level of his mouth, receives the precious liquid. The vessel of the Brahmin is not touched, else he would be defiled. A Brahmin asks for water, and is served with it in the smaller vessels, from which he drinks, there being no defilement between Brahmin and Brahmin.

LINES

Suggested on seeing the picture of Mr. Leslie's editorial room in FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY for March, 1880.

BY MARIA A. AGUR.

THAT lonely room! That vacant chair!
Day peering thro' the half-oped blind,
Lingering with smiling radiance there
As erst it did, ere Death behind
Had left his weird-like, icy pall,
Like brooding midnight, over all.

The unused desk! Around it flow
Like sable billows, folds of crape,
And wreaths of smilax fall below
The snowy knots that chastely drape
The ebon plaits, and clasp each place
Where crape and garlands interlace.

The faithful clock! The master's eye
Never again shall seek its face,
To note the moments speeding by—
On *earth* we talk of time and space:
For *him* has pealed heaven's lasting chime,
Where naught is known of space or time.

They wait the master's hand—those books,
That ponderous roll of manuscript,
The bronze leaf-weight, that lonely looks;
The scattered papers, pen undipt,
Inanimate; but still there clings
To them the air of living things.

I try to comprehend the scene—
The crape upon the vacant chair—
Such tasteful gloom! What does it mean?
Why swoons and dies the smilax there?
Ah! Love kneels now at Memory's shrine—
Oh, human love! thou art *divine!*

MY LADY DAMER.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

I SEE, as I begin to write, a red-tiled town set in a filmy haze of azure smoke, and a magnificent cathedral, round which clusters many a picturesque old street—a town well watered by a famous river, and made beautiful by long vistas of timber, rich meadow-lands and wealthy farms.

Sloping down to the river from the cathedral-court is one garden lovelier than all the others, and filled, on this June night on which my story opens, with the golden glory of the pensile laburnums, and fragrant with a thousand scents of paradise. In one walk the yellow flowers were so abundant that the sunshine, falling through the branches, cast a kind of glory over the pale-brown hair and soft white dress of a young girl sauntering beneath them.

Her face was slightly lifted, her hands dropped; if you had been thinking of an angel you might have fancied that one had answered your thought. But Lucy Carew was a very mortal woman—the only child of Dean Carew, a man holding a dignified position both in the church and in society. Lucy's mother had seriously disappointed the dean in giving him a daughter instead of a son; but as the poor lady had shown her contrition by dying, and as the daughter had given him no particular trouble, and was spoken of as a great beauty, he had become reconciled to the defeat of his plans.

For Lucy he had as yet formed no plans. She had just come home from school, and he thought he should send her back again for another year, and then let her aunt, Lady Carew, introduce her to the world and find a suitable match for her. In the meantime he watched her across the lawn, and rather flattered himself, in some way or other, for having such a lovely daughter.

Then he turned to a young man silently drinking at the table, and said :

"My lord, you may dismiss all anxiety about your election; my support will secure it. Suppose we ride as far as Aldborough, and see the Roman ruins found there yesterday ? We have time before dark, and there is a full moon."

"I should prefer a stroll in your sweet old garden."

The dean readily assented; he was very proud of his flowers and holly hedges and great birches. That he had seen Lucy go toward the laburnum-walk did not seem of any importance. Even if they met her, he had no more objection to my Lord Damer looking at her than he had to him looking at his roses.

My lord was simply bored. He cared nothing for the roses, and very little indeed for the birches. The courtesy of this night's visit to the dean was necessary to secure his interests, and between Roman ruins and a stroll in the garden, the latter seemed the least trouble and the greatest personal compliment to his host.

So it happened that, as they sauntered along through one lovely walk into another, they suddenly turned into the laburnum-avenue, and Lord Damer saw Lucy Carew coming down it, with the glory of the setting sun sifted through the golden flowers all over her. For a moment the vision startled him. He was familiar enough with beautiful women—court beauties, ballroom belles and county Dianas; but this young, innocent schoolgirl, with the freshness of a child and the purity of a saint, was a revelation to him.

She hesitated for a moment, turned backward a few steps, stopped, and then waited for them. The hesitation, timidity, bashfulness, were just so many unusual beauties to the *blasé* lord; and when the dean would have passed her with a "Go in, Lucy, before the dew falls," Lord Damer resolutely stopped and secured an introduction, a ceremony the dean thought it necessary to apologize for, "as Lucy was still in the schoolroom."

Lord Damer did not go away the next day; he was enchanted with the priory, and interested in the dean's suggestions about political matters. Then he was not feeling well, and needed just such a religious quiet and seclusion to recruit him. So he soon became at home in the old, rambling rooms, and was continually meeting Lucy Carew in the sweet shady borders of the dim garden.

How could the poor simple child resist so subtle and handsome a charmer? Before a week was over Roland Damer held Lucy Carew's heart in his hand. No one warned her. No one told her of the wicked, reckless life her lover had led.

He was a peer with a fine estate, a handsome person, and a prospective earldom; even her father thought it unnecessary to make any inquiries, except about settlements and dowry.

So one morning, when the gray old priory was decked with holly and mistletoe for Christmas, and there were great fires blazing in all its wide chimneys, and every room was full of merry guests, Lucy Carew—royally clad in white satin and minever—went out amid a bevy of fair women and gallant nobles, to plight her faith to Roland, Lord of Damer.

The old cathedral bells rang merrily, its canons and choristers sang pealing wedding anthems, the guests poured gifts into her lap, the little town sent her forth with blessings and good wishes; every one said there had never been fairer promises for a happy marriage.

The young couple went first to London; and there Lucy fully justified my lord's taste and judgment. It became a kind of fashion to admire Lady Damer. People spoke of "my lord's reformation," of "my lord's attention to his wife," of "my lord's respectable habits," as social miracles.

And Lucy was very happy. In all the four months of her wedded life no cloud had darkened her husband's face toward her. No fear of change troubled her; she was happy in to-day's sunshine, and trustful for to-morrow's.

One morning, as they sat chatting over a late breakfast about a trip to Italy, a servant came in, and handed Lord Damer a note.

He flushed crimson as soon as he saw it, and opened it with eager haste. Lucy's attention was attracted by its rich pink color, its gilded coronet and seal, and its sweet, seductive fragrance.

"Who is it from, Roland?"

He did not hear her; he was lost in thought.

She asked again, more timidly.

"Oh, from my cousin Julia," and he glanced tenderly at the note, put it in his breast-pocket, and, without a word to Lucy, he left the room.

She was greatly troubled, and would have been more so if she could have read the message or foreseen its consequences. Her little love-bark had met, in that pink and scented note, the rock on which it was to founder.

She spent a day of anxious fear and weeping, and Roland never came near her. He was with a woman who had always exercised over him an absolute fascination—a splendid, passionate Cleopatra, who had just returned from a long Eastern tour, crowned with every voluptuous enchantment.

Between Julia Temple and Roland Damer there had long been a singular attraction. She had refused him and called him back a dozen times. When she chose to lure him with her personal beauty, he was her abject slave; when she chose to exercise on him her scornful wit, he still worshiped her.

She had bid him "Good-by" with a sneer and a sarcasm, and never sent him note or message for two years; and yet, on her return, she had but to write: "Cousin Roland, I am dying to see you. Come, if you dare!" and in an hour he was sitting at her feet, vowing that he loved her, and only her, of all the women in the world.

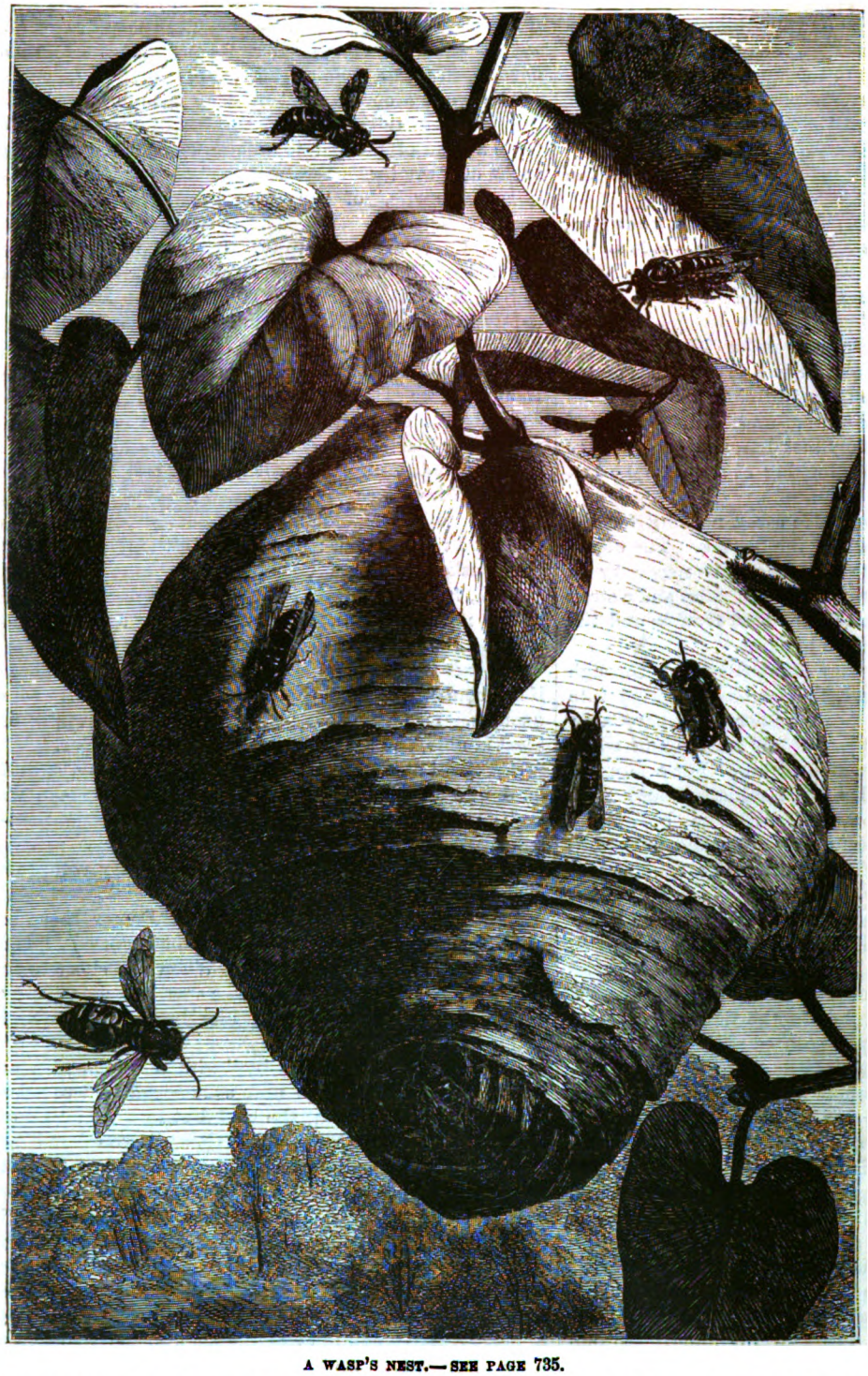
For the first time, Julia seemed to understand the strength of the passion she had called forth; and, now that it was wrong to respond to it, the woman's contradictious nature asserted itself, and she imagined this lover, to whom she had no right, better than all the lovers of every country and of every degree who sought her.

Possibly she chose to consider Lucy particularly disagreeable; at any rate, she found her so, and the gentle little lady was soon the butt of her most merciless sarcasms.

Love may survive misfortune, but it never survives ridicule; and "my Lord Damer's sweet little baby in long clothes" soon lost the last remnant of her husband's affection.

In some measure society assisted in this; it was quite ready for a new idol, and Julia, with her odalisque coquetries and her Athenian costumes, easily displaced the sweet simplicity of the childish Lucy.

It was some relief when the journey to Italy was fairly determined on. Lucy wrote and begged her father to come and see her before she left England, for she had a



A WASP'S NEST.—SEE PAGE 735.

presentiment that she would never see him again; and the good dean rather surprised his son-in-law by his unexpected visit.

But Roland was now beyond the prudence of endeavoring to deceive him, and the churchman was sufficiently of the world to see that his daughter was very coolly treated, and very unhappy in consequence.

But Englishmen respect each other's marital privileges, and the dean made no inquiries, and never thought of interfering. He did what, perhaps, after all, was the best thing possible: he gave Lucy ten thousand pounds, and bade her keep the gift a secret.

"You may want a friend some day, Lucy, and me far away; then, my child, money is always a reliable one."

Sorrow had made Lucy a woman in a few weeks; she divined all her father meant, and promised to observe all the directions he gave her; but the old man left her with a heavy heart. He was still more anxious when he saw by the *Court Journal* that Lady Julia Temple had returned to the Continent. It was supposed that her destination was Greece, but the dean believed she would go no further than Rome.

He was right. Lucy soon found that she had lost, rather than gained, by the change. Many a prudent restraint of English usage and society was removed in Italy, and the cousins spent, without blame or loss of character, most of their time together.

But Lucy did not suffer now as she had done at first; her love was dead, and the bitterness of her grief for her wasted life over. Besides, a new life had opened up to her in the wonders of art and music, and her time did not hang so heavily in churches and studios as it had done in her lonely, splendid house in London.

One day, in the cool of the afternoon, as she came out of the Church of St. Mary Magdalene, she saw a poor woman crouching in the shadow of the portico, and apparently very ill. She touched her; she was delirious with fever, and could give no account of herself.

That sentiment of pity and care for the sick and poor which is innate in an Englishwoman's heart dictated to Lady Damer the only possible course. She had the poor girl removed to her own house, and appointed a servant to nurse her.

Indeed, she was herself glad of something human to care for, and poor Caterina's devotion and gratitude was an ample reward.

At the end of a month Caterina was able to return home, and she went loaded with gifts that would make rich and

happy the little cottage in the mountains, where Pietro, who loved her dearly, waited her return.

My lady had sent Pietro word where his wife was as soon as the poor girl could give any account of herself; and Lucy had seen once the dark, handsome, rather suspicious-looking Latin who claimed Caterina, and who vowed eternal devotion to Lady Damer for her care of his "poor little one."

But Lucy helped so many sick and sorrowful souls, that, in a month, she had almost forgotten about the sick mountain-girl and her handsome husband.

They were recalled to her remembrance very soon, in a manner never again to be forgotten.

One day, when the weather was unusually sultry, she determined to spend it among the thick myrtle alcoves in the garden of the palace which they had rented.

She feared no intrusion, for Lord Damer had not been home for several days, and he rarely now spoke to her, unless to command her attendance with him at some important ceremony or official reception.

It might be about five o'clock, when footsteps arrested her attention. An instinct quite indefinable urged her to fly; and, laying her open book down, she softly sped to the back of the alcove. The vines covered the trellis very thickly, but, by moving a leaf here and there, she saw that it was her husband and Pietro who entered.

There was a singular look on Pietro's face, but he was all obsequiousness to Lord Damer, who ordered him to be seated. Then he lifted the "Tasso" his wife had been reading, and flung it from him with a gesture of intense hatred.

Pietro twirled his cap and looked indifferently before him. Lord Damer saw that he must open the conversation.

"You are sure that my lady is from home?"

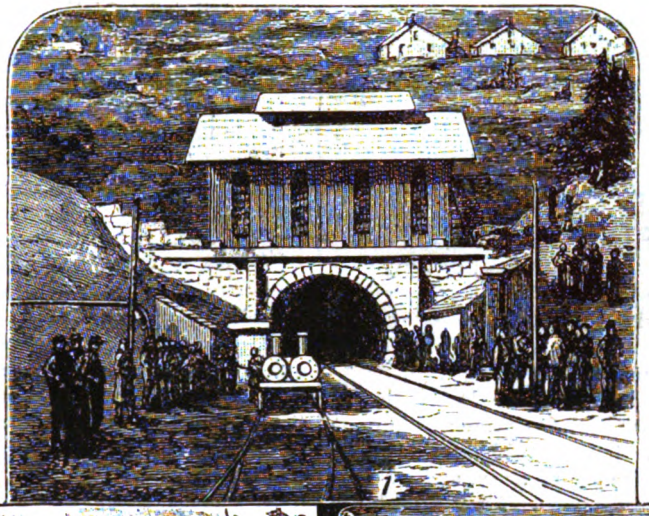
"At Signor Gentilescho's studio," said Pietro.

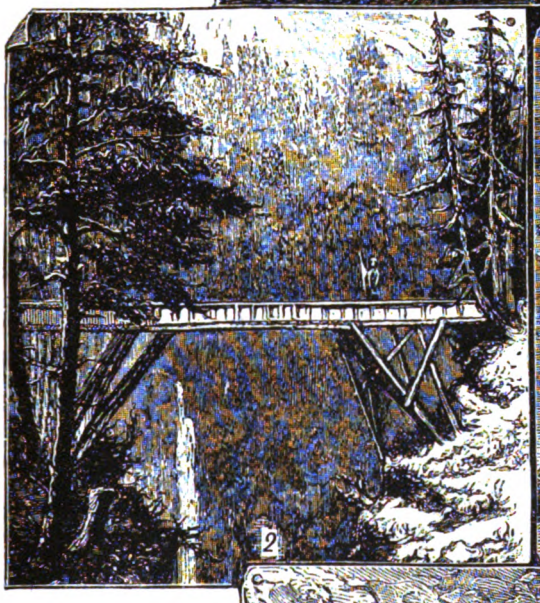
"That is what I complain of. Would you like your wife to spend all her time in churches and studios, and never pay you nor your wishes the slightest regard?"

"But my lady must not possess her senses to do so."

"Exactly; I see you understand me. Do you know any convent where the good Sisters would secure for life—*for life, you understand*—a wife so bent on dishonoring her husband?"

"If I did not know the Sisters who would do it, I *know a brother who will!*"





THE THREE ALPINE TUNNELS.—THE ST. GOTHARD TUNNEL.—1. SOUTH ENTRANCE AT AIROLO. 2. AQUEDUCT OVER THE ALBINASCA TORRENT. 3. GREAT RESERVOIR OF COMPRESSED AIR. 4. NORTH ENTRANCE AT GÖSCHENEN.—SEE PAGE 732.

And Pietro looked at Lord Damer expressively, and tapped his own breast.

"The cage is unimportant, as long as the bird is secure. I will give you one thousand piastres for the duty."

"Say two thousand."

"Will you make it *sure?*"

"I will make it *sure.*"

"Then I say two thousand."

"When?"

"To-morrow night, three miles on the Santa Marie road."

"Time?"

"Six o'clock."

"That is good. Bring but one servant with you. Have you the piastres?"

"They will be in the carriage."

"Pardon. I trust your lordship's honor, but my men will not. It is *now* you must pay me."

Lord Damer protested and explained; Pietro sat as if he had nothing whatever to do with explanations, and simply reiterated: "It is *now* you must pay me."

There was a pause. The Englishman looked indignantly at the Roman; the Roman played like an innocent child with a sprig of myrtle. Then Lord Damer drew out his purse, and Pietro threw the myrtle away, and gave his earnest attention to the proceedings. Lucy seized the moment, and fled from the men counting out the price of her life, as the fawn flies before the dogs.

But in a moment reflection came. She had still a day. To-night she would sleep and think—in the morning she would act more prudently. She reached the palace, and flung herself wearily upon a couch. As she expected, in about half an hour Lord Damer entered. He was more polite than usual, and asked if she had found the heat oppressive.

"Very."

"You have been out?"

"Yes."

He drew near to her, and smoothed back her curls. She shut her eyes, and he kissed her. She knew his message was not yet done, and passively waited. He lifted a bracelet he had given her at their betrothal; she looked full at him to see if any tender memory stirred him. Not one! He laid it down, and said:

"Lucy, the Count Calassi gives an entertainment to-morrow evening. I have promised to bring you. Are you inclined to go?"

"If it will give you pleasure, I will go."

"It will. We shall leave here a little before six."

"I shall be dressed. I hope the road is not rugged. I have constant headache; the jolting hurts me."

"It is good and shady."

"Which road do we take?"

"The Santa Marie."

"Ah! Very well!" Then Lucy, having sounded the man's heart through all its depths, turned wearily from him, and said, "Leave me, Damer; I am sleepy."

He eagerly accepted his dismissal, and an hour later was touching Lady Julia's champagne-glass with his own, as they sat, amid flowers and music, eating and drinking.

Possibly Pietro had been watching him, for soon after he demanded of Tessa, my lady's maid, admission to her mistress. Lucy wondered, but consented, and, arming herself with a stiletto, she told Tessa to admit him.

"Is Caterina well, Pietro, that you come so late?"

"I know not. Will my lady graciously give to Pietro half an hour of her goodness?"

"Tessa, you may go."

Tessa gladly enough left the dull room for the mirth of the servants' hall, and Pietro watched her down the long marble stairs. Then, shutting the door and flinging himself at Lucy's feet, he poured out before them the two thousand piastres.

"My lady—my lady! It is the price of your life; but if you will trust Pietro, he will save you, even as you saved Caterina."

"I know all, Pietro. I heard my lord make the bargain with you."

"And you feared not to admit me?"

"I do not doubt you, Pietro."

"*Buono!* You are right. I meant to save you. I came now to tell you all, and to assure you that it is only to Caterina I shall carry you, until you can tell your own good friends."

"Pietro, sit down. I have now a bargain to make with you. My lord gives you two thousand piastres to kill me—don't say anything—to kill me; that is what he meant. I will give you four thousand piastres to save me in my own way. Listen! To-morrow you will keep your bargain. I shall be an easy prisoner. Take me to the good Caterina, and I settle upon your wife four thousand piastres. I shall give you a note to my husband that will satisfy him you have done your duty. I wish him to believe me dead."

"But will not my lady return to England?"

"To England! What for? To suffer the scorn of a neglected or traduced wife?—perchance to be accused of wicked deeds and discarded, thus bringing shame upon my good old father and all my family. I am only a woman; who would believe me? It is better to be mourned as dead. Even mine enemies will scarcely dare t slander a spirit. I have other plans; and I have plenty of money and jewels, Pietro."

"*Zi!* My lady, I serve not you for money. It is a great love that can give up two thousand piastres."

"There is my hand, Pietro; from this hour my fortune and yours are one; but leave not the money—you can give it to your men. I prefer that they have it, to my lord. See, I give it to you; it is honestly mine; my lord owes me far more than this."

Lucy looked full in Pietro's face, and saw his soul in his eyes. To her it was a true and brave soul.

"I trust you fully, Pietro. Tell Caterina I am coming to her. She must get such things as she knows I like. *Adieu, my friend.*"

Pietro kissed her hand, and, with a pathetic courtesy, answered:

"*Adieu, my friend.*"

Lucy's plans were still very confused. She saw but the first step of her road; the rest must grow out of it.

But she was dressed the next evening before Lord Damer, and went herself to remind him of his promise. He objected to the jewels she wore; said "they were only a temptation to bandits," and ordered her to leave them with Tessa.

She retired, and secreted them, as she had done her father's bank-bills, upon her person.

They started at a quarter before six, and in about twenty minutes reached a lonely defile, where, as both of them expected, they were attacked by Pietro and ten men. The servant was bound, and so thoroughly frightened that he fainted. Lady Damer was carried off, and my lord returned to the city in the wildest excitement.

The servant was found, of course, but no Lady Damer, and my lord really for a few hours felt all the horror of a murderer. Immense rewards were offered, and companies of soldiers hunted the *condottiers* for several weeks, until

every one gave up the lady for dead, and all were rather sick of the subject.

Lord Damer, indeed, believed her to be dead, for one day, as he was getting into his carriage, a little boy put a note into his hand. He knew the writing, and the words smote him like a sword:

"Farewell! I pardon you. Brigands will kill me more quickly and mercifully than you were doing. Spare my father the knowledge of how I died. LUCY DAMER."

It was long before he could make up his mind to destroy the note, and yet it continually tormented him. But time cures all things, even remorse, and in two years he had married Lady Julia Temple, and succeeded his elder brother as Earl of Bowness.

In the meantime, Lucy was forming for herself a new career. So far, she had remained in the mountains with Caterina; for, six months after her supposed death, she had given birth to a son, and she did not think it safe to return to Rome until time had obliterated all memory of her supposed tragic fate. But when her little Arthur was two years old she began to long for a change, and she thought it now prudent to put into execution her idea of studying art.

Pietro easily secured a retired suite of rooms at the top of an almost deserted palace, and when their home had been comfortably arranged, she assumed the picturesque dress of a Roman artist, cut off her long fair hair, and still more effectually disguised herself by a flowing wig of jetty curls.

To the old artist Gentilescho she revealed her whole story, and he protected the sorrowful lady in a thousand ways from impertinent inquiries and curiosity. For a time the Roman art-world talked a little about Gentilescho's *protégée*, but, as month after month and year after year rolled away, and no one saw any change in the quiet youth who painted in the interior atelier, they ceased to wonder, and they cared not to question.

Thus, for many years, Lucy's life flowed peacefully on. Pietro came at very uncertain times to see them, but he was always welcome, and Caterina and he were both devoted, heart and soul, to Lucy, and still more so to the bright little lad that had seen the light first in their mountain fastness.

Lucy loved her art, and made a great deal of money in a quiet way. She had assumed the name of Giacinta, and her pictures *de genre* were held in great favor. But, beyond her art, she loved passionately this dear son, whom at times she bitterly accused herself of wronging. But Arthur had early chosen his life—he would be an artist, and nothing else; and experience had taught Lucy that an artist has a richer life than an earl. So she held her peace and waited, and year was added unto year, until Arthur, a handsome fellow of four-and-twenty, desired to leave Italy and take a Summer's travel through France and Germany.

Lucy was wise enough to admit the advantage and see the folly of any longer confining the boy at home. She only begged him not to go to England. She said she had a sorrowful presentiment of evil if he should, and Arthur laughed at her presentiments and kissed away her tears.

The third letter Lucy got from him was dated "*London.*" She might have known it. Once in Paris, the forbidden country had exercised a fascination he could not resist, and, having letters from some Parisian artists to some London ones, he was already at work and at home home there.

Then Lucy stopped painting. She was sure something was going to happen. She had hidden from it twenty-five years nearly, but it would come at last—she knew it. Another month passed, and the next letter was dated "Bowness Castle." He had been recommended by Sir Joseph Taylor to paint the earl and countess and their niece, the beautiful Miss Damer.

Gracious heavens! What fatality was this? Lucy was so feverish and restless, she half doubted her own sanity; and Arthur's letters were very unsatisfactory.

He said little of the earl, and seemed to dislike the countess, but it was evident that this Miss Damer held him by a very powerful spell. Lucy wrote a most urgent letter pressing his immediate return to Rome, and promising then to reveal to him sufficient reasons for her anxiety.

But before this letter reached him, Arthur suddenly one day stood before her, and though he folded his mother to his heart, she saw that she had got back again a different son.

"Arthur, are you in trouble? What is the matter? Have you done anything wrong?"

"I done wrong? No, mother; but I have been wronged in a manner so shameful that I felt I must either die or come and tell you about it."

"Ah, Bowness Castle?"

"Yes."

"You fell in love with Miss Damer?"

"Yes, mother; and she professed to love me—told me so twenty times a day—and she was laughing at me! making a fool of me! turning me into sport hourly, for that wicked old countess's amusement!"

"Do you love her yet?"

"Do I? Could I love the woman who deliberately planned a scene into which her uncle was to burst with insults and her aunt with sarcasms?"

Lucy was very pale.

"What did you say?"

"I told him that an artist was a gentleman, and that, from his language and behavior, I doubted whether he was even that."

"Then?"

"He struck me."

"*He—struck—you!*"

"Yes, mother."

"And you?"

"I struck him back again. Then the countess called two servants, and they took me by the shoulders and pushed me out of the servants' entrance, and Miss Damer —*laughed!* Mother, I have been nearly mad! I have come to you, mother."

"You did well. Now, my son, we shall go back to Bowness Castle. We shall have a sweet revenge—do not doubt it."

Then Lucy told her son her own wrongs and his rights, and sent word to Pietro, and all of his men still living who had seen her capture, to come to Rome.

These, with Caterina, Signor Gentilescho and his wife, and the woman who had been Arthur's nurse, left with Lady Damer and her son at once for England.

The old dean still lived, and answered his daughter's summons to London as one might answer a summons from the dead. But when he heard his child's wrongs, and saw the grandson and namesake whose rights he was to defend, he entered the lists like an old lion.

There was, however, never any need to carry the case into court. Lord Damer, brought to London and confronted with Lucy and Pietro, acknowledged at once his crime and his son's rights.

But he could not bear the disgrace of the exposure necessary to the recognition of them, and he was equally unable to bear the torrent of passionate grief and anger

with which the deluded Julia met him. In the midst of it, he fell senseless to the ground in a fit of apoplexy.

He died as miserably as he deserved to. Lucy he refused to see, and Julia refused to see him.

Hers was indeed no light punishment. To have been all these years no wife and no countess—to have held these titles on the sufferance of a woman she had so cruelly wronged and ridiculed—of a woman who now claimed her rights in revenge for a piece of contemptible jesting with a wandering Italian artist! It was all very bitter indeed. In her prosperity she had made many enemies, and but very few friends. Her own fortune she had dissipated long ago, she had no legal rights in any thing of Lord Damer's; she was compelled to be dependent on Lucy's magnanimity for the very allowance that saved her from absolute destitution.

The "beautiful Miss Damer" has quite as bitter thoughts to keep her company in her poor and lonely old maidenhood; for she loved the artist, though she did laugh at him, and she knows that she might have worn a countess's coronet, and been a beloved wife and mistress over the splendid estates of Damer and Bowness.

But Arthur gave her place, within a year after his succession, to the fair and good Lady Clara Howard.

Lucy paints her pictures mostly at the priory, for the good old dean clings with wonderful affection to his long-lost daughter, and Caterina stays close to my lady's side. But Pietro is major-domo of Bowness Castle now; and, in a splendid dress and a silver staff of office, rules over the house and the servants and the park to his heart's content

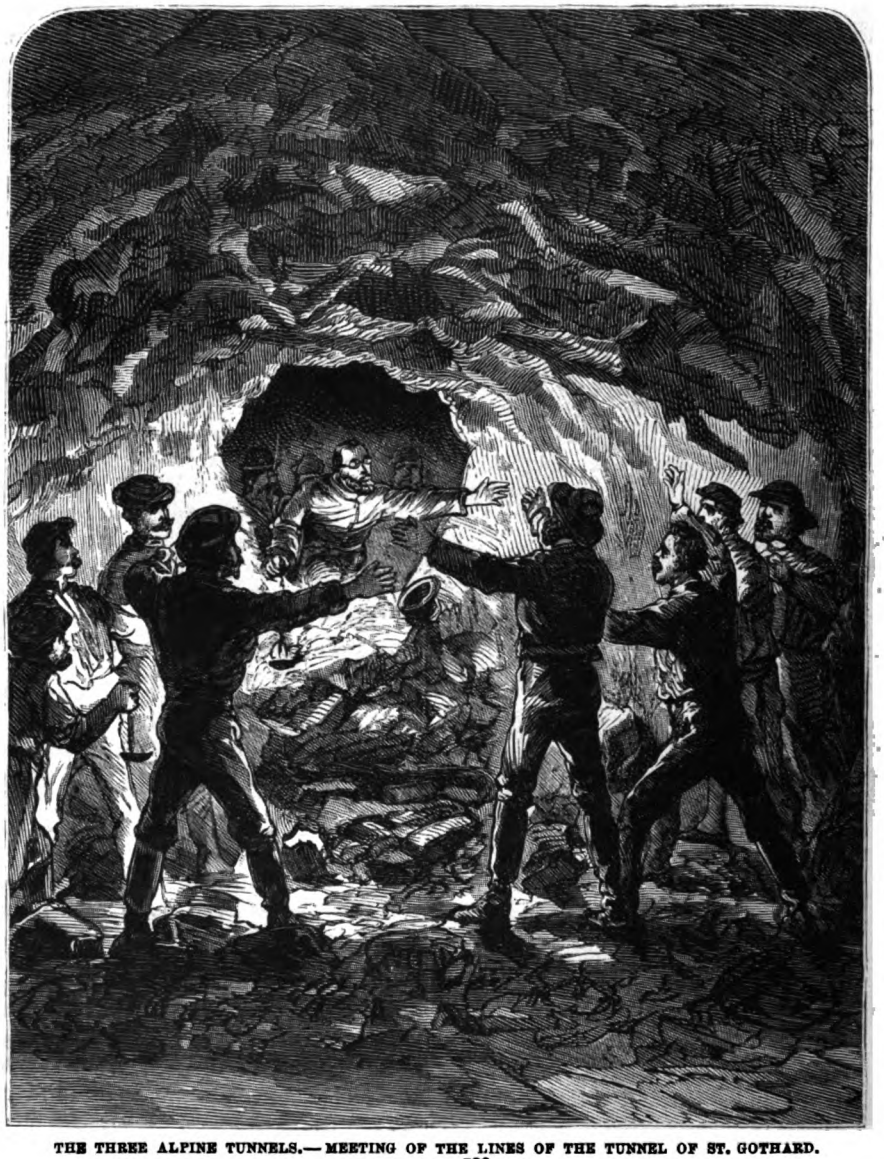
And no one rules Pietro but the second Lord Arthur, before whose silver baby-bells Pietro's silver staff falls powerless.

THE THREE ALPINE TUNNELS.

THE ST. GOTHARD AND THE SIMPLON

By Henry Frith.

Most visitors to the Paris Exhibition in 1878 doubtless observed a panorama of the St. Gothard, showing the proposed great tunnel; and we, in common with many hundreds of our countrymen *en route* to Switzerland, studied the map displayed in the Swiss section. We had always enjoyed the grand scenery of the St. Gothard, and can recall one or two narrow escapes in early Summer, when snow was treacherous and we were rash.

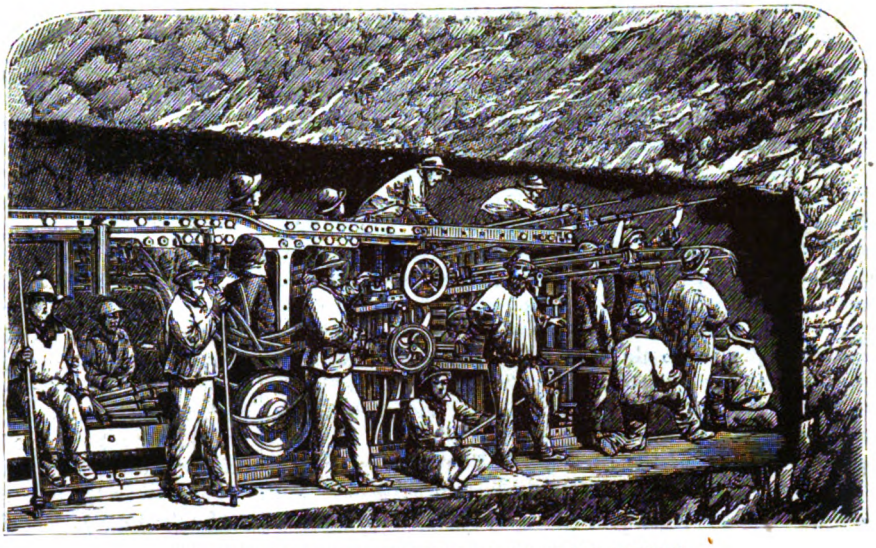


THE THREE ALPINE TUNNELS.—MEETING OF THE LINES OF THE TUNNEL OF ST. GOTHARD. SEE PAGE 732.

The St. Gothard range is in reality very extensive, but the name is more generally understood to apply to the portion comprised between Fluelen, on Lake Lucerne, and Airolo; but more correctly between Hospenthal and Airolo. The main tunnel commences at Göschenen, on the Swiss side of the pass, about three hours distant from Amsteg, and 2,200 feet above Lake Lucerne. The path across St. Gothard was for hundreds of years the only one over the Helvetic Alps, and about a hundred years ago vehicles began to traverse the road. It is the most dangerous pass in Switzerland, and readers will remember that last year many fatal accidents occurred on that splendid post-road during the early part of the Summer.

It must not be imagined that the Gothard line embraces only one tunnel, such as the Mont Cénis. The line is really about twenty miles long, and is a series of tunnels, the longest of which is, in round numbers, 49,000 feet long (48,936), or over nine miles. The other tunnels are three and four miles long, and there are numerous shorter ones, as well as galleries besides. Of course the enormous sum

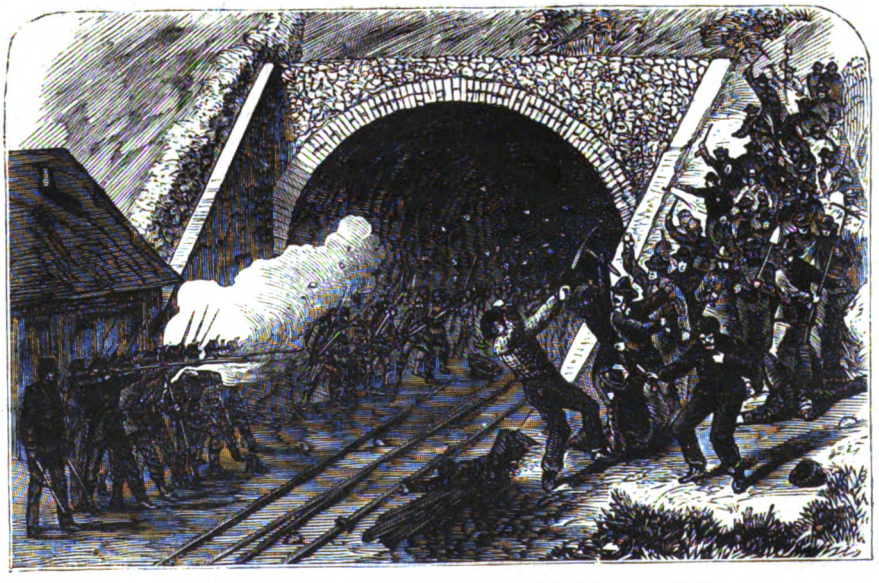
necessary to complete this immense undertaking could not be found easily. The question was an international one. In 1871 the Swiss, Italian and German Governments concluded a treaty, determining the points relative to route, construction and connections. Among the stipulations were the following: That the summit level of the line should not be at greater height than 1,162½ metres above the sea, and that the tunnel should follow a straight line between Airolo and Göschenen; the shortest radius of the curves was fixed at 300 metres, and the maximum of the greater not to exceed 32 feet to the mile, except for a short distance near Biasca. The three contracting powers agreed to contribute to the enterprise 85,000,000 francs as follows: Italy, 45,000,000; Switzerland, 20,000,000; Germany, 20,000,000. The Italian and Swiss railway companies held a conference, a company was organized, and in 1872 M. Favre was the successful bidder among those who proposed to undertake the construction. In the Fall of 1872, the plans and preparations having been completed, the actual work was begun. The cross-section of the St. Gothard is the same as that of the Fréjus, or Mont Cénis Tunnel, and the same technical methods of excavation were followed. The engineer possessed several advantages, however, over the engineer of the Mont Cénis line. The first estimate was 187,000,000 francs, but even this stupendous amount was 102,000,000 francs short of that actually required. Italy, Germany and Switzerland increased their subscriptions.



PNEUMATIC BORING MACHINE USED IN THE ALPINE TUNNELS.

RESERVOIRS FOR COMPRESSING AIR IN THE ST. GOTHARD TUNNEL.

By agreement the tunnel was to be completed and ready for traffic early in 1880. A large sum was to be forfeited for delay; and should the year expire and the tunnel remain incomplete, the contract to be void. The St. Gothard main tunnel is of about the same dimensions as (but longer than) the Mont Cénis, already described. It enters the mountain at a height of 3,600 feet



A WORKMEN'S RIOT AT THE MOUTH OF THE ST. GOTHARD TUNNEL.

above the sea, and comes out at Airolo at 3,700 feet elevation. The gradient on the Swiss side is 1 in 172 for about half the distance; at the summit is a short level run, and then the descent into Italy begins at the gradient of 1 in 1,000. It will thus be perceived that the level point is on the north side, 142 feet above the entrance, and 24 feet on the south side.

This line, in direct opposition to the French Mont Cénis Railway, naturally gave rise to a further opposition in the Simplon line, which we will refer to later on. Last Autumn the St. Gothard Tunnel was within 1,000 yards of completion; and latest advices announce its successful completion, the two shafts meeting with wonderful accuracy. It is probable that much of the traffic *via* Mont Cénis will prefer the shorter St. Gothard route when it is open. This France cannot tolerate. Another line is necessary for her, and the Simplon Tunnel was accordingly projected. But of this anon.

The excavation of the St. Gothard Tunnel is carried on in the same manner as has already been described in the article on Mont Cénis. Compressed air is the boring power, but a feature not explained in Mont Cénis is very prominent in St. Gothard. This is the "air locomotive"—a boiler, apparently, and little else, that is used instead of the ordinary steam locomotive for drawing away the trucks full of rock from the depths of the tunnel—no inconsiderable distance. The reason for the employment of these odd-looking machines is obvious: the smoke and escaping steam, etc., would render the tunnel quite unfit for human beings. Air takes the place of steam, and all smoke is avoided.

Now, will my readers kindly accompany me into the main tunnel of St. Gothard, say two months since? But few people ventured last year, and very likely the trip will be novel to most of us.

Come, then, put off all *table d'hôte* array, and be guided and thrust and shoved into old hats, muddy boots, and waterproofed and petroleum-lined garments. Take a lamp in your hand, and a staff or alpenstock to prod your way withal; and when you are equipped you will not recognize yourself—if your eyes could see you. It is permitted to walk into the tunnel—if you are permitted to do anything at all; but for those who really wish to see the machines at work, it will be necessary to cling to the eccentric locomotive, which is about to enter the tunnel in search of trucks full of earth and *débris*.

Hold tight! A fearful shriek, and we are moving rapidly into the mine's darkness. If those who have traveled by express train through one of our own tunnels will imagine the noise in that tunnel intensified four times, they will have an idea of the clatter, bang and roar of the St. Gothard rocks. Were space available, the effect could be described; but any one can open, in a tunnel, the car-window, and judge for himself.

Cui bono? you will be tempted to ask, when you have arrived in the granite chambers of St. Gothard; but the scene is most interesting, not to say exciting. An occasional dull roar in front tells the visitor the chambers are being exploded—those little chambers lately drilled by that cunning "perforator." There will probably be an influx of water, for it is no uncommon occurrence for a hidden spring to break out. All around are glimmering lanterns, flashing back from the rocks; far overhead, thousands of feet above, are melting snows; tourists—your greatest enemy or your dearest friend, mayhap, gazing over the ground rendered famous in history's pages by the march of the grim Suwarrow and the hard-fought battle of the Devil's Bridge. A few hundred feet in a gently sloping line in front, are sunshine and the bright Italian landscape. Behind us, through the dark and murky atmosphere, is the descent to Lake Lucerne and the Righi, where just then, most likely, our friends are being rudely repulsed from the hotel.

The roof of the tunnel is lined with twenty inches of solid masonry. The heat is tremendous, and how these men can live in this fearful atmosphere is almost incomprehensible. Working eight hours a day for scarcely five shillings, and "finding" themselves, is apparently bliss to the Italians, and from this amount they save, and sometimes send half their wages home.

A great number of perforators are at work, but we need not describe their action here. Dynamite is the substance chiefly used for explosive purposes, and occasional accidents, or, on one occasion at least, a premeditated explosion, have proved its fearfully destructive qualities. The excavations are simultaneously conducted at different points, so that two machines may actually be working in different directions, one forward and another backward, to clear away the upper portion of rock under which the perforators have succeeded in penetrating.

There is one peculiarity about the long line of St. Gothard—namely, the (so to speak) spiral ascents. The trains will wind around gradients as the diligence winds up the Italian side of the road, or as the railway zigzags in the Blue Mountains of New South Wales. But wonderful as the work is, now complete, and grand as the enterprise must always appear, to the traveler who seeks scenery the St. Gothard route will seem almost useless. True, at the Lucerne side the ascent is grand. Altdorf, sacred to the memory of Tell; Wasen; and, on the Italian side, Airolo and Bellinzona, are very fine, and we have often traversed the classic ground. But no tunnel, however useful, can compensate us for the view or the delicious air upon the old post-road of the St. Gothard. In January, 1871, the "headings" were pushed in. In September, 1872, the work was begun at Airolo, and at Göschenen in November. The line will probably be open for traffic by September.

There were about 4,000 people employed at the St. Gothard: Italians, Germans, Swiss; but no English, French or Americans, as far as we could learn. These will not work so cheaply as Italians, who do all the boring. Most of the superiors are Swiss. The exact centre, nearly five miles from the entrance, was reached from Göschenen on the 31st of October last.

At ten o'clock on the morning of Sunday, February 29th, 1880, the piercing of the St. Gothard Tunnel was accomplished by one blast, the two galleries so long nearing each other were blown into one long tunnel, and the opposite gangs of workmen rushed, with loud congratulations, into each other's arms. The first man through was Mr. Bossi, the manager of the works.

Before closing this article, we may make a few remarks upon the Simplon scheme, which the French Government is so anxious to carry out, in order to secure the Anglo-Indian traffic.

Any one who visited Switzerland in 1879 knows that in July of that year the line of railway through the Rhone Valley was open to Brigue, at the foot of the Simplon. On the opposite side, the Italians are busy with a line which will extend to Arona (Lago Maggiore). When the Simplon Tunnel and its approaches are completed, we shall have an uninterrupted line from Paris to Brindisi, through Pontarlier, Lausanne, Brigue and Arona (*via* Simplon), and Milan.

This history of the Simplon scheme can be stated very briefly. The proposal was made to the French Government in 1873, but the scheme fell through for several

reasons, the chief of which were the failure of the Ligne d'Italie, and the apparently hopeless opposition of the St. Gothard route. But when, in 1874, a new company took up the line, and the St. Gothard was being actually tunneled, things looked gloomy for French traffic, which can be retained by the construction of the Simplon Tunnel.

The different lengths of the three Alpine tunnels are as follows: Simplon, 18½ kilomètres; St. Gothard, 15; Mont Cénis, 12. But the first-named will possess many advantages in construction. The respective heights of the entrances to the Cénis and the St. Gothard are far above the sea-level. The entrance to the Simplon is on a level plain, and the line, as most of us know, is perfectly even, and almost straight from Bouveret or Villeneuve on the Lake Leman to Brigue. The gradient never exceeds 1 in 100 in the Simplon, though on the Italian side it is a little more. It is a curious fact that the highest point is not in the mountains at all, but on the road between Lausanne and Dijon. Snow will offer but inconsiderable opposition, the rock is less hard, water-power exists in abundance, and the climate in the Valais is less cold than in the localities already pierced.

The cost of the Simplon Tunnel is estimated at 80,000,000 francs—or 4,000,000 per kilomètre for the actual tunnel, and 6,000,000 for stations and permanent way. This estimate does not compare favorably with the 2,500,000 francs per kilomètre expended on the St. Gothard Tunnels.

More than half this sum is found by France, the remainder by Switzerland and the railways interested; but even now the suggestion of one alternative scheme for tunneling the Mont Blanc comes to our ears, and another to construct a line through the Tarentaise and the Col du Mont. Both of these schemes are unpractical, because the lines would be longer than either the Cénis or the St. Gothard routes, and therefore useless as competitors.

The Swiss are naturally averse to the Mont Blanc project, because it would leave their country out in the cold. The Simplon route is already half accomplished, and would greatly favor French traffic, which otherwise would be carried *via* Basle by German subsidized railways through the St. Gothard; and though the Savoy route would be advantageous to the French, the distance is too long.

We have now rapidly reviewed the three great Alpine tunnels, wonderful examples of human skill and perseverance. There have been long tunnels constructed before these, but none to equal these giants.

Even as we write, a slip has been put before us representing the determination of the French Government to lay down a line of railway from Annemasse, on the route to Mont Blanc, to Chamouni. The administration has already sanctioned the construction of the line from Annemasse to Sallenches. This line will join at St. Gingolph the almost completed railway from St. Gingolph to Callonges and Annecy.

This extension will bring Paris and all the southern districts in direct communication with Savoy, and in such a case the tunnel through Mont Blanc may not be unworthy of consideration; but for our own part, we do not think that such a line would ever successfully compete with the already projected and completed lines. The survey will, however, be made, and we may yet travel in a Pullman car through the Monarch of Mountains.

Don't judge a man by his failure in life, for many a man fails because he is too honest to succeed.

JUMPING INTO WATER.

It is one thing to jump from a great height into open water, such as that of the sea, and it is another thing to jump down one hundred and twenty feet into a well. This feat may be seen performed any day at Delhi, in India. So proficient are the men and boys, who leap down the distance I have named, both into a tank from the top of a mosque and into a narrow well, that whilst descending they purposely sprawl about in the air and display queer antics; but the moment they near the water they suddenly straighten out their bodies and plunge down arrow-like, with scarce a plash. You can get a dozen men and boys at any hour to perform this feat before you for the modest fee of about five cents a leap! I, myself, have seen in Southern India a boy leap three times from a rock twenty-two feet high into a narrow pool, the depth of the water in which varied from five to six feet.

WASPS AND THEIR NESTS.

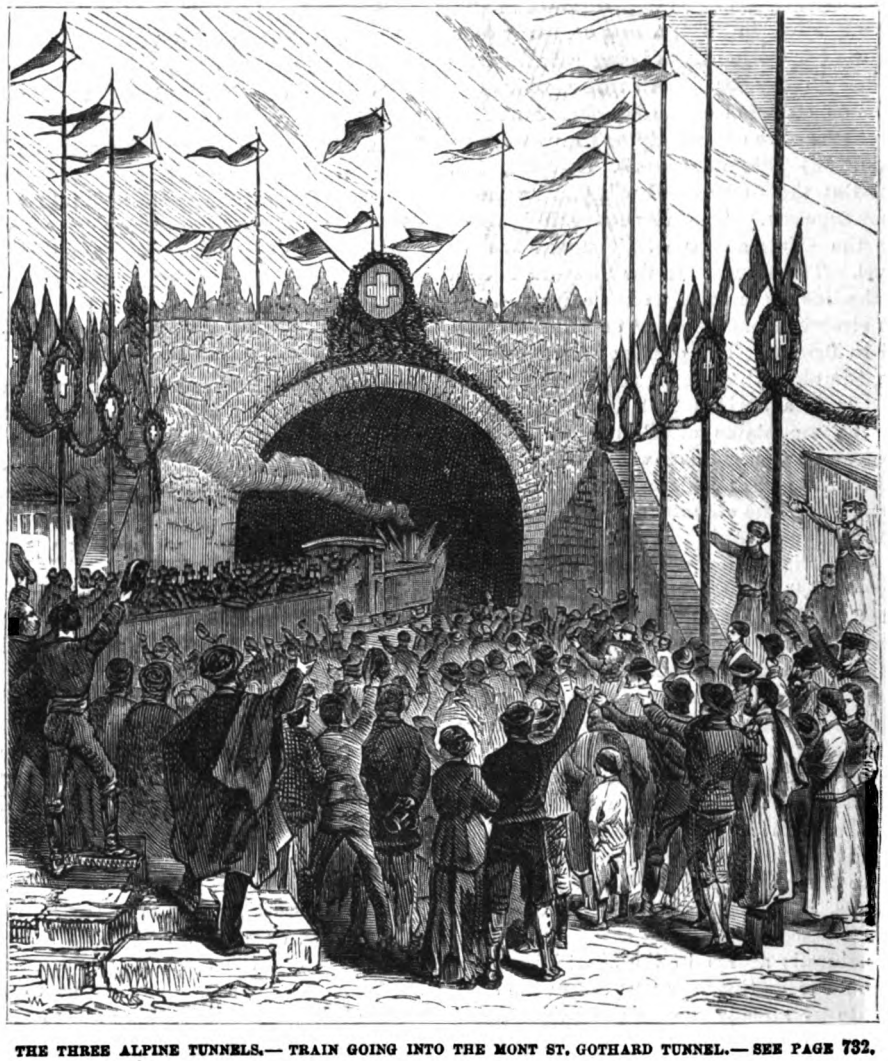
The *Hymenoptera* which make their nests with papery-looking substances are the wasps. There are three kinds of individuals amongst the wasps, as there are amongst the ants, namely: males, females, and neuters or workers; and these last are really females which never lay eggs, but which are provided with wings, and yet differ much from the perfect females. These insects live in societies, the individuals of which are more or less numerous, according to the species. Usually the assemblage lasts only a year, and it breaks up at the commencement of cold weather; by that time the males are all dead, then the workers begin to die off, and only the true females manage to hibernate by seeking refuge in the holes of walls, cavities of old trees, or wherever they can hide themselves easily and get out of the way of the cold. In the early Spring a solitary female, a mother, begins to build a nest; it is small at first, the cells of it are few in number, and an egg is laid in each.

As soon as the larvæ are born the wasp wanders to and fro for food for them, and spares no pains in order to provide its progeny with sufficient nourishment. The larvæ soon become full-grown, and spin a silken cocoon, which fills up the little cell, and thus inclosed they are transformed into nymphs, the metamorphosis into the adult form occurring shortly. The new wasps thus produced are all workers, or rather workeresses, for they are sterile females, and they are created to take the part of nurses to a progeny which does not belong to them. These workers begin their duties as soon as they become perfect, and from that moment the mother of the nest, who has been so laborious, and who was so industrious when all alone, begins to lead a quiet life, and to do little or nothing, for she has plenty of nurses to take care of the little ones. The workers increase the extent of the nest and prepare cells for the larvæ, and when this is done the mother completes another great batch of egg-laying, and deposits an egg in each cell. The larvæ which come from these eggs do not turn into workers only, but into male insects and females which are not sterile.

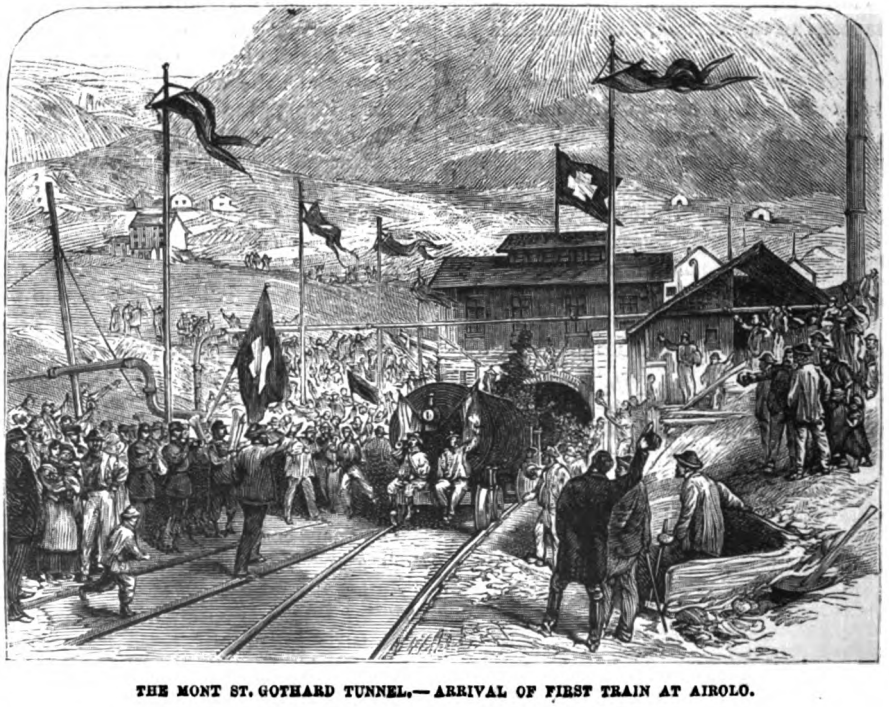
The wasps construct their nests out of vegetable matters, such as woody fibres and dead leaves, and they make a sort of paper from these substances. They triturate their building materials between their mandibles, moisten them with their saliva, and mold them into a homogeneous paste, admirably suited for the construction of the cells and the walls of the nests. The nests are made upon

different plans, all of which appear to have a distinct reference to some peculiar conformation of the insect. But, although there are many minor differences, still, in the main, all wasps' nests resemble each other. The essential and most important parts of the nests are the cells of the comb, and they are always built upon the same plan. In the commencement the cell is a kind of cylindrical cup, and others of the same form are built close together on a horizontal floor, and they are all closed at their summits. The cells of many wasps' nests are always cylindrical in shape, but usually they are hexagonal in outline.

One of the most common wasps is the wood, or bush-wasp (*Vespa sylvestris*). It is a little smaller than the common wasp, and it attaches its nest to the branches of trees and bushes, hangs it under roofs, or attaches it to the corners of walls. The little delicate



THE THREE ALPINE TUNNELS.— TRAIN GOING INTO THE MONT ST. GOTHARD TUNNEL.— SEE PAGE 732.



THE MONT ST. GOTHARD TUNNEL.— ARRIVAL OF FIRST TRAIN AT AIROLO.

round nests of this species may often be met with in the Spring, and a very slight examination of one of them will prove that the covering, or envelope, is made up of a smooth gray paper, which is slightly shiny and flexible, and perfectly impervious to water. A thick column is found in the middle of the inside of the nest, sustaining a single comb, which is composed of eight, ten or twelve cells; it is the work of the mother wasp, which has passed through the Winter in a condition of sleepy stupidity. After having built her nest she deposits an egg in each cell, and when the larvæ are hatched they become her workers and nurses. They enlarge the first comb by adding new cells around it; then they construct a second comb, and attach it to the first by two or three pillars; then a third is made, and fixed to the second; and so on for a series which may include a fourth, a fifth and a sixth

THE STUDENT OF BOLOGNA.—"UPON THAT TOMB THE SILVERY MOON WAS NOW SHINING. BUT WHO WAS THAT FIGURE ROBED IN DEEPEST BLACK THAT KNELT BESIDE IT?"— SEE NEXT PAGE.

comb. The number of the combs varies according to the increase of the population of the nest. The whole has three papery envelopes, one placed over the other, and they serve to protect the combs, to which, however, they are never attached. The largest nests are sometimes a foot in height; but whether they are large or small, they look very pretty amongst the foliage of beautiful bushes. The opening is situated at the lowest part of the nest, and underneath, and is always sufficiently large to give free ingress and egress to the wasps.

In the accompanying engraving there is a figure of one of these nests, which is suspended from a small branch.

A SEA-WAIF.

"My Archie come, for whom I yearned,
Come with a sea-won prize—
A box by dusky natives turned,
A pearl of royal size?"

"Yea, lass, I've brought a gleaming pearl,
Some queenly breast might grace;
See there, a living, laughing girl,
Blue eyes and dimpled face.

"Abandoned by the far Seychelles,
We picked her up one morn,
Before the mighty azure swells
To the coral reefs were borne—

"Before the leagues of whitening spray,
By heated trade-winds fanned,
Ran up the palm-fringed, land-locked bay,
To thunder on the strand.

"A relic of some hapless bark,
Or burnt, or wrecked, we found
Her father lying stiff and stark
Beside her, outward bound.

"We gave him to the ocean, took
His little daughter. There!
She's mine, and therefore thine; so look
She meet a mother's care.

"A heaven-sent waif, she well may come
With joy and gladness fraught;
Pray that her presence bless our home
Beyond a wish or thought!

"Our jewel opes her trustful eyes;
No wickedness I'd dare
Before her sight; and would despise
Myself if I could swear

"Before her ears so innocent,
And shock this gracious child,
To me a hardened sinner sent—
I'll keep her undefiled.

"And she shall play with little Bess,
And daily go to school;
She's made me tender; none would guess
Me such a whimp'ring fool!

"Yet doing all the good we can,
And hating evil ways,
Is best, the Bible says, for man,
And gives God endless praise.

"So take the comely lassie, wife,
The treasure of the sea:
With sunshine may she flood our life,
In death a comfort be!"

The best society and conversation in the world is that in which the heart has a greater share than the head.

THE STUDENT OF BOLOGNA.

Chapter I.

OF all the students assembled at Bologna, A.D. 1324, Ludovico da Valencia was the most popular and beloved. His wealth, liberality, noble spirit and handsome person, his bravery and his wit, gave him a just title to this preëminence.

Of all the beauties of the City of Bologna, whose mission it was in the same year of grace (1324) to turn the heads and inflame the hearts of this assemblage of students, none could be compared to Beatrice, niece of Antonio Gaspardo, one of the most celebrated jurisconsults of his age.

Of course they loved each other, this peerless couple? Not a bit of it. Only the student loved; the lady was fancy-free.

The perverse god, having shot one arrow with fatal aim, obstinately refused to shoot the other. No prayers or clamor could avail; he held it loosely in his hand, trailing its golden point idly in the sand.

In vain had Ludovico assiduously gone to Mass; in vain had he lingered hour after hour upon the promenade to catch one look of recognition; in vain had he courted her friends, and for six months past had chosen his acquaintances on the sole principle that they were hers, and might introduce him to her presence.

All his efforts were fruitless. Beatrice, so amiable to all others, so sweet, so gentle, was cold to him. She would not love. Why not? What was there lacking in our cavalier? Was it birth, wealth, nobility of spirit, or personal beauty? No; nothing was wanting—nothing in him. But for her the hour had not yet struck. It was Summer all around, but the heart of the virgin, the rose of Bologna, was still sleeping in its folded leaves, and would not yet unfold itself from its sleep of Spring.

But the passion of Ludovico was not to be daunted; no coldness could repulse, no denial reduce him to despair. Love cannot exist, cannot last, say reasonable people, without hope. True; but a great passion bears its own hope in its bosom. Neither was it in the nature or temperament of Ludovico lightly to relinquish any enterprise once begun.

The following incident in his college-life will serve to show the ardent, serious and indomitable temper of the man:

A French cavalier, lately from the University of Paris, who had carried off the highest prizes, not, indeed, of scholarship, but for unrivaled skill in fencing, had visited Bologna, and challenged the most renowned champion it could boast. They would cross their rapiers, so said the challenge, for the honor of their respective universities.

This proclamation of the Parisian, affixed, according to custom, to the college gates, was no sooner read than all eyes turned toward Ludovico. To him alone could the honor of the university be safely intrusted; indeed, if he should decline, it was doubtful if any one else would risk a trial of skill from which he had retreated.

Thus pointed out by public opinion as the champion of the university, and solicited by his fellow-students to sustain its reputation in the high and noble science of defense, he overcame his first repugnance to what seemed to him a boastful acceptance of a boastful challenge.

He and the Frenchman met. The Frenchman showed the greatest skill; it seemed evident the contest would end in the defeat of the Bolognese. "Let us try," said Ludovico, "with the naked rapier;" for hitherto the points had been guarded.

That such a proposition should come from him, who was evidently the less skillful of the two, seemed the result of passion, of blind anger at approaching defeat. Mere madness! cried some of his best friends. But it was not madness—it was not passion—it was the result of calm deliberation. He knew that the earnestness of the combat would call forth to the utmost all his skill and energy; it might very possibly have the opposite effect upon his antagonist.

His reasoning was justified by the event. His adversary had no sooner accepted the proposal—no sooner had the pointed been substituted for the guarded rapiers, than the rival fencers seemed to have changed characters. The Frenchman grew cautious; his rapid and brilliant attack gave way to defensive and more measured movements; while the Bolognese became more rapid, more self-possessed, more bold and decisive in his play. He very soon, and happily without fatal result to his antagonist, established his superiority, and vindicated the honor of his university.

When chided for his rashness, and what was thought a freak of passion, he answered that he never acted in a more cool and calculating spirit in his life.

"I did but burn the ships behind me that I might fight the better. I am never so calm or so thoroughly master of myself as when most in earnest, and this is not generally the character of the Parisian."

Such was the serious, brave and resolute character of Ludovico. But he had other and higher qualities, which made him the most popular student of the university; and as a proof of this, we need only mention that he was the intimate friend of Petrarch, at this time also a student at Bologna. Though sent hither by his father for the express purpose of prosecuting the study of the law, Petrarch was wrapped up in his Latin classics and in his poetry, and it was precisely in our brave and handsome cavalier that he found a companion who most completely sympathized with him in his pursuits, and most correctly appreciated his nascent genius. These two friends had been walking together in silence for some time under the long colonnades which lined the streets of Bologna.

A more noble pair have rarely traversed those colonnades. The poet, remarkable for his beauty, was, in his youth, very studious of elegance in his dress, and the short velvet cloak, with its border of gold or silver lace, was always thrown over his slight but finely molded figure with a grace that would have satisfied the eye of a painter. From time to time he brushed away, or shook off, the specks of dust which had settled on it, or turned to readjust the folds of its drapery. His companion, taller, and of a somewhat larger build, and far more costly in his attire, walked by his side.

"My dear Ludovico," said Petrarch, breaking the long silence, "what has befallen you? Not a word—certainly not *two*—in any coherent succession, have you uttered during the past hour."

"Neither to-day nor yesterday," muttered Ludovico to himself, certainly not in answer to his friend. "Neither to-day nor yesterday—perhaps she never means to go to Mass again."

"What are you talking, or rather thinking, of?"

"What I am always thinking of, my dear Petrarch—what I shall never cease thinking of, till it prove my destruction, which some spirit of divination tells me it will."

"Really, really, Ludovico," said his friend, "you show in this a most insane pertinacity. Here you are, week after week, month after month——"

"I know it—know all you would say. Good God! how beautiful she is!"

"Here you are—for I *will* speak," continued his youthful but grave friend—"who are simply the most perfect cavalier in all Bologna (one detests flattery, but this physic is, in some cases, absolutely necessary) at once the boast and envy of the university—wasting, consuming yourself away, in a perpetual fever, after the only woman, I take upon me to declare——"

"Pshaw—pshaw! tell me, if you would have me listen, what further can I do? I have wooed her in sonnets, which ought to have affected her, for Petrarch polished the verse. Nothing touches her; she is as hard as steel. Not a smile—not, at least, for me—and for all others she smiles, how sweetly! But, by the cross! she shall love me, Petrarch—she shall—she shall!"

"My dear Ludovico, you rave—be a little reasonable. Lover as you are, stay on this side of madness. Love on, if it must be so. Love her for ever, but do not for ever be striving for a return of your passion. Take home your unrequited love into your bosom; nourish it there, but do not exasperate it by a useless and incessant struggle against fate. For my part, I can imagine there may be a strange, sweet luxury in this solitary love, that lives in one breast alone. It is all your own; it is fed, kindled, diversified, sustained by your own imagination. It is passion without the gross thraldom of circumstances. It is the pure relation of soul to soul, without the vast intricate, unmanageable relationship of life to life."

"To you, a poet," replied Ludovico, with a slight touch of sarcasm, "such a passion may be possible; perhaps you care not for more heat than serves to animate and make fluent the verse. Pleased with the glow of fancy and feeling, you can stop short of possession. I cannot. Oh, you poets! you fuse your passion with your genius. You describe; you don't feel."

"Not feel!" exclaimed Petrarch—"we cannot, then, describe."

"Oh, yes, you can describe; you fling the golden light of imagination, like a light from heaven, round the object of your adoration, but, in return, the real woman is translated to the skyey region of imagination. She becomes a creature of your thoughts. You are conscious that the glory you have flung around her, you can reassume. Petrarch, if you ever love—if you are constant to any woman from Springtime to the last leaf of Autumn, it will be to some fair creature who will dwell only in your imagination, but whom you will never press to your heart. You poets love beauty—you love passion—you love all things fair and great, as you make visions of them all. You sing them, and there is the end."

"Well," said the poet, warding off the attack with a smile, "I have brought, it seems, a severe castigation on myself."

"Dear, dear Petrarch, let it teach you never again to give advice to a lover, unless it be to show him how or where he is to meet his mistress. Fool that I am! she is, perhaps, all this time, in the church of San Giovanni;" and, without another word, he darted up a street that led to that same church, leaving his friend to follow or not, as he pleased.

Chapter II.

There was, indeed, something like perversity, it must be allowed, in this firm refusal of Beatrice to reward so devoted an attachment. Even her stern, grave uncle,

A SEA WAIF.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 738.

whose judicial functions were not likely to give much leisure or disposition to interfere in the love affairs of his niece, had dropped a hint that the suit of Ludovico de Valencia would not be displeasing to himself. Bologna could not have supplied a more fitting match; our lover, therefore, was not guilty of presumption, though of much obstinacy. It was his right, this blessed hand of Beatrice. He felt it was his right, and he would win it. "Some one, some day, she must surely love," he argued to himself, "and why not me, and why not now? Oh! could I but plead my passion," he would say, alone—"pour it out unrestrained at her feet, she would surely see how reasonable it was that she should love—that she ought—that she must!"

To his excited mood, it appeared that nothing besides the artificial barrier which the customs of society interposed in their intercourse prevented his success. He could never see her alone, never speak unreservedly and passionately. The presence of others imposed restraints on both, and if an opportunity occurred to speak without being overheard, the few moments were filled with embarrassments, by reason of their brief and precarious tenure. Nay, what were a few moments to him, who had so full a heart to utter?

"Oh! could I place her there," pointing to the upper end of the spacious room he occupied, he would exclaim, "and there kneel down and pray before her, as men do to their saints! Oh, nature! oh, heaven! You would not so desert me, that my prayer should be fruitless!"

Yes, if she were there alone! no other mortal near. This thought so wrought within him, took so strong possession of his mind, that it led him to a thousand projects for its realization. What if he carried her off by force from her uncle's residence, and brought her there? Surely the humility, the passionate devotion, with which he would entreat her, would atone for the rash and violent means he had used to bring her within the scope of his supplications, and the utter submission and profound respect of his manner would soon convince her that he had no design upon her freedom of will—that she might confide, with entire safety, to his honor; while, as to the feasibility of the project, popular and beloved as he was in the university, there were numbers of students quite ready to engage in any scheme he should propose, however hazardous it might be. It would be very easy for him to organize a little band of the most faithful and bold of his adherents, who, with a due mixture of stratagem and force, would accomplish this new and harmless species of abduction.

The uncle of Beatrice held, as we have intimated, a high judicial post, and was sometimes absent from Bologna administering justice among the several dependencies of the republic. On one of these occasions, Beatrice was sitting with a female friend who had been invited to stay with her during his absence.

The room they sat in was one of those fine old Gothic chambers which the pencil of Haghe delights to reproduce and restore for us, and to his pencil we willingly leave the description of it.

Beatrice was seated in one of those tall armchairs, with straight, high back, which beauty then made graceful to the eye, and leaned her little chin upon her doubled hand as she listened to her friend Lucia, who was reading her a lecture upon the very theme which makes the burden of our story—her coldness to Ludovico.

"What would you have? What do you expect?" was the triumphant close of her harangue.

"What would I have?" replied Beatrice. "Myself—I would possess myself in peace and stillness. What do I expect? I do not live in expectations. I love my present life; its calm, its contentment, its freedom. Why would you wish to rob me of these?"

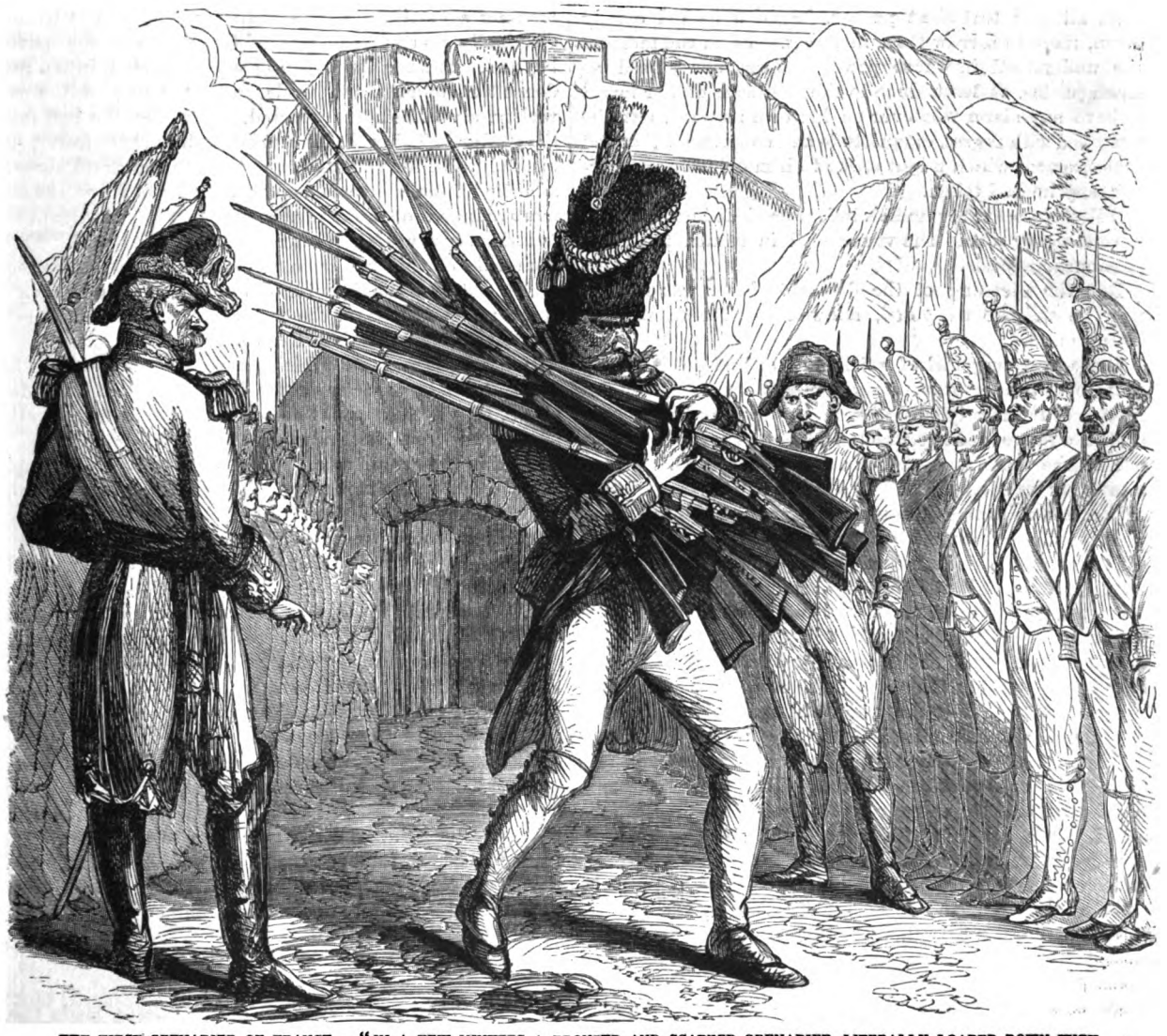
"Freedom? So, then, you fear a tyrant in the husband? But, my dear Beatrice, when there are only two in the society, there is an even chance for tyranny."

"A pleasant prospect! But you mistake me, Lucia. It is not the husband in his tyranny I fear. I have not come to think of that. It is the lover and his love. I would not be infected by the turmoil of his passion. I dread it. Friends let me have and cherish. Lucia, be you always one of them! But for this turbulent love, may the lightest feather in his pinions never touch me! How soft it seems! —how light!—as light, as soft as the down we rob the swan's neck of; but touch it, and it burns, and produces a fever in the veins. I do love my own calm life, and I intend to keep it."

As she spoke thus, she rose from her seat and advanced toward the window. The two friends stood looking together down the street, which, as the sun descended, began to be deserted by its usual crowd. Their attention was arrested by a numerous body of footmen and other attendants, who were escorting, apparently, a lady in a sedan-chair. They were rather surprised to observe that the sedan-chair directed its course toward their own house. A knocking at the door was heard, and soon after their servant brought them word that a certain signora desired urgently to speak with Beatrice, but that she could not quit her chair.

The person whose name was announced was an old lady, one of Beatrice's most intimate friends. She descended immediately into the hall to meet her. She rushed toward the sedan-chair, the door of which stood open. A slight impulse from some bystander, from a hand which trembled as it touched her, carried her forward, and she found herself seated in what, indeed, was an empty chair. Before she had time to raise an alarm, she found herself borne swiftly and softly along the street.

Lucia, who had followed her friend down-stairs, and who witnessed her singular disappearance, called up all



THE FIRST GRENADIER OF FRANCE.—"IN A FEW MINUTES A BRONZED AND SCARRED GRENADIER, LITERALLY LOADED DOWN WITH MUSKETS, CAME OUT AND PASSED DOWN THE LINE OF TROOPS."—SEE PAGE 747.

the servants of the establishment, and dispatched them after their mistress. They followed, but to no purpose. The running footmen on each side of the sedan drew their swords. They were students in disguise. Ludovico had succeeded in his daring enterprise.

Beatrice had scarcely collected her thoughts, when she perceived that her chair was carried through a lofty archway, up a broad flight of stairs, and deposited in a spacious apartment, once the proud saloon of a princely residence, though the whole building of which it formed a part had since been constituted a portion of the university. All her attendants, except one, left the room. We need not say that it was Ludovico who handed her from her temporary imprisonment.

To judge from their bearing and attitude, you would have said it was Ludovico who was the captive, bending before the mercy of Beatrice. She stood there upright, calm, inflexible. He was indeed at her mercy. He felt that his life depended on this present moment, and in the few words which should fall from her lips. He led her to the upper end of the room, where his imagination had so often placed her. He knelt, he sued.

Beginning with abrupt protests and explanations, his passionate pleading gradually grew more continuous, but not less vehement, till it flowed in a full torrent of a lover's eloquence.

At all this turbulent pathos, Beatrice looked calmly down, more in sorrow than in anger. From the moment she understood in whose power she was, she ceased (so much justice, at least, done to the character of her lover) to have any alarm whatever on her own account, but she was filled with regret, disquietude and concern for the fatal consequences which might ensue to himself from the lawless step he had taken.

"Restore me to my uncle's before he shall hear of this," were the only words she vouchsafed in return to all his passionate appeals.

But the pleading of the desperate lover was not, as may be well be supposed, allowed to proceed without interruption.

Lucia, a young girl of spirit and animation, instantly sent forth the servants of the household to rouse up the friends of the family, and to spread everywhere the report of the strange outrage which had been committed upon one of the most respected families of Bologna. A fleet messenger was dispatched to the uncle of Beatrice, distant only a few miles from the town, to recall him to the scene where his presence was so much required.

There was a standing feud between the citizens of Bologna and the students of the university, which had often disturbed the tranquillity of the city; it was, therefore, with extreme alacrity and zeal that the townsmen rushed in crowds into the street, armed with the best weapons they could procure, to rescue the niece of their venerable judge, and to punish the gross outrage which they conceived had been committed.

When, however, the multitude came in front of the large mansion, or palace, in which Ludovico lived, and which was tenanted entirely by students, the great majority of whom were his zealous partisans, and all of whom were ready, in any quarrel whatever, to take part against the townsmen, they found the enterprise they had undertaken to be one of no little difficulty. The huge gates were closed and barred, while the windows above were occupied by a spirited garrison, who had already supplied themselves with missiles of every description to annoy their assailants. These latter, with true Gallian energy, began to pull up the posts in the street to serve as battering-rams, with which to force the gates. They thundered at them with dreadful din, shaking the whole edifice; and, in spite of the missiles showered upon them from above, seemed to be on the point of forcing an entrance.

When Beatrice heard the terrible uproar, she turned pale with fright; Ludovico, pale with rage. He could make no impression on the cold beauty before him; his suppressed passion was suffocating him. Their noisy assailants outside he knew how to defy, or, if vanquished, knew how to bear his defeat, but the siege of the heart he was pressing with such passionate earnestness in that lofty chamber baffled all his efforts, and he felt that repulse here was worse than any death that the other might involve. When, therefore, several of his friends rushed breathless into the room to tell him that the gates began to creak on their hinges, and were likely to be beaten in, he almost welcomed this new species of conflict. Conducting Beatrice into a still room, where she would be out of the reach of the ensuing tumult and disorder, and where an aged matron waited to attend upon her, he went with his friends to meet the rest of his companions in arms, who were anxious to consult him as to the next measures which, in their present emergency, should be taken.

The building was constructed on a plan very customary in that age. In the centre were the tall gates, now being battered by the populace, which opened upon a square, lofty paved court, or hall, supported by columns, and forming a carriage-way up to the foot of the staircases. Originally you passed through the hall into the garden beyond, but when the building was converted into a residence for students, and made, in fact, a part of the university, a wall had been erected, separating the hall from the garden. This wall, though lofty, did not, however, rise to the level of the roof of the hall; both light and air were admitted from above it, and you still could see the topmost branches of the orange-trees, and the summits of the fountains that were playing in the garden beyond. From each side of this hall rose the broad marble staircases, which led into the interior of the house. Upon each of these noble stairways, the steps of which faced the entrance, Ludovico stationed his gallant band, armed each with his rapier, at least. He then commissioned one of his companions to proclaim to the besiegers, from a window above, that if they would cease their battering and retire a few paces from the gates they should be opened.

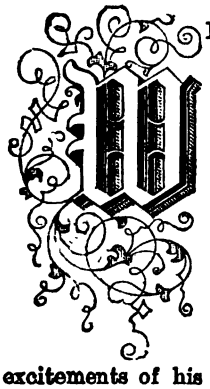
To this the crowd assented, presuming it could imply nothing less than a surrender. The great doors were flung open. They rushed forward; but the staircases they thought to ascend so readily were, every inch of them, occupied by a brave phalanx, which awaited them with swords held forward, like a hedge of spears, tier above tier. The front rank of this disordered multitude had no desire to be thrust forward by those in the rear on the points held forward by this resolute phalanx. A great number of them passed harmless between the two staircases, but the wall we have described prevented egress in that direction; and, when the lower part of the hall was quite full, the struggle began in earnest between those of the crowd who desired to retreat, and those who, knowing nothing of the peril of their companions, were still pressing forward. The struggle rose to a combat. The students, who, at the express desire of Ludovico, stood steadily at their posts and preserved a dead silence, were undisturbed spectators of the tumult, and saw their adversaries in desperate strife, one against the other.

They seemed to be thus on the point of obtaining, in a singular manner, a bloodless victory, when Gaspardo, the uncle of Beatrice, together with the Podesta, made their appearance with such military force as could be assembled on the moment. This had immediately one good effect:

the crowd on the outside, by making way for the Podesta, released their companions within, still struggling to escape. The military force of the Podesta soon stood confronted with the little band of students. Yet these were so well placed, and had so decidedly the advantage of position, and their leader was so well known for his prowess and indomitable courage, that there was great reluctance to commence the attack, and very loud calls were made for them to surrender to the majesty of the law.

For Ludovico, the combat was what his blood boiled for. Would that he could have fought single-handed—he alone—and periled and lost his life! But when he saw the respected form of the uncle of Beatrice; when he reflected that the experiment he had so long desired *had been made and had failed;* that the cold virgin whom he had left up-stairs was still invincible, whoever else he might conquer and resist, and that he should be exposing the lives of his companions in a combat where to him was now no victory, he lowered his sword, and made a treaty of peace with the Podesta. On the condition that none but himself should suffer any kind of penalty for that day's work, he offered to resign Beatrice to her uncle, and himself to the Podesta. These terms were readily accepted; and his companions alone seemed reluctant to acquiesce in them.

Chapter III.



WHILE all this tumult was raging round the house and within the heart of Ludovico, a student's lamp was burning calm and still in the secluded chamber of his friend Petrarch. From him, out of a kind and considerate regard, and not from any distrust of his zeal or attachment, the ardent lover had concealed his perilous enterprise.

Remote from the whole scene, and from all its passions, sat the youthful poet; not remote, however, from deep excitements of his own, for the deep struggle was then being carried on between his own genius, which led him to feed his poetic temperament with the classical learning which was just being restored to Europe, and his duty to his father, who would fain have tied him down to the dry study of the law. It was while pondering in deep thought the two courses of life which lay before him, that a step was heard on the stairs, which came nearer and nearer, higher and higher—a rapid step, which never paused an instant till it reached his own door. A loud knocking followed, and on opening the door a fellow-student, breathless with haste, rushed into the room, and related the tragical events which had taken place at the house of their common friend, Ludovico.

Petrarch immediately descended, and ran to meet his friend. He found him already a prisoner. The Podesta, willing, however, to treat the unhappy student with as much lenity as possible, had converted his own apartment into his prison. He well knew, also, the honorable character of his prisoner. By granting this indulgence, he was able to extract his word of honor not to escape, and he probably judged that, considering the great popularity of Ludovico in the university, this was a greater security for his safe custody than any walls or any guard which he had at his command in Bologna.

Petrarch was horror-struck when he came fully to apprehend the extreme peril to which his friend had exposed himself. Whatever were his motives, he had committed, in fact, a capital offense—one to be classed among the most heinous, and for which he stood exposed to the penalty of death. The poet fell weeping into the arms of his friend.

"Alas!" said Ludovico, "she would not hear me!"

The inflexibility of Beatrice was still the only grief that dwelt upon his mind.

"She stood there in that spot—I could kiss the traces of her footsteps, could I see them—cold, cold as the statue. I might with better hope have prayed to the sculptured marble!"

But Petrarch did not limit his kind offices to sympathy and lamentation. Meditative as he was of character, and little used to what is called the business of life, he saw clearly the grave nature of his friend's position.

The crime which Ludovico had actually committed—the abduction from her home of a noble virgin—subjected him, as we have said, to the punishment of death. Those only who could read his heart, or knew the purity of his intentions, could have acquitted him; and even to those his conduct would have appeared rash and unjustifiable. But to the citizens of Bologna, irritated and almost at war with the university; disposed to magnify every offense committed by a member of that body, and exasperated, moreover, by the late fruitless contest in which they had been engaged, the act of Ludovico would appear in all its unmitigated criminality. They were, in fact, resolved that he should not escape the utmost rigor of the law—they were already clamoring for his death—for his public execution.

There was but one man in Bologna who could save him. This was Romeo dé Pepoli, a rich man, by far the richest in the city, and who, by a popular use of his wealth, had obtained a great ascendency in the republic.

This Romeo dé Pepoli was secretly aiming at the tyranny. He failed, owing to the awakened jealousy of the people; but, though he himself was banished from the city at the very moment when he seemed about to reap the fruits of his intrigues, he prepared the way to power for his sons, who, at a subsequent period, were the tyrants of Bologna.

There was no doubt that this man, and he alone, was able, if he chose, to rescue Ludovico from his threatened fate. For, should his influence with the citizens fail to mitigate their animosity, still, in all the ill-assured governments of that day, such immense wealth as he possessed gave something more than influence. Judgments of law were almost always to be bought, if a price high enough could be paid, or an armed force could be hired which would set the judgment of a court at defiance, and prevent its execution.

To this eminent citizen and nobleman Petrarch betook himself. The disturbance at the university, its cause and possible consequences, had, we may be sure, drawn the attention of this wily and ambitious personage. At first he had adopted the indignation of the town, as being the part most likely to increase his popularity. But, on reflection, it occurred to him that a still greater advantage might, perhaps, be taken of the event, if, through his skillful mediation and a dextrous advocacy of the cause of Ludovico, he should be able to obtain the favor and partisanship of the leading members of the university.

Over these, no one had so great an influence as Ludovico, in whose cause they were most deeply interested, nor was it likely an emergency would arise in which he could serve them more signally than by coming to his rescue. On the other hand, a thousand ways would still be open to appease and conciliate the citizens.

Add to all which Ludovico himself, like all those on whom classical literature and the early histories of Rome

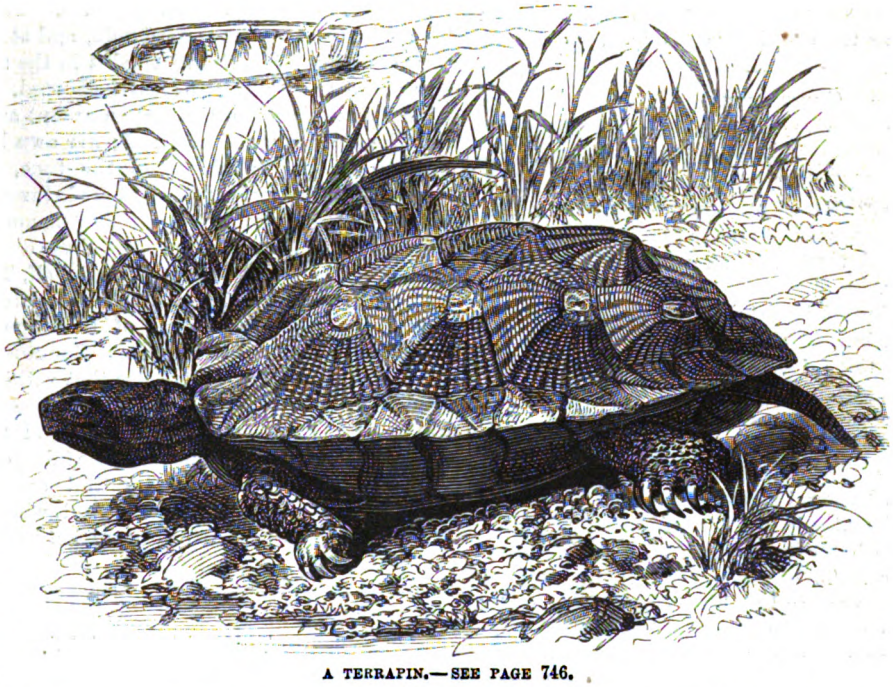
TERRAPIN-FISHING.— A SNAPPING-TURTLE FARM, ON AN INLET NEAR ANNAPOLIS.— SEE PAGE 746.

and Greece were just reopening, was distinguished by an ardent zeal for liberty. Without seeking actually to meddle in the political affairs of the city, he and his associates were accustomed—probably much in the same way as the German students of the present day—to proclaim and uphold the cause of freedom in their songs, and with the oratory of the wine-cup. They might be calculated on as stanch friends to the republic, and deadly opponents to the tyranny.

To gain over this band of ardent and enthusiastic spirits would be a great step in the prosecution of his ambitious enterprise. Even their neutrality would be an incalculable advantage to him.

Petrarch had always been well received by one who was anxious to win all sorts of golden opinions, and therefore desirous to be thought an admirer of learning and patron of youthful genius. On the present occasion he found the ambitious nobleman singularly courteous, and not indisposed to listen to his ardent vindication of Ludovico.

With the usual artifice of such men, Pepoli appeared to be listening to the reasoning of the young advocate, whilst he was revolving only his own thoughts, and was not unwilling to let it appear that the premeditations of his own mind were the result of another's eloquence.



A TERRAPIN.—SEE PAGE 746.

"Let me see your unfortunate friend," said he, with a sort of relenting air; "perhaps something may be done; I cannot tell. But, you see, the whole town is in arms against him. I shall be risking," he added, with a smile (for nothing is more common with crafty men than to speak the very truth in a light, jesting way, giving their earnest motives the air of sport, and so expressing and disguising themselves at the same time)—"I shall be risking all my popularity with the poor Bolognese. I must proceed cautiously."

Petrarch ran back, full of sanguine hope, to his friend, and reported the result of his mission.

Ludovico shook his head mournfully. He was slow to enter into the exhilarating prospects placed before him. Perhaps he had read deeper into the character of this man than Petrarch had.

The interview which Pepoli had desired took place. What ambiguous terms the ambitious man employed to suggest the price that was to be paid for his mediation we know not, but the smile on the lips of Ludovico was interpreted as that of intelligence and acquiescence. Of intelligence, it certainly was.

At this interview it was agreed that the student should bring together some of the most ardent and influential of his friends, that he should present Pepoli to them, and induce them to swear a sort of allegiance and fidelity to his cause, in return for the aid he pledged himself to bring to Ludovico.

By the liberty allowed by the Podesta to his prisoner, it was not difficult to arrange this meeting. He was permitted to invite to supper a considerable number of his most faithful adherents and intimate associates. It being understood that Pepoli was to be one of the guests, there was still less scruple in granting this permission.

The supper passed off, as may be supposed, under the circumstances, with but little hilarity. It being brought to a conclusion, Ludovico, at whose side sat Pepoli, entreated the attention of his guests. He rose and addressed them. He began by proclaiming the intended interference of Pepoli in his behalf. Cheers followed this announcement. He went on to enlarge on the wealth, the power, the manifest pre-eminence in the State which Pepoli had acquired. The students still applauded; but the exact drift of these rather ambiguous phrases—ambiguous in the mouth of a republican speaking of a republican—they could not well perceive. Pepoli alone seemed to understand and approve. He then solemnly called upon his friends to take an oath with him before he died.

"But you shall not die!" was the exclamation with which both Pepoli and the students interrupted him.

"An oath," he continued, not heeding this interruption, "which I exact from you in the name of friendship, in the name of virtue, in the name of liberty. Is it not generous, this offer of Pepoli, of him who has been the champion of the citizen against the student—the most popular man in Bologna? Is it not generous that he should step forward to rescue my life from the blind rage and injustice of the multitude? But you must understand that there is a certain price to be given for this generosity. You do not expect him to sacrifice his popularity, which is his power, out of mere compassion for one who has never courted nor applauded him, without receiving in return some compensation. If you accept his benefits you must forward his counsels—you must promote his designs. Say, will you swear?"

"Yes, yes! we swear!" was the general response.

"Students of Bologna!" he proceeded, elevating his voice, "I accept this mark of your friendship. For my sake you have promised to swear. Now hear the oath I propose, and to which I will bind you. This man offers me my life, and the price of it is—the liberty of Bologna. Fellow students, Romeo dé Pepoli aims at the tyranny.

Swear that you will never, on any conditions, for any boon, aid him in his culpable enterprise—that you will thwart and resist and combat it to the utmost. Swear that you will at all times reject his mediation, as I now reject utterly, and with scorn, the service that he proffers me. I unmask him to you ere I die. I, too, have lived for one good purpose. This man, my friends, would be tyrant of Bologna. Swear to me that he shall *not!*"

There was a pause of a few seconds. But it was soon evident that the noble spirit of patriotism and self-sacrifice of their admired friend had found a genuine response in all his hearers. He had touched the true chord.

Carried forward by his disinterested enthusiasm, and pledged by the promise he had artfully exacted from them, they rose, and, with one voice, repeated the oath proposed to them.

Pepoli, pale, aghast, and utterly confounded, and catching here and there the flashing of the half-drawn steel, made a precipitate retreat.

Of all that assembly, Petrarch alone remained silent. He alone failed or forgot to take the oath. Full of concern for the safety of his noble friend—full of admiration for his greatness, he fell weeping on his neck.

Conclusion.

After this there was no more hope for the prisoner. If to the anger of the Bolognese was added the implacable enmity of Romeo dé Pepoli, from what quarter could a ray of hope proceed? He was even now removed, through the influence of his new enemy over the Podesta, to the common prison, and treated in all respects like a condemned malefactor.

The university pleaded its privileges to judge a member of their own body, but the angry feelings of the citizens would not permit them for a moment to listen to this plea.

There was no power on earth to save him, and his offense was so light! A man more honorable did not exist. The purity of Beatrice was more safe in his hands than in any others, he loved her so well.

We are not sufficiently in the "tragic vein" to follow the prisoner through the last hours of his confinement, and of his existence. To be struck dead in the flush of life, with all his passions in full bloom upon him, was a hard decree. Sometimes he protested vehemently against the palpable injustice and cruelty of his sentence; but, in general, he found his consolation in the mournful sentiment that had he lived he should have been miserable, for the great desire of his life had been thwarted.

"I told you," he said, one day, to his friend Petrarch, "that this love would work my destruction. It has done so, but its great misery has made destruction itself indifferent."

We willingly draw a vail over the last fatal scene, and all the horrors that precede a public death. Throughout all, his courage never forsook him, but dashes of uncontrollable indignation occasionally broke from him, and sometimes a sigh of more tender despondency would escape.

The last tears he shed, the last complaint he murmured, was of the coldness of Beatrice.

"We should have been so happy, had she loved—and now——"

History records that the execution of Ludovico, as well by infringing the supposed privileges of the university as by the indignation it excited in the large circle of his friends and companions, nearly led to the withdrawal of the university from Bologna. The students and the professors seceded in a mass, and retired to Sienna. No entreaties could bring them back—the glory of Bologna might have been extinguished for ever.

The Podesta and other magistrates were compelled, at length, to send a solemn deputation. They promised for the future to respect their privileges, and, by raising the salaries of the professors, and some other popular measures, they eventually prevailed on them to return.

Petrarch had not left the city with the rest. He had lingered behind to perform the last rites and honors to the remains of Ludovico—to raise a tomb and inscribe it with his verse.

Upon that tomb the silvery moon was now shining. But who was that figure, robed in deepest black, that knelt beside it with so desponding a stillness, her forehead pressed against the marble? Was it, too, marble? No. The chisel may create beauty as exquisite, but never combine it with so great a sorrow. It was Beatrice. Too late! too late! She brought her tears, when one smile would have given life and happiness. She felt the worth of him who had so passionately loved her, when nothing remained to love but ashes in the urn. That pleading in the student's chamber seemed vain, and at the moment it *was* vain; but when she recalled it in the solitude of her own chamber, her heart had half assented. She called to mind how tenderly, with what an ardent and gentle worship, he had pressed her hand; her own hand trembled then to the touch which, at the time, it had coldly rejected. When, moreover, she heard, through their common friend, Petrarch, of the noble manner in which he had refused the aid of Pepoli, and chose death rather than the least dishonor, and thought to herself, This man loved me! all her heart was won. Alas! too late.

She now knelt at the tomb of Ludovico, afflicted with regret that amounted to remorse. She raised her head—she raised her hand—there was that within it that glittered in the moonbeam. But her hand was suddenly arrested. Petrarch, a frequent visitor at the tomb, had seen and prevented this movement of despair.

"No! no!" he cried. "Beautiful creature, and too much beloved—live on—live! And when some other Ludovico appears, make compensation to heaven and to mankind by loving him!"

TERRAPIN-FISHING.

"Boil your terrapin for two hours, until the skin on the legs peels off; then pick the terrapin out of the shell and remove its gall-sac; then stew, by adding a quarter of a pound of butter, a taste of red pepper and the squeeze of a half-lemon; put as much water as will stew, pour in a dash of sherry, and leave the rest to *nature*."

Thus "Tommy" Boylan, of Guy's, in Baltimore, to the artist and the writer, and there is no better authority on terrapin from Savannah to the Patapsco River.

Turtle may be fit for aldermen, but terrapin is food for princes, and a terrapin-stew might be served by Hebe to the immortal gods in high Olympus.

Terrapin are caught from Savannah and Charleston up to the Patapsco River at Baltimore, while the genuine "diamond-back" is only to be found in the upper Chesapeake and its tributaries. A diamond-back never measures less than seven inches in length on the under shell, a seven-inch being known as a "count terrapin," while anything under the length of a "count" does *not* count. Ten inches long and eight pounds in weight is reckoned a very large terrapin, the seven-inchers weighing, on an average, four pounds.

During the season, terrapins sell for $30 to $38 per dozen; while "sliders"—common river turtles, principally caught in the James River—which sell at from $6 to $8 per dozen, are pawned off by skillful *restaurateurs* as genuine diamond-backs on unwary but ambitious guests, at a dollar and a half the dish.

The male terrapin is known as the "bull," the female as the "cow," the lady being more in request on account of her thirty eggs, which are used to garnish the delectable dish.

The artist and I having consigned our lives and limbs to the custody of the darkest darkey my eyes ever alighted upon, and to the most rickety of crazy skiffs, were paddled up a small tributary of the Chesapeake Bay, situated at about six miles from Annapolis, on a terrapin-searching expedition. Having quitted the sanctuary of the boat for the more genial atmosphere of the mud, our darkey, who was armed with a long, thin pole, commenced to probe the bottom—he was wading waist-deep—or, to use the technical term, to "sound" for terrapin. His practiced sense of touch tells him when he taps terrapin, and if they are numerous, he marks his prey, and returns to grab them with a net.

On this occasion the "birds"—as *bon viveurs* love to call them, although terrapin is used as fish by the most devout Catholics in the severest of Lenten time—were plentiful, and our darkey, having put us ashore, very soon returned with a boat containing his mate, nets, sounding-poles, rakes and other *impedimenta* of his calling, a business that pays the catcher, according to luck, from $5 to $50 a week.

The haul, which was watched by a luckless fisherman with considerable envy, proved a good one, the ground being literally cut from under the feet of the terrapin, and there were vast expansive grins, accompanied by chuckles loud and deep, as the well-laden boat rowed back with its precious freight to the quaint old capital of Maryland.

Terrapins are jealously guarded by the law, and a stringent Act exists which protects diamond-back terrapin in the waters of the State of Maryland. The fishing opens on the first of November and terminates on the thirty-first of March. It is unlawful to catch any terrapin of a size less than five inches on the bottom of the shell, or to interfere with or destroy the diamond-back terrapin's eggs. It is stated that thirty years ago the dealers found it difficult to sell terrapins at $6 a dozen, and now the difficulty lies in obtaining them at any price. Their numbers are rapidly decreasing, and unless some effective protective means are forthwith taken, a terrapin will indeed prove a *rara avis in terris*.

Sliders are plentiful in the tributaries of the Chesapeake, as also are "snappers." Turtles are fished for in this way: The fisherman plants poles, sometimes a hundred, in the middle of the stream; to each pole he fastens a line, to which is attached a hook baited with salted eel. The snapper grabs bait and hook, and is hauled up, always vicious and desperate.

The fishermen around these tributaries take a thousand pounds' weight of turtle a week, which they sell at ten cents a pound. The snappers' eggs, about the size of marbles, are considered a great delicacy.

Apropos of turtle and terrapin, the following is the *menu* of a perfect Maryland dinner, as arranged by "one of the knowing ones":

"Four small oysters from Lynhaven Bay; terrapin *à la* Maryland; canvas-back ducks; a small salad of crab and lettuce. Vegetables—baked Irish potatoes; fried hominy cakes and plain celery."

THE FIRST GRENADIER OF FRANCE.

For many a year, there was a touching and beautiful custom to be witnessed in a certain regiment of French grenadiers, and which was meant to commemorate the heroism of a departed comrade.

When the companies assembled for parade and the roll was called, there was one name to which its owner could not answer—it was that of La Tour d'Auvergne.

When it was called, the oldest sergeant present stepped a pace forward, and raising his hand to his cap, said, proudly:

"Died on the field of honor."

For fourteen years this custom was continued, and only ceased when the restored Bourbons, to please their foreign masters, forbade everything that was calculated to preserve the spirits of the soldiers of France.

La Tour d'Auvergne was not unworthy in life the honor thus paid him after his death. He was educated for the army, entered it in 1767, and in 1781 served under the Duke de Crillon at the siege of Port Mahon. He served always with distinction, but constantly refused offers of promotion, saying that he was only fit for the command of a company of grenadiers; but finally, the various grenadier companies being united, he found himself in command of a body of eight thousand men, while retaining only the rank of captain.

Hence he was known as the "First Grenadier of France."

But it is of one particular exploit of his that we wish to write, more than of his career in general.

When he was over forty years of age, he went on a visit to a friend, not far from a section of the country that was soon to become the scene of a campaign. While there, he was busy in acquainting himself with the features of the country, thinking it not unlikely that this knowledge might be of use to him some day; and while here, the brave grenadier was astonished to learn that the war had been rapidly shifted to this quarter, and that a regiment of Austrians was pushing on to occupy a narrow pass about ten miles from where he was staying, the possession of which would give them an opportunity to prevent an important movement of the French which was then on foot. They hoped to surprise this post, and were moving so rapidly upon it that they were not more than two hours distant from the place where he was staying, which they would have to pass in their march. It matters not how he heard the news. It is sufficient to say that he determined at once to act upon it.

He had no idea of being captured by the enemy in their advance, and he at once set off for the pass. He knew that the pass was defended by a stout tower, and a garrison of thirty men, and he hoped to be able to warn the men of their danger.

He hastened on, and arriving there, found the tower in perfect condition. It had just been vacated by the garrison, who had heard of the approach of the Austrians, and had been seized with a panic thereat, and had fled, leaving their arms, consisting of thirty excellent muskets.

La Tour d'Auvergne gnashed his teeth with rage as he discovered this. Searching in the building, he found several boxes of ammunition which the cowards had not destroyed. For a moment he was in despair, but then with a grim smile he began to fasten the main door, and pile against it such articles as he could find.

When he had done this he loaded all the guns he could find, and placed them, together with a good supply of ammunition, under the loopholes that commanded the road by which the enemy must advance.

Then he ate heartily of the provisions he had brought

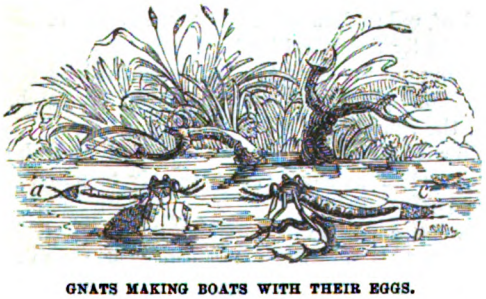
TERRAPIN-FISHING.—METHOD OF NETTING THE TERRAPIN.—SEE PAGE 746.

A POND, AND WHAT IS IN IT.—THE PLUNGER BEETLE.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

with him, and sat down to wait. He had absolutely formed the heroic resolution to defend the tower alone against the enemy.

There were some things in his favor in such an undertaking. The pass was steep and narrow, and the enemy's troops could enter it only in double files, and in doing this would be fully exposed to the fire from the tower. The original garrison of thirty men could easily have held it against a division, and now one man was about to attempt to hold it against a regiment.

It was dark when La Tour d'Auvergne reached the tower, and he had to wait some time for the enemy. They were longer in coming than he had expected, and for a while he was tempted to believe that they had abandoned the expedition.



GNATS MAKING BOATS WITH THEIR EGGS.

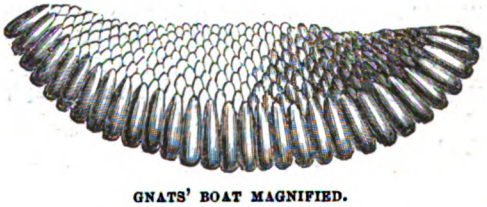
About midnight, however, his practiced ear caught the tramp of feet. Every moment the sound came nearer, and at last he heard them entering the defile. Immediately he discharged a couple of muskets into the darkness to let them know that he knew of their presence and intentions, and he heard the quick, short commands of the officers, and, from the sounds, he supposed that the troops were retiring from the pass.

Until the morning he was undisturbed. The Austrian commander, feeling assured that the garrison had been informed of his movements, and was prepared to receive him, saw that he could not surprise the post as he had hoped to do, and deemed it prudent to wait until daylight before making his attack.

At sunrise he summoned the garrison to surrender. A grenadier answered the summons.

"Say to your commander," he said, in reply to the messenger, "that this garrison will defend this post to the last extremity."

The officer who had borne the flag of truce retired, and



GNATS' BOAT MAGNIFIED.

in about ten minutes a piece of artillery was brought into the pass and opened on the tower. But to effect this, the piece had to be placed directly in front of the tower, and within easy musket-range of it. They had scarcely got the gun in position, when a rapid fire was opened on it from the tower, and continued with such marked effect

that the piece was withdrawn after the second discharge, with a loss of five men.

This was a bad beginning; so half an hour after, the Austrian colonel ordered an assault.

As the troops entered the defile they were received with a rapid and accurate fire, so that when they had passed over half the distance they had to traverse, they had lost fifteen men. Disheartened by this, they returned to the mouth of the defile.

Three more assaults were repulsed in this manner, and the enemy by sunset had lost forty-five men, of whom ten were killed.

The firing from the tower had been rapid and accurate, but the Austrian commander had noticed this peculiarity about it—every shot seemed to come from the same place. For awhile this perplexed him, but at last he came to the conclusion that there were a number of loopholes close together in the tower, so constructed as to command the ravine perfectly.

At sunset the last assault was made and repulsed, and at dark the Austrian commander sent a second summons to the garrison.

This time the answer was favorable. The garrison offered to surrender at sunrise the next morning, if allowed to march out with their arms and return to the army unmolested. After some hesitation, the terms were accepted.

Meantime, La Tour d'Auvergne had passed an anxious day in the tower. He had opened the fight with an armament of thirty loaded muskets, but had not been able to discharge them all. He had fired with surprising rapidity, but with surprising accuracy, for it was well known in the army that he never threw away a shot. He had determined to stand to his post until he had accomplished his end, which was to hold the place twenty-four hours, in order to give the French army time to complete its manœuvre. After that, he knew the pass would be of no consequence to the enemy.

When the demand for a surrender came to him after the last assault, he consented to it upon the conditions named.

The next day at sunrise the Austrian troops lined the pass in two files, extending from the mouth to the tower, leaving a space between them for the garrison to pass out.

The heavy door of the tower opened slowly, and in a few minutes a bronzed and scarred grenadier, literally loaded down with muskets, came out and passed down the line of troops. He walked with difficulty under his heavy load.

To the surprise of the Austrians, no one followed him from the tower.

In astonishment the Austrian colonel rode up to him, and asked in French why the garrison did not come out.

"I am the garrison, colonel," said the soldier, proudly.

"What!" exclaimed the colonel; "do you mean to tell me that you alone have held that tower against me?"

"I have had that honor, colonel," was the reply.

"What possessed you to make such an attempt, grenadier?"

"The honor of France was at stake."

The colonel gazed at him for a moment with undisguised admiration. Then, raising his cap, he said, warmly:

"Grenadier, I salute you. You have proved yourself the bravest of the brave."

The officer caused all the arms which La Tour d'Auvergne could not carry to be collected, and sent them all, with the grenadier, into the French lines, together with a note relating the whole affair.

When the knowledge of it came to the ears of Napoleon, he offered to promote La Tour d'Auvergne, but the latter declined to accept the promotion, saying that he preferred to remain where he was.

This brave soldier met his death in an action at Aberhausen, in Bavaria, in June, 1800, and the simple but expressive scene at roll-call in his regiment was commenced and continued by the express command of the Emperor himself.

A POND, AND WHAT IS IN IT.

By B. B. Woodward.

"As dull as ditch-water" is a good old English saying, carrying us back to a time when the study of natural history was a thing not dreamt of by our forefathers. No one in those days thought of impaling beetles (or "bugs," as all insects were then indiscriminately called) on pins, of arranging them in drawers, and calling it "entomology." In those good old days, bats were blind, and toads spat fire; and he who dared to doubt it, or manifest any interest in the works of nature, was quickly suspected of being in league with the Evil One, and treated accordingly.

With the advance of knowledge, many of these old popular notions died out, and the invention of the microscope, and the subsequent improvements in it, gradually brought to light the fact that the duller and dirtier the ditch, the more it teems with innumerable minute living beings. The popular mind, nevertheless, still clings with limpet-like tenacity to the old saw, and fails even yet to realize the importance of the discovery, either through sheer ignorance, or the want of a due appreciation of the works of nature.

Next to the ditch, the pond seems, from the popular point of view, about the dullest thing imaginable; and yet both the microscopist and the naturalist hold that a pond is one of the finest "hunting-grounds" possible. The geologist, too, will, when consulted, testify that more may be learned from half an hour's careful observation of what is taking place on the edge of a pond, where a stream is running into it, than by many days' reading.

This, to be understood, must be put to the proof. The would-be naturalist must seek out the nearest pond, and there, on its banks, work out its history for himself.

The first thing that strikes the eye on approaching a pond, is the thick green carpeting spread in patches over its surface. This carpet, and the innumerable little floating plants that compose it, are well known to all as the common duckweed.

There are two other kinds of duckweed. One is with a large leaf, red underneath; whilst the ivy-leaved duckweed is sufficiently described by its name.

Peeping out amongst the duckweed the lanceolate leaves of the broad pondweed are to be seen; or, perchance, instead, the round ones of the frogbit.

Below the surface, the water-milfoil and the elodea form a vast subaqueous forest, thickly tenanted by water-creatures.

This latter plant was carried into England from this country in 1847, and there it speedily became so abundant as to have in some places impeded the navigation of rivers and canals.

With the plants of the pond, however, we have less to do at the present moment than with the animals, and accordingly turn our attention in that direction, passing in brief review the more important examples.

In yonder sunny corner, the surface of the water is kept in constant agitation by numerous small, shining black specks moving in and out and round about each other with untiring activity. If this state of perpetual motion may be taken as a sign of its happiness, the whirligig beetle

LARVA AND IMAGO OF WHIRLIGIG BEETLE.

(*Gyrinus natator*), for he it is, ought to be the merriest of the pond-dwellers.

There is a peculiarity in the structure of the eye of this beetle worthy of our notice. Each of these organs is divided by a longitudinal partition into two parts, which practically endows it with four eyes. Of these, one pair is directed upward, and keeps a sharp lookout for the approach of danger from that quarter; whilst the other, directed downward, superintends the commissariat department.

The prey (small insects, etc.) is seized by the fore pair of legs, which are lengthened for that purpose, the two hinder pairs being modified into short and broad paddles, whereby the insect is enabled to perform its marvelous gyrations.

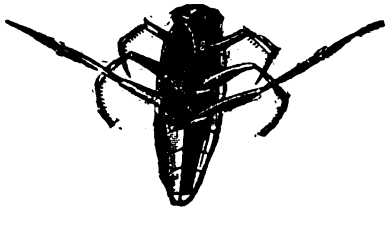
The lord over all the water-insects, however, is the big fellow now rising to the surface for the purpose of taking in a fresh cargo of air, which he carries between his wing-cases and body—they are all air-breathers, these water-insects, and as readily drown as you or I. Having laid in an adequate supply, off he starts again in pursuit of fresh victims. Indeed, the water-creatures have no more formidable enemy than this same plunger beetle (*Dyticus marginalis*), defended as he is from all attacks by a suit of armor, beside which the best ever worn by the most puissant of knights was clumsy in the last degree.

His weapons of offense consist of a most terrible pair of jaws, coupled with an array of suckers on the extremities of the first and second pairs of legs, so that, once in his grasp, the unlucky prey has not the slightest chance against its assailant.

Nor is the larva less voracious than the perfect insect; for, though a soft-bodied grub, it possesses a ferocious pair of sickle-shaped jaws, hollow from end to end, through which it sucks the juices of snails or any weaker brother it can seize. A pair of ample wings, mysteriously folded up under the wing-cases, are ready to bear the *Dyticus* from pond to pond at pleasure, or when compelled by a Summer's drought to shift his quarters.

This beetle is one of a large family, and his cousins of various degrees of removal, and ranging downward in size, are always to be found in the same situations and pursuing the same course of life.

Walking rather than swimming through the water is a larger though far less powerful beetle—the great water beetle (*Hydroüs piceus*)—falling a prey at times, it is said, to its more active neighbor, the *Dyticus*. In color he is black, and in point of diet mainly a vegetarian, though the larva resembles that of *Dyticus*, both in regimen and general appearance.



THE BOAT-FLY.

Abundant as are the beetles in every pond, they are rivaled, if not surpassed, in number by the "Norfolk-Howard" family. Most conspicuous of these is the water boat-fly (*Notonecta glauca*), who may be seen floating at the surface of every piece of water, engaged, like the beetles, in taking in a fresh supply of air; but whilst the beetle is back uppermost, the bug prefers to swim with his back downward—an arrangement which, however seemingly awkward from our point of view, is to the *Notonecta* an advantage, enabling it to attack its prey from beneath; a mode of assault which he is said to practice with success on even the small fish. Unlike the beetles, too, the larval stage of the bugs is very similar to the adult, and individuals of all ages will be found together.

Still more plentiful is the nearly allied *Corixa*, who can be easily distinguished from the boat-fly, as he follows the normal mode of progression (*i.e.*, back upward), and who descends from the surface as if going down a spiral staircase. The middle pair of legs are the longest, and are used as anchors, by means of which this insect may be observed holding on to the pebbles at the bottom, and giving at intervals a kind of spasmodic flip with his paddles.

In amongst the weeds another kind (*Naucoris cimicoides*) will be found: a flat, oval, and rather soft-bodied little fellow.

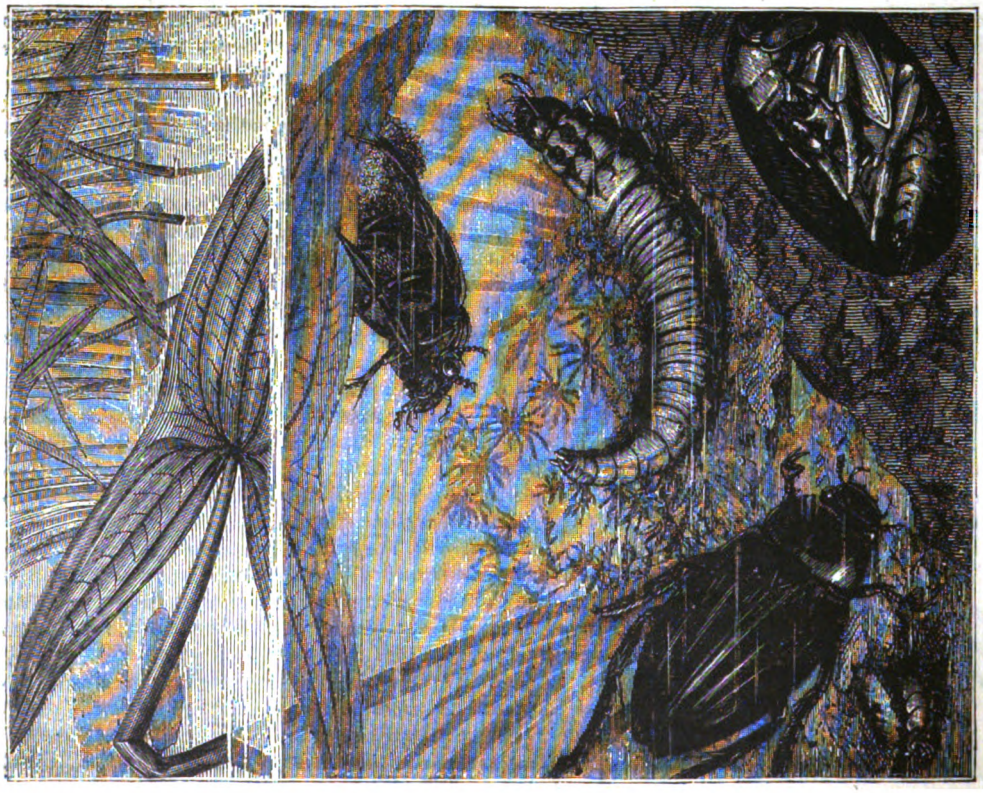
By far the most curious-looking members of this interesting family are the water-scorpion (*Nepa cinerea*) and his first-cousin, the *Ranatra* (*R. linearis*). The former owes his name to the large size of the fore-limbs, which are carried straight out in front, like the claws of his namesake, and to the presence of a bristle-like tail. The body is oval and not thicker than a sixpence; the middle and hind pair of legs are very slender, and by no means adapted for swimming; hence he dwells amongst the thick weeds, seldom venturing into clear water; but, relying on his close similarity to a dead leaf, awaits with open arms the advent of the foolish water-creature that shall first pass within reach.

The only thing in which, at first sight, the *Nepa* appears to resemble the *Ranatra*, is the bristle-like tail. This, in reality, consists of two bristles placed close together. Down the inner sides of each there runs a groove, so that when in juxtaposition they form a fine tube leading down to the cavity between the wings and the body, and the creature can therefore obtain a fresh supply of air without coming quite to the surface, by simply extending the tip of his tube above the water. In other respects, they appear very different, the *Ranatra* being as long and cylindrical as the *Nepa* is broad and flat. Closer inspection proves the difference to be in degree rather than in kind; and the more narrowly we compare them, the more does the somewhat ludicrous notion seize us that originally they were identical, and were subsequently altered, the one by being passed under a mangle, whilst the other was pulled through the keyhole.

Skimming over the surface is another lanky individual, the water-boatman (*Gerris paludum*); whilst near the margin the most elongated of them all (*Hydrometra stagnorum*) may be found crawling on the aquatic plants and decaying vegetation.

Besides the foregoing, so to speak, permanent residents, there are some insects that spend a portion only of their existence under water. The common gnat is a familiar example of this class, to which also the May-fly and dragon-fly belong, all three passing the larval and pupal stages under water.

THE RAT-TAILED FLY, IN VARIOUS STAGES.



THE GREAT WATER BEETLE, IN VARIOUS STAGES.

But it is time for us to pass from these rapacious individuals, to speak about some of the more peaceful denizens. Gliding along at the surface of the water, shell downmost, we observe several different kinds of pond-snails. The commonest of these is the "wandering mud snail" (*Limnæa peregra*), which is not only widely distributed — occurring throughout Europe and ranging into Siberia and Thibet —but also most subject to variation according to the surrounding circumstances in which it is placed. Indeed, it is not impossible that the local form known as the ear-shaped mud-shell (*L. auricularia*) may be merely a very expanded variety of this same "wanderer," though not yet acknowledged as such by authorities. The finest of our fresh-water mollusks is the pond limnæa (*L. stagnalis*), whose spiral shell measures nearly two inches in length, two-thirds being taken up by the last, or "body-whorl," as it is called. He is a famous aquarium glass-cleaner, but has an unfortunate habit of dying in some out-of-the-way corner of the establishment, the first announcement of his decease being the impure state of the water.

It would take a volume to describe the water-spiders, water-mites, leeches, and myriad lesser fry that people the subaqueous forest; and he who would make himself even superficially acquainted with the fauna of a pond must arm himself with a good net, and attack the creatures in their weedy stronghold. A net on a long stick will do a great deal, certainly. The surest method of proceeding is to detach the net from the stick, and fasten it by four short cords to the end of a stout line, and then, having weighted the end of the net with a bullet or two, and lined it with gauze to prevent the escape of the small specimens through the meshes, hurl it right out into the middle of the pond, and drag it to shore through every possible patch of weed. The "net" result should then be shaken out on a level spot on the bank, the quarry captured, and specimens taken home for the purpose of identification and study.

By proceeding in this wholesale manner, specimens that might otherwise escape get dragged in and secured.

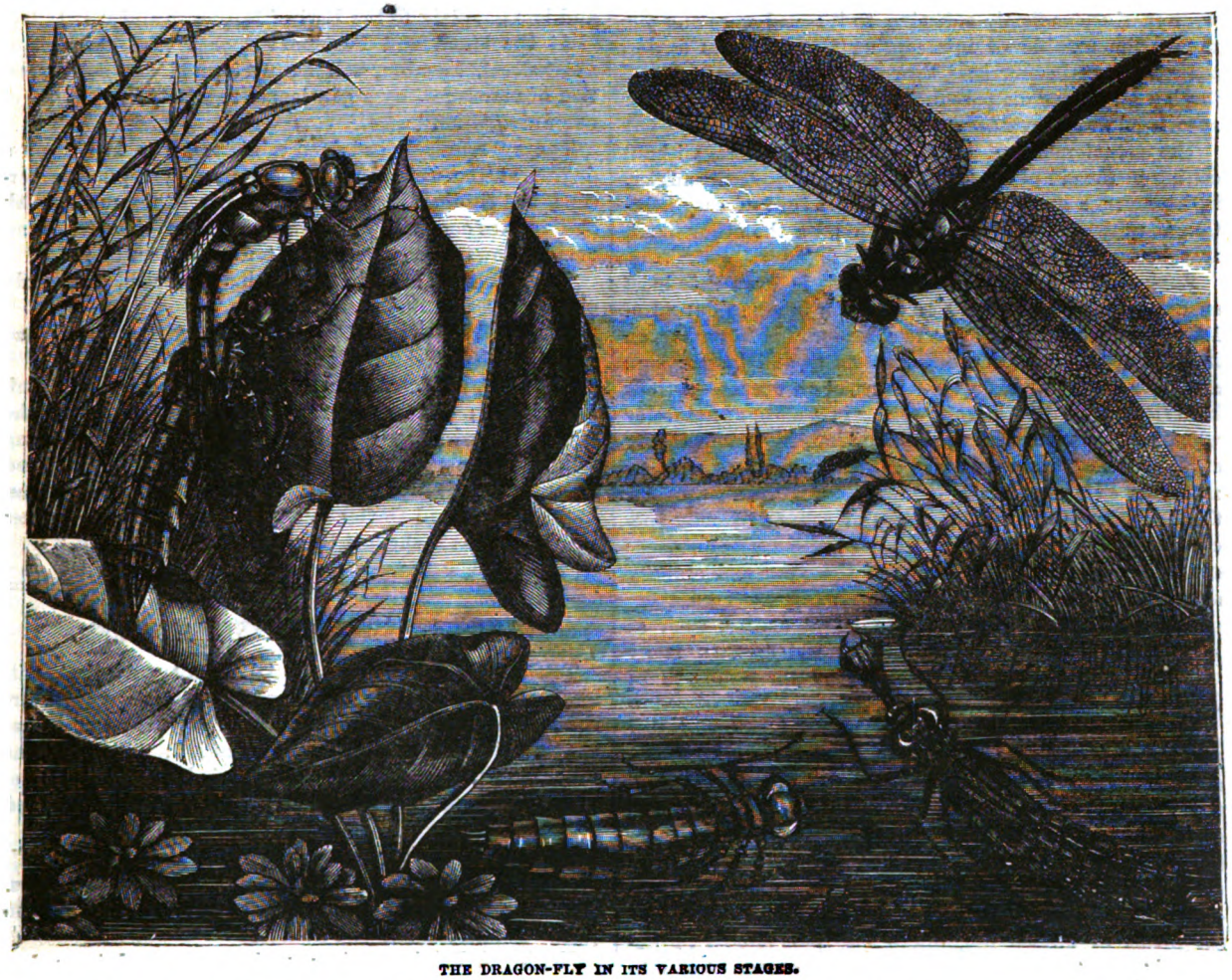
A careful examination of the gauze lining should be made between each haul, as small specimens, such as water-mites and minute larvæ, are sure to be found sticking to it.

At present we cannot do more than dip a wide-mouthed glass bottle into the water where the weed is thickest, and hold it up to the light to see if any of these lesser inhabitants are present.

There are some little whitish creatures skipping about with a jerky motion that has earned for them the name of water-fleas. They claim no relationship, however, to the *Aphaniptera*, being in reality crustaceans of the genera *Daphnia*, *Cyclops*, etc., and are interesting as microscopic objects. Two or three water-mites, looking like small hairy-legged spiders, with red bodies, complete the list of visible animalcules. The rest must wait till we get home.

But stop! What are these green specks roving at will through the water? The *Volvox globator*, or moving vegetables, so sought after by the microscopists. It is rather capricious in its choice of locality and times of occurrence, and should therefore be secured whenever found, as it is one of the most beautiful objects imaginable under the microscope.

Had we suspected its presence here, we should have certainly mentioned it with the other pond-plants; still, better late than never.



THE DRAGON-FLY IN ITS VARIOUS STAGES.

Another point of interest in connection with our subject deserves to be mentioned. Supposing a new pond to be formed at some distance from any previously existing piece of water, how is it that before very long it becomes thickly populated? and what forms are likely to arrive first? Now, the air we breathe is full of small specks of dust called motes, as may be seen when a ray of sunlight is shining into a room. Many of these specks or motes are nothing more than the germs or eggs of the thousand and one animalcules so prevalent in all waters. As soon as these germs alight on water, development commences, and the matured individuals, by their rapid multiplication, speedily stock the new-found situation with life. The insects, of course, find their way thither on the wing.

The beetles, especially *Dyticus*, are great nocturnal fliers, plunging down at cock-crow into the nearest piece of water; hence their occasional presence in water-casks, or the durance vile of a roadside puddle. The newts and frogs, too, will travel by the overland route; but how do the snails get there? This has been answered by Mr. Darwin, who suspended the feet of a duck in an aquarium, where the eggs of fresh-water shells were hatching. Some of the young snails crawled on to these feet, and adhered so firmly that they could not be jarred off, though readily falling at a more advanced age. These young mollusks when taken out of the water survived in damp air from twelve to twenty-four hours, during which period a long journey could be made by the bird. The same observer also mentions that a *Dyticus* was caught with an *Ancylus* firmly adhering to it; and were any one to take the trouble of intercepting these beetles during their nocturnal excursions, they would doubtless be found to play an important part in thus distributing the smaller species of water-creatures.

The transference of fish from place to place, without calling in the aid of the before-mentioned juvenile angler, is, however, a question that does not admit of easy solution at present. The seeds of plants, on the other hand, may be transported in many ways.

Enough has now surely been said, in even this brief space, to show that a pond, so far from being as devoid of interest as most people seem to consider it, is, in reality, an inexhaustible source of both amusement and instruction: amusement in watching the—to us, at all events—curious behavior of its inhabitants, either in a state of nature or when kept in an aquarium; instruction, in systematically studying these various beings collectively, or as separate members of the animal kingdom; or, when we consider their distribution, the abundance of some particular species in one locality, and its variety or absence in another; or its prevalence at one season of the year and scarcity at another; or, again, in ascertaining the effect on them of the presence or absence of mineral matter, such as lime, iron, etc., in solution in the water—with many other questions of a like nature too numerous to be detailed.

From the foregoing remarks it may be gathered that ponds are interesting: firstly, in themselves, their presence being due to physical causes, not merely in operation at the present day, but also in remote bygone ages; secondly, on account of the various forms of life they contain. These alone are a life-long study, embracing as they do representatives of most of the zoological sub-kingdoms, from the back-boned amphibians down to the lowest forms of animal life, where they pass almost imperceptibly into the vegetable world; whilst researches into their habits, economy, structure, distribution, etc., marshal before one a host of interesting questions, and numerous as yet unsolved problems.

MARRIAGE IN ENGLAND BEFORE NOON.

Mr. Blennerhasset proposes to amend the marriage laws and give an extension of the four canonical hours in which weddings may be solemnized, so that brides and bridegrooms may select the hour as well as the day for the all-important ceremony, without incurring the expense of a special license from the Archbishop of Canterbury.

"Autres temps, autres mœurs." When Lord Hardwicke's Act of March, 1754, limited the time from eight o'clock to twelve, it was specially framed to prevent the clandestine marriages at the "Fleet," which the Bishop of London and other ecclesiastics had vainly tried to abolish. Some came off in the chapel of that Fleet Prison which was removed in 1846, after a long reign of misery, and others in the taverns adjacent, where the tavern-keepers acted as clerks and took the clerks' fees. Two hundred and seventeen "Fleet" marriages were celebrated the day before the Act passed, and a ton of the register books were in 1821 removed to Doctors'-Commons.

In the papers of the day appeared such advertisements as the following: "At the true chapel at the Red Hand and Mitre, three doors up Fleet-lane, and next door to the White Swan, marriages are performed by the Rev. Mr. Symson, educated at the University of Cambridge, and late chaplain to the Earl of Rothes"; and "J. Lilley.—At the Hand and Pen, next door to the china-shop, Fleet-street, London, will be performed the solemnization of marriages, by a gentleman regularly bred at one of our universities."

These "regularly ordained ministers, who had taken a degree at the universities," were no very reputable persons, but finding the trade so lucrative, they ran the risk of the fines constantly imposed on them. The following curious newspaper paragraphs tell their own tale:

"A coachman came and was half married, and would give but 3s. 6d., and went off."

"Edward —— and Elizabeth —— were married, and would not let me know their real names."

"May 20, 1742. A man and woman came to the Bull and Garter; the man pretended he would marry the woman, by which pretense he got money for marrying and to buy a ring, but left the woman by herself and never returned, upon which J. Lilley takes the woman from the Bull and Garter to his own house, and gave her a certificate as if she had been married to the man."

SAYINGS, AND WHO FIRST SAID THEM.

To Shakespeare we owe: "All is not gold that glitters"; "Make a virtue of necessity"; "Screw your courage to the sticking-place" (not point); "They laugh that win"; "This is the short and long of it"; "Comparisons are odious"; "As merry as the day is long"; "A Daniel come to judgment"; "Frailty, thy name is woman"; and a host of others.

Washington Irving gives us, "The almighty dollar"; Thomas Morton queried long ago, "What will Mrs. Grundy say?" while Goldsmith answers, "Ask me no questions and I'll tell you no fibs."

Charles C. Pinckney gives, "Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute."

"First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his fellow-citizens" (not countrymen), appeared in the resolutions presented to the House of Representatives in December, 1790, prepared by General Henry Lee.

Thomas Tasser, a writer of the sixteenth century, gives us, "It's an ill wind turns no good"; "Better late than never"; "Look ere thou leap"; and "The stone that is rolling can gather no moss." "All cry and no wool," is found in Butler's "Hudibras."

Dryden says, "None but the brave deserve the fair"; "Men are but children of a larger growth"; and "Through thick and thin."

"No pent-up Utica contracts our power," declared Jonathan Sewell.

"When Greeks joined Greeks, then was the tug of war"—Nathaniel Lee, 1692.

"Of two evils I have chosen the least," and "The end must justify the means," are from Matthew Prior.

We are indebted to Colley Cibber for the agreeable intelligence that "Richard is himself again." Johnson tells us of "A good hater."

"He's a brick," is really classical slang.

Plutarch, in his life of Argesilaus, King of Sparta, gives us the origin of the quaint and familiar expression:

On a certain occasion an ambassador from Epirus, on a diplomatic mission, was shown by the King over his capital. The ambassador knew of the monarch's fame—knew that though only nominally King of Sparta, he was yet ruler of Greece—and he had looked to see massive walls rearing aloft their embattled towers for the defense of the town; but he found nothing of the kind. He marveled much at this, and spoke of it to the King.

"Sire," he said, "I have visited most of the principal towns, and I find no walls reared for defense. Why is this?"

"Indeed, sir ambassador," replied Argesilaus, "thou canst not have looked carefully. Come with me tomorrow morning, and I will show thee the walls of Sparta."

Accordingly, on the following morning the King led his guest out upon the plains where his army was drawn up in full battle array, and pointing proudly to the serried hosts, he said:

"There thou beholdest the walls of Sparta—ten thousand men, *and every man a brick!*"

THE LEGAL MARRIAGEABLE AGE IN EUROPE.

According to the *Lyons Médical*, this is: In Austria, fourteen for both sexes; in Germany, eighteen for men and fourteen for women; in Belgium, eighteen for men and fifteen for women; in Spain, fourteen for men and twelve for women; in France, eighteen for men and fifteen for women; in Greece, fourteen for men and twelve for women; in Catholic and orthodox Hungary, fourteen for men and twelve for women; in Protestant Hungary, eighteen for men and fifteen for women; in Italy, eighteen for men and fifteen for women; in Portugal, fourteen for men and twelve for women; in Russia, eighteen for men and sixteen for women; in Roumania, eighteen for men and sixteen for women; in Saxony, eighteen for men and sixteen for women; and in Switzerland, in different cantons, fourteen to twenty for men, and from twelve to seventeen for women.

A PRIMITIVE NATION.

The new interoceanic railway across the Tehuantepec Isthmus is marked out to pass through the State of Chiapas, which probably contains the only population in the world which possesses no iron, nor anything in the shape of an iron industry, even of the crudest form. For the distance of eighty miles around Palenque, the capital, not a single blacksmith can be found, and the only articles in the shape of iron are axes and machetes, imported from the United States. Nails are unknown, all the woodwork being held together by cord or the tendrils of the vines, and even the tortilla is prepared by grinding the maize between stones.

The new railway which will run through this territory has clearly a well-defined educational as well as commercial development to undertake.

Love and pity are twin sisters, that go hand-in-hand.

DETECTING CRIME IN MADAGASCAR.

By A. S. Fuller.

Every nation has not only its own peculiar methods of detecting crime, but of punishing criminals. The lower the people are in the scale of intelligence, the more crude and cruel the means employed for ferreting out what may be regarded as violations of moral and civil laws.

The history of nations furnishes us with no more interesting instance of the reckless cruelty with which a ruler of a people could persecute his subjects, in the vain hope of detecting crime among them, than was long practiced by the Kings and Queens of Madagascar.

Very little was known of the domestic affairs of the Madagascans by Europeans until the time of King Radama, who ascended the throne in 1808. This able monarch was a descendant of a long line of Kings, and although at the time of his coming into power only the central province of the island (Emerina) acknowledged him as its sovereign, he was soon able to bring all the other and contiguous provinces under subjection.

In 1818, agents of the English Government visited King Radama, and were received with great favor, and with them he formed a treaty by which Englishmen were permitted to visit and reside in the country at will. From this time dates our acquaintance with the domestic and internal affairs of the Madagascans.

Many of their laws and practices were, as might be expected, quite repugnant to persons reared in more civilized countries, but none more so than the native ordeal of drinking a poison known as *tanghena*, for the purpose of detecting persons suspected of witchcraft, being bewitched or otherwise morally impure. The same ordeal was also extensively employed to detect the guilt of persons charged with civil offenses, theft, murder and treason.

So popular did this poison become among the Madagascans, and so implicitly did they rely on its efficacy, that it was frequently employed in settling litigations in regard to property; but in such cases it was not administered to the litigants, but to their dogs, convicting the owner of the dog killed, and subjecting him to the penalties of the law. In some parts of Madagascar the conviction is made to depend on the life or death of the party drinking the *tanghena;* if the dose causes death, he is unquestionably guilty; if he live, his innocence has been demonstrated. The method of administering the poison, as described by an eye-witness, is as follows:

The accused person, having eaten as much boiled rice as possible, swallows, without mastication, three pieces of the skin of a fowl, each about the size of a dollar. He is then required to drink the test, a small quantity scraped from the *tanghena* fruit, mixed with the juice of a banana. The *skid*, or diviner, then places his hands on the head of the accused, pronouncing and invoking direful curses on him if guilty. Soon after this, large quantities of rice-water are administered, causing the contents of the stomach to be ejected; and if, on examination, the three pieces of skin are found, all is well, and the party is pronounced legally and morally innocent of the charge; but if otherwise, guilt has fixed its stain, and the disgrace incurred is irreparable.

Sometimes the poison acts with such rapidity that life is destroyed during the ordeal. Should the test have proved the guilt of the party by his not being able to eject the three pieces of chicken-skin, and the poison taken failing to cause death, the victim is pounced upon by the bystanders and his brains knocked out with clubs.

The Rev. J. F. Freeman, of England, who was a resident of the Province of Emerina in 1830, states that when

slaves are accused or convicted of crime, they are generally sent to a distance and sold, where no suspicion of their guilty character is supposed to exist; a practice that shows that the Madagascans are not much behind their more civilized neighbors, who do not disdain to send their convicts and paupers out of their own country, in order to save the expense of keeping them at home.

During the reign of King Radama, from 1808 to 1828, there was a marked decline in this barbarous practice of drinking the *tanghena;* and it is stated on good authority that the King would frequently excuse young men accused of crime, asserting that, while they might be guilty, there was time left them to outgrow their faults.

But even a monarch whose power over the lives and property of his subjects was absolute could not entirely eradicate the superstitions or superstitious practices of his people. The *tanghena* poison had long been looked upon as the subtle foe and detector of crime throughout the whole island; and, while the masses might secretly wish to see the dreadful ordeal abolished, there were hundreds of *skids*, or diviners, who may be likened to the police of our cities, that were directly interested in keeping up this old and thoroughly established system of detecting crime, for it furnished them with very profitable employment; and I may add that the execution of the laws in Madagascar is attended with considerable expense, and the officers whose duties are to see that they are executed are not unmindful of their own interests. The *skids* reap a large harvest from the iniquitous practices of administering the *tanghena*, for as soon as a person is accused, they visit him daily for a week or more before drinking the poison, and as long afterward if he survives the ordeal. The regular fee for these visits is one dollar, but the *skid* can legally take all he can squeeze out of his victim. If the accused is rich, and is disposed to pay liberally for services rendered, he is certain to escape death; but if poor, the chances are decidedly against him, unless some good friend comes to his aid with a supply of the needful. That the fee for attending the accused must be a liberal one, may be surmised from the fact that one-twelfth of the property of each victim dying under the ordeal goes to the *skid*, or diviner.

JOSEPH L. FIRM AND HIS INVENTIONS.—SEE PAGE 758.

On the death of King Radama in 1828, Ranvalona, one of his numerous widows, succeeded him; but, instead of continuing the good work scarcely more than commenced by her late husband, she exerted herself to overthrow everything that tended toward the advancement or real welfare of her people. One of the first acts of the Queen was to proclaim that her land must be cleansed of sorcerers, and she commenced the work in earnest by commanding that all suspected persons should be subjected to the ordeal of drinking the *tanghena*.

The Rev. Edward Baker, who was a resident of Madagascar in 1830–31, describes in letters to his friends in England the fearful condition of the island under the rule of the Queen, as no person was safe from the accusations and persecutions of herself or ignorant counselors. Rich and poor were alike accused, but in every instance the former escaped death, and were declared innocent.

The gentleman referred to above, who was an eye-witness of some of the public trials, or *tanghena* ordeals, describes one as taking place on the 9th of March, 1830, in compliance with the sovereign's mandate. The accused persons amounted in all to about thirty, including some of the highest in birth and rank in the kingdom. All the nobility recovered, while the unknown plebeians, who, according to the common jugglery, had been compelled to drink with them, died. The former, after passing the ordeal, made a triumphant entry into the town.

This spectacle, considered apart from the horrible superstition that gave rise to it, must have been truly ludicrous to the eyes of persons from a more civilized country.

The Queen, being impressed with the importance of making thorough work in cleansing her dominions of noxious persons, commanded that certain ladies should also submit to the disgusting ordeal, and among them were the late King's wives (herself excepted), also his sisters, and others of the royal family; also the wives of the principal officers and their daughters; but all survived the ordeal, with the exception of those of some inferior officers and plebeians who drank with them. That some must die at each trial was necessary, to keep up the reputation of the efficacy of the poison, else the occupation of the clever *skids* would soon be gone.

Among the royal ladies who drank the *tanghena* was a princess from the Saccatawa country, with the royal family of which King Radama had formed an alliance by his marriage with her. She had been treated during his reign with more respect than any other female; but having once attempted to run away and regain her native country, she had for some time previous been closely watched, though not subjected to actual imprisonment. That this defenseless, unprotected princess could do any one injury, was absurd; but she was accused, and her case was one of peculiar severity, as she had no friend to watch over the fairness of the administrator's conduct, or rejoice in her recovery. If the Queen so willed it, she would surely die under the ordeal through which she must pass. In going to the place of trial she wept bitterly, and the natives expressed their sympathy by what they term *mifady ahitra*, or adjuration of the grass. This is performed by plucking up a tuft of grass from the ground and holding it up before the face, as much as to say, "May such misfortunes be far from us, as we would avoid

treading on the very grass of the village where such sorrow dwells."

The princess, however, quite unexpectedly, passed through the terrible ordeal safely, and returned to her humble dwelling, accompanied only by her servants. Even the Queen showed some good feeling by sending congratulations to the princess, promising to remain her friend and protector.

After the Queen had compelled hundreds and thousands of her subjects, both nobles and plebeians, to drink the *tanghena*, she turned upon the *skids* themselves, and ordered them to take their turn at the ordeal; and, strange to say, several of them died, probably through the want of proper care of their comrades.

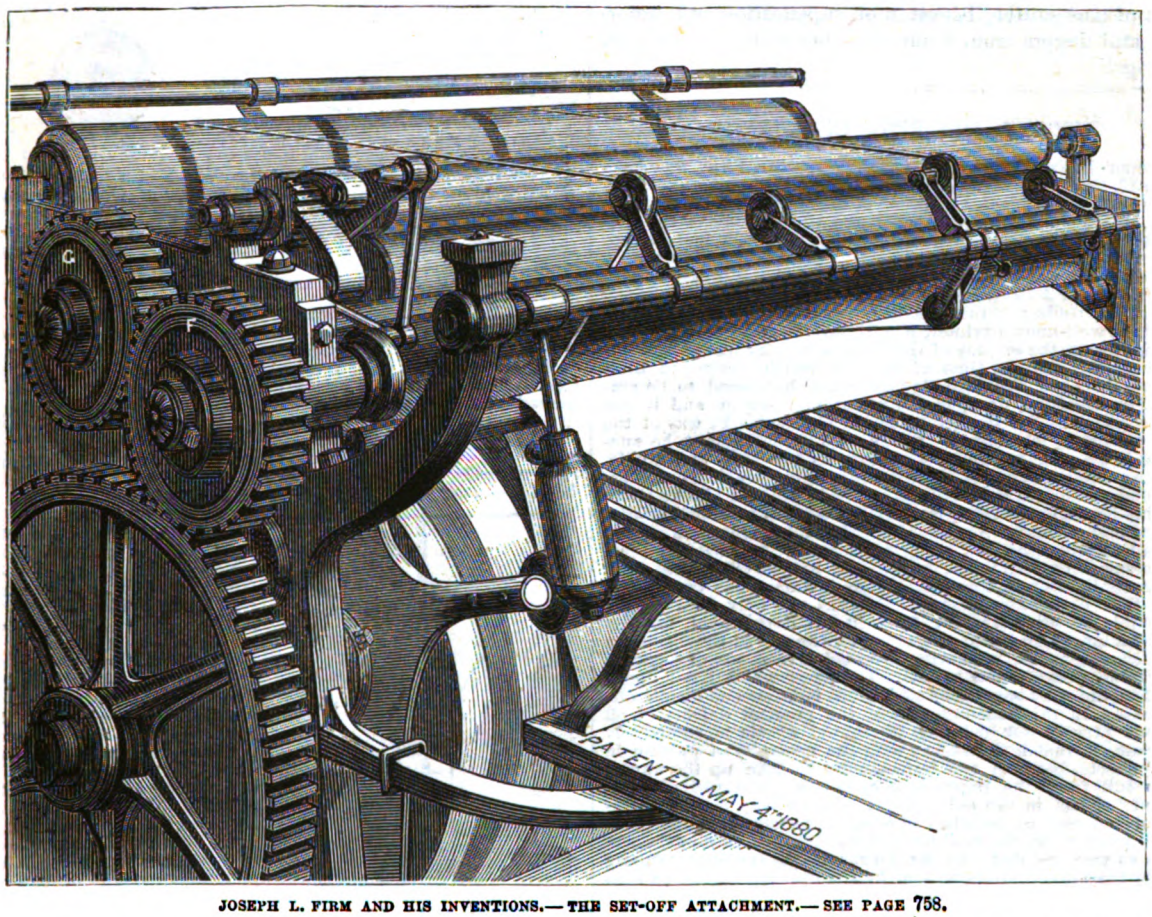
It is also a common practice of the judges in the courts of Madagascar, when they have a case difficult of decision, to cause the poison to be administered to both parties, by which numbers are sacrificed.

When a judge becomes bothered and puzzled by the false swearing of the contestants in a suit, or their witnesses, he sends the case up to the "court of last resort," and orders all parties to take a dose of poison. Although this may seem a rather summary method of disposing of a lawsuit, it must certainly act as a wholesome restraint on those who are disposed to go to law on very slight provocations.

The fear of poison, however, does not prevent the Madagascans from occasionally going to law, for, like their more civilized brethren in other parts of the world, they know the power of money; and if the man who has the heaviest purse fails to win his case with the judge, he may gain it with a bribe to the referee, who in Madagascar is always some avaricious *skid*.

It must not be supposed that the people of Madagascar are contented or very happy under such regulations as described above, for no one knows how soon he may be accused of some crime, and mulcted of half or all of his possessions, if no worse fate befalls him. To be accused means ruin; and many of the people declare privately that they might as well die as to attempt to get clear by bribing the *skids*. The lust of money is at the root of this execrable practice or system of detecting crime, and no one knows it better than the administrators themselves. The deception practiced is evident even to the most ignorant native, for all depends upon the selection of the fruit, and the administrators have it in their power to sacrifice whom they please, and they always please to save those who pay for the privilege of living.

The fruit from which the poison is extracted is the product of a low-growing tree, common in all parts of the island, and known in botanical works as the *Tanghinia veneniglua*. In appearance, the fruit is not unlike an apricot, having a hard seed or nut in the centre, surrounded by a pulpy envelope, the skin of which when ripe is of yellowish or orange color. It is said that the green fruit is but slightly poisonous, and only acts as a gentle emetic when eaten; but the poisonous properties increase in virulence with ripeness, and even become more powerful as the fruit dries or commences to decay. All this being known to the administrators, or *skids*, it is easy for them to collect their supplies at different stages, and then use whichever suits their purposes best. All intelligent Madagascans know the difference between the dangerous and the comparatively harmless fruit as well as the *skids*, and they also know that there is an immense amount of deception practiced in administering the *tanghena* for the



JOSEPH L. FIRM AND HIS INVENTIONS.—THE SET-OFF ATTACHMENT.—SEE PAGE 758.

purpose of detecting crime and criminals. Still, as the entire nation are firm believers in witchcraft, they cling with great tenacity to this ancient and to them only known method of destroying witches and detecting persons guilty of sorcery.

We may pity the Madagascans, or even laugh at their ignorance and superstition, but there was a time, and not so very long ago either, when the professed Christians of England and the United States were in hot pursuit of witches; and in their vain endeavor to catch them, practiced cruelties not one whit behind those in vogue during the reigns of King Radama and Queen Ranvalona of Madagascar. Even the president of one of our colleges, and many of the most learned reverends in the land, joined in persecuting innocent old women who had no powerful friends to defend them. I am not certain that the old belief is quite dead among us even in this day, for the old spirit of persecution, begotten of superstition and ignorance, still lingers around our churches and institutions of earning.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

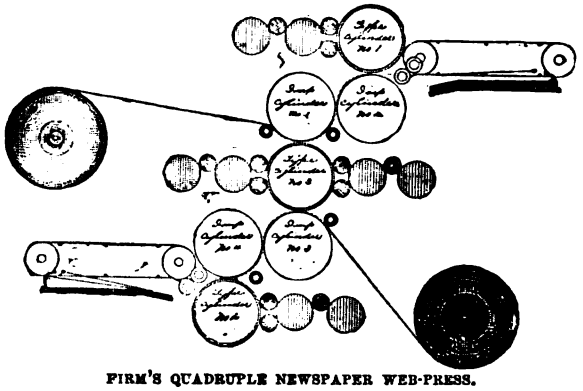
JOSEPH L. FIRM AND HIS INVENTIONS.—Mr. Firm was born March 19, 1837, in Williamsburgh, N. Y. As a boy, he manifested a predilection for printing, and much of his spare time, after school hours, was spent in the composing and press-rooms of the Williamsburgh *Daily Gazette*, where he acquired a good insight into many of the details of typography. His tastes being thus plainly manifested, he was placed as an apprentice in the press-room of Messrs. Harper & Brothers, where he acquired a thorough knowledge of that trade, as it then existed, under the immediate instruction of the well-known printer, Wm. H. Ray. One of young Firm's experiences in the employ of the Messrs. Harper was of a thrilling character. At the time of the fire which destroyed their old buildings on Franklin Square, Firm happened to be employed on the third floor, in the upper press-room, and before he was aware of the danger he found his escape by way of the stairs cut off by the flames. It was with difficulty that he succeeded in groping his way to a window on the Pearl Street side. Then he clambered out of the window, resting his feet on an ornamental projection only an inch or two in width, while he clung with his hands to the framework of the window until he was discovered and rescued. A moment after he had touched the ground the wall to which he had clung fell inward. In 1859 Mr. Firm was engaged by Mr. Frank Leslie, and his services have been all but continuous in this establishment during the twenty-one years that have since elapsed. He has not only organized a thoroughly effective working force in his department, but has devised a large number of useful improvements in the machines in his charge, as well as having invented at least two of the most remarkable presses now in use. The press which has brought Mr. Firm the most reputation and profit is known as Firm's Offset Press. In this machine one of the greatest defects of all previous presses for printing illustrated sheets is completely overcome, in that it does away with the necessity of putting in blank sheets between the impressions to take up the superfluous ink from the impression cylinders. The use of these "set-off" sheets in the old style of presses very materially increased the cost of printing illustrated papers, because it involved, practically, the feeding and handling of twice as many sheets as were printed. In Mr. Firm's device the duty formerly done by the set-off sheets is done by a simple but ingenious system of rollers, and both time and labor are greatly economized. The machine is much simplified as well, since all the mechanism used to handle the set-off sheets is done away with. The press, therefore, occupies much less room on the floor than the old style, and it requires only one person to feed it. Indeed, the feeding itself may be done automatically if desired, by the employment of a web or continuous roll of white paper. The device can also be readily attached to any form of cylinder press, and many of the old style presses are now being fitted with this appliance. The cut on page 757 shows the set-off attachment applied to an Alauzet perfecting press made in Paris. This improvement dispenses with three of the workmen formerly needed, and with the set-off sheet or blotter. The opinion of the late Mr. Frank Leslie in regard to these presses is shown in the following:

"NEW YORK, December 28th, 1877.

"MR. JOSEPH L. FIRM: DEAR SIR—I have three of your presses in my establishment, which have been running, one for two years and two for over a year. They have given entire satisfaction. I consider them a great improvement on any existing press for the purposes for which they are intended. Very truly yours,

"FRANK LESLIE."

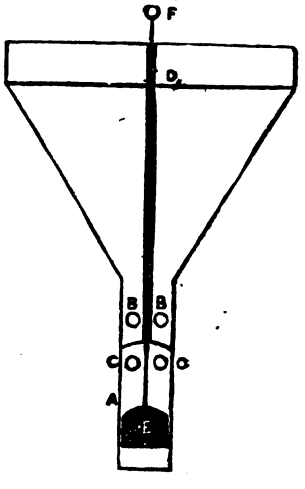
Another remarkable invention is Firm's Double or Quadruple Newspaper Web Press, which has the capacity of from forty to sixty thousand copies per hour. The peculiarity of this press is that it has three type-cylinders and four impression-cylinders, and prints from two webs or rolls of paper at once. One web is printed by passing the paper between the impression-cylinder No. 1 and the type-cylinder No. 3. One side having thus been printed, the sheet passes to impression-cylinder No. 2 and type-cylinder No. 1, when the other side is printed. It is then cut and delivered flat or run through a folding attachment, as may be desired. The other web is in the meantime passed between impression-cylinder No. 3 and type-cylinder No. 3, and has one side printed, and then passes to impression-cylinder No. 4 and type-cylinder No. 2 and has the other side printed. Mr. James Gordon Bennett, upon seeing a model of it, at once ordered one of these



FIRM'S QUADRUPLE NEWSPAPER WEB-PRESS.

presses to be built for the use of the *New York Herald*, with the understanding that if it proved successful he would have six more of the same kind. Mr. Firm is also the inventor of a new and interesting process for printing, with great perfection, cuts on glass. The most delicate outlines of the cut will be transferred on glass with greater distinctness and beauty than if printed with the utmost care on the finest kind of paper.

THE INDICATING FUNNEL.—In filling a cask, can or jar by means of a funnel, it is usual, in order to find out when the vessel is properly filled, to insert the forefinger into the bunghole. This is, however, an awkward and time-wasting plan, and Mr. Eugene Carless has patented a funnel which does not require to be removed until the cask is full; and, moreover, the funnel indicates when this is the case. One person, by the use of these funnels, can fill as many casks as there are taps to the store-vat, while with the ordinary funnel only one cask could be attended to at a time. The figure represents one of these funnels. The spout, at about one-third down, has two round openings in it to allow the liquor to flow out of the funnel into the cask; and just underneath these holes the spout is itself closed by a partition, C C. A narrow tube, supported at the top by a bar D across the funnel-mouth, runs down the funnel and opens, through the partition C C, into the lower part of the spout A. This tube incloses a rod which carries a float B at its lower end, and a ball F at its upper. Now, as the end of the spout A is open to the cask, when the liquid rises in the latter it raises the float B, which in turn raises the ball F, until the float is stopped by the partition C C, when the ball ceases to rise, and indicates that the tank is filled within an inch of the bunghole. Similar funnels made to indicate the quantity in a cask, or to fill casks with a given quantity, are also made under this patent. To the manufacturers of petroleum and other dangerous chemicals this invention will be especially useful, while the amount of "waste" in filling prevented by this means must be enormous.



CARNIVOROUS BEES.—Mr. Packard, Jr., writing in the *American Naturalist*, says that an asclepiadaceous plant was brought to him last September, with several moths hanging dead from the flowers, having been caught by their tongues in one of the opposing edges of the horny contrivances covering the pollinia. A short time afterward a correspondent sent an account to Mr. Packard about some moths being entrapped in a similar manner, and around which, as they endeavored to get away, several bees were buzzing, constantly attacking them with their stings. After they became apparently lifeless the bees settled on them and began to devour them. The same correspondent had previously noticed the tongues of some moths entrapped in the pollinia, whose bodies had disappeared. The fact was communicated to Dr. Darwin, who wrote that he had never heard of carnivorous bees, but he suggested it was possible that the bees opened the bodies for the sake of the honey.

An Apparatus to Measure the Actinic Force of Light.—An attempt to measure and record with some accuracy the variations of light has lately been made by a German, Herr Kreusler, who has had made for him, by Liebertz, in Bonn, an apparatus with the following arrangement: It consists of a drum fixed with its axis in the place of the meridian, and adjustable so as to be at right angles to the sun's rays. This drum has its border divided into twenty-four hours, twelve noon and twelve midnight being in the meridian place. A strip of paper, sensitized with a solution of bichromate of potassium, and having divisions which correspond to those in the drum, is placed round this. A second drum closely surrounds the first, and is turned by clockwork—from which it can be detached—once in twenty-four hours, in the direction of the sun's apparent course. This second drum has a slit for admitting light to the paper; its width is such that any point on the paper is exposed twenty seconds as the slit passes over. The whole apparatus is placed in the open air, under a glass bell jar. Its arrangement gives little trouble; the paper strip has merely to be placed in its right position at night, or under artificial shade—to avoid coloration—and the outer drum slid over, and so attached to the solitary axis that the "isolation slit" is opposite the hour then present. The slit then begins to move round the inner drum, corresponding to the sun's course. The impressed slip, when removed in the evening, may be "fixed" by shortly dipping in water and drying between blotting paper, or it may not, being quickly read; it shows a mostly continuous succession of bands of various shades of black, or rather brown.

Phosphorescence of Shore Sand.—The phosphorescence (so called) spoken of by Mr. J. G. T. Lee, as occurring on the sands at Whitby, was doubtless caused by *Noctiluca miliaris*, stranded by the receding tide. I have frequently observed the same effect, and by microscopic examination have ascertained the cause. These little creatures only "show their tiny spark to the traveler in the dark," when irritated in any way; but the effect, if not visible by daylight, can be felt at any time. Last Summer I experienced a very unpleasant sensation, similar to that caused by a galvanic battery, on putting my hand into a dense mass of them floating in the sea. Subsequent experiments with a large quantity at home proved that the flash is always accompanied by the "shock," and that after two discharges have taken place—the second one much feebler than the first—a rest of ten or fifteen minutes must be allowed before the phenomena can be repeated. Am I right in thinking that the shock, with the coincident flash, is intended as a means of self-defense?

A New Gas Engine.—A new gas engine recently invented in England has the following important improvements: In order to prevent irregularity in the action of the gases in the engine arising from their being badly mixed, they are conducted from the reservoir by two pipes, one leading from the highest and the other from the lowest part of the reservoir. The pipes are united before reaching the engine, thus obtaining a second mixture of the gases. For controlling the admission, ignition and emission of the gases, a cock is employed, having a particular combustion space, filled at every revolution with gaseous compounds to be ignited in it. The regulation of the engine is effected in such a manner that in the highest position of the governor the outlet part of the cylinder will be held open, and the admission of the gases into the cylinder prevented until the engine has gained its usual velocity. In order to effect an equilibrium in the slide, it is pierced on its side toward the cover, and the area of the openings made equal to those on the other side.

A New Method for Copying Drawings.—A new method for copying drawings, which proves to be extremely useful when a couple of dozen copies only are wanted, has been brought out in Paris. The apparatus consists of a shallow zinc tray, in which is contained a smooth, jelly-like, cream-colored substance, resembling in some degree partially solidified flour paste. The drawing to be copied is made with a special ink. As soon as it is dry it is turned face downward on the contents of the tray, and is pressed smoothly with the hand. The sheet is then lifted up, leaving much of the ink transferred to the substance in the tray. A sheet of clean paper now takes the place of the drawing, and by rubbing it over gently with the hand an accurate copy of the original is obtained. With care, as many as one hundred copies can be had. When all that are needed have been taken, the composition in the tray is washed with a damp sponge, and is then ready for use again.

Glass Wicks for Lamps.—A wick for lamps is now manufactured entirely of glass by an establishment in Hanau, Germany. It is designed chiefly for use in petroleum and spirit lamps, and, with an equal amount of the wick turned up, it gives a much brighter light than cotton wick. In the spirit lamp, too, it is found to greatly increase the heat of the flame. No sparks are given off by this incombustible wick, nor does the light flare in draughts to the extent which it does with a burning wick; hence it makes the lamp safer. The smoking is also reduced, and it is stated that ten per cent. of oil is saved by its use. Of course, the disagreeable task of trimming the lamp is rendered unnecessary, for, being of glass, the wick does not consume, but wastes away very slightly by fusion.

New Sapphire Mines.—A valuable discovery of sapphire mines has been made in Siam, and there is a "rush" to the new diggings. Many of the subordinate government officials have resigned their posts in order to be early on the spot, and it is expected that there will soon be an influx of South African diamond miners. Those sapphires which have reached Bangkok are said to be large and beautiful.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

The baker always has his hour of knead.

Only a question of time—asking the hour.

Lawyers are seldom consulted in regard to ladies' suits.

It is the man with the rheumatism who is every inch a-king.

Circumstances alter cases, particularly reduced circumstances.

As a rule, the flower of the family does nothing toward providing the daily bread.

As ravenous birds are quickest sighted, so are the worst people the greatest fault-finders.

It is worth remembering that a little wealth will suffice us to live well, and less to die happily.

When a man speaks the truth you may count pretty surely that he possesses most other virtues.

"Slaves wear the collars of their masters" is as true to-day as it was two thousand years ago in Greece or Rome.

"When yesterday I asked you, love, one little word to say, your brother interrupted us; so please say yes-ter-day."

The young man who invites his mother-in-law to go up in a balloon should be watched. There's murder in his head.

As a farmer gazed upon a field of corn devastated by crows, he reflectively and ruefully murmured, "Caws and effect!"

A young man, while attempting to fix a "misplaced switch" on a young lady's head, in a ballroom, stepped on her dress and "wrecked the train."

A sign which reads "Positively no admittance" will stop a bore just about as long as a bullet made of butter. Money can be saved by cutting off the "positively."

Adoring one (in lavender kids and a blue scarf): "Oh, how I wish I were that book you clasp so lovingly!" *She:* "How I wish you were, so that I could shut you up!"

"Woman is a delusion, madam," exclaimed a crusty old bachelor to a witty young lady. "And man is always hugging some delusion or other," was the quick retort.

"Governesses should never be required to do low, menial work," said a gentleman. "Certainly not, but they frequently aspire to the hy-menial," replied a lady.

Fair.—"Is this a fair?" said a stranger, stopping in front of a place where a festival was in progress and addressing a citizen. "Well," replied the citizen, "they call it fair; but they take everything in."

Mamma—"Well, Johnnie, I shall forgive you this time, and it's very pretty of you to write a letter to say you're sorry." Johnny—"Yes, ma; don't tear it up, please." *Mamma*—"Why not?" *Johnny*—"Because it will do for the next time."

"You gorgeously attired dame is the duchess of what?" asked a Yankee spectator, at a royal reception at Buckingham Palace. "She hisn't a duchess hat all," said the gold stick in waiting, "but I 'ear as 'ow she be the wife of han Hamerican plumber."

Chilling.—*Man:* "I say, mister, can't yer give us a shil'n? I'se terrible hard up." *Farmer:* "Ah, Proctor, I always told you to look out for a rainy day." *Man:* "So I did, master; but I never thought it wur a-going to snow." Master gives him a shilling.

Juvenile Theology.—*Mother* (at tea-table): "Jack, who helped you to those three tarts?" *Jack* (aged seven): "The Lord." *Mother:* "The Lord? Why, what do you mean, Jack?" *Jack:* "Well, I helped myself, but father said yesterday that the Lord helps those who help themselves."

Beggar-boy: "We're wery much obliged to you, sir, for all you have done for us, but I sh'a'nt be coming to you again very often—mother's going to get married, and a wery good match." *Gentleman:* "Indeed! Whom is she going to marry?" *Beggar-boy:* "Oh, a perfessional, sir!"

M. Victor Hugo, talking about age, not long ago, confessed that the most disagreeable advance to him was that from thirty-nine to forty. "But," said a friend, "I should think it a great deal better to be forty than fifty." "Not at all," replied M. Hugo; "forty years is the old age of youth, while fifty years is the youth of old age."

How to Get Into a Mess and How to Get Out of It.—At an art exhibition: "That picture of X.'s is a fearful daub, don't you think?" The gentleman addressed: "I beg your pardon, but I am the artist." "Oh, I beg ten thousand pardons! The fact is, I don't know anything about art—I just repeat what I hear every one saying!"

Business!—One of the returned warriors from Zululand tells a good story. He was at Rorke's Drift, and was witness to the following incident: A clergyman, in clerical attire, was hard at work handing out cartridges to the men, and he did it with a will. A private near was taking shots at the Zulus, and cursing the while in the most ingenuous manner. "Don't swear, man," shouted the clergyman—"don't swear at them; shoot them!"

THE GALLANT OF OTHER DAYS.

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